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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

APRIL, 1904.

No. 1.

The Destiny of the Far East.

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD.

A CLEAR STATEMENT OF THE VITAL ISSUES AT STAKE IN THE PRESENT WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN—THE PROSPECT THAT IT WILL BE FOUGHT TO THE BITTER END, PROFOUNDLY AFFECTING THE HISTORY OF THE EAST AND OF THE WORLD AT LARGE.

JAPAN'S quarrel with Russia began with her birth as a modern nation, and has ever since progressed steadily toward the present inevitable climax. Even during the old régime, in 1854, when Commodore Perry peacefully secured from the tottering Shogunate concessions that marked the beginning of Japan's regeneration, a Russian fleet thundered into Nagasaki harbor to demand in behalf of the Czar a much wider

open door than Japan has ever asked for in Manchuria. And practically from that day until the opening of present hostilities, Russia has managed to keep one or more of her war vessels anchored at Nagasaki, as an object lesson to the Japanese. Time and time again the glass windows of the new style buildings have been shattered by the salutes of visiting Russian squadrons, fired in defiance of the polite remonstrances of



RUSSIAN INFANTRYMEN ON THE MARCH ALONG THE RAILWAY BETWEEN SEOUL, THE COREAN CAPITAL, AND CHEMULPO, ITS PORT, PRIOR TO THE OUTBREAK OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, UNCLE OF THE CZAR, LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

the natives. On the town side of the bay the traveler may see shop-signs in two languages, Russian and Japanese, as if in tribute to the Muscovite power. Across the harbor there have sprung up, within a comparatively few years, shipyards that have turned out transports to carry the Mikado's armies to Corea, and torpedo-boats to destroy or disable the flower of the Czar's navy.

Russia, overcrowded with a population of one hundred and ten million souls, ninety per cent of whom are illiterate peasants, unable to read or write, bound in by populous Europe to the west and the Arctic zone on the north, has for centuries overflowed to the east. Recently a single track of railway has been completed, binding Vladivostok and Moscow, more than five thousand miles distant from each other. All along this road of steel Russian cities have sprung up, while branch lines have been dropped southward to carry Russian advance to the gates of Peking and

the borders of Corea. At the beginning of the new century, the Czar was lord of a vast and continuous stretch of territory measuring nearly nine millions of square miles—about one seventh of the entire land surface of the globe—and inhabited by a total of about one hundred and forty million people.

Japan's marvelous development has been social, industrial, intellectual, and military, not territorial; but her population has swelled to a figure which, despite the daily birth of new industries, threatens to crowd the island empire to suffocation unless an outlet can be found for her ever increasing human surplus. At present, to one hundred and forty-seven thousand square miles of mountainous country, of which only



VICE-ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO, THE JAPANESE MINISTER OF THE NAVY.



THE HARBOR OF CHEMULPO, COREA—OFF THIS PORT THE FIRST SHOTS OF THE WAR WERE FIRED BY
RUSSIAN GUNBOAT KORIEZ, ON FEBRUARY 8; ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE KORIEZ
AND THE CRUISER VARIAG WERE SUNK BY A JAPANESE SQUADRON. THIS IS ALSO
THE CHIEF LANDING-PLACE OF THE JAPANESE TROOPS IN COREA.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF THE RUSSIAN GUARD IN CAMPAIGN UNIFORM.



A PRIVATE OF THE RUSSIAN GRENADEIER GUARDS IN CAMPAIGN UNIFORM.

one-twelfth is cultivable, she reckons about forty-seven million inhabitants. She needs, as Russia may never need, additional territory upon which to plant colonies. Fertile, sparsely settled Corea lies at her doors, and the rich commercial field of Manchuria just beyond, a tempting market for Japanese wares.

RUSSIA'S MARCH TO THE EAST.

Both countries desire the commerce of Corea and Manchuria, but the quarrel between them turns upon a far more vital issue than any trade question. Russia's age-long ambition has been to reach the open ocean, to possess ports that would give her an unfettered outlook upon the world, an unimpeded door of egress for her merchantmen and her ships of war. She has Cronstadt and Riga on the Baltic, but the Baltic is a land-locked sea, commanded at the mouth by other powers, and blocked by ice in winter. She built Sevastopol and Odessa on the Euxine, but here again the Turkish forts on the Dardanelles, backed by the concert of the jealous powers of Europe, bar her way to the Mediterranean.

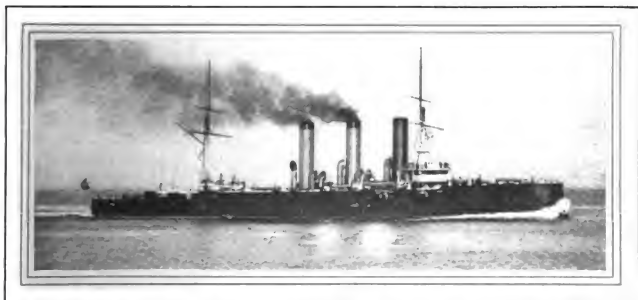
Unable to face the combined forces of the

western nations, Russia moved along the line of least resistance, and spread eastward. Here her task of conquest was easy, for she met only the feeble resistance of nomad tribes; and finally she reached the Pacific. Her



GENERAL KUROPATKIN, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF WAR SINCE DECEMBER, 1897, NOW APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE CZAR'S ARMY IN THE FAR EAST.

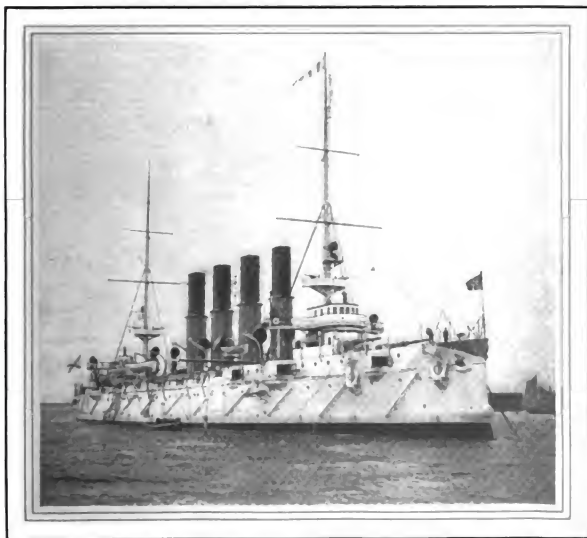
first attempt to establish an ocean port was made at Petropaulovsk, in Kamchatka. The outbreak of the Crimean War threatened the loss of her Far Eastern outposts, for the British navy commanded the sea; but England



THE RUSSIAN PROTECTED CRUISER PALLADA (6,630 TONS; SPEED, 20 KNOTS; HEAVIEST GUNS, 6 SIX-INCH; BUILT IN 1899), DISABLED DURING THE JAPANESE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 8.

issued a self-denying ordinance, disclaiming any intention of annexing territory; and at the end of the war

was returned to Russia. Nevertheless, its seizure was no doubt an object-lesson that largely accounted for the



THE RUSSIAN PROTECTED CRUISER VARIAG (6,500 TONS; SPEED, 23 KNOTS; HEAVIEST GUNS, 12 SIX-INCH; BUILT AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1900), SUNK BY THE JAPANESE OFF CHEMULPO ON FEBRUARY 9.

sale of Alaska to the United States a few years later.

In 1858 a bold stroke by General Nicolai Muravieff—at first disallowed, but afterwards accepted at St. Petersburg—brought Russia's southern frontier on the Pacific down to the Amur. Two years later, by diplomatic methods into which it is not necessary to enter, she induced the Peking government to cede her a coastal strip still further south, including the fine harbor on which she promptly began to build the fortified port of Vladivostok. A significant name that, for it means "the control of the east"!



A URAL COSSACK, OF THE COSSACK SOTNIA OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL GUARD.

Here she was still ice-bound in winter; but here she seemed content to tarry up to the time of the war between China and Japan, in 1895. The result of that struggle, and of the Russian diplomatic and military moves that followed, was to give her control of the Liaotung peninsula, jutting into the Yellow Sea, with its harbors of Tallienwan—rechristened Dalny—and Port Arthur. This was a long step southward, but there seems to be

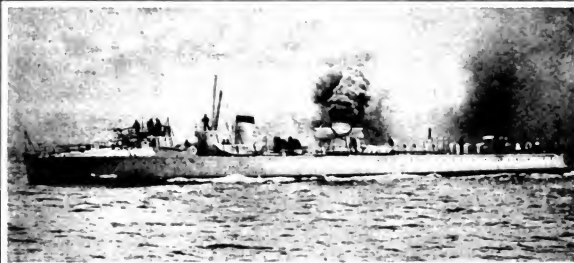
some question whether even these ports are wholly ice-free at all seasons. There is no such question about the harbors



GUN DRILL ON BOARD A JAPANESE MAN-OF-WAR.

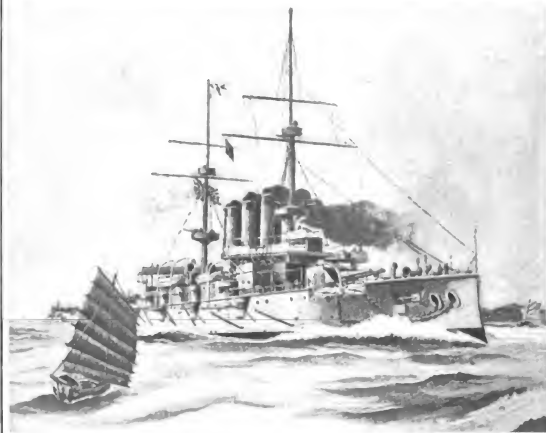


RUSSIAN CONVICTS AND GUARDS IN SAGHALIEN—SAGHALIEN IS THE LARGE ISLAND IMMEDIATELY NORTH OF THE JAPANESE ARCHIPELAGO; IN 1875 JAPAN WAS COMPELLED TO CEDE IT TO THE RUSSIANS, WHO HAVE SINCE USED IT AS A CONVICT STATION.



THE JAPANESE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER MURAKUMA—A PROMINENT FEATURE OF THE INITIAL OPERATIONS OF THE WAR WAS THE SUCCESS OF JAPAN'S TORPEDO FLOTILLA.

of southern Korea; and moreover, the Korean peninsula commands the sea route from Russia's newly-acquired harbors to Vladivostok. She began to desire Korea, just as the United States a century ago, owning the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, desired Florida, and she took steps to get a footing there.



THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP HATSUSE (15,000 TONS; SPEED, 18 KNOTS; HEAVIEST GUNS, 4 TWELVE-INCH; BUILT IN ENGLAND IN 1899), ONE OF THE FOUR MOST POWERFUL VESSELS IN THE MIKADO'S NAVY—ALL FOUR ARE BRITISH-BUILT.

Copyright by N. J. Quick, Chicago.

Is the mighty empire to be halted in her forward march? Is she to be prevented from rounding out her position on the Pacific? Is she to be driven back from the ports that she has striven so long and so hard to win? Is she to suffer a loss of prestige that will be almost as disastrous as the wresting from her of valuable territory? It does not seem that she can accept such a tremendous and crushing defeat so long as she has strength left to strike against the daring islanders who have challenged her to battle.

THE CASE FOR JAPAN.

Now look at the matter from the Japanese side. If Russia is fighting for the accomplishment of what she regards as her imperial destiny, for her commerce, her prestige, and her standing as a great oriental power, Japan, on the other hand, is battling for something still more vital—for her very existence as an independent nation. She has seen the Russians march across the vast continent of Asia until they reached the shores off which her own

islands lie. She has seen them take Saghalien from her by the right of the stronger hand. She has seen them rob her of Port Arthur,

the prize she won by her victory over China, and take it for themselves.

Only one more move remained to be made. If the inexorable Muscovite advance, which had swallowed province after province, completed its work by absorbing Corea—a weak kingdom that possessed no power of resistance—Japan's position would be irretrievably ruined. A glance at the map will show that Corea is, as a Japanese statesman declared, an arrow pointed at the heart of the island empire. Russian guns at Masampo would be in sight of the Japanese naval station at Tsushima, and would dominate the straits that are the gateway of Japan. Russia in Corea would have the Mikado's empire at her mercy.

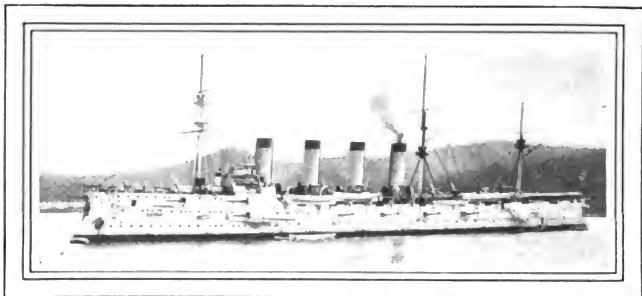
We of the United States have notified the world that we will go to war rather than permit any European power to encroach upon the American continent, even at a distance of thousands of miles from our own territory. We cannot blame the Japanese if, after seeing Russia absorb one stretch of northern Asia after another, they are not willing to stand by with idle



A RUSSIAN MARINE.



A RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.



THE RUSSIAN ARMORED CRUISER GROMOBOI (12,364 TONS; SPEED, 20 KNOTS; HEAVIEST GUNS, 4 EIGHT-INCH; BUILT IN 1900), THE MOST POWERFUL VESSEL OF THE VLADIVOSTOK SQUADRON.

hands while she removes the last barrier between themselves and her quenchless earth-hunger. They refuse to let her plant her guns within sight of their island shores, within easy striking distance of the heart of their empire. They decline to accept a situation so ruinous to the standing of Japan, so menacing to her existence as a nation. If they must go down before the Russian advance, they would rather go down fighting than sitting still. Such is the spirit that animates every soldier and every sailor of Dai Nippon in the present struggle.

The Port Arthur incident was a burning grievance to the government and people of Japan. Obtaining the support of France and Germany, Russia protested against the cession of the harbor to the islanders, in 1895, on the ground that its tenure by the Japanese would be "a menace to the independence of China and Corea, and a permanent danger to the peace of the Far East." There was no course open but to yield. The Mikado ordered his troops to give up the captured fortress—an order which some of his officers committed suicide rather than obey.

In the late autumn of 1897 a Russian squadron appeared at Port Arthur—merely to winter there, the Russian government said, when questions were asked; no interference with Chinese sovereignty was intended, and there was "no intention of infringing the rights and privileges guaranteed by existing treaties between China and foreign

powers." But shortly afterwards it was announced that Russia had leased the harbor from the Peking government, and that it would thereafter be a closed military port. Nothing was said of the consequent danger to Chinese and Korean independence, though that was manifestly at least as great with the place in Russian hands as in Japanese.

Two years later, in the summer of 1900, came the Boxer outbreak, and Russian soldiers occupied Manchuria—again under promise of speedy withdrawal. The trouble was settled, but the promised retirement did not take place. There were devious and tiresome negotiations, and on April 8, 1902, a definite agreement was signed, guaranteeing that, if peace continued, in six months Russia would evacuate the southernmost of Manchuria's three provinces, that of Mukden; that in twelve months she would retire from the second province, Kirin; and that in eighteen months the whole of Manchuria should be restored to China.

This agreement has not been carried out. On the contrary, Russia has been notoriously doing all she could to strengthen her military position in Manchuria, sending eastwards a constant stream of reinforcements both by land and by sea. There have also, during the last four years, been constant signs of Muscovite activity in Corea, the most important being an attempt to secure a lease of the port of Masampho, which, as has been said, commands the very coast of Japan.

It is not strange that the Japanese should have feared for their very existence, and, distrusting Russia's ready penmanship in the writing of delusive

earnest, and refused up to the last moment to believe that war was coming. It is almost pitiful to read the whining proclamation in which the Czar's coun-



THE JAPANESE ARMORED CRUISER ASAMA (9,750 TONS; SPEED, 22 KNOTS; HEAVIEST GUNS, 4 EIGHT-INCH; BUILT IN 1899)—JAPAN HAS SIX VESSELS OF THIS TYPE FOUR BUILT IN ENGLAND, ONE IN FRANCE, ONE IN GERMANY.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

treaties, should have armed for the inevitable struggle which they saw before them. It speaks ill for the statesmanship of those at the helm in St. Petersburg that they did not realize that the Mikado's government was in deadly

selors explained the early successes of the Japanese as a treacherous attack, and pleaded for time in which to take military measures which should have been taken long before if they meant to maintain their policy of aggression.

A Jewel Regained.

THE STORY OF MORTIMER BACKUS AND HIS PAINFULLY COMMONPLACE BROTHER

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

MORTIMER BACKUS lived with his older brother, David, in five ground-floor rooms and a small studio on the north side of Washington Square. The studio was Mortimer's; David worked down-town in a real estate office. They were both of an uncertain age, between thirty and forty, and quite alone in the world.

A curious selfishness may be acquired by prolonged residence in New York bachelor apartments. The sole duty to his fellow men which Mortimer Backus recognized was to draw the plug from the tub in the morning and start the water running for David. David, taking the second bath, owed no duties whatever to mankind at large. When he entered their dingy dining-room, Mortimer, according to schedule, was chipping his egg at the breakfast table.

"Good day," said David.

Mortimer was invariably irritated by the invariable formula. He waited for the rest of it.

"What's the good word, Mortie?" concluded David, unrolling his napkin.

"Oh, nothing!" said Mortimer emphatically.

He finished the egg silently, and went forward into the narrow sitting-room to smoke. David's breakfast was dry toast, because his waist-line was puffy. He was a rather depressing figure with his thin hair, indecisive chin, and garments of cloth to be stamped readily as "neat snitings." When he came to the sitting-room he looked with concentrated anxiety out of the window.

"Aha! Guess I'll wear my rubbers to-day," he announced momentarily.

Mortimer rustled the newspaper.

"Say, Mortie," went on David, adjusting his overshoes, "Schiffmacher, our new clerk, wants to visit the studio. He's been to Paris, and I told him——"

"I know what you told him, David. You gave him your usual ignorant rhapsodies, which make me so ridiculous. It's very tiresome. Bring him up, if you have to. Only, don't come when I'm here—or any of my friends."

"But you'd like young Schiffmacher," David protested. "He's one of your kind, a regular Bohemian, and——"

"Oh, is he?" sighed the artist, with a shudder.

"Well, good day, Mortie," said David, and closed the door.

The younger Backus went to his studio. He was a slight, handsome fellow in his velveteen jacket and flowing necktie. Half a dozen years ago he had returned from France to work at magazine illustrating in New York. Latterly he had taken up the designing of stage costumes, for which he had unusual skill. More important to Mortimer than his success was the fact that it brought him in touch with theatrical people, whose companionship he had craved secretly all his life.

Mortimer looked over his sketches that morning in the studio, and wondered, as he had often wondered, why he had been such an idiot as to become fastened to his brother. However, the calamity was quite logical. Upon his arrival in New York Mortimer naturally had accepted David's proposition that they should live together. After a few weeks the artist discovered to his horror that David had grown to be a hopeless bore, the essence of all that is conventionally uninteresting. David was the sort of man one associates with Congress gaiters, hundred-day tours, and libraries of "The World's Best Reading Matter." He talked in formulas, so that Mortimer could forecast his conversation at any given time and upon any given subject.

The first night in their lodgings, when David expressed his mind for re-



"ARE THEY REAL? OLD ZAPRICOLI TRUSTS YOUR HONESTY, DOESN'T SHE?"

tiring by saying "To bed, my lord, to bed!" Mortimer smiled indulgently at the joular effort. When six years thereafter David repeated the same words in the same tone at the same hour and for perhaps the two thousandth time, Mortimer wanted to throw things.

David haunted the studio with his prosaic presence. He adored the pictures in his stupid, unwieldy fashion. To visitors he orated about Mortimer, like a dime museum lecturer, making the audience titter and the victim grind his teeth. On these occasions Mortimer's wrath was redoubled when he

thought of the effect of such oratory upon Sylvia Lelton, the new dancer at the Buckingham Theater.

II.

DURING the afternoon Sylvia's petticoats, faintly perfumed, swished among the easels.

"You shan't think it's improper!" she explained. "My brother Louis intended to come with me. But he'll call later. That makes it all right, doesn't it? Are you busy?"

"I didn't know that you had a brother Louis," said Mortimer. "And I am not in the least busy. I'm a jeweler this afternoon." He arranged the purple drapery on the model throne. "Will you——"

"I shan't sit there in a blue dress, Mr. Backus," objected Sylvia. "A jeweler, did you say?"

"Yes. I'm designing a tiara for Mme. Zapricoli. These foreigners are a foolish, impulsive lot."

"I don't see anything foolish in thinking you can design a tiara."

"But she insisted on lending me some of her jewels—for inspiration, I suppose."

Miss Lelton's eyes were always disconcerting at first, and Backus fumbled busily in a color-box in order to steady himself. The girl's face was not only pretty, but it was frankly expressive of something like this: "Even if my face is all of me, is it not enough?" To this bewildering question Mortimer's heart was beating an eager affirmative.

"There!" he proclaimed, shifting various trays of the metal color-box, and opening the chamois bag which held the glittering gems.

Sylvia bent her head, and Mortimer felt her crisp hair brushing against his cheek.

"Are they real?" she asked, a trifle under her breath. "Old Zapricoli trusts your honesty, doesn't she?"

"Oh, they're safely hidden there," said Mortimer, and replaced the tray. "Worth a few hundred dollars, probably. They're not paste, at any rate."

He locked the box and slipped the key underneath a plaster statuette. The girl lifted her shoulders prettily

and moved away, with a suggestion of theatrical pose, to a table by the French window which opened into the court behind the house. She fluttered the contents of a portfolio idly.

"I wonder where Louis is!" Miss Lelton said. "He should be here by now, and—oh!"

Laughing, she held up a large crayon of her own perfect profile.

"Hang it, how did that get there?" cried Mortimer, flushing hotly. "Somebody's been meddling."

"Not I," said Sylvia. "And what's the odds? It's a good likeness. Besides, I like to have you think of me."

Backus lost himself in her smiling glance, and became helpless.

"I more than think of you, Sylvia," he faltered. "I love you. Love you! Oh, I know what you mean," he went on, noting that the smile still played about her lips. "I know what you mean. You fancy that we're not the same by birth, or that my conventional people might bother us if I married an actress. I've thought all that over, Sylvia. You mustn't judge me by—by what you've seen of my family here. I'm not necessarily a Philistine. We're the same sort, Sylvia, you and I. I tell you that I love you, I——"

"Hush!" interposed Miss Lelton, as the door opened slowly.

"Good day. What's the good word, Mortie?" said David Backus.

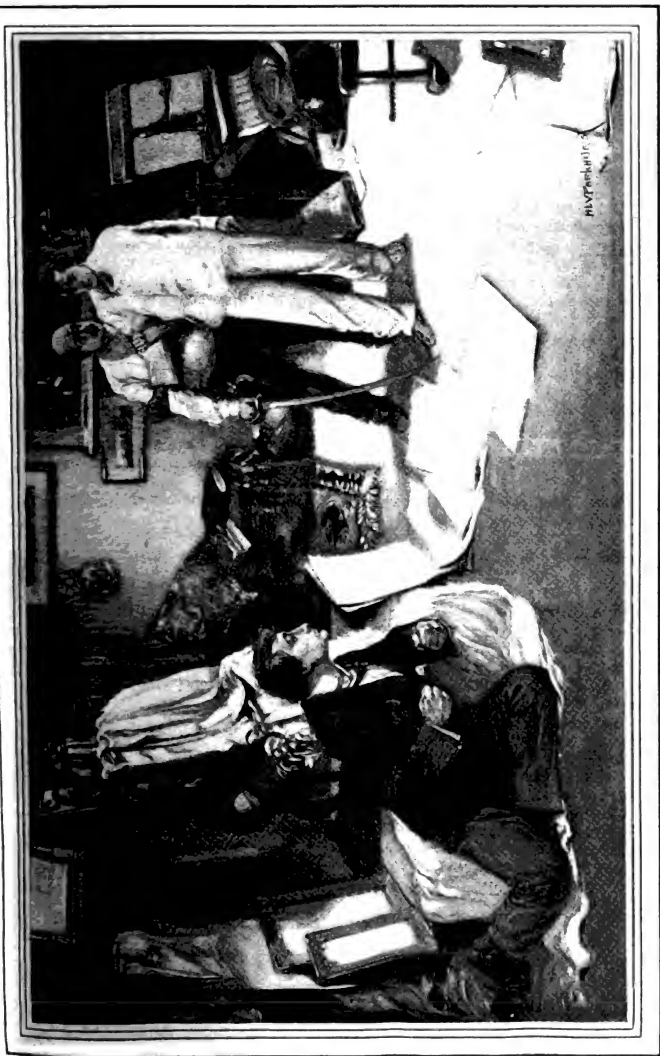
Mortimer shot a look of speechless anger at the prosaic face in the doorway. The real estate man had seldom appeared so absurd. His pudgy cheeks were salmon pink with embarrassment. Sylvia gave a trill of laughter, somewhat too melodiously.

"Your brother's waiting out in front in a hansom cab, Miss Lelton," continued David. "I agreed to tell you."

"Thank you so much!" replied the girl. "Sorry I can't stay longer, Mortimer. I'd love to hear Mr. Backus talk about you and your pictures. You know a heap about art, don't you, Mr. Backus?"

"You ought to hear my friend Schiffmacher," volunteered David. "He's been to Paris."

"Haven't you?" Miss Lelton exclaimed, with a mock astonishment



"BUT THAT SYLVIA SHOULD HAVE TOLD—IT'S AN INFERNAL LIE!"

which was not lost on the disgusted Mortimer.

"Nay, nay, Pauline," chuckled David. The phrase pleased him. There was a Bohemian ring to it. "Nay, nay, Pauline," he repeated.

"You are speaking to Miss Lelton," expostulated Mortimer passionately.

David's pink face turned ashen.

"Oh, never mind that!" said Sylvia in unconcealed delight. "I must be trotting. You may see me out, if you like, Mortimer."

The artist went with Miss Lelton to the street door. He was too vexed to be gratified at her use of his first name. They shook hands at the threshold. No, he would not come to the cab and be introduced to her brother. He had a brother of his own, thank you. Sylvia danced down the steps in a whirl of *frou-frou* and merriment.

III.

WHEN Mortimer returned to the parlor, David was sitting in his patent rocking-chair and his feet, grotesque in pointed red slippers, were cocked on the table.

"Say, I didn't intend to make that break in there, Mortie," he mumbled. "You know I——"

"I know that you're preposterous, David. I can't stand it. You must keep out of the studio, that's all."

David rose and leaned heavily against the mantel. "I'm terrible fond of the drawings," he said, with an apologetic cough. "I like to watch 'em. I don't have much else to think about."

At any other time Mortimer might have yielded to the clumsy appeal. Now, however, he was stung by the jeer of Sylvia's laughter, and he confronted his brother almost savagely.

"You were impudent to a lady," he snapped.

"Why, I only—I thought——"

"You insulted the lady I hope to marry."

"To—marry?" David's face contorted like squeezed rubber. "To marry? Not that——"

"Miss Sylvia Lelton, yes."

"Good Lord!" puffed David, and dropped into the chair.

"Why not?" stormed Mortimer. "Just because she isn't as smug as you are? Just because she doesn't spend her evenings in a patent rocking-chair? Thank fortune she's not that vulgar kind! Thank fortune she knows I'm not that kind, either, although you are my brother! And I don't like you hanging about to—to——"

"To queer you? Is that it, Mortie?"

"If you put it that way," assented the artist, angry now at himself.

"I've seen this coming," said David gravely. "If you want to split up, I'm ready." He considered a moment, stroking his mustache. "I'd hate to stand in your way, Mortie. But about this Miss Lelton. Who is she? I've seen her brother. He doesn't look exactly responsible, somehow."

"Responsible!" sneered the other. "You talk like a commercial agency. Such questions are so typical of you, David. They mean absolutely nothing to me."

"Well, nobody seems to know anything about the girl."

"Good heavens!" gasped Mortimer. "Have you been making inquiries? You?"

David waved a limp hand protestingly, and lumbered to the door.

"I'll just put on my shoes and chase out somewhere to dinner," he said. "Mortie, this marriage, now—your happiness depends on it, hey?"

"Of course."

"That's enough for me, old boy. I ain't going to bother you. I'll find a boarding-house to-morrow."

"Oh, keep out of the studio, that's all," growled Mortimer.

"But there's Schiffmacher. I promised him——"

"The devil take Schiffmacher and you, too!"

"All right, Mortie," agreed David soothingly.

The man's bovine placidity put the final touches to Mortimer's self-reproach. The younger brother dined in solitary state, and walked the streets afterwards, trying vainly to smoke away his exasperation. At all events, he would never have another such scene. This was the end of it. He had spoken too plainly to be misunderstood even

by David. In this reflection there was not much consolation, but it was all the comfort which Mortimer Backus could gather to take to bed with him.

IV.

ALTHOUGH Mortimer's sleeping-room was immediately adjacent to the studio, the talking therein which awakened him seemed to be a thousand miles away. He roused himself unwillingly, until the recognition of David's voice flashed into his sleepy brain.

"Hush, now!" said David softly, beyond the closed door. "If Mortie knew he'd just about die. I won't tell him. You give me that and sneak out, same way you came."

There followed a quick, shuffling rush and the suppressed hiss of an oath. Mortimer jumped out of bed, laughing unpleasantly, and threw open the studio door. The lights were full up. The floor was strewn with sketches from an overturned easel. Beside the model throne cowered David and a sheepish-looking stranger.

"Good evening, Mr. Schiffmacher," called the artist. "Introduce me, David, won't you? Your friend, I'm sure, will pardon my pyjamas."

The stranger seemed confused. Mortimer appreciated his guest's chagrin, and smiled with elaborate politeness.

"You're unresponsive, Schiffmacher," he commented. "Won't you shake hands? Well, suit yourself. I don't wish to inconvenience you, but you really must go. You see, I'm compelled to lock the studio against possible interlopers, and——"

"Oh, I'll go swift enough!" muttered the fellow, and he took a step towards David, who was between him and the open window.

"Say good night, David dear, to your friend," went on Mortimer. "Say good night to Mr. Schiffmacher—or perhaps I don't correctly recollect his name?"

"That's right. It's Schiffmacher," gulped David. "He's going, and he promises you'll never see him again."

The younger Backus roared with laughter.

"But he—Schiffmacher—must give me something before he goes," added

David doggedly. "He's got something in his pocket. Something of mine, Mortie. You needn't see it."

Mortimer surveyed his brother with a puzzled stare. The third man took advantage of it. To the artist's amazement, the visitor wriggled sideways and sped to the window rabbit-fashion. For a surprised second Mortimer was motionless, but David pounced heavily on the fugitive and brought him to the floor, where they both sprawled like clowns on sawdust. Mortimer hesitated between mirth and astonishment, until a familiar little chamois-skin bag rolled out on the rug under the intruder's squirming shoulder.

"What the devil's this?" Mortimer cried, picking up the pouch.

David could not at once reply. He was fully occupied in maintaining his position on his adversary's chest.

"Why, it's the jewels—the Zapricoli jewels!" said Mortimer, and David nodded breathlessly.

"Well, this is the limit of everything," continued Mortimer. "It seems you are not only unable to follow my instructions about keeping away from this studio, but you must needs bring sneak-thieves here as well. You old idiot! And you dare to talk to me about the character of my friends! What do you think of yours, eh? Oh, get up! I'll look out for this Schiffmacher of whom you're so proud;" and he reached for the crank of the telephone which hung on the wall.

"What you going to do?" asked his brother.

"Get policemen, of course."

"Hold on a minute, Mortie!"

David staggered to his feet and grabbed a formidable cutlass from a pile of properties in the corner. The sullen captive propped himself on an elbow.

"See here, old boy," stammered David. "This—this Schiffmacher's gone wrong for once—but it's my fault, just as you say, Mortie. Can't you let him go? No harm's done, and he'll promise you'll never see nor hear of him again. I'll take the blame if you'll let him off. Maybe he was only playing a joke on me, pretending to take those jewels."

"Oh, it looks like a joke, doesn't it?" demanded Mortimer hotly.

He twisted the telephone crank, but before he could take the receiver from the hook the man on the floor spoke.

"Say, it's up to me," he said, eyeing the artist shrewdly. "My name's not Schiffmacher. At present it's Lelton—Louis Lelton."

Mortimer's fingers seemed to freeze in mid-air. David groaned and collapsed on the steps of the model throne.

"I'm caught with the goods," resumed Lelton. "But remember one thing. If the police pinch me, they'll pinch my partner, too. I'll attend to that. And our record isn't first class at headquarters."

"Your—partner?" echoed Mortimer.

"Sure. She was here this afternoon, and put me on to the graft."

"Sylvia? You liar!"

"He's Miss Lelton's brother. I know how it cuts," blurted David, and moved to Mortimer's side.

The younger man could feel his brother's hand at his elbow, as if to beg the favor of steadying him.

"But that Sylvia should have told—it's an infernal lie!" he repeated.

"Come, be wise," said Louis Lelton glibly, much encouraged by the success of his trump card. "Where'd I find the key of the box? Under the image of the lad with the scythe. How many trays down was the chamois-skin bag? Three. Who told me? Hey?"

"Sylvia didn't know you intended to——"

"Oh, she didn't, eh?" retorted the thief. "Let me call up a number and do the talking while you listen at the 'phone. I'll get proof for you out of her own mouth. I dare you to!"

Mortimer stared, and then mechanically shook his head. The rogue's manner was convincing. Nobody but Sylvia had known the whereabouts of the key and of the jewels. Mortimer tried in vain to think that it was too cowardly to refuse Lelton's proposed test with the telephone. He felt helpless, beaten, and he shook his head again.

"Call up sixteen thirty-three and just say 'Niagara' twice," said Lelton. "You'll hear her asking if I've pulled

it off. You won't? Good. You're stuck on the girl, and I don't blame you. Here's my bargain. Give me a free run now, and I won't bother you again. Get in the police—and Sylvia goes with me."

Mortimer, moving like an automaton, turned his back. Lelton understood, and sidled toward the window.

"You're not especially grateful to me, Backus, for leaving you a fair field with the woman," he observed, with an evil grin. "She's not my sister, anyway. She's my——"

David sprang forward, and Lelton, cutting short his swagger, did not pause to complete the sentence. The rascal disappeared into the courtyard.

"Oh, I can't believe this!" said Mortimer, half to himself. "How can I believe it? Sylvia and that—that——"

"You'll have to believe it, I'm afraid," interposed David gently. He was closing the window, and he kept his eyes carefully away from the other's twitching face. "You'll have to believe it, Mortie," he reiterated. "I thought maybe I might keep it from you, but—well, what could I do? There's other true things about that girl which I guess you needn't know now."

The artist stumbled against a table and opened a portfolio slowly.

"I thought you loved her more'n you did me," went on David. "But I guess the fact is you don't really care for her. If you did, I don't guess anything would stop you, even now. I knew she was worthless and bad, but there was your happiness—I calculated to spare you all I could—and you wouldn't have believed me alone, anyhow. Hello, what are you tearing up that picture for?"

"You're a good brother to me, Davie," said Mortimer, as he watched the fragments of a crayon drawing flutter to the rug. "You're a better brother than such a weak, sensitive fellow as I deserves. If you'll let me live with you, Davie——"

He extended his hand shyly.

"Why, that's all right!" cried David, affecting a sudden activity. "By George, it's dreadful late! To bed, my lord, to bed!"

And Mortimer laughed with a heart full of gratitude.

The Bounty of the River.

HOW MAI GANGA, THE HOLY STREAM, DEMONSTRATED ITS POWER.

BY MAYNE LINDSAY.

I.

THE sunset stood above the river. The hills, violet and aloof, ran up in little woody ridges from the stream, on the eastern side of which Tresham's servants had pitched his camp. They had taken possession of a plateau that overhung a rapid full of opal eddies, a vantage-point from which a man might look sheer into the water, or see plainly, when the moon was full, the jungle creatures on the other side come trooping down to drink.

In spite of problems that would not unravel themselves, and the fret of a conscientious magistrate's life, Tresham's brow cleared as he faced the chosen prospect. He and his wife had ridden for three hours through the Timli forest without seeing more than the cut of the "ride" before them; it was good to come out to their own camp, rising in a peaceful place, and to a broad horizon.

Mrs. Tresham tucked her arm into his, understanding him. There was a familiar chorus of noises behind them—the thud of a wooden mallet on the tent-pegs, the bubble of camels, the crackle of twigs under the *khansama's* cooking-pots; and she had lived long enough in India for these things to bear her a kindly message. She turned her head at the click of a pony's hoofs among the trees; she wanted just that to complete the moment's contentment.

A little boy, attended by a running groom, trotted into the clearing. He nodded to his mother, saluted his father with the exact detail of a policeman's precision, and dismounted ahead of them, at the brow of the plateau.

"I wonder what mischief Tony is brewing now," Tresham commented, flickering into a smile at the bustling importance of the rider. "He looks as

if he had the affairs of the empire on his mind."

"I am afraid he is older than his years," Mrs. Tresham said. "It is not good for a child of seven to be entirely with grown-up people. When he goes home he must live with children of his own age."

She sighed, and the careless moment vanished; Tony's going home was a trouble that was never far distant from their minds, and that grew, instead of dwindling, with the years.

They watched the small figure, very black and stumpy against the afterglow, advance to the edge of the plateau. The groom was ordered back, and trailed away with the pony. Tony peered long over the edge of the rise, bowed his head reverently, touched his forehead with his palm, and laid his hands together, fingers outstretched and touching, before his breast.

"Bless my soul, I believe the boy is worshipping the river—doing *pooja* to it! The little heathen! This isn't the outcome of your Biblical instruction, Fanny, surely?"

"Tony!" Mrs. Tresham cried, after a moment of stupefaction. She was horrified. She carried the gentle faith of a country vicarage with her, and life in exile had not disturbed it. "Tony, come here at once."

Tony turned at her voice, and moved, not too willingly, toward them.

"What do you want, mother?" he said. "Is it something special? You 'sturbed me just then, you know."

"What were you doing?"

"It is a long time since I saw Mai Ganga. It is a very holy river. There are great blessings to be given by it."

The little boy spoke slowly; he was obviously translating the Hindustani thought into English.

"Who told you that?"

"Ganesh," Tony said, a wonder in his eyes at his mother's ignorance. "The anger of Ganga is terrible, too. He uprose once and swept the streets of Dinwar, the city that lies there"—he nodded upstream—"and so he will do again when men displease him. What is Dinwar like, mother? Ganesh says the temples are very old and very beautiful, and that it is a place full of holy folk."

"This is all dreadfully wrong," Mrs. Tresham said, looking from her husband to the speaker in open distress. "Anthony, Ganesh must be spoken to. Tony, you don't understand. The river is just the same as any other river; it could not possibly give blessings or punish people."

"Ganga is great," Tony retorted. He saw the trouble in his mother's face, and seemed to understand that, for some reason beyond his ken, he had made her unhappy. "Never mind, dear," he said, and linked himself, not without a stretch, into her free arm. "You weren't born here; you couldn't expect to know all about everything. Shall I ask Ganesh to tell you? He really knows a great deal."

"That will do, my son," Tresham said, seeing that matters were at a deadlock. "Perhaps mother knows more than Ganesh. Let him be for the present, Fanny. You'll only addle his small brain if you attempt to argue the question to-night. It isn't quite as shocking as it looks to your pious soul. Come and take a walk up and down the bank before dinner. Tony, if you will keep quiet and not chatter, you may come, too."

He wheeled, and mother and son turned with him. Tony discreetly held his tongue, conscious that it was too near bedtime to be contentious. Mrs. Tresham walked between them silently for a minute or two, acutely aware of the small hand holding to her sleeve, and the strange medley of its owner's religious inclinations. Tresham, whose thoughts were never very wide from his work, began to talk, as much to put a case clearly in his own mind as to admit his wife to a view of its complexity.

"There is going to be trouble for me

if this Shapur business is not soon settled. The commissioner's letter to-day is distinctly disagreeable, and I am pretty sure there is more in the machinery-wrecking than meets the eye. It isn't a prejudice of their own, for the poor devils must know that new mills mean work and prosperity for their district; it is outside influence—priests' influence—and it jumps with the prevailing superstition. Dinwar wants no near neighbors to rise up and detract from its importance as the local capital; and that is what Shapur will do if it becomes a brisk manufacturing town instead of a stagnant little riverside village. No, they never did it of their own volition, I'll stake my reputation on that. I don't believe they did it at all."

"Do you mean the Shapur people who are supposed to have destroyed Mr. Campbell's water-wheels? Has it happened again?"

"Again!" Tresham strode forward so impetuously that Tony broke into a trot. "It happens every time the machinery gets back into full swing. It means a thorough dislocation of business, and if it goes on, Campbell will throw up the sponge, and plant his works elsewhere. We want them so much here, too! And they know it! They profess ignorance—profess, of course, regret; but the talk that the river resents desecration gains ground with them. They are more and more inclined to look on water mills as evil affairs that simple folk should avoid."

"Has Mr. Burgess any idea?" Mrs. Tresham interpolated.

"Burgess is a man of cast iron opinions, not to be altered by anything but flat evidence to the contrary. He has satisfied himself that there are some Shapur malcontents at work, and so he sits over Shapur with his policemen in a ring, like a cat at a mousehole. He can't understand why the outrages go on just the same; but they *do*, and he hasn't an idea of changing his plan of campaign. He's a dear, good, conscientious chap, but his brains are not worth considering, and I have to bear the blame for his stupidity."

"Couldn't you ask the commis-

sioner for another superintendent of police?"

"And so confess my own incapacity? There's a hint of transferring me as it is. No, no, I must fight it out alone. As far as the theories go, I have mine out and dried as well as Burgess, but I am open to any conviction that he may bring me. I can't say that he has thrown much light on the subject in the past fortnight—or before."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"No individual upon whom I can place my finger, my dear, or I would run the risk of collaring an innocent man. My belief is that the wheels have been destroyed, and will be destroyed again, by a gang of depredators who are coached and paid by the Dinwar priests. They are covered by Campbell's Hindu watchmen, and they have some uncommonly shrewd directing influences behind their movements. It is a pretty theory; the trouble is to translate it into certainty. Dinwar is smugly law-abiding, to the eye; its pious Hindus are deeply grieved to hear of the misfortunes that have happened to their friends at Shapur. The only doubtful circumstance is the faintest possible suggestion that I have found in my interviews with them, that Ganga may be vexed by Mr. Campbell's trespass on its territory."

"Ganesh said that," Tony chimed in from his mother's elbow.

"Said what?"

Tresham stood still and looked round. It was twilight now, and the sunset had died from red to mauve, from mauve to the soft silver of evening. Tony looked like an alert, intelligent gnome as he peered up at his father.

"He says that Ganga is very angry with Campbell *sahib*, and that is why his works are carried away by the stream. Campbell *sahib* has harnessed the river to the devil that goes clack-clack inside his houses, and the thing is not to be borne. It is common talk."

"Is it? Hum! Ganesh had better choose less dangerous opinions to air in my camp. Go to bed, Tony—bless my soul, you ought to have been there half an hour ago—and send Ganesh to me when he has undressed you."

Tony tried hard to see the faces above him, and made out trouble in one quarter, and grim disapproval of his communication in the other.

"What are you going to do to him, father? He has not done any wrong. He is an honorable man, and you are his father and his mother. Why should you be angry?"

"I'm not angry. Yes, I am, but not exactly in the way you think. Look here, there must be no more chatter with Ganesh about things neither you nor he understand. What mother and I say together is not to be repeated."

"Of course not," Tony said with dignity. "Servants' talk is different. But I don't think I'll repeat what Ganesh says to me again, either. It isn't quite playing the game, is it?"

"Not quite," Tresham agreed gravely. "Go to bed, you old-fashioned imp."

He bent down and kissed the small face, not without a certain pride in his heart. The boy shaped well; he had the makings of a man in him.

II.

TONY went to bed with an air of chilly abstraction which his bearer found impervious to outside influence. He was silent while his gaiters were unbuttoned, silent while his clothes were brushed, silent even when the dog-boy brought three fox terriers and a spaniel for their nightly inspection.

"The *chota sahib* is unwell?" Ganesh queried, standing attentive before the small figure sitting up in its low bed. The dogs had bustled away, tugging at their chains, to supper in front of Tresham's tent.

"I am quite well. Be quiet, Ganesh; I am thinking. If a man greatly desired something—oh, I forgot! I promised not to talk to you about these things. You have my leave to go."

He cuddled down to his pillow, and Ganesh retired. Mrs. Tresham, coming in five minutes later, found him unusually docile, and was sorely tempted to seize the opportunity. She forbore, however, and Tony said his prayers with a saintliness that lifted a moiety

of depression from her heart. When she had left him he lay awake for fully five minutes, staring at the roof of the tent, his brain hard at work. Then he turned on his side and dropped asleep, smiling, pleased with the resolution to which so much deep thinking had led him.

He awoke several hours later. For a moment he lay in a delicious drowsiness, his eyes shut, listening to the trumpet snore of the watchman in the lee of his tent. Presently, however, his eyes opened. He sat up; there was work to be done. *What* was it that he had resolved upon in the long, long thinking time after his mother went away?

He rested his chin on his knees, wide awake now, and threshed the matter out. Father was in trouble. Ganga had permitted the *badmashes* (evil fellows) to break up Mr. Campbell's beautiful new water-wheels, and the commissioner *sahib* blamed father for it. This was intolerable. Memories of past indulgences from an apparently genial old gentleman could not soften Tony's indignation.

"I wish I might have asked Ganesh just a teeny-weeny little question," Tony meditated. "I wish I knew how you have to behave when you want Ganga to do something for you. Nobody else can help. I am certain, because it is Ganga that lets it be done. If I 'splained that the wheels meant no harm! But then I don't know exactly the right way to speak to a very holy river."

He dropped out of bed, on to the cotton carpet laid over fresh-strewn rushes, and groped for his dressing-gown and slippers. The watchman, cozily huddled in his blanket under the outer fly of the tent, snored more loudly than ever.

"Father will fine Puckarradin eight annas to-morrow, if he knows he has been asleep when he should be watching," Tony said, peering through the tent-flap at a still world. "But I am glad, for otherwise it is I who should have to give him eight annas out of my money-box, to keep him from sending me back to bed."

He slipped out cautiously, and stood

under the great trees, all the camp asleep about him; the black wall of the forest shutting off untold mysteries behind it, and before, the wonderful Indian moon steeping all things in magic, and turning plateau, and river, and the far-off jungle into fairyland. It was very beautiful, and Tony had not been taught to be afraid of the night. He gave a little jump of delight at finding that he had it all to himself, and he darted into the full glory of the moonlight.

The big black shadows gave him up, a small prancing being, who had to lay hands over his own mouth to suppress a skirl of exultation. Soon, however, he came to the riverside, calmed himself into a walk, and tiptoed gingerly to the brow of the bank, remembering that he was out upon a serious business.

The river heaved an uneasy bosom below him; it ran tumultuously down the rapid like a flood of molten silver, wonderful beyond the liveliest imagining. It was certainly a very mighty stream; Tony's small pagan soul thrilled at its grandeur. He was, for the moment, the humblest, the most respectful of its worshipers, standing to solicit favor from a power that was able both to hear and understand him.

"Oh, Ganga-ji!" Tony whispered, awe-stricken, and the rush of water carried his words with it. "Oh, Mai Ganga! If it be that Campbell *sahib*'s water-wheels may be broken no more, and that the commissioner *sahib* be forced to eat dirt—much dirt, oh, mighty river! The wheels are good; they turn other wheels that make work for lowly men; Campbell *sahib* is a very kind man, and keeps no devils. And if it were possible to reveal the *badmashes* that have done this evil thing, so that all may know the wisdom of Tresham *sahib*, my father——"

He stopped suddenly, uncomfortably aware of gooseflesh. There was something coming down the middle of the river. It was a black speck upon the silver; he did not doubt that it was the great river god in person, disturbed from a far ice cavern by the clamor of an importunate small boy.

A very human terror overlaid Tony's enterprising spirit. He gazed with starting eyes at the mysterious object, and in a twinkling his eager legs had whisked him back to the shadow of the trees. He was thoroughly convinced that the consequences of foolhardiness were upon him. He was by himself in the middle of the night, while all the rest of the world was deep asleep. For all that, however, his curiosity, or perhaps a fascination more largely compounded of fear, kept him from turning tail altogether. He flattened himself behind a tree; it was worth risking something to see that which should follow.

The speck grew, became hydra-headed, swelled out of vagueness into positive features—and disillusion. It was not the river-spirit swimming majestically upon the face of wide waters; it was nothing but a native craft, such as Tony had seen a hundred times, rocking down stream on inflated skins, a trailing leg or two to steer it, and four people, three lean and naked, and one very fat and creasy, squatting on its frail platform.

Disappointment rose like a genie from a bottle. For a moment or two it overshadowed other sensations. The raft spun into the rapids, and went bobbing through them; the moonlight lit up the voyagers' faces. Where was it Tony had seen the fat man before? His face, blandly smiling, not, as now, seamed with a hundred wicked little wrinkles, belonged to quite a near memory. Yesterday? The day before? Ah—at the head of the Dinwar people who had waited upon father in his last camping-place. Ganesh had pointed him out for one of the holy men; and Tony, studying him with interest, had wondered why holiness made him so fat, when the wandering *yogis* were only skin and bone.

He stared and stared until creepiness fled before the thrill of discovery. This was not an accident. Ganga was not deaf or angry; he knew—and here Tony's ears and fingers tingled with rising excitement—how best to answer a petition. The matter soared suddenly beyond all doubt, clear as the

moonlight upon the river to a preconscious understanding. These folk were out upon no peaceful business while honest men lay in their beds. They were—who else should they be?—the mill-wreckers spinning over the river on their way to further wickedness. And, oh, if father were quick—if he went this minute—now—he could ride down the bank and catch them for himself!

Tony sped up the camp like a small white flash. Half a minute later Tresham woke with the shrilling of a familiar voice in his ears.

"Father! Father! The *badmashes* that broke up Campbell *sahib's* wheels are on the water now! They are going down from Dinwar to do it again, I do believe. Please get up quickly; they haven't turned the corner yet."

"Tony! You here?" Tresham started up, not too amiably. "What are you doing out of your tent?"

But Tony was not to be diverted by a side issue.

"It is most truly true," he said, so earnestly that the magistrate, almost mechanically, began to slip into his clothes. "They went by on a *sanai* this very second. Oh, father, *do* go quick and catch them, and then the commissioner *sahib* will know that you are right!"

The tent-flap rose and fell; Tresham, without more ado, had gone to see for himself if this were somebody's nightmare, or a most amazing reality. Mrs. Tresham, who had not fully grasped the situation, saw Tony move as if to follow him.

"Get into bed at once, child," she said, and the note of authority made the small boy turn back dutifully, and scramble into his father's vacant place. "What does all this disturbance mean?"

"Why, mother," Tony said cheerfully, feeling the warm sheets a comfort to his toes, "I told you Ganesh knew. I just went and asked Ganga to help father, and I'm sure he will."

And Ganga did, for Tresham caught the offenders in the act, and got much credit for solving the mystery and ending the trouble.

PRIZE TOPICAL POEMS

The Result of the Competition for April

THE LAMENT OF THE OLD BUC- CANEERS.

(First Prize Poem.)

Said the shade of Henry Morgan to the
shade of Captain Kidd:

"Oh, we lived about three hundred years
too soon;

Though we pirated with pleasure,

Just to get a little treasure,

Now they beat us to a very different tune.

"There are modern buccaneers who make
their money out of ships,

Though not just the same as we did on
the main;

For their method isn't gory,

Yet it's quite as full of glory,

And it doesn't bring the fear of ball and
chain!

"Once we lived upon the water in a rest-
less, reckless way,

Daring knives, and guns, and winds, and
waves, and rocks;

Now landlubbers get the treasure,

In a more extensive measure,

While they calmly live on water—in the
stocks.

"When we raked the Spanish galleons in
the Caribbean Sea,

Little thought we, as we stowed our
wealth galore,

Men would work a little take-off

By another sort of rake-off,

And make larger coffers cough up all
the more!

"As for war, and fire, and pillage, when
we sacked the Spanish towns,

We admit it was a rather wanton way;

But the town-boss, without sacking,

Has a more substantial backing,

For he owns the town, and makes the
people pay.

"True, we never cared for method when
the money was in sight,

And we never let the trusty outlass rust;

And we never, never wrangled

When a foe was to be strangled;

Now they do it more genteelly, with a
trust!

"Now they talk a lot of margins—well,
we had some narrow calls,
And the dangers paid for all the treas-
ures borne;

But the margin's not so risky

When the "lambs" so gay and frisky

Answer to the call, and come up to be
shorn.

"Talk of captains of industry! We can
put them all to rout,

For in history-making we have had our
share;

But for lucky speculation,

And for great accumulation,

We weren't in it with the modern mil-
lionaire!"

W. E. Gilroy.

THE NEW HYGIENE.

(Second Prize Poem.)

THERE'S a new-fangled science that sets
at defiance

All efforts to have any good of our
wealth.

In eating or drinking, in working or
thinking,

Whatever we do, it is bad for our
health.

We must not eat toffee; we must not
drink coffee;

In cocoa there's paresis, poison in tea.

Disease germs just swarm in the room
that we're warm in,

And drafts of cold air mean a grave-
digger's fee.

There's nothing that's healthful, there's
nothing that's clean,

If we heed all the rules of the new hy-
giene!

Raw food is pernicious; if cooked, not
nutritious;

Fruit makes us too bilious, and sugar
too fat;

Vegetarian diet runs down those who
try it,

And meat's only fit to be thrown to
the cat.

If we fry it we spoil it; 'tis deadly to
boil it,

And nothing should ever be roasted or
stewed;

All canned stuff's infected; fish must be
rejected,
And all breakfast foods with suspicion
be viewed.
It's a safe proposition that man will
grow lean
If he eats by the rules of the new hy-
giene!

One tells us 'tis risky to drink any
whisky;
Another, tectotal régime will deride;
Wine causes hysteria; milk's full of
bacteria;
Of lager beer many a victim has died.
The typhoid bacillus that's likely to kill
us
Is found in the water we draw from
the well,
While that from the river is bad for the
liver.
And fouled are the springs that they
bottle and sell.
If all this is true, it is plain to be seen
There is naught fit to drink in the new
hygiene.

In sports we grow colder, for golf has its
shoulder,
Lawn-tennis its elbow, and football its
knee;
While automobiling and all kinds of
wheeling
Will give us the face that is fright-
ful to see.
We must not dress thickly—that makes a
man sickly;
We must not dress thinly—we may
catch the grip.
And—here's the most awful—a kiss is
unlawful,
Especially when it is pressed on the lip.

Oh, few will our joys be in life, if we
mean
To abide by the rules of the new hygiene!
Ross Lawrence.

THE ORIGINALS.
(Third Prize Poem.)

I DREAMED that when Gabriel blew on his
horn,
He called for originals first,
And mighty indeed was the host which
arose
To answer his clarion burst.

"George Washington's personal serv-
ants!" he cried;
And then, as he sounded his trumpet,
Full ten thousand gentlemen ebony-hued
Awoke from their sleep with a jump.

"Original Mayflower pilgrims!" he
called;
And then, at the summons so clear,
Just ninety-eight shiploads of Puritans
grin
Came forth with a deafening cheer.

"The man who lashed Farragut bold to
the mast!"
Loud sounded the trumpet's command;
And three hundred sailors, of various
grades,
Stepped forth at attention to stand.

Then Gabriel, seeing the task was too
great,
Declared: "We adjourn, if you please,
Until I can find, to assist with the work,
A few more original me's!"
McLanburgh Wilson.

EDITORIAL COMMENT—Sixteen hundred and twenty-three competitors entered our topical verse competition closing on the 15th of February. The first prize went to Toronto, Ontario; the second to Paterson, New Jersey; the third to New York. Thus does Canada once more give proof that she is a land of song. These contests, be it remembered, are open to the world, with the sole proviso that the poems submitted must be in the English language.

We wish to repeat that much of the verse that we receive is open to the criticism that it is not sufficiently topical. A topical poem, according to our definition, is one that refers in a humorous or satirical way to some leading topic or topics of popular and timely interest. Competitors should bear this clearly in mind. It is useless to send us verses that are not humorous or satirical, and that do not deal with some subject that is worth noting as a present-day development.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION—The sixth contest of the series will close on Thursday, April 14. The first prize will be ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS; the second fifty dollars; the third, twenty-five dollars. Any poem which, though not winning a premium, is found available for publication, will be purchased at a fair price. Envelopes containing verses should be marked "Topical Poem Competition," and addressed to the office of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York. Each contestant should be careful to enclose a stamped envelope for the return of unsuccessful poems.

A Deal in Dates.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF TOM HARDWICK, SHERIFF OF MONTEBASCO COUNTY.

BY FRANK N. STRATTON.

I.

THE sheriff of Montebasco County pulled up his horse, leaned wearily upon the saddle-horn, and contemplated the lonely dugout, whose lowly, sod-thatched roof was scarcely distinguishable from its parent plain.

"Beats all," he muttered, "that anybody'd live in such a lonesome, desolate——"

He stopped short as his restless eyes caught sight of the woman emerging from the bed of the sluggish stream below him. As he urged his horse toward her the woman dropped the bundle of drift-wood, folded her arms, and awaited his approach.

"So you've found us at last," she said sullenly.

The sheriff repressed an exclamation of surprise.

"Guess I have," he replied slowly. "Is Bob here?"

The lines in the woman's pinched face grew tenser.

"Yes, he's here—what's left of him," she answered.

"Wasn't lookin' for him; but I've just missed bigger game, an' I might as well take something back home. Reckon he'll come without the warrant. He'll have to, or——"

"He'll give you no trouble," the woman interrupted. "He's out there—under those rocks."

She stretched a bony arm toward an oblong heap of stones half hidden by the drifted snow.

"There are wolves here, also," she said grimly. "But those prey only on the dead."

A quick pressure of the spur against the horse's flank turned the sheriff's back toward the bitter wind, his face from the bitter eyes. For just an instant he bared and bent his head, and

the bitterness died out of the woman's eyes. She glanced at the drooping horse.

"You've been long in the saddle, and must be chilled through," she said quietly. "Come into the house."

As she swung the bundle to her back the sheriff seized it, laid it across his saddle, and followed the woman silently. A little boy, thin-faced and hollow-eyed, ran timidly to his mother as she entered.

"Better put your horse in the shed," the woman suggested, as she replenished the dying fire. "There's a little prairie hay left, I think."

The sheriff spent more time in intervals of profound meditation than in caring for the horse. When he reentered the solitary room, the woman and the child waited for him at a rough table.

"Corn bread, rye hominy, and water isn't much to offer a guest," the woman said, with a little, mirthless laugh; "though there's plenty of the water."

The sheriff ate silently and sparingly. When the child, having eagerly devoured its portion, glanced appealingly motherward, the sheriff, ignoring the maternal frown, filled the empty plate from his own.

"Had a plenty at Gulch Point," he murmured apologetically, "an' I like to see the youngster eat."

The woman shot a quick glance at him, half grateful, half resentful.

"Gulch Point," she repeated. "That's a mighty tired horse to have come only from Gulch Point!"

The sheriff grinned sheepishly, leaned back, and watched the voracious "youngster."

"What ailed Bob?" he asked softly, after a while.

A little tremor came into the woman's voice.

"I don't know. Fever, I guess—and worry."

"Didn't the doc know?"

"We had no doctor. Doctors want money—and Robert thought he'd soon be well. Besides, we wanted no one to see us—you know why."

"But you had help—when——"

The sheriff gave a quick gesture in the direction of the heap of stones. The woman folded her hands in her lap and bowed her head.

"Just me and little Robbie," she said gently. "And—the Book."

The sheriff coughed, fumbled at his belt, and turned toward the fire. The child dropped his spoon into the empty plate, rested his head against the damp wall behind him, and heaved a little sigh of satisfaction.

"Thought you'd gone to Minnesoty, where Bob come from," the sheriff observed. "How'd you come to stop at this God-fersaken place?"

"One of the horses died here, and we hadn't money to buy another. We built the dugout and the shed, thinking we might push on, somehow, when spring came. After Robert went I had to sell the other horse and the wagon to get food."

"What d'ye 'low to do now? Spring's 'most here."

"I don't know. I might teach again—if there are any schools out here."

"Looky here, Mrs. Cruthers, you'd better come back——"

"And ask charity!" the woman exclaimed. "No! If we hadn't lost the farm it would be different."

"It would be different if Bob hadn't tried to borrow money on the farm when it wasn't his any longer."

"He didn't!" the woman cried fiercely.

"Oh, I reckon the grand jury knowed what they was doin' when they fetched in that indictment."

The woman gripped the edge of the table, and leaned toward her guest.

"What does that indictment say?" she asked breathlessly.

"It says a plenty. Cuttin' out the 'thens' and 'theres' an' 'aforesaid,' it says that Bob tried to get money under false pretense. An' Flint an'

Harmsley do tell a mighty ugly story. I didn't think it of Bob. Knowed he was green an' easy frustrated, but thought he was straight."

The wan eyes of the woman gleamed and glittered in the dim room.

"Tell me what those men said," she demanded hoarsely. "I never understood why we should run away, but Robert insisted, and never would tell me why."

"Why, when Bob couldn't renew the mortgage, an' couldn't borrow to pay it—the panic bein' on, you know—Harmsley offered to loan him the money. But he wouldn't accept an ordinary mortgage. So you an' Bob made Harmsley an absolute deed; remember signin' it, don't you?"

"Yes; but I never knew why."

"Well, then Bob an' Harmsley signed an agreement——"

"In duplicate?"

"Don't know; ought to have been, if Bob had any sense. Agreement was that Harmsley would deed the farm back if Bob paid the thousand dollars, with twelve per cent, on or before last October——"

"When?"

"First of last October—October 1, 1896. Record of Harmsley's contract, in the recorder's office, says so; read it myself. Well, Bob didn't pay, an' consequently the farm was Harmsley's for good, 'cording to the contract. Then, about the middle of last October, Flint offered to loan the thousand at eight per cent, not knowin' the situation, an' Bob arranged to get the money on that farm that wasn't his; did get Flint to advance him a little—to skip out with, I reckon, in case Flint caught on before he got it all, which Flint did. That's all, an' that's enough—in this State."

The woman had crossed the room, and was unlocking an old and battered trunk. She lifted out and carried to the table a huge and well-worn Bible, from among whose pages she drew a paper, frayed and stained.

"Tell me what this is," she said, an exultant ring in her voice.

The sheriff stirred the embers of the fire to brighter light, stooped, and glanced hastily over the document.

"It's a duplicate, sure enough. In Harmsley's handwrite, an' signed by him an' Bob—just like the one Harmsley holds."

"Is it? Look again."

Again the sheriff of Montebasco County stooped, then suddenly straightened up with a puzzled, suspicious look on his bronzed face.

"If Bob had this, why did he——"

"He lost it. The next day after I signed that deed he told me he'd lost an important paper, and it must have been that. I found it—only last week—inside the lining of his old coat."

"Did Harmsley know it was lost?"

"Yes, I'm almost sure Robert told him. Harmsley was friendly toward Robert. He warned him, later, that Flint intended to prosecute—advised him to run."

The sheriff of Montebasco County muttered an exclamation, dropped into his seat, and stared at the fire. The little boy crept into his mother's arms, and she swayed her body to and fro, crooning a lullaby, as she watched the sheriff curiously.

"Frien'ly toward Bob!" muttered the sheriff to himself. "Yes; oh, yes! That's why he asked me to hold the warrant for a while—so's Bob would have time to go, an' stay gone. Of course he showed Bob his copy—Harmsley's copy—an' the record!"

The woman ceased her lullaby, and interrupted the sheriff's cogitation.

"I've thought that if those figures are right, and Mr. Harmsley's are wrong, maybe he'd give me a chance to get the farm back by next October, as it says. But if he wouldn't—I couldn't pay lawyers, and the thousand dollars and interest, as I'd have to, even if I should win."

A sarcastic smile played over the bronzed face.

"Oh, yes; Harmsley would do what was right—for Harmsley!" Then, as he looked up and saw the expression on the woman's face, a soft light shone in the keen gray eyes. "You've studied an' worried a good deal over this," he observed reflectively.

The woman buried her face in the child's curls.

"Worried? Night and day—day and night! There's a mistake somewhere. I can't understand it. Do you?"

The two vertical furrows between the shaggy eyebrows of the sheriff of Montebasco County deepened and lengthened as he rose to his feet, slipped the paper into his inside pocket, and buttoned his coat.

"I think I do," he growled. "I ain't sure, but I reckon I do. I'm goin' to find out."

The woman sprang up, distrust and alarm in the thin, gaunt face.

"You can't take that paper!" she cried. "It's all I have to prove Robert's innocence!"

The sheriff frowned.

"Can't you trust me?" he asked gruffly.

"Trust you—trust the man who dogged us to this place? I trust no one now. Give me that paper!"

She placed the drowsy child in the chair, and advanced upon the sheriff resolutely. He handed the paper to her, and she thrust it into the bosom of her threadbare dress. Then she followed after him to the door, and stood there, watching him with suspicious eyes, as he bridled and mounted the horse. He rode up to her, and halted.

"Go to Gulch Point every week," he said, "and ask for mail. It's a long tramp—nigh ten mile—but you may get something that will clear—him."

He pointed again to the mound of stones. She looked up searchingly into his face.

"I'll go," she said quietly.

"Then let me see the date in that document again. I may have to swear to it."

The woman drew back, took the paper from her bosom, opened it, and held it up, out of the sheriff's reach. Quick as a flash he bent from his saddle and snatched it from her hand.

She was still following him when he glanced back before galloping into the distant foot-hills.

II.

WHEN the sheriff of Montebasco County entered the office of Alexander

Harmsley, dealer in real estate and shaver of notes, and closed and locked the door behind him, Mr. Harmsley wheeled in his chair at the flat-topped desk and looked up inquiringly.

"A little private business, Aleck," explained the sheriff, "an' I don't want to be interrupted."

"At your service, sheriff," replied Mr. Harmsley briskly. "What can I do for you?"

The sheriff leaned back in the chair at the opposite side of the desk and regarded Mr. Harmsley cordially.

"My term's 'most up, you know, Aleck, an' I don't care to run again. Concluded to settle down to farmin'. Been lookin' around a little, an' rather like that Cruthers place. What's your figures?"

Mr. Harmsley summoned his most gracious smile, and caressed his respectable whiskers thoughtfully.

"Fifty per acre—four thousand dollars—and dirt cheap at that."

"Pretty high, Aleck. It don't stand you in more'n a thousand or so, you know."

Mr. Harmsley produced a cedar box on which was depicted an exceedingly burly gentleman engaged in the occupation of holding up the world.

"Have a cigar, Tom. Don't smoke, myself."

"Too busv makin' other people smoke, eh, Aleck?" the sheriff observed pleasantly, as he struck a match. Mr. Harmsley chuckled.

"If you don't happen to have the ready cash, Tom, I can give you time on that——"

"Oh, I guess I won't need much time in this deal."

"Oughtn't to, as long as you've been in office—with the graft there is in it," remarked Mr. Harmsley, winking significantly while the sheriff grinned.

"How's th' title?"

"To the Cruthers farm? Straight as a string. Gilt-edged."

"Cruthers claimed, you know, that the time for redemption didn't expire till next October. I ain't buyin' no lawsuits. If he should come back——"

"Come back? With you holding that warrant? Not much. Yqu don't

know Cruthers. And the statute of limitation don't run while he's concealed, you know."

"That's right. An' I reckon your contract's ironclad."

"It's recorded; read it."

"Recorders have made mistakes. I want the place, but I'd have to see the original contract. Four thousand dollars is four thousand dollars, Aleck."

Mr. Harmsley frowned, meditated, walked slowly to the great steel safe, unlocked a private drawer, drew forth a folded and labeled paper, and tossed it upon the desk. The sheriff unfolded it leisurely.

"Excuse me for bein' so partic'lar, Aleck, specially with an old friend, but I've heard that Cruthers said——"

"Damn what Cruthers said! He's done."

"Yes, I reckon he is," remarked the sheriff, scanning the paper. "Done—to a golden brown!"

Mr. Harmsley darted a quick, suspicious glance across the desk, and laughed, faintly and unpleasantly.

"You make devilish odd remarks sometimes, Tom; remarks that might cause talk if overheard."

"That's why I locked the door," observed the sheriff dryly. He was holding the paper up, so that the light shone through it, and his weather-beaten face was growing stern and rigid. Harmsley scowled, and reached an arm across the desk.

"You're insulting, Hardwick—and too damned suspicious. Give me that paper. The place is not for sale. I've changed my mind."

"As well as the figures, eh, Aleck?"

"What are you talking about?" roared Harmsley.

The sheriff had produced another paper, and was comparing the two through keen, half-closed eyes.

"About forgery, Aleck," he answered pleasantly. "That's what a jury would call it. It's really an artistic job, Aleck, but you scratched a little too deep on that seven; an' when you filled in the six, the ink was blacker an' thicker, an'—steady there! Drop that, quick!"

Harmsley's hand came up from out

the drawer. He was looking down the muzzle of the revolver of the sheriff of Montebasco County.

"Now let me hear you push that drawer shut—with your knee, Aleck, with your knee! That's all right. Now you may sign this, if you don't mind. Just a matter of form, you know—perfectin' the title of Mrs. Cruthers to her farm. Bein' the sheriff, I can acknowledge your signature."

Harmsley's fat face was livid with rage and terror as he stared at the deed that lay before him.

"This is blackmail!" he protested. "Nothing less than blackmail!"

"Oh, no, Aleck. It's justice—something less than justice—for I ought to give you up to the State's attorney, along with these two papers, an' the

letter you foolishly wrote to your fellow conspirator, Flint, which I scared him into givin' me an hour ago. Are you goin' to sign, Aleck?"

Harmsley's shaking hand reached for a pen.

"You're a devil," he groaned. "If I sign, how do I know you'll—"

"You've got the word of Tom Hardwick, sir. But don't let anything I say influence your judgment, Aleck. If you'd rather take your chances—what an easy writer you are, Aleck! So smooth an' graceful. Thanks! Any time you want to make another little deal in dates like this one, Aleck, you can count me in—an' don't you forget it, either! So long, old boy. I've got to hustle to get this recorded an' into the next mail north."

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.

WITH an azure snood in her sunny hair,
Her soft feet gleaming pink and bare,
Frolicsome Spring goes by;
'Mid briars and hazel along the stream
Anemones and claytonias gleam,
Where her cast-off sandals lie.

Reckless truant, she does not care
If the willows wear strands of her golden hair,
Or wild plums flash with the pearls
In the necklace they stole from her dainty throat,
As she dances along to climes remote
Where the sifting snow still whirls.

Where the dusky woods have a sunny cleft,
Fringe from her violet gown is left;
And on mosses in every glade
Are rings or chains of the buttercup's gold.
Wherever she passes our eyes behold
Sweet signs of the wilful maid.

Crab-apple blossoms! The very name
Fills our soul with a tender flame
No other flower can bring;
For their color and fragrance were once a part
Of the blood that beat in the joyous heart
Of the gracious madcap, Spring!

Adela Stevens Cody.

EDITOR'S NOTE—We desire to call special attention to the serial stories by Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope now being published in this magazine. "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Mr. Weyman, began last month, and is continued, with a synopsis of the first instalment, on page 50 of the present issue. No reader of MUNSEY'S should miss this stirring historical romance.

Anthony Hope's "Double Harness," which is continued on page 83, with a synopsis of the earlier chapters, is another remarkable story. Its theme is that greatest problem of modern life, the marriage question. Messrs. Hope and Weyman stand high among the leading novelists of the day, and these two serials are as good work as they have ever done.

The Rise and Fall of Free Trade.

BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON,

CHAIRMAN OF THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND VICE-CHAIRMAN
OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S COMMISSION.

TWO GENERATIONS AGO FREE TRADE WAS ESTABLISHED IN BRITAIN WITH CONFIDENT PREDICTIONS THAT IT WOULD SPEEDILY SPREAD OVER THE WORLD, ENDING WAR AND CREATING UNIVERSAL GOOD-WILL AND PROSPERITY—TODAY, REPUDIATED BY THE OTHER NATIONS, ITS PROMISES DISCREDITED, ITS HOPES DISAPPOINTED, IT SEEMS TO BE TOTTERING TO ITS FALL IN ITS ONE GREAT STRONGHOLD.

FOR a hundred years the great civilized powers of the world, save Great Britain only, have moved with hesitating steps toward the stricter forms of protection.

I say "hesitating," because nations have halted in the march, have even turned backward for a space, until their leaders received fresh mandates from the peoples to press forward in the policy commended to them by experience. In 1816, in 1846, and lastly in 1894 the United States temporarily reduced its tariffs, though only to strengthen them the more a little later. Germany moved slowly until she found a Bismarck to urge the necessity of sweeping measures for commercial defense. With France and Russia, though in a less degree, fiscal uncertainty sometimes prevailed; but the end was the same. And when the twentieth century dawned, Great Britain alone among the powers still clung to the creed she learned in the early years of Queen Victoria. Even the colonies of her empire were protectionists—believers in the principles that had been so long rejected by the mother-land.

THE FETISH OF FREE TRADE.

A year ago, if you had stepped into the streets of London, had seized upon the first man you met in the crowd, and had asked him his opinion upon the chance of introducing a system of protection into his country, in nineteen cases out of twenty he would have

laughed in your face. Down in the depths of his heart he might be hiding a feeling of envy for the prosperity that he saw following his protected rivals; he might, indeed, have been prepared to join a party that called for fiscal reform. Yet he would have laughed all the same.

He might, perhaps, have grumbled about the successful attacks that other nations were making upon British industry and commerce; he might have told you that he thought "the country was going to the dogs if something wasn't done." But he would have said, frankly enough, that as far as protection was concerned the situation was hopeless, seeing that no great statesman and no great political party would dare to challenge the virtues of free trade.

It is not three years ago since my London paper, the *Daily Express*, printed a series of articles which dealt adversely with the British fiscal system. I was then solemnly warned by friends of wide political experience that I was making a grave mistake. The public, they told me, would never stand an attack upon free trade. I should lose all my readers; I should be known as a visionary and a crank. That is a good example of what was the state of public opinion.

To what did this fetish of free trade owe its origin in Great Britain? Why was it regarded as a moral maxim, a hereditary policy, almost a sacred belief, to touch which is, in a manner, sacrilegious? Those are questions which an American might well ask.

The free trade policy primarily won the confidence of the British through the personal ability, the honesty, and the noble idealism of the men who created it—John Stuart Mill, Richard Cobden, and John Bright. It was nourished by prosperity and grew strong with age. Fathers told their sons of financial successes obtained under its guidance; grandfathers praised the splendid reputations of the politicians who urged it upon the nation; novelists drew pictures of a starving people saved by the reforms of Cobden. No one questioned the accepted policy; no one examined the arguments of its originators; no one considered whether Great Britain would not have been as prosperous without it. Only within the last eight months has the nation ceased to believe blindly and begun to ask for solid arguments.

THE FOUNDERS OF BRITISH FREE TRADE.

To return to the founders. Mill may be called the first British political economist; first in time, first in profound learning. Cobden and Bright were fascinating personalities. They were great orators, Bright, indeed, having scarcely an equal in the political history of the century. They were filled with schemes for bringing peace and good will to men. They had strong convictions, for which they were willing to make any personal sacrifice. When the Crimean War broke out, Bright, by his impassioned orations against it, lost his seat in Parliament. Both were stalwart supporters of the North in the American Civil War, holding slavery to be a crime before God and man. They looked hopefully for a time when war should cease; and tariff battles they held to be provocative of more deadly hostilities.

There is a sadness in the study of the promises which Cobden made to the people. He believed in the most preposterous impossibilities; and by the open sincerity of his convictions, by the strength of his personality, he induced others to believe in them. All nations, he said, would follow Great Britain's example if she adopted free trade. Each country would then produce those things which her soil, climate, and peo-

ple could produce to the greatest advantage. War would cease, because under this system of free exchange a nation could never afford to quarrel with neighbors upon whom she depended for certain necessities.

In his campaign against the corn laws, which extended from 1838 to 1846, he repeatedly affirmed that if the tax were taken off wheat, not an acre the less would be grown in the British Islands. Bread would be cheap, and all the workers of the nation would benefit. The industries of countries which still clung to protection could never compete with free traders in the open markets of the world. He assured the electors that exports pay for imports; therefore if by a tariff a nation reduced her imports from her neighbor, her exports to that neighbor would likewise fall. In self-defense she would be compelled to lower that tariff.

In 1860, when Cobden was allowed to negotiate a commercial treaty with France, he put his theories to practical exemplification. Three-quarters of the duties that Great Britain had levied upon French products were abolished, the remainder were lowered to a minimum. In return, he accepted an assurance from France that she would not levy upon our manufactures a duty of more than thirty per cent *ad valorem*! Yet he was uncommonly proud of the deal. Poor, great-hearted idealist! He died a bankrupt five years later, but the nation paid his debts.

THE FAILURE OF COBDEN'S PROPHECIES.

It is no pleasure to break a fly upon a wheel. Yet for the understanding of the question we must glance at the falsification of these Utopian assurances. No nation has followed the example of Great Britain in adopting a free trade policy. There has been no perceptible diminution in the number of wars. America has refused to remain a purely agricultural country because Great Britain had the start of her in manufactures. The English corn-lands have been reduced by exactly one half. The old wheat-fields have been turned to indifferent pasture, and the laborers have either flocked to the towns or emigrated.

In 1846 the price of bread in England

was fifty-four shillings and eightpence per quarter; after Cobden had repealed the corn laws, the average price for the

Two examples may be given of the free trade theory that exports pay for imports; that they rise and fall to-



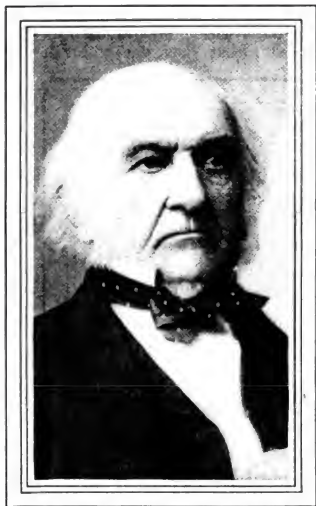
RICHARD COBDEN (1804-1865), THE GREAT APOSTLE OF FREE TRADE AND OF THE ABOLITION OF WAR—COBDEN LED THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BRITISH CORN LAWS, WHICH WERE REPEALED IN 1846.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

next ten years was fifty-five shillings and fourpence per quarter. No immediate cheapening of the loaf, you will see. The suggestion that the United States and Germany—protected nations—have been beaten by free trade Great Britain in the neutral markets of the world is too ludicrous to discuss.

gether, in spite of tariffs. In 1846, Britain's exports exceeded her imports by sixty-six millions of pounds; last year British imports exceeded her exports by one hundred and sixty-eight millions of pounds.

Again, before the preposterous treaty with France Great Britain exported to



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE (1809-1898), WHO IN 1845 WENT OVER TO FREE TRADE TOGETHER WITH PEELE.

From a photograph by Rowlands, published by Eyre & Spottiswoode, London.



JOHN BRIGHT (1811-1889), THE GREAT ORATOR OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BRITISH CORN LAWS.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

her six million pounds' worth of goods and imported twelve million pounds' worth. In 1895-'99 the average stood as follows: Great Britain to France, fifteen millions; France to Great Britain, fifty millions. Alas, poor Cobden!

Let us leave for a moment the brilliant oratory of Bright and the splendid character of Cobden. Let us forget the spell which they cast upon the people—a spell that resulted in the repeal of the corn laws and the adoption of free trade. Let us look into cold facts.

THE CONDITION OF BRITAIN IN 1846.

"Taxing the people's bread" has an ugly sound; never more so than in periods of depression. The Anti-Corn Law League was founded in a period of depression—of temporary depression to which many causes contributed. There were bad harvests in England, a potato famine in Ireland—corn rose in price. Under such distinguished leaders the

movement spread rapidly. The manufacturers entered upon it with enthusiasm, largely because with cheaper bread they hoped to pay less wages. They subscribed enormous sums to help Cobden in his campaign.

Let it also be remembered that in those days there was a strong feeling of jealousy between the labor-employing manufacturers of Britain and the land-owning, wheat-producing aristocracy. What if free imports of corn send down the price of bread, it will only injure the rent-roll of the peers—so argued the manufacturers. The removal of the duties did not, as we have seen, immediately lower the price of bread; but that was not discovered save by experiment.

The cry for the repeal of the corn laws did not rise from a starving people. In Mr. Morley's "Life of Cobden," he writes that the great body of intelligent mechanics stood aloof from the move-

ment. He admits that it was a manufacturers' movement, and he says:

I must confess that in the outset, at any rate, most of us thought that we had a distinct class interest in the matter.

The leaders of the working classes were actually opposed to the Anti-Corn Law legislation. They were demanding votes, and representation in Parliament; they regarded the movement as a scheme for satisfying them without granting what they asked. That is a curious factor in the situation; for to-day Cobden and Bright are held by many in Great Britain to have saved the famine-stricken masses in 1846.

The free trade party in Great Britain are forever crying out that their policy must be judged by its immediate works; that whatever may be happening to-day, at least the repeal of the corn laws, followed by the removal of duties on foreign manufactured goods, resulted in a period of unexampled prosperity.

That may be true. But what we Britishers are now asking is whether we should not have done a great deal better without it. It was the time of inventions, and we were first in the field. Under protection we had accumulated capital, we had established industries, we were ready to begin. Gold was discovered in California and Australia, railways were being pushed forward, steamers, ever growing in size, were ours upon the sea. Wars—the misfortune of others—aided us. The mighty struggle in America, the short but ruinous fighting between France and Germany, gave Great Britain singular opportunities. She could hardly fail to prosper.

COBDEN'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE COLONIES.

One word concerning the old free traders of England. They had no conception of empire. Cobden wrote:

The colonial system with all its dazzling appeals to the passions of the people can never be got rid of except by the indirect process of free trade, which will gradually and imperceptibly loosen the bonds which unite the colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest.

Again, speaking of Canada and the mother country, he said:

In my opinion it is for the interest of both that

we should as speedily as possible sever the political thread by which we are as communities connected.

It is with those sentences, sentences which at the present day would draw a roar of hatred and derision from any political meeting in the British Empire, that I will leave the past and turn to the present. For it is the blindness of the free traders to the interests and aspirations of the British colonies that has furnished Mr. Chamberlain with the



JOHN STUART MILL. (1806-1873), WHOSE BOOKS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY ARE AMONG THE CHIEF ASSETS OF THE BELIEVERS IN FREE TRADE.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

strong lever with which he now strives to raise the load of prejudice, of unreasoning confidence, of solid, unthinking fiscal conservatism which, under the title of free trade, is draining the strength from that patient, courageous, slow-moving old gentleman, John Bull.

There has never been a great statesman in political life who did not realize the value of sentiment, of idealism. You may gather the influence of those qualities in listening to the speeches of

the leaders of men. They may pass from logical argument to logical argument amid murmurs of applause; but when there falls from them some noble phrase, some suggestion of self-sacrifice to aid the oppressed, some heroic plan for the salvation of their countrymen, the audience leaps to its feet in a sudden burst of cheering.

A year ago sentiment lay with the free traders; to-day it is in the hands of Mr. Chamberlain. It is his imperial policy that has shaken the nation from its self-satisfied lethargy. It is his dream of an empire united, strong, eager for the right, that has amazed and confounded those to whom Cobden and Bright are still abiding deities.

I do not say that Mr. Chamberlain's imperial policy would alone have won the day; but I believe that its addition to the hard logic of facts and figures by which alone the necessity for protection can be proved in any country, has given the enthusiasm, the courage, and the endurance to a movement which, either sooner or later, cannot fail of success.

And let this point be explained. Mr. Chamberlain's combined policy of protection at home and preferential trading with the colonies is aimed at no other nation. It does not suggest hostility to the United States, nor a challenge to Germany. But just as inter-State trading has been established among you, just as the German Zollverein has abolished internal tariffs among the Teuton kingdoms and principalities, so Mr. Chamberlain believes that by mutual preferences between

Great Britain and her colonies he may unite the empire with more tangible ties than those of sentiment, with more abiding confidences than can be brought about by toasts at patriotic banquets.

THE AWAKENING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The modern history of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign is brief, almost as brief as the explosion of a mine.

The average Englishman had for years watched with a growing dissatisfaction the decline of his export trade to protected countries. He had felt the evil effects of goods "dumped" upon his markets at cost price, or under it, by foreign rivals who were overstocked. He could not retaliate; he was helpless, for to legislate would have been to attack the free trade fetish, whose position seemed impregnable.

Towards the colonies he bore the kindest feelings. He was proud of those magnificent possessions, independent in all but name, peopled by the strong, clear-eyed peoples who have gathered fresh health and strength under skies more bright than those that hang above the smoking cities of the little mother island. Had not his kin gone forth to the ends of the earth and "conquered the same by the sword and the flame, and salted it down with their bones"? Had they not, in the time of the empire's need, given unequaled regiments to aid her in the grim South African struggle? The jubilees of Victoria the Good had seen the premiers of the colonies met together. Their troops had marched side by side with the Brit-



SIR ROBERT PEELE (1788-1850), WHO AS PRIME MINISTER, IN 1846, PROPOSED AND CARRIED THE REPEAL OF THE BRITISH CORN LAWS.

From the engraving by Sartain.

ish infantry in the great state processions. Mother country and colonies were drawing together, but their bond of union remained that of sentiment alone.

Things were happening—little things that showed the way the wind was blowing. There were colonial conferences that urged the desirability of a mutual preference. But the difficulty was plain. The colonies were protectionists. They could easily admit the manufactures of Great Britain under a lighter tariff than they exacted from foreign nations; but how could free trade England repay them? She had a duty on wines and a shilling duty on corn—repealed this year, by the way—but that was scarcely sufficient. With a tariff, a mutual preference might be arranged; without it, the agreement would of necessity be one-sided.

Despite this, however, Canada decided, as far back as 1898, to grant a preference to certain manufactures from the mother-land. Germany, alone



SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P., AUTHOR AND PUBLICIST, ONE OF THE EARLIEST AND MOST ACTIVE SUPPORTERS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



C. ARTHUR PEARSON, PROPRIETOR OF THE LONDON DAILY EXPRESS AND CHAIRMAN OF THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE—MR. CHAMBERLAIN DESCRIBES MR. PEARSON AS "THE GREATEST BUSTLER I HAVE EVER MET."

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

of foreign nations, attempted interference. If Canada did not see the error of her ways, she said, she would punish her by an increased duty on the imports she passed through the Teuton ports. And then Joseph Chamberlain stepped into the ring.

On May 15, 1903, in a speech at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain recited the causes of Germany's action, demanded an inquiry into Great Britain's whole fiscal system, and pointed out the necessity for a preference to the colonies if the British Empire was to keep together. Next morning the nation awoke to find that there had appeared a great statesman with sufficient courage to challenge the free trade fetish before which it had bowed so long. It was a time of unparalleled excitement. In Parliament, most of the members took seats upon the fence, refusing to come down on either side. The question was not debated, however, by common agreement. Mr. Chamberlain himself declared that he would not again speak on the subject until the session ended.

With the end of the session came sur-

prising developments. Mr. Chamberlain resigned his position as secretary of state for the colonies that he might fight out his battle unhampered by the responsibilities of a cabinet position. At the same time three uncompromising free traders, including the chancellor of the exchequer, left the government. Mr. Balfour, the premier, declared himself in favor of mild retaliation—an admirable word with no particular meaning. As a retaliation, he continued officially to lead the Conservative and Unionist parties.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S GREAT CAMPAIGN.

On October 8, Mr. Chamberlain commenced his great campaign, passing from city to city throughout Great Britain preaching his policy of fiscal reform. It was a campaign unequaled in British political history. He had no assistance from those cabinet ministers who sympathized with him, for he spoke as a private member of Parliament, in no way representing the government of the day. Yet it was a triumphal progress.

The solitary combatant, who had staked his whole political future upon the cause in which he believed, awoke the sympathy of his audiences. His statement of the case for a tariff on imports was clear, logical, and convincing; his noble references to the colonies, his dream of what the empire might become, the practical proposals which showed how his dream might in truth be realized, aroused the wildest enthusiasm. "King Joe" his adversaries



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, WHO LEFT THE BALFOUR CABINET TO CONDUCT A CAMPAIGN FOR RECIPROCITY WITH THE BRITISH COLONIES AND PROTECTION AGAINST FOREIGN NATIONS.

From a photograph by Draycott, Birmingham, copyrighted by Miss Morris, published by the London Stereoscopic Company.

named him. There was more truth than sarcasm in that appellation.

Mr. Chamberlain's speeches were violently criticized by opponents. Upon one point their denunciations were especially directed, and that was his proposed duty of two shillings a quarter on corn.* The purpose of the duty was to make it possible to give a preference to wheat-growing colonies. Yet it was not to affect the weekly bills of a family, for the existing duties on tea and sugar, on coffee and cocoa, would be reduced. The existing taxation on food was to be rearranged, but not increased.

That was no argument to the Cobden brigade. They produced wild legends of Britain starving in 1846 under the old corn laws. They invoked the memories of Bright and Gladstone. They reveled in misstatements and exaggerations. If it had been proposed to tax corn five pounds a quarter they could not have made more noise, or displayed more concern. In this they were politically wise. Many working men were induced to believe that a large rise in the price of the loaf was intended, and not unnaturally they arrayed themselves against the movement.

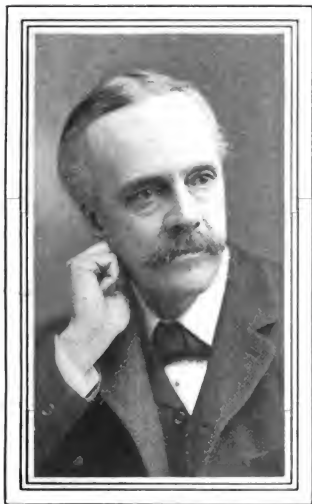
In the midst of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign the old Duke of Devonshire, official leader of the Liberal Unionist party, resigned his place in the cabinet. It was not an earth-shaking event, though the duke was under the mis-

* American readers should remember that "corn," in English usage, means wheat, rye, oats, and barley, but not maize.

taken impression that he had alarmed the nation. Yet it complicated the political situation. The old parties became more involved. There were Liberals who joined themselves to Mr. Chamberlain, and Unionists who, though they declared themselves against him, did not coalesce with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his Radical follow-

while the free traders postponed. The Tariff Reform League was rapidly organized. Money was subscribed, speakers went forth from its great offices in London, literature was widely distributed. In Birmingham the Imperial Tariff Committee devoted itself to fiscal missionary work in the English Midlands.

Mr. Chamberlain's next move was to



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN, WHO HAS EXPRESSED SYMPATHY WITH MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S IDEAS, BUT HOLDS THAT THE TIME HAS NOT COME TO PUT THEM INTO ACTION.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, FORMERLY LEADER OF THE LIBERAL UNIONIST PARTY, WHO RESIGNED FROM THE BALFOUR CABINET IN OCTOBER LAST AND IS A STRONG SUPPORTER OF FREE TRADE.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

ers who held by free trade. In the midst of these warring parties stood Mr. Balfour, with those Conservatives who preferred to wait awhile before committing themselves to anything more serious than a mild retaliation, in which there was no mention of the colonies.

In two things did fortune favor Mr. Chamberlain. He was attacking, the others were defending. In politics, as in war, the advantage lies with the former. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain drew about him a body of business men who acted,

collect a commission of business men who were to consider the practical details of the proposed tariff. Its members are identified with all the important industries of Great Britain, including agriculture; and the interests of India and the colonies are also represented. For the first time in the nation's history it is a body of successful business men, and not of government officials, who are to lay down the lines upon which the fiscal policy of the country might be based.



HERBERT H. ASQUITH, HOME SECRETARY UNDER MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD ROSEBERY, AND ONE OF THE ABLEST AND MOST ACTIVE OPPONENTS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

From a photograph by Thomson, London.



WILLIAM A. S. HEWINS, PROFESSOR OF MODERN ECONOMIC HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, AND ONE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S STRONGEST SUPPORTERS.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

So matters now stand. The armies have joined battle; the struggle is likely to be prolonged. Yet this I prophesy—that whether sooner or later, well within the span of five years Mr. Chamberlain will have won the nation to his side, granted only—and this is an important proviso—that health and strength remain to him. With Mr. Chamberlain absent the battle would be longer, though the ultimate issue would be just as certain.

The fall of free trade in Great Britain would seem to be practically the

ending of its history in the world at large. Its advocates in other countries have always had before them a working model to which they could point as a proof, or at least an evidence, of the soundness of their beliefs. That model, it may now be said, is admitted to have proved a failure. When the fact is recognized by the changed policy of the British nation, the free traders will be forced to wait until such time as universal free trade is adopted—which will doubtless be contemporaneous with the arrival of the millennium.

FRIENDSHIP AND FAITH.

WE differ sore in doctrine, dogma, creed ;
To you, my faith may rankest unfaith be,
Yet cognate still in simple, human need,
We may be one in love's great mystery !

I care not for to-morrow, but must cleave
With strong intent to my supreme to-day ;
With steadfast faith you round to-morrow weave
Rare dreams that shed a nimbus o'er your way.

What matters it to me, friend, or to you,
If broad or narrow the philactery,
If ever to the deeper things and true
We plight our troth with changeless constancy ?

Eva Williams Malons.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A Great New Cathedral.

It is not too much to say that London's new Roman Catholic cathedral,

which was dedicated in the closing week of last year, is one of the most notable architectural products of recent times. It is a building of imposing proportions,



THE MOST REV. FRANCIS BOURNE, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, WHO WAS ENTHRONED IN LONDON'S GREAT NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL ON THE DAY OF ITS DEDICATION, THE 29TH OF DECEMBER LAST.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

its nave being both loftier and wider than that of any other English cathedral, while its tall campanile adds a novel and striking landmark to the great city on the Thames.

In style, it is a complete departure from the prevalent types of modern

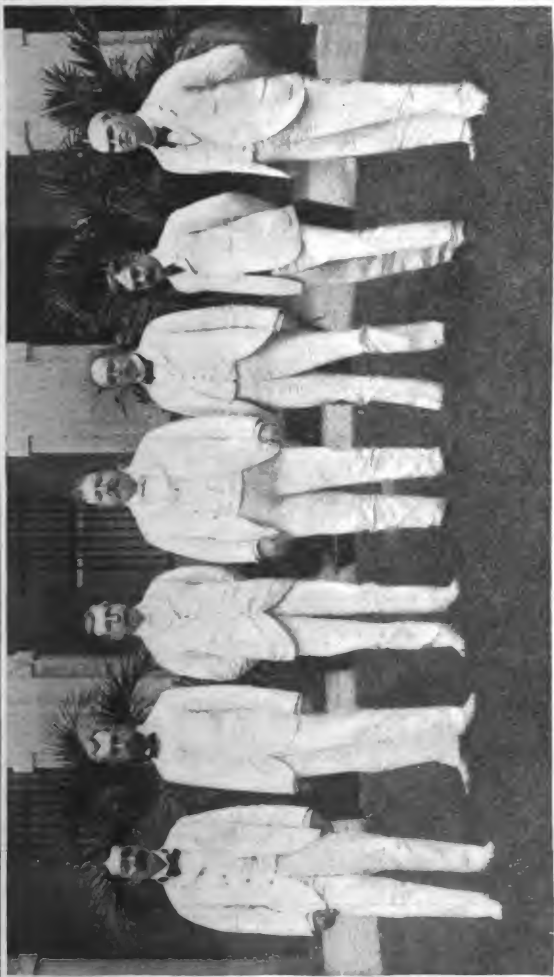
church architecture. Its designer, John F. Bentley, who died a few months before the dedication, called it "early Christian Byzantine." There is no other structure of the sort in England; there are few in western Europe. The most famous model of the style is the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. The Byzantine churches of San Marco, at Venice, and San Vitale, at Ravenna, are partially similar.

A conspicuous feature in which the Westminster cathedral follows St. Sophia is its group of four flat domes. These were constructed in a novel and ingenious way, being solid masses of concrete, which roof the nave



WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, THE GREAT NEW METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC COMMUNION IN ENGLAND, THE FIRST CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN LONDON SINCE THE REFORMATION.

From a photograph by T. Hubert, copyrighted by Thomas Martin, London.



GENERAL LUKE E. WRIGHT, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THE GROUP INCLUDES GENERAL JAMES P. SMITH, SECRETARY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION; BENITO LEGARDA; JUDGE HENRY C. IDE, VICE-GOVERNOR; JUDGE TAFT, THE RETIRING GOVERNOR, NOW SECRETARY OF WAR OF THE UNITED STATES; GOVERNOR WRIGHT; TRINIDAD PARDO DE TAVERA; AND JOSE LUZURIAGA, COMMISSIONER DEAN C. WORCESTER, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, WAS NOT PRESENT WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN.

From a photograph by Knight, Manila



RUSSIA AND JAPAN AT WASHINGTON—COUNT CASSINI, THE CZAR'S AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY AND PLENIPOTENTIARY TO THE UNITED STATES.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Clineinst, Washington.

like huge inverted bowls, each weighing seven hundred tons. The material of the building is red brick, banded

with gray stone, which may possibly sound inappropriate for such an edifice; but brick is extremely durable,



RUSSIA AND JAPAN AT WASHINGTON—KOGORO TAKAHIRA, THE MIKADO'S ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO THE UNITED STATES.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Clinedinst, Washington.

stands London smoke better than stone, and saves greatly in expense. The moderate cost of the new cath-

edral is indeed remarkable, the main building—exclusive of the side chapels, which are gifts from private donors

—having reached practical completion at an expenditure but little above a million dollars. There is still a great field for decoration of the interior, but this can be done gradually, as funds are secured. It is hoped that the inner walls will ultimately be wholly covered

unite his own installation with the dedication of the grand new church.

The Rulers of the Philippines.

The engraving on page 43 shows nearly the complete personnel of the



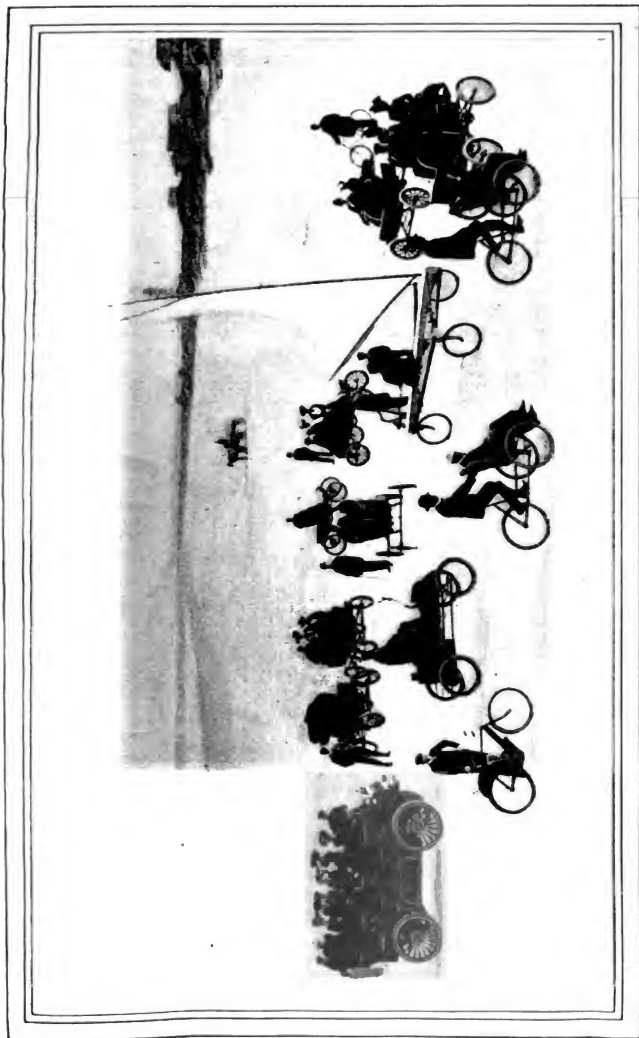
WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND THE NINETY-HORSE-POWER RACING AUTOMOBILE WITH WHICH HE MADE A MILE IN THIRTY-NINE SECONDS, EQUIVALENT TO A SPEED OF NINETY-TWO MILES AN HOUR, AT ORMOND, FLORIDA, ON THE 27TH OF JANUARY.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

with marble and mosaic work, when the effect will be impressively rich.

The movement for the building of the cathedral was started under Cardinal Manning, though that famous prelate's enthusiasm for charitable and educational labor was such that he was inclined to grudge the diversion of money into any other channel. His successor, Cardinal Vaughan, took up the work and carried it nearly to completion; but his death, last June, left it to the present Archbishop of Westminster, the young and energetic Dr. Bourne, to

commission that presides with almost autocratic power over the political destinies of Uncle Sam's eight million Filipino wards. It was taken in the grounds of the Malacanán Palace at Manila, the official headquarters of the civil government, shortly before Governor Taft's return to the United States. At Mr. Taft's left hand stands his successor, General Luke Wright, who was inaugurated on the first of February. All the other members of the commission, American and native, are in the group except Professor Denn



A SCENE ON THE BEACH NEAR ORMOND, FLORIDA, WHERE THE HARD, LEVEL SAND FORMS A FINE NATURAL RACE-TRACK FOR BICYCLES AND MOTOR VEHICLES, AND WHERE SOME IMPORTANT AUTOMOBILE RACES WERE RUN DURING THE WINTER.

From a photograph by Harris.



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, CONGRESSMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI, AND LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATIC MINORITY IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From his latest photograph Copyright, 1907, by A. Lindquist, Washington

Worcester. As we go to press, it is understood that the vacancy caused by Mr. Taft's retirement to become Secretary of War will be filled by Cameron Forbes, of Boston.

Governor Wright's inaugural address is made pleasant reading by the confident tone in which it speaks of both the present and the future of the Philippines under American rule. He said

that the recent development of the islands had been most gratifying. He recited the signal success of the policy of inviting the cooperation of the Filipinos, who, though represented in all branches of the government, had very rarely abused their trust. He concluded with a special appeal for the sympathy and support of all the people of the Philippines. His audience, according to the cabled reports, responded with a display of good feeling that augurs well for the success of the new governor's rule.

Democracy's New Leader.

Last year, when Mr. Gorman returned to the United States Senate and resumed his leadership of the Democratic portion of that body, the veteran from Maryland was hailed as the Moses whose genius for command would reunite the more or less disorganized forces of the minority and guide them to their old place of power and prestige. Little was said, at that time, of the young and comparatively unknown Mississippian who held the corresponding position in the House of Representatives.

To-day the situation has changed. Senator Gorman's old parliamentary hand has won no new triumphs. His campaign against the Panama policy of the administration rent his following more hopelessly than ever, and resulted in a humiliatingly sweeping defeat. On the other hand, John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, has shown consistent tact, good judgment, and skilful generalship. He has made himself recognized in Washington, if not as the coming man, at least as a coming man in the uppermost field of national politics.

It is said that Speaker Cannon recently visited Mr. Williams in the room assigned to the leader of the minority.

"You're well fixed here, Williams," said the genial statesman from Illinois. "It's a nice snug room—good view—fine place to work out schemes for annoying the majority, eh?"

"Like it, Joe?" said Williams amiably. "I'm glad of that. It will be yours a year from next December."

The Speaker is reported to have laughed a little uneasily at this bold and confident prophecy. Its verification

may partly depend upon the Mississippi Congressman himself, and his success in steering the policy of his party.

The Reappearance of "Dr. Jim."

Never, perhaps, has the oft-quoted saying that Africa is the land of the unexpected been more surprisingly exemplified than by the recent reappearance of Leander Starr Jameson. Just eight years ago "Dr. Jim" came before the public eye as the leader of the famous raid into the Transvaal. It was so disastrous a failure that it made him ridiculous, and so unfortunate were its results that it stamped him with apparently indelible odium. Arrested by the Boers, he was handed over to the imperial authorities, taken to London, tried, convicted, and imprisoned. Later, when the South African war broke out—partly as a result, the world said, of his sinister work—he offered his services to the British government, and they were declined. Never did a career seem more hopelessly ruined.

Yet now we hear of Jameson as having been chosen to lead the Progressive party in Cape Colony, as having been elected to the legislature, and, finally, as having been called to the premiership. Furthermore, it is said that there is no bitterness against him among the opposition, which represents the Dutch element in the colony, and that he has a fair chance to deal successfully with the problems that have grown from the hostility of the two races.

This new chapter of "Dr. Jim's" history is indeed a surprising one. It unquestionably proves that he is no mere adventurer, but a man of real strength, a man who can command the affection and allegiance of other men. His friends go further, and say that he possesses sterling character, high ideals, and rare magnetism, and that his political promotion—which has come to him unsought, and which he accepts as a trying duty—will make him a powerful factor for good in South Africa.

It has often been said that one who makes no mistakes makes nothing. Few men have ever made such a signal mistake as Jameson's and then had such a chance to expiate it.

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DES AGEAUX, lieutenant-governor of Périgord, is bidden by King Henry IV of France to put down a peasant uprising in the province of the Angoumois and restore order there in six weeks or suffer degradation in rank. Des Ageaux lacks men and money for the enterprise, but he sets out incognito to look over the ground, and when night falls he seeks shelter in the château of the Vicomte de Villeneuve, an impoverished old nobleman, who is living in seclusion with his son Roger, who is slightly hump-backed, and his daughter Bonne, both of whom he despises and derides. His other son, Charles, whom he has driven from home by his taunts, has incurred the old man's dire hatred by joining and becoming one of the leaders of the revolted peasants—the Crocans. The only one of his children whom Villeneuve deems a credit to him, or for whom he has any affection, is his other daughter, Odette, who is the Abbess of Vlaye, and who is away from home when Des Ageaux—or Des Vœux, as he now calls himself—pays his visit to the château. On the night after the lieutenant-governor's arrival, Roger and Bonne are holding a conference with Charles, who has entered surreptitiously, when the *vicomte* is heard approaching. Charles has barely time to escape through a window ere he appears on the scene, and Roger and Bonne are saved from discovery only by a clever trick on the part of Des Ageaux.

IV.

IN an upper room on the wall of Angoulême there was at that time a "dark man" who followed the stars, and cast horoscopes, and was reputed to have foretold the death of the first Duke of Joyeuse as that gallant nobleman passed southwards to the field of Coutras. If Bonne de Villeneuve, a little earlier, had consulted him—following a fashion much in vogue in those days—she might have put faith in such of the events of that night as the magic crystal showed her, until it came to mirror, faint as an evening mist beside the river, her thoughts after the event. Had it indicated that, as she lay quaking in her bed, she would be thinking neither of the brother whose desperate venture wrung her heart, nor of Roger, her dearer self, but of a stranger whose name she had not known six hours, and of whose past she knew nothing, she would have paused, refusing credence. She would have smiled at the phantasm of the impossible.

Yet so it was. Into the quiet pool of her maiden heart had fallen the stone that sooner or later troubles the sweet waters. As she lay thinking with wide-open eyes, her mind, which should have been employed with her brother's peril, or her own escape, or her father's rage

and its possible consequences, was busy, instead, with the stranger who had dropped so suddenly into her life, and had begun on the instant to play a sovereign part. She recalled his aspect as he looked in on them, cool and confident, at their midnight conference. She heard his tone as he baffled her father's questions with cunning answers. She marvelled at the wit which in the last pinch had saved her from discovery. He seemed to her a man of the world, such as had not hitherto come within the range of her experience. Was he also the perfect knight of whom she had not been woman if she had not dreamed?

What, she wondered, must his life have been, who, cast among strange surroundings, bore himself so masterfully! What chances he must have seen, what dangers run, how many men, how many cities visited! He might have known the court, that strange *mélange*, to her innocent mind, of splendor and wickedness and mystery and valor. He might have seen the king, shrewdest of captains, bravest of princes; he might have encountered eye to eye men whose names were history.

Her curiosity once engaged, she constructed for him first one life, then another, and then yet another—all on the same foundation, the one fact which he had told them, that he was a poor gen-

*Copyright, 1903, by Stanley J. Weyman—This story began in the March issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

tleman of Brittany. She considered his ring, and the shape of his clothes, and his manner of eating, which she found more delicate than her brothers'; and she fancied, but she told herself that she was foolish to think it, that she detected, under his frigid bearing, a habit of command that duller eyes had failed to discern.

She was ashamed, at last, at the persistence with which her thoughts ran on him; and she tried to think of other things, and so thought of him again, and awaking to the fact smiled—but without blushing; partly because, whatever he was, he stood a great way from her; partly because it was only her fancy that was touched; and partly, again, because she knew that he would be gone by midday, and could by no possibility form part of her life.

Nevertheless, it was not until her hour for rising came that anxiety as to her brother's safety and her father's anger eclipsed him. Then, uncertain how much the *vicomte* knew, how near the truth he guessed, she forgot her hero, and thought exclusively of her father's resentment.

She might have spared her fears. The *vicomte* was a sour and embittered man, but neither by nature or habit a violent one. Rage had for an hour rendered him capable of the worst; capable of the murder of his son, if, having an arm in his hand, he had met him; capable of the expulsion of his daughter from his house. But the fit was not natural to him; it was not so that he avenged the wrongs which the world had heaped upon him—since Coutras. He fell back easily and at once into the black, cynical mood that was his own. He was too old and weak, he had too long brooded in inaction, he had too long wreaked his vengeance on the feeble, to take strong measures now, whatever happened.

But some hours elapsed before Bonne knew how things would be. It was not her father's custom to descend before noon, for with his straitened means and shrunken establishment he went little abroad; and he would have died rather than stoop to the rustic tasks which Roger pursued, and of which Bonne's small, brown hands were not altogether ignorant. She had not seen him, an hour or more before noon, when she repaired to a seat in the most remote corner of the garden, taking with her some household work on which she was engaged.

The garden of the château of Ville-neuve—the garden proper, that is, for the

dry moat which divided the house from the courtyard was planted with pot-herbs and cabbages—formed a square equal to the length of the house. It lay along the face of the building remote from the courtyard, and was only accessible through it. Its level, raised by art or nature, stood some eight feet above the level of the surrounding country, of which, for this reason, it afforded a pleasant and airy prospect. The wall which surrounded and buttressed it—and on the inner side stood no more than three feet high—rose from a *mônt*, a continuation of that of which we have just spoken.

The pleasure thus secured on all sides from intrusion consisted, first, of a paved walk or terrace, which ran under the windows of the château, and on the outer side was bordered by a row of ancient mulberry trees; secondly, and beyond this, of a strip of garden ground planted with gooseberry bushes and fruit trees, and bisected by a narrow walk which led from the house to a second terrace formed on the outer wall. This latter terrace lay open toward the country, and at either end, but was hidden from the prying eyes of the house by a line of elms, polled and cut espalier fashion. It offered at either extremity the accommodation of a lichen-covered stone bench, which tempted the old to repose and the young to reverie.

The easternmost bench enabled a person seated sideways on it—and so many had thus sat that the wall was hollowed by their elbows—to look over the willow-edged river and the tract of lush meadows which its loop enclosed on that side of the château. The western seat had not this poetic advantage, but by way of compensation afforded sharp eyes a glimpse of the track—road it could not be called—which after passing the château wound through the forest on its course to Vlaye and the south.

From childhood, the seat facing the river had been Bonne's favorite refuge. Before she could walk, she had played games in the dust beneath it. She had carried to it her small sorrows and her small joys, her fits of nursery passion, her moods as she grew older. She had nursed dolls on it, dreamed dreams, and built castles; and in a not unhappy, though neglected, girlhood it had stood for that sweet and secret retreat, the bower of the budding life, which remains holy in the memory of worn men and women. The other bench, which commanded a peep of the road, had been

more to her elder sister's taste; nor was the choice without a certain bearing on the character of each.

Bonne had not been five minutes at work before she heard footsteps on the garden-path. The sun, near its highest, had driven her to the extreme inner end of the seat, where the elm in full summer leaf straggled widely over it, growing low, as elms will; and she knew that, whoever came, she would see before she was seen.

It turned out as she expected. M. des Ageaux presently lounged on to the terrace, and, shading his eyes from the sun's rays, gazed on the prospect. She judged that he thought himself alone, for he took a short turn this way and that. Then, after a casual glance at the seats—empty, as he doubtless judged, though she from her arbor of leaves could watch his every movement—he wheeled about, and, facing the château, seemed to satisfy himself that the wall of elms sheltered him from sight.

His next proceeding was, to her, mysterious. He drew from his breast a packet, of parchment or paper, unfolded it, and laid it flat on the wall before him. Then he stooped, and, after poring over it, glanced at the prospect, referred again to the paper, and again to the lie of the country, and the course of the river, which flowed on his left. Finally he measured off a distance on the map. A map it was, beyond doubt.

Some shadow of a doubt fell on Bonne's spirits as she watched him. Nor did his next movement dispel the feeling. Folding up the map, he replaced it in his breast, and, leaning over the wall, scrutinized the outer surface of the brickwork. Apparently he did not discover what he sought, for he raised himself again, and, with eyes bent on the tangle of nettles and rough herbage that clothed the bottom and sides of the moat, he moved slowly along the terrace toward her. He reached, without seeing her, the seat on which she sat, knelt on it with one knee, and, leaning far over the moat, allowed a cynical chuckle to escape him.

She fought the faint and unwelcome suspicion that asserted itself. He had behaved so honorably that she was determined not to believe aught to his discredit. But her folly, if foolish she was, must not imperil another. She made a mental note that there was one thing she must not tell him. Very quickly the thought passed through her brain; and then—

"Why do you laugh?" she said.

He wheeled about so sharply that in another mood she must have laughed; so much she had the advantage of him. For an instant he was so taken aback that he did not speak.

"Why did you startle me?" he asked then, his eyes smiling.

"Because—yes, my brother came in that way."

"I know it," he answered, smiling; "but I do not know why you startled me, *mademoiselle*, a minute ago."

"Nor I," she retorted, smiling faintly, "why you were so inquisitive, M. des Vœux."

"I am going to tell you that," he said. He seated himself on the bench so as to face her, and, doffing his hat, held it between his face and the sun. He was not a man very amenable to the charms of women, and he saw in her no more than a girl of rustic breeding, comely and gentle, and something commonplace; but a good sister whose aid with her brother he needed. "I am going to tell you," he said, "because I am anxious to meet your brother again and to talk with him."

She met his eyes still, but her own were clouded.

"On what subject," she asked, "if I am not too curious?"

"The Crocans."

On her guard as she was, the word put her out of countenance. She could not hide her dismay, and after one half-hearted attempt she did not try to hide it.

"The Crocans!" she said. "But why do you come to me?" Her color came and went. "What have we to do with them, if you please?"

"Your brother has been banished from his home for some offense," the lieutenant answered. "Your father forbids the mention of the name Crocans. It is reasonable to infer that the offense is connected with them; in a word, that your brother has done what any young man having generous instincts and a love of adventure might do. He has joined them! I do not blame him."

"You do not blame him?" she murmured. Never had she heard such words of the Crocans—except from her brother. "You mean that?"

"I say it and mean it," the lieutenant replied. He spoke without emotion; emotion was not his forte. "Nor am I alone," he went on, "in holding such opinions. But the point, *mademoiselle*, is this. I wish to find a means of com-

municating with them. He can aid me, and probably will be willing to do so. For certain, if the worst come to the worst, I can aid him."

Bonne's heart beat rapidly. She did not—she told herself that she did not distrust him. Had it been her own secret that he was seeking, she would have delivered it to him freely. But the manner in which he had borne himself while he thought himself alone, the possession of the map, and the shrewdness with which he had traced her brother's movements and surprised a secret that was still a secret from the household, frightened her. Her very inexperience bade her pause.

"But first, I take it, you need his aid?" she murmured.

"I wish to speak with him."

"Have you seen my father?"

He opened his eyes and bent a little nearer. "Do you mean, *mademoiselle*—"

"I mean only," she said gently, "that if you express to him the views on the Crocans which you have just given me, your opportunities of seeing my brother will, I fear, be scant."

He laughed. "I have not opened them to him," he said. "I have seen him, and whether he thinks that he was a little more *exigeant* last night than the danger required, or desires to prove to me that midnight alarms are not the rule at Villeneuve, he has not, as I expected, given me notice to go. His invitation to remain is not, perhaps"—he smiled slightly—"of the warmest; but if you, *mademoiselle*, second it—"

She muttered—not without a blush—that it would give her pleasure.

"Then no difficulty on that point will arise," he proceeded.

She stooped lower over her work. What was she to do? He wanted that which she had decided she must not give him. What was she to do?

She was so long in answering that he dubbed her awkward and mannerless. It was a pity, too; for she was a stanch sister and had shown herself resourceful; and in repose her face, though browned and sunburnt, was not without grace. He came to the point.

"May I count on you for this?" he said bluntly.

"For—what?"

"That as soon as you can, you will bring me face to face with your brother?"

She looked up and met his gaze.

"As soon as I think it safe to do so,"

she said, "I will. You may depend on me."

He had not divined her doubt, nor did he discern her quibble.

"Could I not go to him to-day," he said, "if he be still in the neighborhood?"

She shook her head.

"I do not know where he is," she said, glad that she could say so much with truth. "But if he show himself, and it be safe, I will let you know. Roger—"

"Ha! To be sure, Roger may know!"

She smiled.

"Roger and I are one," she said. "You must not expect to get from him what I do not give." She said it naively, with just so much of a pout and a smile as showed her at her best; and he hastened to say that he left himself in her hands. She blushed through her sunburn at that, but clung to her quibble, telling herself that this was a stranger, the other her brother, and that if she destroyed Charles she could never forgive herself.

He saw that she was disturbed, and changed the subject.

"You have always lived here?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "but I can remember when things were otherwise with us. We were not always so broken. Before Coutras—but you have heard my father on that, and will not wish to hear me."

"*Monsieur le vicomte* was present at the battle?"

"Yes, he was in the center with the Duke of Joyeuse. He escaped with his life; but we lay in the path of the pursuit after the flight, and they sacked the house, and burned the hamlet by the ford—the one you passed—and the two farms in the bend of the river—the two behind you. They swept off every four-legged thing, every horse and cow and sheep, and left us bare. One of the servants who resisted was killed, and—and my mother died of the shock."

She broke off with an uncontrollable shiver, and was silent.

"Perhaps you were at Coutras, M. des Vœux?" she said, looking up, after a pause.

"I was not of the party who sacked your house," he answered gravely.

She knew then that he had fought on the other side; and she admired him for the tact with which he made it known to her. He was a soldier, then. She wondered, as she bent over her work, if he

had fought elsewhere; and under whom, and with what success. Had he prospered or sunk? He called himself a poor gentleman of Brittany, but that might have been his origin only; he might be something more now.

In the earnestness of her thoughts she turned her eyes on his ring; and she blushed brightly when, with a quick, almost rude movement, he hid his hand behind him.

"I beg your pardon!" she murmured. "I was not thinking."

"It is I should beg yours," he said quietly. "It is only that I do not want you to come to a false conclusion. This ring—in a word, I wear it, but it is not mine. That is all."

"Does that apply also," she asked, looking at him ingenuously, "to the pistols you carry, *M. des Vœux*? Or should I address you—for I saw last evening that they bore a ducal coronet—as *monsieur le duc*?"

He laughed gaily.

"They are mine, but I am not a duke," he said.

"Nor are you *M. des Vœux*?"

Her acuteness surprised him.

"I am afraid, *mademoiselle*," he said, "that you have a mind to exalt me into a hero of romance, whether I will or no."

She bent over her work to hide her blush.

"A duke gave them to you, I suppose?" she said.

"That is so," he replied sedately.

"Did you save his life?"

"I did not."

"I have heard," she returned, looking up thoughtfully, "that at Coutras a gentleman on the other side strove hard to save the Duke of Joyeuse's life, and did not desist until he was himself struck down by his own men."

"He looked to make his account by him, no doubt," the lieutenant answered coldly. "Perhaps"—with a scarcely perceptible bitterness—"the duke, had he lived, would have given him—a pair of pistols!"

"That were a small return," she said indignantly, "for such a service!"

He shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject.

"What are the gray ruins," he asked, "on the edge of the wood?"

"They are part of the old abbey," she answered, without looking up, "afterwards removed to Vlaye—of which my sister is abbess. There was a time, I believe, when the convent stood so close to the house that it was well-nigh one

with it. There was some disorder, I believe; the diocesan obtained leave to have it moved, and it was planted on lands that belonged to us at that time."

"Near Vlaye?"

"Within half a league of it."

"Your sister, then, is acquainted with *M. de Vlaye*?"

"Yes."

"But you and your brothers?"

"We know him and loathe him—only less than we fear him!"

She regretted her vehemence a moment later; but he merely nodded.

"So do the Crocans, I fancy," he said. "It is rumored that he is preparing something against them."

"You know that?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Without being omniscient," he answered, smiling. "I heard it in *Barbezieux*. It was that, perhaps," he continued shrewdly, "that you wished to tell your brother yesterday."

She almost told him, in spite of her resolutions, where on the next day he could find her brother. But she clung to her decision; and a minute later he rose and moved away in the direction of the house.

When they met at table, the *vicomte's* sudden impulse to hospitality, which was something of a puzzle to her, began to clear.

It had its origin in nothing more substantial than his vanity, which was tickled by the opportunity of talking to a man who, with some pretensions to gentility, could be patronized. A little, too, the old man thought of the figure he had made the night before. It was possible that the stranger had been unfavorably impressed. That impression the *vicomte* thought he could remove, and to that end he labored, after his manner, to be courteous to his guest. But as his talk consisted, and had long consisted, of little but sneers and gibes at the companions of his fallen fortunes, his civility found its only vent in this direction.

The guest, indeed, would gladly have had less of his civility. More than once, though he was not fastidious, his cheek colored with shame; and willingly would he, had that been all, have told the *vicomte* what he thought of his witticisms. But the lieutenant had his course arranged. Circumstances had played for him in the dangerous game on which he was embarked; and he would have been unworldly indeed, had he been willing to cast away, for a point of feeling—

he who was no knight errant—the advantages he had gained.

Not that he did not feel strongly for the two whose affection for each other touched even him. Roger's deformity appealed to him the more, as he fancied that he detected in the lad a spirit which those who knew him better, but knew only his gentler side, did not suspect. And the girl, who had grown from child to woman in the rustic stillness of this moated house—which not so long ago had rung with the tread of armed heels, and been gay with festive robes and tournaments, but now was sinking fast into a lonely farmstead—she, too, awakened some interest in the ambitious man of the world, who smiled to find himself embedded for the time in a life so alien to his every-day experiences.

Concern he felt for the one and the other; but such concern as weighed light, after all, in the balance against the interests he held in his hands, or even his own selfish interest.

It soon appeared that the *vicomte* had another motive for hospitality, in the desire to dazzle the stranger by the splendors of his eldest daughter and her establishment.

"There is still one of us," he said with transparent vanity—"I doubt if, from the specimens you have seen, you will believe it—who is not entirely as God made her! Thank the Lord! Who is neither clod nor clout, sir, but has as much fashion as goes to the making of a modest gentlewoman."

His guest looked gravely at him.

"I look forward much to seeing her, *monsieur le vicomte*," he said.

"Aye, you may say so! For in her you will see a Villeneuve, and the last of the line!" the *vicomte* answered, with a scowl at Roger. "Neither a lout with his boots full of hay-seeds—pah!—nor a sulky girl with as much manner as God gave her, and not a jot to it! Nice company I have, *M. des Vœux*," he continued bitterly. "Did you say *Des Vœux*? I have never heard the name."

"Yes, *monsieur le vicomte*."

"Nice company, I say, for a Villeneuve in his old age! What think you of it? Before Contras, where there was an end of the good old days—"

"You were at Contras?"

"Aye, to my cost, a curse on it! Before Contras, I say, I had at least their mother, who was a Monclar from Rouergue. She had a tongue, at any rate, and could speak. And my daughter the abbess takes after her; though maybe

more after me, as you will think when you see her. She will be here, she says, to-morrow, for a night or two." This for the fifth time that evening.

"I am looking forward to seeing her," the guest repeated gravely—also for the fifth time.

But the *vicomte* could not have done with boasting, which was doubly sweet to him, first because it exalted the absent, and secondly, because it humiliated those who were present.

"Thank God, she at least is not as God made her!" he said again, pleased with the phrase. "At court last year the king noticed her, and swore she was a true Villeneuve, and a most perfect lady without fault or blemish!"

"His majesty is certainly a judge," the listener responded, the twinkle in his eye more apparent than usual.

"To be sure! Who better? But, for the matter of that, I am a judge myself. My daughter—for there is only one worthy of the name," the *vicomte* continued, with a withering glance at poor Bonne—"is not hand in glove with every base-born wench about the place, trapezing to a christening in a stable as readily as if the child were a king's son! Aye, and as I am a Catholic, praying beside old hags' beds till the lazy priest at the chapel has naught left to do for his month's meal! Pah!"

"Ranks are, no doubt, of God's invention," *Des Vœux* said quietly, with his eyes on the table.

The *vicomte* struck the board angrily.

"Who doubts it?" he exclaimed. "Of God's invention, sir? Of course they are!"

"But I take it that they exist, in part at least, as a provision for the exercise of—" *Des Vœux* hesitated, unwilling—he read the gathering storm on the *vicomte's* brow—to give offense.

Strangely enough, he was saved from the necessity. As he paused the door flew open, and a serving-man—not one of the two who waited on the table, but an uncouth creature, shaggy and field-stained—appeared gesticulating on the threshold. He was out of breath, apparently he could not speak; while the gust of wind which entered with him, by blowing sideways the straggling flames of the candles, and deepening the gloom of the ill-lit room, made it impossible to discern his face.

The *vicomte* rose—they all rose.

"What does this mean?" he cried in a rage. "What is it?"

"There's a party ringing at the gate.

my lord, and—and won't take no!" the man gasped. "A half dozen of spears, and others on foot and horse. Solomon sent me to ask what's to do, and if he shall open."

"There's a petticoat with them," a second voice answered. The speaker showed his face over the other's shoulder.

"Imbeciles!" the *vicomte* retorted, fired with rage. "It is your lady the abbess, come a day before her time! It is my daughter! And you stay her at the door?"

"It is not my lady," the second man answered timidly. "It might be some of her company, my lord, but 'tis not her. And Solomon——"

"Well? Well?"

"Says that they are not her people, my lord."

The *vicomte* groaned. "If I had a son worthy the name!" he said; but there broke off, looking foolish. For Roger had left the room, and the stranger also. They had slipped by the men while the *vicomte* questioned them, and run out through the hall and to the gate—not unarmed. Villeneuve, seeing this, bade the men follow them; and when these, too, had vanished, and only four or five frightened women who had crowded into the room at the first alarm remained with himself and Bonne, he began to fumble with his sword. To add to the confusion, he called fussily for this and that, and bade them bring him his arquebus, and not to open—not to open till he came!

In truth years had worked imperceptibly on him. His nerves, like many things about him, were not what they had been—before Contras; and he was still giving contrary directions, and scolding the women and bidding them make way for him, since it seemed there was not a man to go to the gate but himself, when approaching voices broke on his ear and silenced him.

An instant, and one or two men appeared among the women in the doorway, and the little crowd fell back wondering, to make room for a low, dark man, bare-headed and agitated, with disordered hair and glittering eyes, who, thrusting the women to either side, cried—not once, but again and yet again:

"Room! Room for the Countess of Rochechouart! Way! Way for the countess!"

At the third repetition of this—which he seemed to say mechanically—his eyes took in the scene, the table, the room,

and the waiting figure of the scandalized *vicomte*; and his voice broke.

"Saved!" he cried, flinging aloft his arms and reeling as if he would fall. "My lady is saved! Saved!"

And then, behind the low, dark man, who, it was plain, was well-nigh beside himself, the *vicomte* saw the white, shrinking face of a small, slight girl, little more than a child; whose eyes were like no eyes but a hunted hare's, so large and bright and affrighted were they.

V.

SHEER amazement held the *vicomte* silent. The Countess of Rochechouart, of the proud house of Longueville, which in these days yielded place to scarce a house in France—the Countess—of Rochechouart to be seeking admittance at his door! And at this hour of the night! She who was of the great heiresses of France, whose hand was weighted with a hundred manors, and of whose acquaintance the abbess had lately boasted, as a thing of which even a Villeneuve might be proud—she to be knocking at his gate in the dark hours! And seeking help! The countess—his head went round.

He was still gazing speechless when the short, dark man who had entered with her fell on his knees before the girl, and, seizing her hand, mumbled upon it, wept over it, babbled over it, heedless alike of the crowd of gazers who pressed upon him, and of the master of the house, who stared aghast.

The *vicomte's* amazement began at that to give place to perplexity. The abbess, had she been here, would have known how to entertain such a guest; but Bonne and Roger—they were naught. Yet he must do something. He found his voice.

"If I have, indeed," he said—for he was still suspicious of a trick, so forlorn and childish seemed the figure before him—"if I have indeed the honor," he repeated stiffly, "to address the Countess of Rochechouart, I—I bid her welcome to my poor house."

"I am Mlle. de Rochechouart," the girl murmured faintly. "I thank you."

It was apparent that she could say no more. Her face was scratched and bleeding, her hair was loose, her riding-dress, stained to the throat with dirt, was torn in more places than one. There were other signs that, frail as she was, she had ridden hard and desperately; ridden to the end of her strength.

But the *vicomte* thought not of her, but of himself, as was his custom; not of her plight, but of the figure he was making before his people, who stared open-mouthed at the unwonted scene.

"Time was, *mademoiselle*," he replied, drawing himself up, "before Coutras, when I could have offered you"—with a bow—"a more fitting hospitality. Time was when the house of Villeneuve, which has entertained four kings, could offer a more fitting reception to—hem—to beauty in distress. But that was before Coutras! Since Coutras, destined to be the grave of the nobility of France, I—what is it?"

"I think she is faint, sir," Bonne murmured timidly. With a woman's eye, she saw that the countess was swaying, and she sprang forward to support her. "She is ill, sir," she continued hurriedly and more boldly. "Permit me, I beg you, sir, to take her to my room. She will be better there—until we can arrange a chamber."

Already the child, half fainting, was clinging to Bonne, and but for her must have fallen. The *vicomte*, taken aback by his daughter's presumption, could only stare.

"If that be so," he said grudgingly, "certainly. But I don't understand. How comes all this about? Eh? How"—he found that the girls did not heed him and turned and addressed the attendant—"how, I say, you, sir, comes your mistress here? And in this plight?"

But the dark man, as deaf to the question as his mistress, had turned to follow her, seeming to have no more notion of being parted from her than a dog that finds itself alone with its master among strangers. Bonne, at the door, discovered his presence at her elbow; and she paused in some embarrassment. The *vicomte* saw the pause, and, glad to do something—he had just ordered off the women with fleas in their ears—he called loudly to the man to stand back.

"Stand back, fellow!" he repeated. "The countess will be well tended. Let two of the woman be sent to her to do what is needful."

But the countess, faint as she was, heard, and spoke.

"He is my foster-father," she murmured, without turning her head. "If he may lie at my door, he will heed no one."

Bonne, whose arm was around her, nodded a cheerful assent, and, followed

by two of the women, the three disappeared in the direction of the girl's chamber. The *vicomte*, left to digest the matter, sniffed once or twice with a face of amazement, and finally awoke to the fact that Roger and Des Vœux were still absent. Fortunately, before he had done more than give vent to peevish complaints, they entered.

He waited, with his eyes on the door; to his surprise no one followed them—no steward, no attendant.

"Well," he cried, withering them with his glance, "what does this mean? Where are the others? Is there no one in the countess' train of a condition to be presented to me? Or how comes it that you have not brought him, booby"—this to Roger—"to give me some account of these strange proceedings? Am I the last to be told who come into my house? But God knows, since Coutras—"

"There is no one, *monsieur le vicomte*," the lieutenant answered.

The *vicomte* glared at him. "How? No one?" he retorted pompously. "Impossible! Do you suppose that the Countess of Rochecouart travels with no larger attendance than a poor gentleman of Brittany? You mean, sir, I take it, that there is no one of condition; though that is so contrary to rule that I can hardly believe it. A Countess of Rochecouart, and no gentlemen in her train! She should travel with four at the least."

"I only know that there is no one, *monsieur le vicomte*."

"I do not understand!"

"Neither do we," the lieutenant of Périgord returned, somewhat out of patience. "The matter is as dark to us as it is to you, *monsieur le vicomte*. It is plain that the countess has experienced a serious adventure; but beyond that we know nothing, since neither she nor her attendant has spoken. He seems beside himself with joy, and she with sheer fatigue."

"But the spears?" his host retorted sharply. "The men on horse and foot who alarmed the porter?"

"They vanished as soon as we opened. One I did delay a moment, and learned—though he was in haste to be gone—that they fell in with the lady a half mile from here. She was then in the plight in which you have seen her, and it was at the prayer of her attendant, who informed them of her quality, that they escorted her to this house. They learned no more from him than that the lady's

train had been attacked in the woods between this and Vlaye, and that the man got his mistress away, hid with her, and was making for this house when the horsemen met them."

"Incredible!" the *vicomte* exclaimed, stalking across the hearth and returning in excitement. "Since Coutras I have heard no such thing! A Countess of Rochechouart attacked on the road, and put to it like a common herd-girl! It must be the work of those cursed—peasants! It must be so! But then, the men who brought her to the door and vanished again, who are they? Travelers are not so common in these parts. You might journey three days before you fell in with a body of men-at-arms to protect you on your way."

"True," Des Vœux answered. "But I learned no more from them."

"And you, Master Booby?" the *vicomte* said, addressing Roger with his usual sarcasm. "You asked nothing, I suppose?"

"I was busied about the countess," the lad muttered. "It was dark, and I heard no more than their voices."

"Then only you saw them?" the *vicomte* exclaimed, turning again to Des Vœux. "Did you not notice what manner of men they were, sir, how many, and of what class? Strange that they should leave a warm house-door at this hour. Did you form no opinion of them? Were they?"—he brought out the word with an effort—"Crocaus, think you?"

The lieutenant replied quietly that he took them for the armed attendants of a gentleman passing that way; and the *vicomte*, though ill-content with the answer, was obliged to put up with it.

"Yet it seems passing strange to me," he retorted, "that you did not think their drawing off a little beside the ordinary. Who travels at this hour of the night, I would like to know?"

The lieutenant made no answer, and the *vicomte* too fell silent. From time to time, serving-women had passed through the room—after the awkward fashion of those days, the passage to the inner apartments was through the dining hall—some with lights, and some with fire in pans. The draft from the closing doors had more than once threatened to extinguish the flickering candles. These flittings produced an air of bustle and a hum of preparation long unknown in that house, and certainly more to the taste of the menials than the master. At each interruption the *vicomte* pished and

pshawed, glaring as if he would slay the offender. But the women, emboldened by the event and the presence of strangers, did not heed him; and after some minutes of silent sufferance his patience came to an end.

"Go you," he cried to Roger, "and bid the girl come to me."

"The countess, sir?" the lad exclaimed in astonishment.

The *vicomte* swore.

"No, fool!" he replied. "Your sister! Is she master of the house, or am I? Bid her descend this instant, and tell me what is forward and what she has learned."

Roger obeyed, and his father, sorely fretting, awaited his return. Two minutes elapsed, and three; and the *vicomte*, who, in spite of all his talk about Coutras, had an overweening sense of his importance, was about to break out in fury when Bonne, followed by Roger, entered.

It was clear at a glance that the girl was frightened; less clear that mixed with her fear was another emotion.

"Well," the *vicomte* cried, throwing himself back in his great chair and fixing her with his angry eyes, "what is it? Am I to know nothing—in my own house?"

Bonne controlled herself by an effort.

"On the contrary, sir, there is that which I think you should know," she murmured. "The countess has told me the story. She was attacked on the road; some of her people, she thinks, were killed, and all were scattered. She herself escaped barely with her life."

The *vicomte* stared.

"Where?" he said.

"An hour from here, sir."

"Toward Vlaye?"

"Yes, sir."

"And she barely escaped?"

"You saw her, sir."

"And who—who does she say dared to commit this outrage?"

Bonne, her small, brown hands clenched, did not answer. Her eyes sought her brother's and sank again. She trembled. The *vicomte*, though not the keenest of observers, detected her embarrassment. He fancied that he knew its origin, and the cause of her hesitation.

"Aye, who?" he repeated in a voice of triumph. "You don't want to say. But I can tell you. I read it in your face. I can tell you, disobedient wench, who alone would be guilty of such an outrage. Those gutter-sweepings"—his

face swelled with rage—"made up of broken lackeys and plovboys, whom they call Crocans! Eh, girl, is it not so?" he continued savagely. "Am I not right?"

"No, sir," she murmured, without daring to look up.

His face fell.

"No?" he repeated. "No? I don't believe you. Who, then? Don't lie to me! Who, then?"

"M. de Vlaye," she whispered.

The *vicomte* sank back in his chair.

"Impossible!" he cried. Then, in a much lower tone, he repeated: "Impossible! You dream, girl. M. de Vlaye has done some things not quite—not regular, but—but in cases entirely different. To people of—of no consequence! This cannot be!"

"I fear it is, sir," she whispered, without raising her eyes. "Nor is that—the worst."

The *vicomte* clenched his fingers about the arms of his chair and nodded the question he could not frame.

"It was with the abbess, sir—with my sister," Bonne continued in a low tone, "that the countess was to stay to-night. I fear that it was from her that he learned where and how to beset her."

The *vicomte* looked as if he was about to have a fit.

"What?" he cried. "Do you dare, unnatural girl, to assert that your sister was privy to this outrage?"

"Heaven forbid, sir!" Bonne answered fervently. "She knew naught of it. But——"

"Then why——"

"But it was from her, I fear, that he learned where the child—she is little more, sir—could be surprised."

The *vicomte* glared at her without speaking. The lieutenant, who had listened, not without admiration of the girl's sense and clearness, seized the opening to intervene.

"Were it not well, sir," he said, his matter-of-fact tone calming the *vicomte's* temper, "if *mademoiselle* told us as nearly as possible what she has heard? And, as she has been somewhat shaken, perhaps you would permit her, *monsieur le vicomte*, to sit down. She would then, I think, be able to tell us more quickly what we want."

The *vicomte* gave a surly assent, and the lieutenant himself placed a stool for the girl where she could lean upon the table. Her father opened his eyes at the attention; but something in the younger man's face silenced the sneer on his lips, and he waited until Bonne began.

"The countess lay at Pons last night, sir," she said in a low but audible tone. "There the lady who was formerly her *gouvernante*, and who still rules her household, fell ill. The plague is in western Poitou, and though the countess would have stayed, her physician insisted that she should proceed. Accordingly, she left the invalid in his charge and that of her esquire; two women who had had the disease remained, and three or four men-servants for their protection; while the countess pursued her way through Jonsac and Barbezieux with a train of no more than fourteen persons, of whom eight were well-armed."

"This is what comes of traveling in such a fashion," the *vicomte* said contemptuously. "I remember when I never passed the gates without—but that was before Coutras!"

"She now thinks that the *gouvernante's* food was tampered with, and that the whole was arranged. Be that as it may, her company passed our ford about four hours after noon, and an hour later reached the ascent which passes out of the valley a league this side of Vlaye. They were midway on the ascent when half a dozen shots were fired. Several of their horses were struck, and the rest seized by a number of men who sprang out of the undergrowth. In the panic those who were at the rear attempted to escape by the way they had come, but found themselves cut off by a second party. The countess alone, who rode in the middle with her steward, escaped through the devotion of a brave servant who thrust his horse across the leader of the bandits and brought him down—at the cost of his own life, she believes. Fulbert, her steward, saw the opportunity, seized her rein, and, plunging into the undergrowth, by good luck reached the bottom of the hill, where, hidden by the wood, he gained a start of a mile. He knew, however, that her strength would not hold out, and at the first sound of pursuit he alighted in a thick coppice, drove on the horses, and crept with her through the underwood. He had remarked the entrance to the château, and hoped to take shelter here, but passed in the darkness, and walked into the midst of a party of men encamped at the ford. For a moment he thought all lost, deeming them the band that had waylaid the countess——"

"And who were they?" the *vicomte* asked, unable to restrain his curiosity. "Eh? They were camping at the ford?"

"Some riders belonging to the house-

hold of the Lieutenant of Périgord, sir, on their way to join him in his government. They were so honest as to guard the countess hither——"

"And go again? The good Lord!" the *vicomte* cried irritably. "Why?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Go on, then. Why do you break off? But enough!" The *vicomte* looked at the other listeners with an air of triumph. "Where is Vlaze in this? Because it was within a league or so of his castle, you put it on him, you baggage?"

"No, sir, indeed!" Bonne cried anxiously. "But Fulbert, the steward, knows M. de Vlaze well, and recognized him. He wore a mask, it seems, but when his horse fell the mask slipped, and Fulbert saw his face and knew him. More over——"

"Well?"

"One of the band rode a bald-faced black horse, which the steward saw in M. de Vlaze's troop at Angoulême two months back, and to which he says he could swear among ten thousand."

The *vicomte* swore as one among a still larger number.

"And what is this to do with me?" he fumed. "What is this to me? Time was, before Coutras, when I might have been expected to keep the roads, and stay such things! But now, body of Satan, what is it to me?" No one spoke, and he looked about him angrily, resenting their silence. "What is it?" he snarled. "What are you keeping back?"

"Nothing, sir," Bonne answered.

"Then what would you?"

"If," Bonne ventured desperately, "M. de Vlaze should come to-morrow with my sister—with the abbess, sir, as is his custom—and find the countess here, will she be safe?"

The *vicomte's* mouth opened; and slowly consternation settled down upon his features.

"*Mon dieu!*" he muttered, "I had not thought of that. But here—no, he would not dare! He would not dare!"

"He went very far to-day, sir," Bonne objected, gaining courage from his face. "So far that he must go farther to insure himself from the consequences."

The lieutenant coughed.

"If his object," he said, "be to force a marriage with the countess——"

The *vicomte* with an oath cut him short. "A marriage?" he said. "A marriage? When he and my daughter—but who said aught of the kind? Who said aught of a marriage?" The lieutenant did not answer, and the *vicomte*,

after growling in his beard, turned to him. "Why," he demanded in a tone which, though ungracious, was no longer violent, "why do you say that that was his object?"

"Because," the lieutenant answered, "I happen to have heard that M. de Longueville, who is her guardian, has his hands full at this moment. His wife and children are prisoners with the Spaniards, and he is moving heaven and earth and the court to procure their release. He has no thought to spare for the countess, his cousin; and were she once married, however violently, I doubt if he or any would venture to dispute her possessions with a Vlaze, whose resources they would treble. Such knights errant," he continued dryly, "are not very common, *monsieur le vicomte*. Set M. de Vlaze's strength at three hundred men-at-arms——"

"Four!" the *vicomte* let drop, despite himself.

"Then double the four—as such a marriage, however effected, would double them—and I doubt"—with a courteous bow—"if even a Villeneuve would find it easy to avenge a wrong!"

The *vicomte* fidgeted in his seat.

"You seem to know a vast deal about it, sir!" he said, with ill-feigned contempt.

"I should feel it an honor," the lieutenant answered politely, "to be permitted to join in the defense."

"Defense!" the *vicomte* exclaimed, staring at him in astonishment. "You go fast, sir! Defense? What do you mean?"

"If M. de Vlaze learn that the countess has taken refuge here, I fear it will come to that."

"Pooh! Impossible! Defense, indeed! What are you dreaming of?"

But the lieutenant continued to look grave, and the *vicomte*, after muttering incoherently awhile and drumming on the table with his fingers, condescended to ask with a sneer what he would do, in the circumstances.

"I should keep her presence from his knowledge," the lieutenant answered. "I have no right, I know," he continued in a more conciliatory tone, "to give counsel to one of your experience, *monsieur le vicomte*; but I see no choice save to do what I suggest, or to pull up the drawbridge."

The *vicomte* sat up straight. Pull up the drawbridge? Was he dreaming, he who had sat down to sup without a thought of misfortune? He, with four

hundred yards of wall to guard, and some seven pikes to hold it—to defy Vlaye and his four hundred ruffians! Body of Satan, he was not mad! Defy Vlaye, whom he feared, even while he sneered at him as an adventurer, and in whose star even while he sneered he believed—or would he have dreamed of allying to him his daughter? Pull up the drawbridge? Never!

"I am not mad," he said coldly; but his hands trembled.

"Then, *monsieur le vicomte*, it remains to keep it from him."

"How? You talk at random!" answered the exasperated man. "Can I close the mouth of every gossip in the house? Can I cut out every woman's tongue? How can I keep out his men, or stop their ears over the wine-pot?"

"Could you not admit him only?"

"And proclaim from the housetop," the *vicomte* retorted with contempt, "that I have something to hide?"

The lieutenant did not at once reply, and it was plain that he was puzzled by this view of the thing.

"Certainly that has to be borne in mind," he said.

"To be sure it has!" the *vicomte* answered brusquely, glad to have the opportunity of setting down this over-zealous adviser.

But the satisfaction of triumph faded quickly, leaving him face to face with the situation. He cursed Vlaye for placing him in the dilemma. He cursed the countess—why could she not have taken refuge elsewhere? Last of all he cursed his guest, who, after showing himself offensively able to teach him his duty, failed the moment it came to finding an expedient.

But a suggestion came from a quarter whence, at any rate by the *vicomte*, it was least expected.

"May I say something?" Roger ventured timidly.

His father glared at him.

"You?" he exclaimed. And then he growled ungraciously: "Say on!"

"We have cut half the grass in the long meadow," the lad answered. "And to-morrow we ought to be both cutting and making, while it is fine. Last year, as we were short-handed, the women helped. If you were to order all but Solomon to the field to-morrow—it is the farthest from here, beside the river—there would be no one to talk or tell, sir."

The lieutenant struck his leg in approbation.

"The lad has it!" he said. "With

your permission, *monsieur le vicomte*, what could be better?"

"Better?" the *vicomte* retorted, throwing himself back in his chair. "And open my own gate with my own hands?"

"Solomon would open. And he could be trusted."

"Receive my daughter without man or maid? Show myself to strangers without my people? Appear like one of the base-born, beggarly plowmen with mud in their veins, with whom you love to mix? What mean you, sirrah, by such a suggestion? Shame on you, unnatural fool!"

"But, *monsieur le vicomte*," the lieutenant remonstrated, "if you will not do that——"

"Never! Never!"

"Then"—more stiffly—"it remains only to pull up the drawbridge. For I presume," he continued, his tone taking insensibly a note of disdain, "you do not propose to give up the young lady, or to turn her from your door."

"Turn her from my door?"

"That being at once to help M. de Vlaye to this marriage, and to drag the name of Villeneuve in the mud! But"—breaking off with a bow—"I am sure that the honor of your family is safe in your hands, *monsieur le vicomte*."

"It is well you said that!" the *vicomte* cried, his face purple, his hands palsied with rage. "It is well you broke off, sir, or I would have proved to you that my honor is safe with me. Body of Satan, am I to be preached to by every—every brainless lad," he continued, prudently diverting his tirade to the head of the unlucky Roger, "who chooses to prate before his elders? *Mon dieu*, there was a time when children sat mute instead of preaching. But that was before Coutras"—bitterly—"when most things came to an end!"

This time Des Ageaux had the shrewdness to be silent; and he garnered the reward of his reticence. The *vicomte*, rant as wildly as he might, was no fool, though vanity was hourly putting foolish things into his mouth. He was not blind—had he not "since Coutras" always on his lips?—to the changes which time had wrought in the world; and he knew that face to face with his formidable neighbor, he was helpless.

Nor was he in the dark as to Vlaye's character. The adventurer had so far respected him; and in presence and at a distance had behaved with an observance and a regard that to the decayed gentleman were flattering. But the

vicomte had seen the fate of others who crossed the Captain of Vlaye. He knew how impotent the law had proved to save them, how slack their friends—in a word, how quickly the waters had rolled over them. And he was astute enough to see, with all his conceit, that as it had been with them, it might be with him, if he stood in M. de Vlaye's way.

On the other hand, had he been mean enough to deliver up the countess, he dared not. In the first place, to do so was hazardous; she had powerful friends, and whether she escaped or married her captor, she might not forgive him. In the second place, he did not lightly resign the plan, which he had conceived, of uniting his favorite daughter to the rising adventurer. True, M. de Vlaye's position was anomalous; but a day, a bribe, a turn of the cards, might legalize it, and place him high in court favor. And then—

But the *vicomte's* train of thought ran no farther in silence. With an oath and an ill grace, he bade them do as they would.

"Things," he cried, "are come to a pass, indeed, when guests—"

"A thousand pardons, *monsieur le vicomte!*"

"And children dictate what is to be done and what left undone!" He looked older as he spoke. "But since Coutras, the devil has all, I think!"

VI.

DANGER that by night sends forth a vanguard of fears, and quells the spirits before it delivers the attack, pursues a different course by day; seeking to surprise rather than to intimidate. Seldom had June sun shone on a fairer scene than that which the lifting of the river mists delivered to the eyes of the dwellers in the château on the following morning; or on one more fit to raise the despondent courage.

The tract of meadow land which, enclosed by the river, formed on the side, remote from the publicway, the only cleared ground about the house, lay in breezy sunshine. Patches of shadow, flung on the sward by groups of the surrounding trees a little higher than the ordinary, did but heighten the effect. The woods which on every side enclosed this meadow land, here with a long, straight wall of oaks, there with broken clumps of trees, sparkled where the sun lighted their recesses, with unnumbered dew-drops, or with floating gossamers, har-

bingers of a fair day. The occasional caw of a rook flying fieldward over the open, or the low, steady coo of the pigeons in the great stone cote beside the gate, added the last touch of peace to a scene so innocent that it forbade the notion of danger. It was hard to believe that amid surroundings like these, and under this sky of blue, man's passions were, in parts not distant, turning an earthly heaven to a hell.

Access to these meadows was by a sled-road, which, starting from the great gate, wound round the wall of the courtyard, and then, turning its back on the house, passed by a small stone bridge over the cut which had once supplied the moat. From the bridge the track ran across the meadows to the abandoned farms, which stood half a mile from the château and on the river, at its inmost bend. The only building among these which retained a roof was a steep-roofed wooden barn still used to contain waste fodder and the like.

It was from this bridge, a narrow span of stone, that Bonne stood gazing on the scene, her hand raised to shade her eyes from the sun. The whole of the *vicomte's* household—with the exception of a deaf cook and of Solomon, who could be trusted—were gone, some with delight as welcoming any change, and some with whispers and surmises, to the hayfield, whence their shrill voices and laughter were borne by the light breeze to the girl's ears.

Nothing had been heard of the train of the Countess of Rochecouart, and how to conceal her during the hours of danger had sorely perplexed both the *vicomte* and his advisers. His pride would not permit him to inform her of the coming visit, or of the precautions which it rendered needful. Yet without admitting her to the secret of his inability to protect her, it was not easy to confine her to one room; since, with the elasticity of youth, she had risen little the worse for her adventures.

The council sat long, and in the end the better course seemed to be to invite her to the hayfield. As it fell out, a small matter gave to the proposal a natural turn. Her riding-dress—and more of her dress than that—was so stained and torn as to be unwearable. And Bonne could not help her, for the girl, though perfectly formed and of a soft prettiness, was cast in a smaller mold. Here, then, was a countess without so much as a stocking, had not Bonne thought of a little waiting-girl of about the same shape and size, whose holiday attire was

borrowed, and found to be a charming fit—at least, in the eyes of Roger, who, because the countess was shy and helpless, had become, after a sort, her protector.

On first descending in her borrowed attire, *mademoiselle*, whose timidity was at standing odds with her rank, had been on the point of tears; as infants cry when they think themselves the objects of ridicule. A very little and she had fled. But a moment later, whether she read something that was not ridicule in the lad's eyes, as she walked up and down the terrace, or youth stirred in her and raised a childish pleasure in the masquerade, she preened herself, blushing, and presently was showing herself off. So that at the first word she fell in with the notion of completing her make-believe by spending the day in the hay.

Fortunately Fulbert, the steward, who attended her steps like a dog, and like a dog glared suspicion on all who approached her, raised no objection; and about three hours before noon the move was made. Bonne had gone with *mademoiselle* as far as this bridge, where she now stood; and thence had sent her forward with Roger and Fulbert, on the plea that she must herself attend to household cares. Nevertheless, as the three receded in the sun's eye, she lingered awhile, looking thoughtfully after them.

The dainty creature, tripping in her queer travesty between her wild-looking foster-father and Roger's misshapen form, seemed like a fairy between two gnomes. Bonne watched and smiled; and presently the smile became a tear—for Roger's sake. She had other and more pressing cares, other and heavier burdens this morning; but her heart was warm for him. She had been mother as well as sister to him, and the reflection that his deformity—once she had heard a peasant call him "goblin"—would probably forever set him apart and deprive him of the joys of manhood, touched her with sudden grief—even as she stood.

The tear was still on her lid when she heard a step behind her, turned and saw Des Ageaux—to her Des Vœux. He read trouble in her clear, youthful face, fancied she was in fear, and paused to reassure her.

"Why so sad, *mademoiselle*," he asked, "when she"—with a good-humored nod in the direction of the countess—"who has so much more to fear, trips along gaily? She is another being to-day."

"I have others to fear for," Bonne replied quietly.

"Your brother?"

She fancied that he was about to press her to bring him to Charles; and to change the subject she avowed her trouble. Why, heaven knows; for though her quiet presence of mind the previous evening had won a meed of admiration from him, he had made no sign.

"I was not thinking of him," she confessed. "I was thinking of Roger. I was thinking how sad it is—for him."

He understood her.

"You make too much of it," he said lightly. "He has health and strength, and a good spirit when your father is not present. His arm is long and will always keep his head. Have you never heard what M. de Gourdon, governor of the March, who is—who is like your brother, you know—once said of himself? 'My back?' quoth he to one who mentioned it. 'My friends mind it not, and my enemies have never seen it!'"

She flushed, and a soft light came into her eyes. "Oh, brave!" she cried.

"Brave! And you think that Roger—" "I think that Roger may some day make himself feared. And he who is feared," the lieutenant continued, with a half cynical, half whimsical smile, "has ever love on his other hand—as surely as dog follows the hand that feeds him."

The words had barely left his lips when, by an odd coincidence, a wolf-hound, whose approach they had not noticed, darted upon them, and, leaping up at the lieutenant's face, nearly overthrew him. Bonne recoiled, and with a cry looked round for help. The next instant she perceived that it was with joy, not with rage, that the dog was beside himself; for again and again, with sharp, shrill cries of pleasure, it leaped on the lieutenant, striving to lick his hands, his face, his hair.

In vain he bade it "Down, down, dog!" In vain he struck at it. It set its paws against his breast, and, though often repulsed, as often with slobbering mouth and hanging tongue sought his face.

When he had a little calmed its transports, and got it to heel—though still it quivered with joy—he turned to her, and for once showed an embarrassed countenance.

"It is a dog," he said, "a dog of mine that has followed me."

"I see that," she replied, smiling with something of mischief in her looks.

"It must have followed me—"

"A full mile this morning," she said, stooping and patting the hound; which

with a dubious condescension permitted the greeting. "It is both fed and dry. And its name is——"

He looked at her, but did not answer.

"Does this often happen to you?" she continued, feeling on a sudden a strange freedom with him. "To talk of dogs and they appear? Have you the habit, when your horse falls lame, of tying your dog to a tree and placing a sufficiency of food and water by it? To last it two days?" And then, when he did not answer her: "Who are you, *M. des Vœux*?" she said in a different tone. "Whence do you come, and what is your business?"

"Have I not told you," he answered, "that I wish to communicate through your brother with the Crocans? That is my business."

"But you did not know when you came to us that I had a brother," she replied sharply; "or that he had joined the Crocans, or that we were like to be in these straits! So you did not come for that. Why did you come?" She confronted him with clear eyes. "Are we to count you friend or enemy? Be frank with me, and I will be frank with you."

He looked at her with the first gleam of real admiration in his eyes; but he hesitated. In the candor of a young girl who, laying aside coquetry and feminine advantage, speaks to a man honestly as to a comrade, there lies a charm new to him who has not known a sister. It is still more new and surprising to him whose wont has lain among the women of a court—women whose light lives and fickle ambitions mark them of those who are but just freed from the seraglio.

He smiled at her, openly acknowledging, by his silence and his air, that he had a secret; acknowledging, also, and in the same way, that he held her equal. But he shook his head, still smiling.

"In a little time I will be frank with you, *mademoiselle*," he said. "It is true I have a secret, and at this moment I cannot tell it safely."

"You do not trust me?"

"I trust no one at this moment," he answered steadily.

It was not the answer she expected. She had thought he would quibble. She was impressed by his firmness. But she did not betray her feeling.

"Good," she said, with the least possible lifting of her head. "Then you must not expect to be trusted, or that I shall bring you to my brother!"

"But you promised, *mademoiselle*."

"That I would do so when I could do

so—safely," she retorted, with mischievous emphasis. "It is your own word, sir; and I shall not feel that I can do so safely until I learn who you are. I suppose, if my brother were here, you would tell him?"

"Possibly."

Her color rose.

"You would tell him! And you will not tell me!" she cried indignantly.

"Now you are angry," he replied, smiling. "How can I appease you?"

She was not really angry; but she turned on her heel, willing to let him think it.

"By hiding yourself until this is over," she answered.

And leaving him standing on the bridge, where he had found her, she made her way back to the house, where the only man left on guard was Solomon in his hatch beside the gate. He was an old servant, a garrulous old soldier with a high, shrill voice, and of great renown for the enormous fables he had ever on his lips—particularly when the *vicomte* reverted to the greatness of the house before Coutras. As she entered, Bonne paused to speak to him.

"Have you seen a strange dog, Solomon?" she asked.

"This morning, my lady?" he exclaimed in his shrill voice. "Strange dog? No, not I! Has one frightened you? Dog! Few dogs I see these sad days," he continued glibly, with a gesture scornful of the present. "Dogs, indeed! Times were when we had packs for everything, for bears and wolves and deer and hares and vermin and"—pausing in sheer inability to think of any other possible pack—"aye, each a pack, and more to them than I could ever count, or the huntsman either!"

"Yes, I know, Solomon. I have heard you say so, at least. But you have not seen a strange dog this morning?"

"The morn! No, no! But last night I mind one—was't a deer-hound?"

"Yes, a deer-hound."

"Well, then I can tell you," he said with a mysterious nod. "And no one else can. It was with the riders who brought the young lady. But I'm mum!" He winked. "Not a word will they get out of me. Secrets? Aye, I'm the man can keep a secret. Why, I remember, talking of secrets and lives—and often they are all one——"

"But what became of the deer-hound?" she asked, ruthlessly cutting him short. She knew him.

(To be continued.)



THE PENITENCE OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

From a photograph by Braun, Ciment & Company after the painting by Nattier.

STORIES OF THE SAINTS.

BY JAMES LAWRENCE SMITH.

RECORDS AND TRADITIONS, HISTORICAL OR LEGENDARY, FROM WHICH CHRISTIAN LITERATURE AND ART HAVE DRAWN THE INSPIRATION FOR SOME OF THEIR MASTER WORKS.

IN the good old time, if one may believe its chroniclers, it was irreligion that required excuse. Nowadays it is piety that assumes a half apologetic air to the world. Yet even a merely esthetic standard ought to reverse these attitudes. For in works of art and in graceful customs alone, to say nothing of things more solemn, the religious ages and the religious countries so far surpass the irreligious as to make comparison ridiculous.

In the countries not professedly religious, for instance, the Easter morning salutation concerns a hat or a frock—or perhaps the price of eggs. It is where the old beliefs still live that the

people solemnly and joyously tell one another that “Christ is risen,” and answer “He is risen indeed!” And between the inspiration and the charm of the latter greeting and the former, there is no greater gulf fixed than between the work of those artists whose genius was stimulated by religious thought and that of those who are forced to depend on less exalted spurs to their imagination.

When Puritanism exorcised the angels along with the devils, and bade the Roman Catholic saints follow the pagan gods and goddesses into outer darkness, it struck a blow at art in its zeal for unmixed religion. It took



ST. GABRIEL, THE ARCHANGEL, WITH THE LILIES OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

From the painting by Carlo Dolce.

from the artist the subjects which required the highest exercise of his imagination as well as of his skill, and left him those which compare about as favorably with the banished saints as the Easter "Hallo, how are you this morning?" of the average household compares with the "Christ is risen" of the Italian peasants.

About the saints there were legends to inspire painters, just as there was inspiration for the Greek sculptors in the divinities of the old religion which

Christianity superseded. St. Michael is not a less gloriously picturesque figure than Apollo. St. Gabriel, the archangel from heaven, is a more solemnly beautiful one than Mercury, the messenger from Olympus. St. Agnes with her lamb is more appealing even than that daughter of the gods who, gathering daffodils, was snatched to a dark magnificence—Proserpina, child of Ceres.

Indeed, there are "higher critics" who will tell you that the saints of the early church are but the gods or demi-

gods of the pagans transposed—that St. George, his foot upon the dragon, his lance uplifted, is but the Roman Catholic version of Apollo overcoming the dragon, of Perseus rescuing Andromeda from the sea-monster, of Bellerophon combating the Chimera. To them—the higher critics, the students of mythology, the annotators of resemblances—St. Cecilia is one of the nine muses, to

whose prestige as a patron of art has been added also the glorious gift of martyrdom. To them St. Catherine of Alexandria is Minerva softened, dignified, purified.

THE ARCHANGELS GABRIEL AND MICHAEL.

In the purely Christian aspect of the subject, St. Michael and St. Gabriel are of almost equal importance. St. Ga-



ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL. TRIUMPHANT OVER THE TOWERS OF DARKNESS.

* From the painting by Guido Reni.

briel's great mission was the announcement to the Virgin Mary that she was to become the mother of Jesus. He is



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by F. Ittenbach.

the great herald of Heaven, and this was the sublimest of his messages:

"Hail, thou that art highly favored! Blessed art thou among women!"

It was a favorite theme among the

great painters, the portrayal of the moment when the angelic visitor announces to the pure maiden her wondrous future. In the earlier pictures he is represented as a majestic creature, bearing a scepter in his left hand while the right is extended in benediction toward the drooping, submissive figure of the Virgin. As the dignity of Mary became magnified in the church, however, a change gradually crept upon the spirit of the picture. Instead of being the divine ambassador to a humble soul, Gabriel becomes rather the devotee of the Queen of Heaven, and Mary, from the shrinking, half tremulous listener, becomes more the sovereign lady accepting homage. In these latter pictures, instead of carrying the scepter, Gabriel bears a lily, the symbol of the Virgin to whom he speaks.

If Gabriel, the archangel to whom was given the great glory of foretelling the birth of the Saviour of mankind, is in a sense the patron saint of Christendom, St. Michael is the patron of the whole race. He is the conqueror of man's arch-enemy. His was the task of casting from heaven the rebellious Lucifer. He is the leader of the victorious armies of God.

In the pictures of St. Michael, the dragon over whom he triumphs is not the plain and simple beast of St. George or of Siegfried. It is designed to represent Sin rather than either Lucifer, the bright fallen one, or any chimerical terror. Consequently the head is generally not a dragon's, but a fiend's, with bestially human features.

THE PATRON SAINT OF ENGLAND.

St. George's dragon was another sort of monster. It was more closely allied to the dragon of classic mythology—a cave-inhabiting, virgin-devouring beast. St. George, by the way, for all his adoption as the patron saint of England, and for all his frequency upon the old inn-signs of that country, was an eastern saint. He was born in Cappadocia, in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, who had a particular dislike for Christians. George was the son of Christian parents, however. He was also a tribune. Journeying one time to join his legion—surely he must be par-



ST. AGNES, THE MAIDEN MARTYR OF ROME.

From the painting by Andrea del Sarto.

ticularly dear to the British guardsmen—he passed through a city of Libya called Selene.

At this time a dragon was working havoc in Selene. Coming out from a neighboring marsh, it was his evening habit to devour flocks and herds, and to spread pestilence as he breathed. Doubtless the very modern will discover some connection with malaria here, and

may find in St. George the patron saint of bacteriologists. The inhabitants of the city, to keep the beast from approaching too poisonously near their walls, sacrificed to him each day two sheep. All their sheep being gone, a tender child was the diurnal offering, until at last the lots declared that Cleodolinda, daughter of the king himself, should perish.



ST. CECILIA, THE PATRON SAINT OF MUSIC.

From a gravure by the Taber-Prang Company after the painting by Nanjak

The maid Cleodolinda was approaching the dragon's lair when St. George rode by. He learned the cause of her tears, withstood her entreaties that he should not imperil himself, and dashed forward to meet the monster. Having subdued him, he chained him with Cleodolinda's girdle and dragged him to the city, the awed beast crawling quietly behind the warrior's horse. St. George, having destroyed the dragon before the eyes of the wondering Seleucians, gave the glory of his victory to

God and the true religion. And the king and all the citizens were converted and baptized. Then the saint, giving to the poor all the riches wherewith the monarch rewarded him, went on to Palestine, where the Emperor Diocletian had proclaimed death to all Christians. And having endured tortures in a way which converted his very torturers, he was finally beheaded by the order of the proconsul Dacian.

St. George, defender of women, champion of the faith, supplanted Ed-

ward the Confessor as patron saint of England in the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted. That monarch, in his crusading days, placed himself under the care of the oriental saint, whose feast day—the 23d of April—was proclaimed as a holiday throughout England in 1222.

ST. AGNES AND ST. CECILIA.

The legend of St. Agnes is one of the loveliest of all the stories of the saints. She was a Roman maiden, a Christian from her childhood. The son of the prefect of Rome, seeing her, became enamored of her beauty, and sought to woo her with gifts. She declined him, saying that she was already betrothed to one greater and fairer than any earthly lover. When the son of the prefect learned this, he became ill of jealousy and rage. The magistrate himself, learning that her words denoted her Christianity, sought to break her resolution by enforcing the edicts then in force against the new religion. So she was given over to dishonor and torture. But when she was dragged to places of infamy, her nakedness was covered miraculously with celestial garments, so that her torturers were awed and dared not touch her.

When the son of the prefect thought that she was subdued to his desires, he entered the torture-room, but fell down blind; and only the prayers of Agnes restored him. Then the prefect would have saved her, but by this time the people knew her for a sorceress as well as a Christian, and demanded that she be burned at the stake. Heaven intervening in her behalf against the flames, she was beheaded. After her death she reappeared to her parents and friends, radiant and whole, a white lamb by her side.

St. Cecilia is the Christian muse of music. She too was a virgin martyr, though she had gone through the form of marriage with Valerian, a noble young Roman. He was converted to her faith—for she was secretly a Christian. Skilled in music, she devoted her gift to praising the true God. While she sat before the organ—which she is credited with having invented—to signify the pleasure of Heaven in her

faith and her husband's conversion, an angel descended and encircled their brows with roses. Tiburtius, the



ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by F. Hitzsack.

brother of Valerian, becoming aware of the miracle, was also won to the true faith. But the prefect then governing Rome, Almachius, heard of their for-

bidden worship and ordered them to desist. Valerian and Tiburtius, refusing, were cast into prison, and, having converted their jailer, were put to death, while Cecilia, subjected to torture by being cast into a bath of boiling water, escaped unharmed, only to die lingeringly of sword wounds from the hand of the executioner.

But the legends are endless, not only about the great militant saints of the

early church, the martyrs and the virgins, but about the gentle, loving, self-abnegating souls of other times. There was St. Elizabeth of Hungary, renowned for the sanctity of her life and the boundlessness of her charities—the woman for whom even Heaven turned deceiver, transforming the bread she was about to give her poor into roses, that she might escape the wrath of her unworthy husband.



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

From a photograph by Alinari after the painting by Ercole Grandi.



ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Murillo.

There was St. Francis of Assisi, brother to the birds and beasts, the man of gentle life, the founder of the mendicant order of friars. He was a missionary, and his order, named after him, has been given to missionary work ever since his day—the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century. Iitenbach, a modern German artist, has shown him, the crucifix in his left hand, and beneath his feet the wealth that he put away.

Not only did they live hard lives and die cruel deaths to attain their sainthood, these virgins and martyrs and hermits and early fathers, who have inspired so much that is most beautiful in art, but their canonization has not always been easy. Consistories, secret and public, must be held, and all sorts of arguments for and against the candidate must be heard, before he can join the ranks of the glorified and triumphant upholders of the faith.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT CALCUTTA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE VICEROY, AND THE OFFICIAL CENTER OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

The Trusts That Made an Empire.

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

THE THREE GREAT CHARTERED COMPANIES THAT CREATED THE BRITISH EMPIRE, GAINING FOR IT PRACTICALLY ALL ITS IMPORTANT COLONIAL POSSESSIONS EXCEPT AUSTRALIA.

IN these days, when the so-called trusts loom large in the public mind as an economic and political problem of the day, it is the fashion to consider them as strictly a modern development—as if a combination of imagination, brains, capital, and influence were a new thing. The truth is that the only new thing about the modern trust are the name and a few details.

The trust idea, developed in three great chartered companies, made Great Britain a world state. These three trusts gave the British Empire three-fourths of its total territory and nine-tenths of its population—and this in opposition to the wishes and convictions of a

vast majority of the people of the United Kingdom. The corporations had more to do with the coloring of the map of the world than any other agency.

Speaking broadly, two of them made Great Britain the foremost naval and financial power of the globe. They were largely responsible for the desperate wars that devastated Europe during the eighteenth century, and for the great Napoleonic struggle which extended into the nineteenth. Although the real issue was frequently obscured, Britain's long combat was really for the lands over seas, first with Spain and afterwards with France. Coming into the field later than

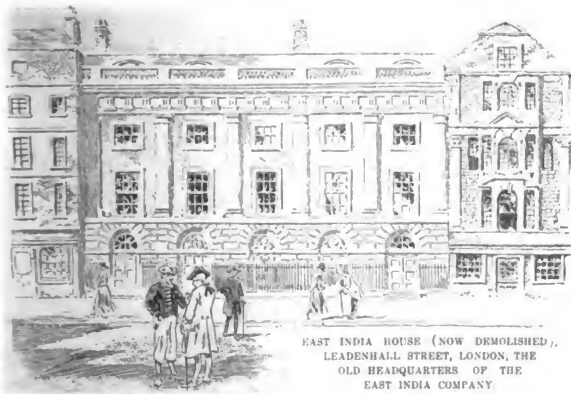


ROBERT, LORD CLIVE (1725-1774), THE GREAT FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH POWER IN INDIA.

her rivals, she finally outstripped them in the race for empire.*

The third of this trinity of trusts was responsible for the war which marked the close of the nineteenth century, the conflict in which Great Britain fought for, and won, the control of South Africa. In one respect the British South Africa Company is the most remarkable of the three. It is unique

The founders of the original trusts had the same motives as the organizers of the modern ones—the making of more money; but they wanted the money for itself rather than for the power it gives. Merchants of London, conning their account books in dim and musty offices, grew lean with discontent over the safe and moderate returns of an ordinary, conservative business. Their imagina-



among the corporations of the world in that its primary purpose was not to increase the private wealth of its stockholders, but to found an empire. It may be said to have succeeded, though at tremendous cost.

The South Africa Company was modeled after the East India Company, the most powerful corporation the world has known; and yet empire-building was not in the minds of the directors of the first great trust. Indeed, they resisted its manifest destiny. Men in their employ, mighty men with splendid imaginations coupled with great energy and daring, won India for the company and for England in the face of bitter opposition.

*"I say that the expansion of England in the New World and in Asia is the formula which sums up for England the history of the eighteenth century. I point out that the great triple war of the middle of that century is neither more nor less than the decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World."—"The Expansion of England," by the late Sir John Seeley, professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge

tions were inflamed by tales of treasure to be won in strange and mysterious lands beyond the oceans, and their covetousness made them take gamblers' chances in the boiling jungles of the tropics, amid the eternal ice of the arctic seas. These tradesmen, seeking only to fill their strong boxes with gold, became the sovereign rulers of three hundred million people and of six million square miles of territory. The area of the whole continent of North America is but little more than six million square miles, and its population is less than one hundred million souls. The three great chartered companies gained for England practically all her important colonial possessions save Australia.

THE STORY OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

The East India Company, incomparably the greatest of the trinity, came into existence because the Dutch raised

the price of pepper from seventy-five cents to one dollar and forty cents a pound. It was this petty commercial incident which crystallized into action English envy of the efforts of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French to secure the trade of the Far East, after Vasco da Gama had discovered the passage around the Cape of Good Hope. The founders' meeting was held in London, September 23, 1599, and the following year Queen Elizabeth granted the charter. This was just twelve years after the

Spanish Armada, which, it is well to remember, was destroyed by ships belonging to individuals, for England then had no navy.

The first governor of the East India Company was George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, an ancient buccaneer, whose portrait, hairy and hatted, is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Its first factory in India was at Surat; but between 1645 and 1675 it established its main depots at Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta, thereby founding the three



WARREN HASTINGS (1732-1818), THE FIRST BRITISH GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, AND ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SERVANTS.

chief cities of modern India. It was continually driven forward by its own success. But its prosperity brought forth dangerous rivals at home, besides intensifying its rivalry with the trading companies of other nations.

To preserve its charter monopoly, the company calmly bribed those in high places, not always successfully, for one may read in John Evelyn's diary for 1698:

The old East India Company lost its business against the new by ten votes in Parliament, so many of their friends being absent to see a tiger baited by dogs.

Failing to crush its English rivals, the company did the next best thing, absorbed them—effecting a merger, they call it nowadays—and the profits still rolled up.

HOW THE COMPANY CONQUERED INDIA.

Not with any idea of conquest, but simply for its own preservation, did the company enter upon warfare. It was a Frenchman who conceived the idea of an Indian empire, and who discovered how to win it. Joseph François Dupleix was a genius—brilliant, crafty, adroit, a master of intrigue; but he was foreordained to failure by his lack of personal courage and military skill, and by the fact that his home government gave him no adequate support. "England is at once commercial and warlike," says Sir John Seeley, and she triumphed over the French in colonization because they were warlike but not commercial, and over the Dutch because they were commercial and not warlike, despite Holland's eighty years of resistance to Spain.

Dupleix saw that with a nucleus of highly disciplined European troops, he could train the native soldiers, accustomed to fighting for the side that paid best, into an effective army. It was he who conceived the simple but effective plan of making the native states pay for their own conquest by placing a pretender on the throne and ruling through him.

The Frenchman's mission in life seems to have been to act as schoolmaster for Robert Clive, the Shropshire lad, called dunce, reprobate, and even worse, who went to India as a writer to live or die on fifty dollars a year, and who at twenty-five displayed a genius akin to Napoleon's. Clive adopted the system of Dupleix, and developed it to a high state of efficiency. It enabled him to lay the foundation of the British Empire in India.



ARTHUR, FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON (1769-1852).
WHO SERVED IN INDIA FROM 1796 TO 1805,
AND CONQUERED THE MAURATTAS.

It should be remembered that in the beginning neither the East India Company nor its representatives had any notion of conquering populous native states. The campaign in the Deccan, which transformed Clive from a petty clerk, who had contemplated and even attempted suicide, to a great military leader, was directed solely against the French. The real conquest begins with the battle of Plassey, in which he took vengeance upon Suraj ud Dowlah for the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta. The sovereign reign of the company began when Clive's army set foot in Bengal, that garden of Eden, watered by "the holy, blue Ganges" that flows in a hundred channels to the sea. For a hundred years the conquest continued, an era of warfare that opened the treasure-houses of the Indian princes.

Clive put aside for himself a huge reward, just as do modern trust-makers, but he was more modest than those of this day. In his dark hours, when he recalled that instead of fifteen hundred thousand dollars he could as easily have taken ten times that amount as his share

of the loot of Bengal, there was reason, if not morality, in his impassioned utterance before the Parliamentary committee:

"By Heaven, Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand amazed at my own moderation!"

The United States has a retrospective interest in this period of the East India Company's history. It was believed in England that if Clive had lived—he died by his own hand in 1774, at the age of forty-nine—he would have commanded the British forces during the American Revolution, and might have conquered the colonies.* And again, that entertain-

* "The disputes with America had now become so serious that an appeal to the sword seemed inevitable, and the ministers were desirous to avail themselves of the services of Clive. Had he been what he was when he raised the siege of Patna, and annihilated the Dutch army and navy at the mouth of the Ganges, it is not improbable that the resistance of the colonies would have been put down, and the inevitable



PRINCE RUPERT (1619-1683), THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY—RUPERT'S LAND WAS NAMED AFTER HIM.

states. Macaulay sums up the directors' instructions to Warren Hastings thus:

"Govern leniently, and send more

separation would have been deferred a few years."—Lord Clive," by Lord Macaulay.

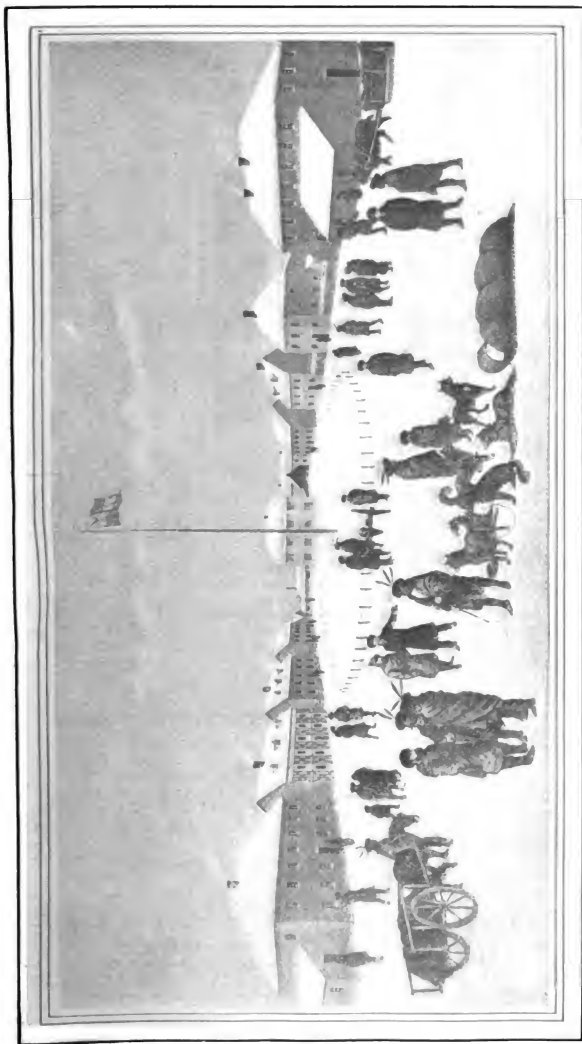
"Had he never been born, I do not believe that we should, in this generation at least, have acquired Hindustan; had he lived longer, I doubt if we should, in that generation at least, have lost North America."—"History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles," by Lord Stanhope.



YORK FACTORY, ON HUDSON BAY, A TYPICAL STATION OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY IN THE NORTHERN TERRITORIES OF CANADA.

ing event in American history known as the Boston Tea Party resulted from an effort to relieve the financial difficulties of the East India Company by compelling the colonists to buy heavily taxed tea which it had been unable to sell in England.

The directors of the company wanted dividends. Always their cry was for larger returns. They protested against warfare, even forbade it, although their agents had no way of getting more money except by wringing it from native



THE INTERIOR OF FORT GARRY IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST—FORT GARRY, THE NUCLEUS OF THE PRESENT CITY OF WINNIPEG, WAS THE CHIEF CENTER OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S TRADE WITH THE INDIANS, TRAPPERS, AND PIONEER SETTLERS OF THE NORTHWEST.

From an old print

money; practise strict justice and moderation towards neighboring states, and send more money."

Hastings sent the money, albeit he was compelled to torture the Begums of Oudh, and to employ methods akin to highway robbery; but he organized the empire Clive had founded, and his administration closes the initial chapter of conquest. He first assumed the title of governor-general of India.

THE COMPANY'S LOSS OF SOVEREIGNTY.

Under subsequent governors — Lord Cornwallis, Lord Wellesley, Lord Dalhousie — the subjugation and the organization of India were continually extended. The conquest of the Marattas at Assaye and Argaum, in 1803, by Wellesley's younger brother — world famous, a few years later, as the Duke of Wellington and the victor of Waterloo — marked the final triumph of the British over the most powerful and persistent foes of their rule in India.

But the company had now so manifestly outgrown the limits of a commercial corporation that the British government had intervened, and had curtailed its powers by act of Parliament. In 1782 an official board of control was established; in 1814 the company's monopoly of trading privileges was abolished; and in 1858, when England had to exert her full military power to suppress the great Sepoy Mutiny, its territorial sovereignty was made over to the British crown.

The East Indian Company's mission was now accomplished. It had written a marvelous chapter of history. Its crowning glory is that it brought peace and order to a land that had been drenched with human blood for seven thousand years, ending a struggle that began in the dawn of history, when the lordly Aryans swept down from the cradle of

the race and conquered the savage, flat-nosed people. Through seventy centuries had lasted the fighting for the rich land whose vampire soil and climate have taken frightful toll, sucking from successive conquerors their vigor and energy, turning their blood to water, reducing them to weaklings at the mercy of the next horde of brigands to sweep down from the Central Asian mountains, or of the next army out of the west.

The merchants of London, by virtue of the trust idea, succeeded where the Greeks under Alexander, the Tartars under Tamerlane, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French, had failed successively. The achievements of the first great trust are to be measured not alone by its commercial success, its conquests, its administration, for there is scarce a branch of science or of learning that its servants have not to the explorations in Bible lands.*

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

The contrast between the East India Company and the Hudson Bay Company is as great as that between the burning tropics and the frozen arctic, yet both were organized with the same end in view, and each won an empire. But the Hudson Bay Company held to its purely commercial principles. No longing for glory, no dreams of imperialism, no vast schemes for establishing sovereign power, disturbed its administrators. Long ago the East India Company was swallowed in the political cataclysm it

* "In no small degree the East India Company had promoted and deepened interest in the ancient history and geography of the Euphrates and Tigris valleys. So long as the company existed, it never ceased to be a generous patron of all scientific undertakings carried on in the regions which, through their close connection with the Bible, have always exercised a powerful influence upon the mind of the British public." "Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Herman V. Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania.



CECIL RHODES (1853-1902), FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

created, while the Hudson Bay Company still endures, is still lord of the north.

It will be remembered that the court of Henry VIII lost interest in Sebastian Cabot when he failed to return from Labrador with spices—that is, when they concluded that no profit was to be made from his explorations. A century later, there were eager ears to listen to tales of wealth to be gained from trade in furs, told by Pierre Radisson, one of the most picturesque adventurers who ever stepped across the pages of history. A Parisian by birth, bold, brilliant, daring, resourceful, this pioneer trader of the north was equally at home in the court of Louis the Grand and the wigwam of savages.

From the first the "Governors and Adventurers of England Trading in Hudson's Bay" enjoyed royal patronage. The dashing Prince Rupert was the company's first governor. He was succeeded by Sir John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, and by the Duke of York, who became James II of England. Charles II, with his easy generosity, gave the company a charter bestowing upon it two-thirds of North America. But for a hundred years after its first ships crossed the Atlantic, in 1668, it confined its operations to Hudson Bay, where "nature looked like a carcass frozen to death," but where it did a profitable trading business.

Until the French began to encroach upon it, the company was little concerned about its boundaries. It was usually worsted in its early clashes with the French, who claimed the entire continent, for it was not a warlike organization; and although it had an enormous influence in bringing about the French-Indian war, it played but a minor part in the hostilities.

But it was this war that made it a trust. For one thing, it brought into the company a Scottish influence that has ever since been dominant. It also resulted in the organization of aggressive and progressive rivals, companies formed of Montreal merchants, the Northwest Company and the X Y Company, which fought each other until they consolidated to oppose the old chartered company. That combination may be called the first trust on American soil. Wonderful business men were those Scotsmen, refugees of the Jacobite rebellion, and members of Highland regiments who stayed in Canada after the war! They employed the French voyageurs and half-breeds, always on friendly terms with the Indians.

They established factories in the wilderness under the skilful leadership of Simon McTavish—the Marquis, he was called—and Alexander Mackenzie, who discovered the great river bearing his name.

The older company awoke and fought stubbornly. Sir John Selkirk, "a remarkable man who had the misfortune to live before his time," in the words of Sir John Wedderburn, secured financial control of the country to further a colonization scheme. He opened a hundred and ten thousand square miles in the Red River country for settlement, but the Northwest Company drove his colonists away. Then, after nearly ruining each other, the two corporations were merged under the name of the older, and the Hudson Bay Company became a real trust, with an absolute monopoly, and Prince Rupert's Land was sealed up for half a century.

THE OPENING OF THE NORTHWEST.

Under George Simpson, a squat, strong man, a lover of display, a tyrant with a tender heart, who arose from law clerk to be governor for forty years, the company flourished amazingly. But there came a time when it manifestly stood in the path of civilization. It opposed settlement, for that meant the destruction of its trade in furs. People were pouring into the New World. They longed to see the immeasurable prairie glow with golden grain, to use the timber of the vast forests, to wrest the rich minerals from the mountains; and the company had to yield.

The ponderous machinery of state was set in motion; but ten years elapsed after the English Parliamentary committee sat, in 1857, before the Dominion Parliament took action, and it was not until 1870 that the Hudson Bay Company surrendered Rupert's Land to Canada for a million and a half of dollars in cash, retaining certain huge tracts as its own property, and with every privilege to do business as a regular trading company. To this day it enjoys the securest of all monopolies in a land where trade is free—that which comes from best serving its customers.

One of the charter provisions of the Hudson Bay Company was that it should seek the Northwest Passage to Asia, and it has done much in exploration. Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition was under its auspices; Sir John Ross, who discovered the magnetic pole, was one of its servants, while the names of David

Thomson, surveyor and naturalist, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, are bright on its roster.

It has had many famous governors since 1871—Lord Kimberley, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Goschen, among them. Its present head is Lord Strathcona, who was Donald Alexander Smith when he came out as a clerk in 1838, and who is sometimes called "the father of the Canadian Pacific Railway."

ONE MAN'S WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"I unite imagination and commerce," said Cecil Rhodes to William T. Stead.

Cecil Rhodes was practically the British South Africa Company, which has done so much to win the Dark Continent for Britain. It was avowedly founded as an agent of imperialism. Its chief purpose was to carry out the great scheme that Rhodes conceived in the first days of his power.

"This is my dream," he said, drawing his hand across a map of Africa; "all red!"

He realized that this could be best accomplished by the organization of a great trading company, but it was not his notion that the stockholders should make a losing proposition of it.

"Pure philanthropy is very well in its way," said Rhodes, "but philanthropy plus five per cent is a good deal better."

After the fight against Barney Barnato and his associates for control of the Kimberley diamond mines, a fight that lasted thirteen years, Rhodes, the victor, demanded that the surplus of the monopoly be set aside for the furtherance of his schemes in the north. Barnato finally acceded, saying:

"Well, some of us have a fancy for one thing and some for another. You evidently have a fancy for building an empire in the north, and I suppose we must give you the means to do it."

The immediate object of the British South Africa Company was to head off Mr. Krüger's plans for extending the

frontiers of the Transvaal. Rhodes realized that in no other way could he interest England politically in that part of the world. The islanders of Britain cared little for any of the colonies—there has been a marvelous awakening since then—and least of all for South Africa.

Armed with a treaty with Lobengula, the Bechuana chief, which ceded the right to make settlements and search for minerals over a great and almost unknown region, Rhodes went to England for a charter, which was granted in 1889. It gave the company no monopoly of trade, no sovereign power over its people. Rhodes' idea was to build up communities of orderly, industrious settlers, to found a distinctly British colony that would attract the best class of emigrants. In the new land, much farther removed from the influences of civilization than the mining towns of western America, order, decency, and respectability were strictly maintained. Whereas the policy of the two other great chartered companies was one of exclusion, that of the South Africa Company was the open door, the building of railroads, of telegraphs, the making of a country rich and prosperous and self-governing.

Rhodes survived the first Matabele war to have the stupendous blunder of the Jameson Raid drive him from the headship of the company, and from the premiership of Cape Colony. He personally checked the second Matabele outbreak by his own courage and knowledge of native character, only to have the Boer war, of which he was one of the inciting causes, bring his work to a standstill at the time of his death.

But the British South Africa Company has in the main accomplished the ambition of its founder, although the activity of other powers in Africa has frustrated his plan for a strip of British soil from Cairo to the Cape. What part the company may play in the future history of South Africa none may know.

EDITOR'S NOTE—We desire to call special attention to the serial stories by Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope now being published in this magazine. "The Abbess of Vlaye," by Mr. Weyman, began last month, and is continued, with a synopsis of the first instalment, on page 50 of the present issue. No reader of MUNSEY'S should miss this stirring historical romance.

Anthony Hope's "Double Harness," which is continued on the following page, is another remarkable story. Its theme is that greatest problem of modern life, the marriage question. Messrs. Hope and Weyman stand high among the leading novelists of the day, and these two serials are as good work as they have ever done.

DOUBLE HARNESS.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," and "The King's Mirror."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

GRANTLEY IMASON, a rich London banker of thirty-three, marries Sibylla Chiddingfold, the daughter of a country clergyman. Though he loves her dearly, she realizes, a year or so later, that she makes less difference to him than she had looked to make. The birth of their child, instead of bringing them into closer relationship, only widens the rift in their happiness until the two are on terms of polite but frigid estrangement.

Walter Blake, a good-looking and unattached young man of leisure, offers Sibylla a perilously warm sympathy; and finally, persuading her that all happiness left her in life must come through him, he plans to take her away from Mildean. Grantley, made uneasy by the contents of a letter from a friend of Sibylla's, goes home unannounced and finds that his wife has done a most unusual thing—gone over to Fairhaven to stop for the night with an old school friend. He also learns that Blake has been at the house that day. Calling for his horse, Imason goes out into the wild tempestuous night and rides across the downs to Fairhaven. Near the town, where the road goes down hill to the harbor, he finds a man dressed in oilskins, who stands stamping his feet, blowing on his wet fingers, and looking out to sea.

XV (Continued).

"ROUGH weather," called Grantley, bringing his horse to a stand.

The man in oilskins answered, not in the accents of the neighborhood, but with a cockney twang and a turn of speech learned from board schools and newspapers. He was probably a seaman, then, and from London.

"Terribly severe," he said, "No night to keep a man on the lookout." He looked at Grantley, evidently not knowing him. "A bad night for a ride, too, sir," he added, "but it's better to be moving than standing here, looking for a boat that's as likely to come as the Channel Squadron!" He spat scornfully as he ended.

"Looking for a boat?"

For the moment Grantley was glad to talk; it was a relief. Besides, he did not know what he was going to do, and caught at a brief respite from decision.

"Aye," the man grumbled, "a boat to come from Portsmouth. Best luck for her if she's never started, and next best if she's put in for shelter on the way. She'd never make Fairhaven to-night."

"Then what's the good of looking for her?"

"Because I get five shillings for it. The owner's waiting for her—waiting at the Sailors' Rest there." The man pointed to the inn a hundred yards away. "She was to have been here by midday,

and he's in a hurry. Best for him if she doesn't come, if he means to sail to-night, as he says he does." He paused and spat again. "Pretty weather for a lady to go to sea, ain't it?" he ended sarcastically.

The fates were with Grantley Imason. They had sent guidance.

"What boat is it?" he asked quietly.

"The *Ariadne*" ("Hairy Adny," he pronounced the name).

"Ah, yes! Mr. Blake's yacht?"

"You know him, sir? Well, you'll find him and his lady at the Rest there. And if you're a friend of theirs, you tell 'em not to expect her to-night—and not to go on board her if she comes!"

"Here's another shilling for you. And good-night!"

Grantley rode on to the inn, thanking fate, realizing now how narrow the chance had been. But for the storm, but for the wind that had buffeted and almost beaten him, no pride, no resolution, would have been of any avail. With fair weather the yacht would have come and gone. He saw why Christine Fanshaw was not to deliver his letter till the morrow.

Grantley drew a long breath—the breath of a man whom a great peril has narrowly passed by. The plan had been well laid, but the storm had thwarted it. There was time yet.

Was there? That question could not but rise in his mind. He faced it fairly

* Copyright, 1903, by Anthony Hope Hawkins.—This story began in the December issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

and squarely, and jogged on to the Sailors' Rest.

"Praise to this fine storm!" he cried within himself—to the storm which beat and raged, which had feigned to hinder his coming, but was his ally and friend. Good luck to it! It had served his turn as nothing else could. And how it was attuned to his mood—to the fierce, stern conflict which he had to wage! This was no night for gentleness. There are nights when nature's gentleness mocks the strife to which her own decrees condemn the race of men; but to-night she herself was in the fight. She incited, she cheered, she played him on.

The sense of helplessness passed from him. He was arrayed for the fight. He drank in the violent salt air as if it were a potion magic in power. His being tingled for the struggle.

There was a light in an upper window of the Sailors' Rest. The blinds were not drawn. No, the pair in that room were looking out to sea, looking for the boat which did not come, looking in vain over the tumbling riot of waves.

But stay! Perhaps they looked no more now; perhaps they had abandoned that hope for the night. Christine was not to deliver his letter till the morrow. They would think that they had to-night. The thought brought back his pain and his fierceness. They would think that they had to-night! They were wrong there—but it was ten o'clock.

"Ten o'clock!" he muttered, as he drew rein at the door of the Sailors' Rest and cast his eyes up to the light in the window over his head.

Within, young Blake was turning away from the window.

"She won't come to-night," he said. "I suppose they started, or I should have had a wire. They must have put back, or put in for shelter somewhere. And if she did come, I couldn't take you to sea to-night." He came across to where Sibylla sat over the fire. "It's no use expecting her to-night. We must get away to-morrow morning. There's plenty of time." He meant time before Grantley Imason would receive Sibylla's letter and come to Fairhaven, seeking his wife. "It's too perverse," Sibylla murmured forlornly.

Her vision of their flight was gone. The rush through the waves, the whistling wind, the headlong course, the recklessness, the remoteness from all the world, the stir, the movement, the excitement—all were gone. On the yacht, out in mid-sea, no land in sight, making for

a new world, they two alone, with all that belonged to the old life out of view and out of thought—the picture had caught and filled her fancy. In her dream the sea had been as Lethe, the stretch of waters a flood submerging all the past and burying the homes of memory. She had stood arm in arm with him, reveling in the riot of the open seas.

No further had the vision gone. The room in the inn was very different. It was small, stuffy, and not too clean. The smell of stale tobacco and of dregs of liquor hung about it. The fire smoked, sending out every now and then a thick, dirty cloud that settled on her hands and hair. Her dainty cleanliness rose in revolt. It was a sordid little room. It was odious then, it would never be pleasant in retrospect. Somehow it carried a taint with it; it brought into prominence all that her thoughts had forgotten; its four dingy walls shut out the glowing picture that her fancy had painted.

Blake came and stood behind her chair, laying his hand on her shoulder. She looked up at him with a sad smile.

"Nothing's quite what you expect," she said. "I wanted my voyage! I suppose I didn't want—reality! But I'm not a child, Walter. I have courage. This makes no difference really."

"Of course it doesn't—so long as we're together."

"I didn't come to you to make the good times better, but to make the bad times good—to do away with the bad times. That's what you wanted me for; that's what I wanted to do." She rose and faced him. "So I'll always welcome trouble—because then I'm wanted, then I can do what I've come to do."

"Don't talk about trouble, Sibylla. We're going to be very happy."

"Yes, I think so," she said, looking at him with thoughtful eyes. "I think we shall be."

"By God, I love you so!" he burst out suddenly, and then walked off to the window again.

She spread out her hand in an instinctive gesture of deprecation, but her smile was happy.

"That's how I can do what I want to do for you," she said. "That's how I can change your life, and—and find something to do with mine."

He came slowly back toward her, speaking in a low, restrained voice.

"It's really no use waiting for the boat. She won't come."

Sibylla stood very still; her eyes were

fixed on his face. He met her gaze for a moment, then turned away, sat down by the table, and lit a cigarette, doing it just by habit and because he was so restless, not because he wanted to smoke.

She stood there in silence for two or three minutes. Once she shuddered just perceptibly. She was struggling to yield, to live up to her gospel of giving everything so that she might make happy him whom she had chosen to receive her gifts—might make him happy, and so fill, enrich, and ennoble his life and hers.

She had not thought there would be a struggle; that had been left out in the visions—the visions which were full of the swish of the wind, the dance of the waves, and the sailing to worlds new and beautiful. What struggled? Old teachings, old ideas, instincts ingrained. She was acting in obedience to ideas, not to feeling. And feeling alone has power to blot such things out of being.

But for good and evil she was a fanatic. She owned her ideas as masters and forced herself to bend to them as a slave. What they asked must be given, whatever the sacrifice, the struggle, the repulsion. That they might realize what her nature craved, they must be propitiated by what her nature did not love. On that condition alone would they deal with her. And now these ideas, with all their exacting, relentless claims, had found embodiment in Walter Blake.

Blake turned his head and looked at her. She came quickly to him and fell on her knees by him. His hand rested on the table, and she laid hers lightly on it.

"Walter, it's hard."

"If you love me——" he murmured.

She knew by now that love can be unmerciful. With a little sigh she raised his hand and kissed it. She was half reconciled to her surrender, because she hated it. Had any one been there to interpose and forbid, her reluctant acceptance would have been turned into an ardent desire to complete her sacrifice.

Young Blake flung away his cigarette and sprang to his feet. He was not thinking of his aspirations now. Wanting to be good was not present to his mind, nor the leading of a new life. He was full of triumph. He forgot the yacht that had not come, and anything there might be uncongenial in the surroundings.

He caught Sibylla's hands. She looked at him with a smile, half of wonder, half of pity. She had put away her shrinking—though it might come back—but it

was a little strange that good could be done only on conditions.

XVI.

THEY were standing thus when they heard a voice, the loud, gruff voice of the retired merchant skipper who kept the inn. He was rather a rough customer, as indeed the quality of his patrons rendered necessary. He did not hesitate to throw a man out; or—as Fairhaven reported averred—to lay a stick across the back of the saucy, buxom daughter who served the bar for him, if her sauciness became too pronounced. On the whole, he was the sort of character popular in the nautical quarter of Fairhaven.

The loud voice came from a distance—from the bottom of the stairs, apparently. The landlord was talking to himself, for all that appeared; no other voice made itself heard. He was saying that he had made a promise, and that he was a man of his word. Blake and Sibylla stood hand in hand, their eyes turned in the direction of the door.

Then the landlord observed that "times were hard, and he was a poor man." Blake and Sibylla heard that, too. Then the landlord's heavy step came half way up the stairs. "A poor man," they heard him say with strong emphasis. Still they could hear no other voice and no other step. But they had dropped each other's hands by now, and stood quite still a couple of paces apart.

"Oh, he's bargaining with somebody for the price of a bed," said young Blake with an attempt at lightness.

The landlord's steps were heard descending the stairs again. And now another step drew near.

Suddenly young Blake darted toward the door and locked it. He turned a scared face round on Sibylla. The steps sounded along the passage. His eyes met hers. He did not know the step; but he knew the one thing that he feared, and his uneasy mind flew to the apprehension of it.

"Can it be—anybody?" he whispered.

"It's Grantley," she answered quietly. "Unlock the door. I'm not afraid to meet him. I believe I'm glad."

"No, no. You're mad! You mustn't see him. I'll see him. You go into the other room." There was a communicating door which led to a bedroom. "I'll not let him come near you. I'll stand between you and him!"

"I must see him. I'm not afraid. Walter. Unlock the door."

"Oh, but I shan't let him come in. I shall——"

"If it's Grantley, he'll come in. Unlock the door. At any rate, we can't have the door broken in." She smiled a little as she said this, and then sat down in the chair by the table where Blake had been sitting when she kissed his hand and gave him her surrender.

A knock came on the door. Young Blake unlocked it, and stood opposite to it. His face was pale now.

"He shan't come near you," he whispered to Sibylla over his shoulder.

She made no sign. She sat resting her clasped hands on the table and gazing intently toward the door. There was no sign of confusion or of guilt about her. Her face was composed and calm. Young Blake's fists were clenched. He seemed to keep himself still with an effort.

The door opened, and Grantley appeared on the threshold. He was very wet. The rain dripped from his hat as he took it off his head. Salt spray hung on the hair over his ears. He shook himself as he shut the door behind him. Then he looked from Sibylla to Blake, and back to Sibylla, at last fixing his eyes on her.

"You can't come in here," said Blake. "I'll come outside with you, if you like, but you can't come in here."

Grantley took no notice. His eyes were on Sibylla.

"Am I too late, Sibylla?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered tranquilly. "Too late."

A sudden flush swept over Grantley's face, but in an instant his usual pallor had returned.

"In the sense in which I spoke, is that true, Sibylla?"

She shrugged her shoulders a little. She seemed composed and almost careless as she answered, with a touch of contempt:

"No. But it is true, for all that."

"Then you must come back with me," said Grantley.

Young Blake sprang forward a step, crying:

"By God, no!"

Neither of them heeded him; their eyes were on each other. Already the fight was between the two, and the two only.

"Do you really think that?" she asked. "I don't know how you come to be here. I suppose Christine warned you somehow. But it's by mere accident that you're here, and that I haven't gone

before now. It makes no difference. You're not in time, as you call it. The thing is settled already; it was settled when I planned to come, not when I came. What you meant doesn't count. Do you really think I should come back now?"

"Yes, you must come back now."

"Back to that life! Never! Of course you don't know what it was to me, and I don't suppose I could tell you. You wouldn't understand."

Blake threw himself into a chair by the window. He was helplessly impatient of the situation. Grantley came a little nearer the table and stood there, to all seeming impassive. The appearance was not very deceptive; he was not dominated by emotion now; he was possessed by a resolve. His love for his wife was far buried in his heart; his set purpose was all he knew.

"I don't see what you had to complain of," he said coldly. "The way we lived was your choice, not mine. But I'm not going to discuss that. I'm here to take you home to your husband's house, and to your child."

"I've faced all that a thousand times and answered it a thousand times. It can't move me now. You'd better go away, Grantley."

Again Blake rose; he did not lack physical courage.

"I'll go with you. I'm at your service," he said. "But outside; you shan't stay here."

He waited a moment for an answer, but getting none, nor so much as a look, sank awkwardly into his seat again.

Grantley spoke to his wife.

"I know what happened. Before you did this, you fogged your mind with all sorts of fantastic ideas. You're not the woman to do this kind of thing easily."

"Fantastic ideas! Yes, they'd seem so to you. The fantastic idea of having something to live for, some life, something else than a prison, than repression, than coldness. I had lots of those fantastic ideas, Grantley."

"You had your child."

"I tell you I've faced it." She pressed her fingers hard into her cheek and frowned. "The child made it worse," she jerked out fiercely. "Seeing you with the child was——" She shook her head with a shiver.

Grantley raised his eyebrows.

"As bad as that?" he asked mockingly. "But this is all beside the point. Supposing it was as bad as you say, what then? You had made your bargain; you

chose to take me; you relied on your own opinion. Say it was a mistaken opinion. What difference does that make?"

"It does make a difference. I'm not called upon to throw away every chance of happiness because of one mistake."

"That's just what you are called upon to do—in civilized society."

"You don't actually propose an abstract argument?" she asked. "Now—under these circumstances?" She smiled derisively.

"Oh, no. But your point of view compelled a protest. I'm not here to argue. I'm here to take you back—or, if you won't come, to tell you the consequences."

"I'm prepared for the consequences."

That gave young Blake another chance. He rose and came forward.

"Yes, she is—and so am I," he said; "and that ought to end the matter between us. We're prepared for the trouble and the scandal and all that. And I'm prepared for anything else you may think proper to ask. We've weighed all that, and made up our minds to it. That's the answer we have to give."

He spoke in a low voice, but very quickly and with passion; he evidently had hard work to keep control of himself. When he finished speaking, there was a moment's silence. He looked from Grantley to Sibylla, then went back to his chair; but he drew it nearer and listened intently.

"It is so," said Sibylla. "We've made up our minds to all that."

Grantley passed his hand across his brow—almost the first movement that he had made. He was about to speak when another short fit of vehemence caught hold of Sibylla.

"Yes," she cried, striking the table with her hand, "and it's better than that life of sham and fraud and failure and heartbreak! Yes, a thousand thousand times better!"

He let the gust pass by, and then spoke slowly, as if he weighed his words.

"Those are the consequences to you and your—your friend here," he said. "Have you thought of the consequences to me?"

"To you? Am I so necessary?" She laughed bitterly.

"And to the boy?"

"Not so bad as growing up in such a home as ours!" she flashed out fiercely again.

"Oh, that's the way you argue?" he said with a smile. "I was rather wondering. However, there are other conse-

quences still." He came yet a pace nearer to her, so that he was close to the table, and rested one hand on it. "There will be other consequences still," he said. "I don't accept the position you propose for me. I don't accept these consequences which you have been so good as to face and decide upon. I refuse them totally—both for myself and for my son I refuse them utterly. It's fair you should understand that. I refuse them root and branch!"

Blake leaned forward, ready to spring up. The idea of violence came into his head, the thought that Grantley might be armed. Grantley noticed his movement, and at last addressed a word to him.

"Don't be afraid. I don't mean that," he said with a short laugh.

Sibylla spoke to him, sadly now.

"You can't refuse. It's out of your power. This thing must be. It has become inevitable. There's no use in talking of refusing the consequences. They won't be as bad as you think."

"It's not inevitable; it's not out of my power. It's entirely in my power to accept your consequences or not to accept them, to face them or not to face them. And I have decided. I won't be and I won't be known as what you're making me. And your son shan't have to confess you his mother before men."

Young Blake looked at him with a puzzled impatience, Sibylla with a slow, pondering glance. She twisted a ring on her finger as she asked:

"What do you mean by that?"

"In this world nothing need happen to us that we don't choose to bear—and nothing to those who are in your power that we don't choose to accept for them."

"What are you talking about?" asked Blake fretfully. "It sounds all nonsense to me."

He leaned back with a scornful toss of his head. This sort of thing had lasted long enough, in his opinion.

"Tell me what you mean," said Sibylla, leaning forward across the table.

Grantley announced the resolve that possessed him, born of those bitter meditations, of those intolerable pictures of the future which had formed themselves in his mind as he battled through the storm to Fairhaven. He uttered it not as a threat, but as a warning; it was, as he had said, fair that she should understand.

"If you persist I shall kill Frank and myself to-night."

Blake broke into a loud, scornful

laugh, sticking his hands in his pockets Grantley turned toward him, smiling slightly.

"Oh, this isn't a melodrama, you know," Blake said, "and we're not to be bluffed like that. Don't be so damned absurd, Imason. On my soul, I've had enough of this business without having to listen to stuff like that."

"Do you think it's bluff and melodrama?" Grantley asked Sibylla. "Do you think I've no real intention of doing it?"

She looked up at him intently.

"You love yourself more than the boy, and your pride more than life or happiness," she said slowly. He frowned, but heard her without interruption. "So I think you might do it," she ended.

"Sibylla!" cried Blake, leaning forward again. A gesture from her arrested his speech. He rose slowly to his feet and stood listening.

"I may be made a fool of. I don't make a fool of myself. If I pledge myself to you to do it, you know I shall do it, Sibylla?"

"Yes, then you would do it," she agreed.

"Oh, but it's nonsense, it's rank madness, it's—it's inconceivable!" Blake broke out.

"I do now so pledge myself," said Grantley.

Sibylla nodded; she understood. She leaned back in her chair now, regarding her husband thoughtfully.

Grantley's pale face was set in a fixed smile; he met her gaze steadily.

"It's madness—you'll be stopped," Blake burst out. "I can't believe you mean it. Anyhow, you'll be stopped."

"By you? Will you send for a policeman? Or will you come to my house and stop me? Nothing can stop me unless you kill me. Is that your choice?"

He spoke to Blake, but he looked still at Sibylla. Blake came near and scrutinized the pale face with eyes whose expression grew from wonder and incredulity into a horrified apprehension. The silence now seemed long.

"Yes," said Sibylla at last, "it's like you. That's what you'd do. I never thought of it, but I'm not surprised. It's you. It's just that in you which has made my life an impossible thing. You sacrificed me to it. You would sacrifice yourself and your son. Yes, it's you."

She put her hands up before her face for a moment, pressing her fingers on her eyelids. Then her eyes sought his face again.

"But, Sibylla——" cried Blake.

"Yes, he'd do it, Walter," she interrupted, not turning round.

Blake took two restless paces to and fro, and sank into his chair again.

"You understand now. It lies with you," said Grantley to his wife. "I've told you. I was bound to tell you. Now it lies with you."

Again passion seized her.

"No, no! That's false. It doesn't lie with me. It lies at your door—both the crime, the hideous crime, and, I pray God, the punishment!"

"I'm not talking about the crime or the punishment," he said coldly. "I take those on myself as much as you like. What depends on you is whether the thing happens. That's all I meant to say."

Young Blake was staring at him now as if fascinated by his firm and hideous resolve. Slowly it had been driven into Blake's brain that the man meant what he said, that he would do the thing. The man looked like it—and Sibylla believed he would. He would kill himself, yes, and the pretty child with whom Sibylla had been used to play. He could see the picture of that now—of Sibylla's beautiful motherhood. His heart turned sick within him as he began to believe Grantley's somber pledge.

"It's a lie," said Sibylla in grim defiance. "Nothing depends on me. It's the evil of your own heart. I've nothing to do with it."

"It's yours to bring it about or to prevent it."

"No," she cried, rising to her feet in the agonized strain of her heart. "No, no! That's a lie, a lie! On your head be it! Ah, but perhaps it would be best for him! God knows, perhaps it would be best."

"So I think," said Grantley quietly. "And you accept that?"

"No; I acknowledge no responsibility. Not a jot!"

"We'll leave the question of responsibility. But it's your will that this shall happen sooner than that you should leave this man?"

"Sooner than that I should come back to you, that life of ours begin again, and Frank grow up to a knowledge of it!"

"And it's my will, sooner than that he should grow up to a knowledge of how his mother ended it. That's settled, then?"

"It's no bargain," she protested fiercely. "You have settled it."

"But it is settled!" he persisted.

"If you do it, may God never pardon you!"

"Perhaps. But you know that it is settled!" She made no answer. "You can't deny that you know. So be it."

He faced her for a moment longer; her figure swayed a little, but she stood her ground. She was not beaten down. And she knew the thing was settled, unless by chance, at the last, pity should enter Grantley's heart. But she did not believe pity could enter that heart; he had never shown her that there was a way.

The smile rested still on Grantley's face as he regarded his wife. She looked very beautiful in her fierce defiance, her loathing of him, her passionate protest, her refusal to be beaten down, her facing of the thing. She had a fine spirit; it did not know craven defeat. She was mad with her ideas. Perhaps he was mad with his. And the ideas clashed—with ruin to her life, and his, and the child's. But she did not bow her head any more than he would bend his haughty neck.

"At least you have courage," he said to her. "It is settled. And now I'll say good-by and go. I'll interrupt you no more."

It was his first taunt of that kind. It seemed to pass unheeded by Sibylla, but young Blake's face turned red, and he clenched his hands. But not in anger. A wave of horror passed over him. He would not interrupt longer what his coming had interrupted—that was what Grantley Imason meant. He would leave them to themselves while he went back alone to his home and there found the sleeping child.

But the idea of that—the picture of the one house and the other—was too fearful. How could the two bear to think of that? How could they stand there and decide on that? It was unnatural, revolting, alien from humanity. Yet Imason meant it. Blake doubted that no more, and the conviction of it unmanned him. He had been prepared for scandal, he had been ready to risk his life. Those things were ordinary. But this thing was not. Scandal is one thing, tragedy another. This grim, unyielding pair of enemies threw tragedy in his appalled face. It was too much. A groan burst from his lips. "My God!" he moaned.

They both turned and looked at him. Sibylla gravely, Grantley with his rigid smile.

"My God, I can't bear it!" He was writhing in his chair, as if in keen bodily pain. "It's too awful. We—we should think of it all our lives. I should never get rid of it. I should see the poor little beggar's face. I can't stand that. I never thought of anything like that. I never meant anything like that. Poor little Frank! My God, you can't mean it, Imason!"

"You know I mean it. It's nothing to you. The responsibility is ours. What do you count for? It was you or another—that's all. Neither my life nor my son's is anything to you."

"But it would—it would always be there. I could never sleep at nights. I should feel like—a murderer. For pity's sake!"

He came toward Grantley, stretching out his hands for mercy. Grantley made no sign. Blake turned to Sibylla. She too was stiff and still, but her eyes rested on him in compassion. He turned away and threw himself into the chair again. A convulsive movement ran through his body, and he gave a loud sob.

Sibylla walked slowly away to the hearth-rug, and stood looking at the agonized young man. Grantley waited in immovable patience. The thing was not finished yet.

"The horror of it!" Blake moaned almost inarticulately. He turned to weak rage for an instant, and hissed across to Grantley: "If I had a revolver I'd shoot you where you stand."

"That would be better for me, but not better for the boy," said Grantley.

"I can't understand you," Blake gasped, almost sobbing again.

"Why should you? My account is not to be rendered to you. If I've ruined my wife's life—and you've heard her say I have—if I take my own and my son's, what is it to you?"

In Grantley's slow measured words there breathed a great contempt. What, he seemed to say, were any great things, any stern issues, to this unmanned, hysterical creature, who dressed up his desires in fine clothes and let them beguile him whither he knew not, only to start back in feeble horror at the ruin that he had invited? What was it all to him, or he to it? It was he or another. The real battle was still between himself and Sibylla. With what eyes was she looking on this young man? He turned from the collapsed figure and faced his wife again.

But her eyes were now on Walter Blake, with a pleading, puzzled, pitying

look. The next moment she walked quickly across the room and knelt down by his side, taking one of his hands in both of hers. She began to whisper consolation to him, praying him not to distress himself, to be calm and brave, tenderly reproaching his lack of self-control.

She was with Blake as Grantley had seen her with the child. He wondered to see that, and his wonder kept his temper under command. There did not seem enough to make a man's passion rage or his jealousy run wild, even though she whispered close in Blake's ear and soothingly caressed his hand.

"Don't be so distressed," he heard her murmur. "It's not your fault, dear. Don't be frightened about it."

He tried to shake her off with a childish petulance, but she persevered. Yet she could not calm him. He broke from her and sprang to his feet, leaving her kneeling.

"I can't face it, by God, I can't!" he cried.

"It will happen," said Grantley Imason. "If not to-night—if anything prevents me to-night—still, very soon. You'll hear of it very soon."

The young man shuddered.

"The poor little chap—the poor, innocent little chap!" he muttered hoarsely. He turned to Grantley. "For heaven's sake, think again!"

"It's you who have to think. I have thought. I've little time for more thought. You've all your life to think about it—all your life with that woman, who is the mother of the child."

"Why do you torment him?" broke out Sibylla angrily; but she rose slowly and drew away from Blake as she spoke.

Grantley shrugged his shoulders scornfully.

"The fellow has no business in an affair like this," he said. "He'd better get back to his flirtations."

"I never thought of anything like this!"

The repetition came from Blake like some dull forlorn refrain. He put his hand to his throat and gulped with a hard, dry swallow. He looked round the room, made for a table where some whisky stood, and took a drink of it. Then he half staggered back to his chair, and sat down all in a heap.

His limit was reached. He was crushed between the upper and the nether stone—between Grantley's flinty pride and the ruthless fanaticism of Sibylla's ideas. Between them they

would make him, who had wanted to be good, who had had such fine aspirations, such high-colored dreams, such facile emotions, so impulsive a love—between them they would make him a murderer. Whatever hands did the deed, to the end of his days conscience would cry out that his were red.

Sibylla sighed. Her eyes were very mournful. She spoke, as it seemed, more to herself than to either of them.

"I wanted to make him happy, and I've made him very unhappy. I can do it, but he can't do it. I mustn't ask it of him. He would never be happy, I could never make him happy. Even if I could be happy, he couldn't; it's too hard for him. I don't know what to do now!"

Grantley neither spoke nor moved.

"I've no right to ask it of any man. Nobody would agree to it, nobody could endure it. There's misery both ways now."

She went to Blake, who was sitting in the apathetic stupor which had followed his raving outburst. Again she knelt by him and whispered to him soothingly. At last Grantley spoke.

"It would be well if we were home before it's light and the servants up," he said.

She looked across at him from beside Blake's knee. She looked long and searchingly. His smile was gone; his manner and air were courteous, however peremptory.

"Yes, it would be well," she said. She rose and came a little way toward him. "There's no help for it. I can't escape from you. I'm bound to you in bonds I can't loosen. I've tried. I've stood at nothing. I wish to heaven I could! Going back is like going back to death. But perhaps he's right. Better my living death than the thing you meant to do." She paused and ended: "I'll go back to the child, but I will not come back to you."

"You give all that I have asked," said Grantley with cold politeness.

She looked round at young Blake with a pitiful smile.

"It's the only way, my dear. With this man what he is, it's the only way. I must leave you alone."

Blake leaped towards her with a passionate cry of pain. She reasoned gently with him.

"But you know the alternative. You've heard it. We can't help it. This man is capable of doing it, and he would find out a way. I don't see that we could do anything at all to stop him. Then,

when you heard it, it would be so terrible to you! You'd hate yourself. Oh, and, my dear, I think you'd hate me. And I couldn't bear that. No; you must be reasonable. There's no other way."

Blake hid his face in his hands. He made no further effort. He knew that her words were true.

Sibylla walked into the bedroom, leaving the two alone. Neither now moved or spoke. The storm outside seemed to have abated, for the rain dashed no more against the windows, and the wind was not howling round the walls of the house. It was very still. Grantley Imason presently began to button his coat, and then to dust the wet off his hat with his coat-sleeve.

Sibylla came back in her hat and cloak. "We must get something to carry you," said Grantley. "I wonder if we could raise a cart here."

"How did you come?"

"I rode over."

"I don't want a cart. I shall walk beside your horse."

"Impossible! At this time of night! And such a night!"

"I shall walk. I must walk. I can't sit in a cart and—"

Her gesture explained the rest. Struggling along on foot, she might keep her wits. Madness lay in sitting and thinking.

"As you will," said Grantley.

She had begun to draw on her gloves, but when she looked at Blake she drew them quickly off again and thrust them into a pocket of her cloak. She walked past Grantley to Blake and took hold of both his hands. Bending over him, she kissed him twice.

"Thank you for having loved me, Walter," she said. "Good-by."

Blake said nothing. He held her hands and looked up imploringly in her face. Then she disengaged herself from his grasp, and turned round to her husband.

"I'm ready," she said. "Let us go."

Grantley bowed slightly, went to the door, and opened it for her. She looked back once at Blake, murmuring, "For having loved me, Walter," and kissed her hand to him.

With no sign of impatience Grantley waited. He took no heed of Blake, but followed Sibylla out of the room in unbroken silence.

When he found himself alone, young Blake sprang toward the door, giving a cry like some beast's roar of rage and disappointment. But his feet carried him no more than half way. Then he

reeled across to where the liquor was, and drank some more of it, listening the while to the paces of Grantley's horse on the stone flags outside the inn. As they died away, he finished his liquor and got back to his chair. He sat a moment in dull vacancy; then his nerves failed him utterly, and he began to sob helplessly, like a forsaken, frightened child.

As Grantley Imason said, he had no business in an affair like that.

XVII.

GRANTLEY'S pride was eager to raise its crest again. It caught at the result of the struggle and claimed it as a victory, crying out that there was to be no pointing of scornful fingers, no chuckles and winks, no shame open and before the world. The woman who walked by his horse was a pledge to that. He was not to stand a plain fool and dupe in the eyes of men.

If that thought were not enough, look at the figure young Walter Blake had cut! Who had played the man in the fight? Not the lover, but the husband. Who had won the day and carried off the prize? The woman who walked by his horse was the evidence of that. Who had known his will and stood by it and got it? The woman answered that. He bore her off with him; young Blake was left alone in the dingy inn, balked in his plan, broken in spirit, disappointed of his desire.

The night was still and clear now. Broad puddles in the low-lying road by the sea, and the slipperiness of the chalky hill up to the cliff, witnessed to the heaviness of the recent down-pour, as the flattened bushes in the house-gardens proved the violence of the tempest. But all was over now, save the sulky heaving of big rollers. A clear moon shone over all.

They met nobody; the man who had vainly watched for the yacht had gone home. Sibylla did not speak. Once or twice she caressed Rollo, who knew her and had welcomed her. For the rest she trudged steadily through the puddles and set her feet resolutely to climb the sticky road. She never looked up at her companion. The brutality of his pride rejoiced again to see her thus. Here was a fine revenge for her scornful words, for the audacity with which she had dared to bring him within an ace of irremediable shame—him and the child she had borne to him. She was well punished; she came back to him perforce.

Was she weary? Was she cruelly weary? It was well. Did she suffer? It was just. Woe to the conquered—his was the victory! Even in her bodily trial his fierceness found a barbaric joy; but deep within him some mocking spirit laughed at all this, and would not let its jibes be silenced. It derided his victory and made bitter fun of his prancing triumph.

"I'll go back to the child, but I will not come back to you." "Going back is like going back to death." "Thank you for having loved me, Walter."

The mischievous spirit was apt at remembering and selecting the phrases which stung sharpest. Was this triumph, it asked, was this victory? Had he conquered the woman? No, neither her body nor her soul. He had conquered—young Blake! The spirit made a cheap matter of that conquest, and dared Grantley to make much of it.

"Rank, blank failure," said the spirit with acrid merriment. "And a lifetime of it before you!"

The world would not know perhaps—though it can generally guess. But his heart knew—and hers. It was a very fine triumph that! A triumph fine to win against the woman who had loved him, had counted her life worth having because it was hers to give to him!

Through the blare of the trumpets of his pride came this piercing, venomous voice. Grantley could not but hear. Hearing it, he hated Sibylla—and again was glad that she trudged laboriously and painfully along the slimy, oozing road. The instinct of cruelty spoke in him. She had chosen to trudge. It was her doing. That was excuse enough. Whatever the pain and labor, she had her way. Who was to blame for it?

They passed the red villas, and came where the Mildean road branched off to the left at the highest point of the downs. From here they looked over the cliffs that sloped toward their precipitous fall to the sea. The moon was on the heaving waters; a broad band of silver cut the waves in two. Grantley brought his horse to a stand and looked.

At the instant Sibylla fell against the horse's shoulder and caught at his mane with her hands, holding herself up. Rollo turned his head and nosed her cloak in a friendly fashion. A stifled sob proclaimed her exhaustion and defeat. She could walk no more. The day had been long, full of strain, compact of emotion and struggle; even despair could inspire no more exertion. In a mo-

ment she would fall there by the horse's side. Grantley looked down on her with a frowning face, yet with a new triumph. Again she failed, again he was right.

"Of course you couldn't do it. Why did you try?" he asked coldly. "The result is—here we are! What are we to do now?"

She made no answer; her clutch on Rollo's mane grew more tenacious—that alone kept her up.

"You must ride. I'll get down," he said surlily. Then he gave a sudden laugh. "No, he can carry us both—he's done it once before. Put your feet on the stirrup here; I'll pull you up."

She made no sign of understanding his allusion. He saw that she was dazed with weariness. He drew her up and set her behind him, placing her arm about his waist.

"Take care you don't let go," he warned her curtly, as he joggled the horse on again, taking now to the turf, where the going was better. Her grasp of his waist was limp. "Hold on, hold on," he said testily, "or you'll be slipping off."

There was no hint of tenderness in his voice; but Sibylla recked nothing of that now. With a long-drawn sigh she settled herself in her place. It was so sweet to be carried along—just to be carried along, to sit still and be carried along. She tightened her grip on him and sighed again in a luxury of content. She let her head fall against his shoulder, and her eyes closed. She could think no more and struggle no more; she fell into the blessed forgetfulness, the embracing repose, of great fatigue.

The encircling of her arm, the contact of her head, the touch of her damp hair on his neck, moved him with a sudden shock. Their appeal was no less strong because it was utterly involuntary, because the will had no part in the surrender of her wearied body. Memory assailed him with a thousand recollections, and with one above all. His face set in a sullen, obstinate resistance; he would not hear the voice of his heart answering the appeal, saying that his enemy was also the woman whom he loved.

He moved the horse into a quicker walk. Then he heard Sibylla speaking in a faint, drowsy whisper.

"Good Rollo, good Rollo, how he carries us both—as easily as if we were one, Grantley!"

She ended with another luxurious sigh. It was followed by a little shiver and a fretful effort to fold her cloak closer about her. She was cold. She

drew nearer to him, seeking the warmth of contact.

"That's a little better," she murmured in a childish, grumbling voice, and sought more comfortable resting for her head on his shoulder.

He knew that her wits wandered, and that the present was no more present to her. She was in the past—in the time when to be near him was her habit and her joy, the natural refuge she sought, her rest in weariness, the end of her every journey, when his arms had been her home. Certainly her wits must be wandering, or she would never rest her head on his shoulder, nor suffer her hair to touch his neck, nor speak nor sigh like that, nor deliver herself to his charge and care in this childish, holy contentment. Wandering wits, and they alone, could make her do anything of this. So it was not to be regarded. How should any sane man regard it, from the woman who had forsaken her child and sought to dishonor her home, whom he had but just torn from the arms of a lover?

Grantley braced himself to disregard the appeal she made, to recall nothing of all that her intimate presence thrust upon his mind. He would not be carried back across the gulf of the last year, across the chasm which those months had rent between them. For here was no such willing submission as he asked. It was all unconscious; it left her rebellion unquelled and her crime unexpiated. Yet he waited fearfully to hear her voice again. Whither would the errant wits next carry her? Whither must they carry her? He seemed to be able to answer that question in one way only. They must go right back to the beginning. With a sense of listening to inevitable words, he heard her soft drowsy whisper again:

"Let's ride straight into the gold, Grantley, straight into the gold, and let the gold—!" The faint happy murmur died away in a sigh, and her head, which had been raised a moment, nestled on his shoulder again.

It had come—the supreme touch of irony which he had foreseen and dreaded. The errant wits had overleaped the stupendous gulf. They had crimsoned the cold rays of the moon into the glory of summer sunset; they colored desolate ruins with the gleaming hues of splendid youth. Her soul was again in the fairy ride, the fairy ride which had led—whither? Which had led to this!

Nothing that an ingenuity pointed by malice might have devised could have

equaled this. She might have searched all her armory in vain for so keen a weapon. Nay, she would have rejected this, the sharpest of all; no human being could have used it knowingly. It would have been too cruel.

He listened in dull terror for a repetition of the words. They did not come again. What need? He heard them still, and a groan broke the seal of his lips.

"My God, must she do that?" he muttered to himself. "Get on, Rollo, get on!"

For now the triumph faded away, the unsubstantial pageant was no more. There was no blare of trumpets to drown the mocking voice. The little victory stood in its contemptible dwarfishness beside the magnitude of his great defeat. That the past had been, that the present was—that was enough. The fairy ride and the struggle in the inn—they stood side by side and bade him gaze on the spectacle. Beside this, it seemed as if he had suffered nothing that day and night—nothing in the thought of ridicule and shame, nothing in the dishonor of his house and home, nothing in the name of wanton hanging to the mother of his child, nothing in the jealousy and anger of a forsaken man. This thing alone seemed to matter—that the past had been that, and that the present was this, and that they had been so shaped in the hands of him, the fashioner of them.

Then, suddenly, with a quick twist of thought, he was bitterly sorry for Sibylla. Words and memories that came back like that, unbidden and of themselves, when the wits are wandering, must have meant a great deal and had a great place once. At such a time the mind would not throw up trifles out of an unconscious recollection. The things which have been deepest in it, which have filled, yes, and formed it, those were the things that it would throw up. They expressed nethermost truths, however idle and light they sounded. When she babbled of riding into the gold, and sunk her spirit in the memory of the fairy ride, she went back all unconsciously to the great moment of her life, and to its most glorious promise. She spoke of the crown of all her being.

It was strange to him, this new sorrow for Sibylla. He had never felt that yet. It was odd he should feel it now—for the woman who had forsaken her child and sought to dishonor her husband and her son. But the feeling was very strong on him. It found its first utterance in

words of constrained civility. He turned his head back, saying:

"I'm afraid you're very tired?"

She answered nothing.

"I hope you're not very cold?"

A little shiver of her body ran into his.

"We shall be home very soon."

"Home!" she murmured sleepily. "Yes, soon home now, Grantley!"

"God help me!" he muttered.

He could not make it out. Somehow his whole conception of her, of the situation, of himself, seemed shaken. This guilty woman behind him—was she not guilty in all that was of consequence, in every decision of her will and every impulse of her nature?—seemed to accuse not herself, but him. He was torn from the judgment seat, and set rudely in the dock, peremptorily bidden to plead, not to sentence; to beg mercy, in lieu of pronouncing doom. Her wandering wits and drowsy murmurs had inexplicably wrought this transformation. And why? And how?

Was it because she had been capable of the fairy ride and able to make it eternal? Capable—yes, and confident of her ability. So confident that, in the foolhardiness of strength, she had engaged herself to try it with young Blake—with that poor light o' love, who was all unequal to the great issues which he himself had claimed as the kernel of the fight.

Where lay the failure of the fairy ride? Where resided its nullity? How came it that the bitter irony of contrast found in it so fair, so unmatched, a field? Who had turned the crimson of the glorious sunset to the cold light of that distant, unregarding moon?

On a sudden her grasp of him loosened. Her arm slipped away. She gave a little groan. He wrenched himself round in the saddle, dropping the reins. Old Rollo came to a standstill; Grantley darted out his hands with a quick, eager motion. Another second, and she would have fallen heavily to the ground. With a strain he caught her, and brought her round and held her in front of him.

She seemed deathly pale under the blue-white moon-rays. Her lips opened to murmur "Grantley!" and with a comfortable sigh she wreathed her arms about his neck. He almost kissed her, but thought of young Blake, and took up his reins again with a muttered oath.

So they rode down the hill into Mill-denn, old Rollo picking his steps carefully, since the chalk was slimy, and

there were loose flints of which it behooved a careful and trusted horse to beware. The old scene dawned on Grantley, pallid and ghostly in the moonlight—the church, and the post-office, Old Mill House, where she had lived when he wooed her, his own home on the hill beyond. Sibylla's cold, damp arms about his neck prayed him to see it again as he had seen it once; nay, in a new and intenser light—to see it as the place where his love had been born, whence the fairy ride had started and whither returned. He did not try to loosen her grasp about his neck. She seemed a burden that he must carry, a load that he bore home from out the tempest of the winds and waves which he had faced and buffeted that night. And ever, as he went, he sought dimly, saying, "Why, why?" "How did it come about?" "Haven't I loved her?" "Hasn't she had everything?" Or exclaiming "Blake!" Or again: "And the child!"—trying to assess, trying to judge, trying to condemn, yet ever feeling the inanimate grasp, looking on the oblivious face, returning to pity and to grieve.

A groom was waiting up for him. Grantley roused himself from his ponderings to give the man a brief explanation. Mrs. Inmson had meant to stay at Mrs. Valentine's, but he had wanted to talk to her on business, and she had insisted on coming back with him. Unfortunately, she had attempted to walk, and it had been too much for her. Her bag would be sent home to-morrow—he had arranged this with the gruff inn-keeper, and had paid him a good sum to hold his tongue. But he was conscious that tongues would not be held altogether, and that the groom was puzzled by the story, and certainly not convinced.

This seemed to matter very little now. Let them guess and gossip—what was that compared to the great, unexplained thing between himself and Sibylla, compared to the great questioning of himself by himself which had now taken possession of him? What the outside world might think seemed now a small thing—yes, although he had been ready to kill himself and the child because of it.

He bore Sibylla into the hall of the house. One lamp burned dimly there, and all was quiet—save for a shrill, fractionary cry. The child was crying fretfully. The next moment old Mrs. Mumble came to the top of the stairs, carrying a bedroom candle and wrapped in a shabby, voluminous dressing-gown.

"You're back, Mr. Imason?" She did not see Sibylla, and held up her hand. "Hark to poor little Frank," she said. "He's been crying all the evening. I can't quiet him. He misses his mummy so."

Could words more sorely condemn Sibylla—the woman who had forsaken her child? But Grantley gathered her gently into his arms, and began to carry her up-stairs. Then Mrs. Mumble saw, and turned on him eyes full of wonder.

"She's unconscious, I think," he said. "She can do nothing for herself. I'll take her to her room, and you must put her to bed. She's very cold, too. You must make her warm, Mrs. Mumble."

The old woman followed him into the bedroom without a word. He laid Sibylla down on the bed. For an instant she opened her eyes and smiled tenderly at him; then she fell into oblivion again. Mrs. Mumble moved quickly to her. Standing by her, ranged on her side in a moment by some subtle instinct, she faced Grantley with an air of defiance.

"Leave her to me, Mr. Imason. Leave the poor child to me!"

"Yes," he answered. "Get her to bed as soon as you can. Good night!"

Mrs. Mumble was feeling Sibylla's face, her hands, her ankles. She began to unbutton the wet boots hastily.

"What have you done to her?" she asked in motherly indignation. "Poor lamb!"

She pulled off the boots and felt the damp stockings with low exclamations of horror. She was in her element, fussing over somebody she loved. She got a rough towel, and knelt down to strip off the stockings.

"I can leave her to you now," said Grantley, and he walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

In the stillness of the house he heard the little peevish cry again; the complaint in it was more intense, as if the child missed old Mrs. Mumble's care, and feared to be alone. Grantley went along the passage and into the nursery. A night-light burned by the cot. The door of the adjoining room stood open a few inches, but all was dark and quiet there.

When Grantley came near, the child saw him, and stretched out his little arms to him in a gesture which seemed to combine welcome and entreaty. Grantley shook his head, smiling whimsically.

"I wonder what the little beggar wants! I'm devilish little use," he murmured; but he lifted little Frank from

the cot, wrapped him in a blanket, and carried him to the fireside. "I wonder if I ought to feed him?" he thought. "What's the nurse up to? Oh, I suppose she's left him to old Mumbles. Why didn't she feed him?"

Frank was languent still, more gently, but in a remarkably persevering way.

"He must want something," Grantley concluded, and his eye fell on a cup which stood just within the fender. He stooped down and stuck his finger into it, and found it half full of a warm, thick, semi-liquid stuff. "Got it!" he said in lively triumph, picking up the cup and holding it to Frank's lips. The child sucked it up. "Well, he likes it anyhow, that's something. I hope it won't kill him," mused Grantley as he gently drew the cup away from the tenacious little fingers.

Frank stuck one of the fingers in his mouth, stopped crying, and in an instant seemingly was sound asleep. Grantley got him into a position that seemed comfortable, and lay back in the chair, holding him on his knees.

In half an hour Mrs. Mumble came in and found them both sound asleep in front of the fire. She darted to them and shook Grantley by the shoulder. He opened his eyes with a start.

"My gracious, you might have dropped him!"

"Not a bit of it! Look how he's holding on." He showed the little hand clenched tightly round his forefinger. "He could hang like that, I believe."

"Hang, indeed!" muttered Mrs. Mumble resentfully. "Give him to me, Mr. Imason."

"Oh, by all means, but, by Jove, he doesn't want to go!"

He did not want to go, apparently, and Grantley was quite triumphant about it. Mrs. Mumble was merely cross, and grumbled all the time till she got the little fingers unlaced and Frank safe in his cot again. "It's a mercy he didn't fall into the fire," she kept repeating, with a lively and aggressive thankfulness for escape from a danger excessively remote. At last she spoke of Sibylla.

"She's warm and comfortable, and sleeping now, poor lamb," she said.

"It's time we all were," said Grantley, making for the door.

"You won't disturb her, Mr. Imason?"

He turned round to her, smiling.

"No," he said.

(To be continued.)

The United States Army in 1904.

BY

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG,

UNITED STATES ARMY, RETIRED.

ELIHU ROOT'S RECORD AS WAR SECRETARY—WHAT HE DID TO REORGANIZE THE ARMY, AND THE CONDITION IN WHICH HE HAS TURNED HIS DEPARTMENT OVER TO HIS SUCCESSOR, WILLIAM H. TAFT.

BEFORE this article is in type there will have passed out across the threshold of the noble War Office at Washington—in all likelihood to know no more its lofty halls and stately chambers—a secretary who has held the military portfolio for four strenuous years. Judged solely by his methods and the results he has achieved, without any analysis of his striking personality, Elihu Root must be regarded as a great war minister. If gaged by his distinct individual impress on the military establishment, he should perhaps be ranked ahead of all his predecessors.

Leaving to others the attractive theme of Mr. Root's individuality, I propose to set forth in this paper some account—as full an account as space permits—of what he has accomplished toward the improvement of matters military. This limitation necessitates the virtual ignoring of his achievements in and for Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine archipelago; which I regret, as no inconsiderable part of his fame and reputation is firmly based on his brilliant success as a colonial minister.

AFTER THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

I assume on the part of my readers a familiarity with the conditions and circumstances under which in mid-summer of 1899 Mr. Root was invited by President McKinley to accept the war ministry. To traverse anew the acrimonious allegations and censorious controversies to which we were treated *ad nauseam* that summer would prove as profitless as it would be unpleasant. It is enough to recall that the official situation into which the new Secretary of War was

thus suddenly introduced as an important factor was everywhere difficult, in some quarters perplexing, and in others very grave. But nothing daunted, he forthwith took up the burden; and within a few weeks it became apparent that, as is so often the case with men of mark, the very stress of his task only served to strengthen him, and to render him the more fit to bear the constantly increasing weight of responsibility that came upon his broad shoulders.

His initial task in this new sphere of action was the organization of the volunteers—thirty-five thousand of them—for service in the Philippines. The notably successful results attained were due in no small measure to Mr. Root's careful personal scrutiny of the appointment of the officers. It is not too much to say that the regiments thus organized and officered were, in equipment, in discipline, and indeed in all soldierly essentials, a very great improvement over those accepted ready-made from the States the year before.

To be sure, the marked superiority of these particular volunteers—United States Volunteers in fact as well as in name—was primarily referable to the wisdom of the law under which they were organized; yet laws may come and laws may go, but after all, a wise, firm, and scrupulous administrator of a law is a *sine qua non* either for reaping the full benefits of a good law or for demonstrating the folly of a mischievous one. On this principle a very large share of the credit for the striking success of these volunteers should be given to Mr. Root.

A little later came the Boxer troubles in China, involving our armed coopera-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The present article was written by the late Chief of Staff immediately after his retirement from his official position at the head of the United States Army. It will be read with special interest in view of the fact that army opinion of Mr. Root's record as Secretary of War is by no means entirely favorable.

tion with the other chief nations of the world for the relief of the embassies at Peking. That we performed our part not

sure renches. Despite all this wide activity, he always found time for profound and persistent study of the many defects



ELIHU ROOT, OF NEW YORK, WHO RETIRED FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT ON FEBRUARY 1 AFTER A MOST EVENTFUL ADMINISTRATION OF FOUR YEARS.

From a copyrighted photograph by Underly, Boston.

only with full success, but with honor both to our arms and to our diplomacy, is largely attributable to our spirited and sagacious War Secretary, who, as his newness in office wore off, revealed increasing efficiency and added strength.

And so he went on—in China, Cuba, the Philippines, Porto Rico, and, above all, in the home country—learning his trade, running his course, by great but

inherent in the system of the vast machine whose master he was.

THREE GREAT MEASURES OF REFORM.

The larger products of his studies, the main results that were accomplished practically by or through him, and on which his reputation as a reformer must chiefly rest, are exhibited in three very important Congressional enactments:



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL, HEAD OF THE GENERAL SERVICE AND STAFF COLLEGE.

From a photograph by the Centro Artistico, Madrid.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN F. WESTON, COMMISSARY-GENERAL.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

The act of February 2, 1901, generally known as the Army Reorganization Act.

The act of January 21, 1903, commonly called the Dick Militia Law.

The act of February 14, 1903, or, popularly, the General Staff Law.

The second of these laws treats of but one subject—a very large one indeed—the militia. The third, too, has to do with a single matter, though an exceedingly far-reaching one, the general staff. On the other hand, the first, as its popular name implies, is a veritable *omnium gatherum*—as will presently appear. It is an intended panacea for all the ills with which the body military was at the time known to be suffering, or at least all such ills for which Mr. Root's lucid and persistent advocacy that winter succeeded in securing the remedial action of Congress. There were other ailments for which it could not then be persuaded to prescribe, though later on the law-making body refused him very few things,

whether curative or constructive, which he asked of it.

THE REORGANIZATION OF 1901.

A mere outline of the principal features of the Reorganization Act will demonstrate its variety, scope, and importance. The recital will also sufficiently indicate the secretary's intelligent interest, his astonishing industry, and the remarkable measure of his achievement; for it must be remembered that when this comprehensive bill was completed and submitted to Congress Mr. Root had held his portfolio not much more than a year.

Some of the important changes effected by this law were:

The increase of the infantry from twenty-five to thirty regiments, retaining the three-battalion regimental organization adopted a few months before.

A large addition to the cavalry, the number of regiments being made fifteen instead of ten.

The organizing of the artillery into a corps, abolishing its antiquated regimental organization, and an increase of its strength which then seemed sufficient—though since proved clearly inadequate—for its greatly enlarged sphere of action, including that of submarine mining in harbor defense.

The important provision for filling, by four-year details of officers from the combatant branches of the army, vacancies in all the staff corps except those of too strictly technical a character to warrant it.

The authorizing of the enlistment of a force of native Philippine Scouts, not to exceed twelve thousand.

The authorization of a provisional regiment for service in Porto Rico, chiefly consisting of natives.

The provision for employing dental surgeons to serve the officers and men of the army.

The establishment of a corps of female nurses.

The provision ordering preliminary examinations and surveys with a view to selecting four sites for the establishment of permanent camp grounds for instruction of troops, both regulars and National Guard.

Besides these, the act contained other provisions differing in importance, but all carefully thought out, and each having a clearly defined object. It should be read in all its details in order to appreciate its full significance to the service. Only by miracle could such a measure have satisfied all the many special interests underlying it, but that in the main it has worked for the good of the army few, I think, will deny.

NATIONALIZING OUR MILITIA.

In the Militia Act of 1903 a great stride forward was made. Although the law has already been proved to be in need of amendment in several particulars, which amendment will surely be accomplished in good time, its authors—and



BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES P. HUMPHREY,
QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinchist,
Washington.*



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM CROZIER, CHIEF
OF ORDNANCE.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinchist,
Washington.*

Mr. Root is the chief of them—are undoubtedly entitled to not a little of the reward thus foreshadowed by Washington, in an address to Congress in 1794:

The devising and establishing of a well-regulated militia would be a genuine source of legislative honor, and a perfect title to public gratitude.

Previous to the legislation of last year the United States really had no militia system; in spite of the fact that this most important subject had been brought to the attention of Congress, and often in urgent terms, by nearly every one of the Presidents. There was no dissent as



A GROUP OF UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICERS ON THE STEPS OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING AT WASHINGTON—IN FRONT STAND GENERALS YOUNG AND CHAFFEE; IN THE FIRST ROW BEHIND THEM, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE COLONELS KERR AND MACKENZIE, AND GENERALS BLISS, RANDOLPH, SANGER, AND HAINS.

From a photograph taken shortly before General Young's retirement.

to the necessity for a "well-regulated militia," but the circumstances were so conflicting that for more than a century practically nothing had been accomplished toward systematizing the matter until Mr. Root took it up.

He made a thorough study of it, conferring freely with those qualified to judge of the conditions. The bill itself was submitted in its formative phases not only to the chairmen of the appropriate committees of Congress, but to a convention of officers of National Guard organizations in session at Washington. This latter body, after suggesting a few modifications, requested its enactment by the legislators.

The purposes of the measure are thus described by the Secretary himself, in his annual report for 1902:

The fundamental idea of the bill is to recognize the value to the national government of the National Guard, which is capable of being utilized, first, as active militia when called out by the President for the specific purposes enumerated in the Constitution; second, as an already organized volunteer force when its organizations respond as such to calls for volunteers for general military purposes under authority of Congress; and, third, as the great school of the volunteer soldier, the benefits of which are received by the country when the members of the guard respond individually to calls for volunteers.

The bill undertakes to regulate and provide for these various relations of the National Guard and its members to the general system; to conform the organization, armament, and discipline of the guard to that of the regular and volunteer armies of the United States; to establish closer relations and better cooperation between the National Guard and the regular army; to promote the efficiency and dignity of the guard as a part of the military system of the United States.

Although there has elapsed but one-fifth of the prescribed period—five years—for conforming the "organization,



BRIGADIER-GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS, HEAD OF
THE WAR COLLEGE.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst,
Washington.*

armament, and discipline," more than ninety-six thousand—or about ninety-one per cent—of the organized militia have been supplied with the "caliber thirty" magazine rifles or carbines. Of the companies and troops reported on by inspectors of the regular army, seventy-seven per cent were pronounced to be "sufficiently armed, uniformed, and equipped for active duty in the field."

In addition the militia has in service eighty field guns, the property of the United States, and the government is now constructing, for issue to these troops, seventy-two more guns, which are to be of the latest model, only recently adopted, and not

yet in the hands of the regular artillery. Moreover, appropriations have been made, or estimates submitted, for something more than half of the total field artillery armament—fifty batteries of four guns each—at present deemed necessary for the whole organized militia. As a battery costs nearly fifty-eight thousand dollars, it is obvious that in this particular the conforming of the militia with the regular and volunteer armies must be a gradual process, at any rate in time of peace.

I must pass over, with mere reference, such notable features of the law as that which under certain conditions provides funds for the pay, subsistence, and transportation of the militia when engaged in actual field or camp service for instruction—that is, in their own State camps; the provisions which afford opportunities for military instruction by regular officers, including instruction in firing and in target practice, in which case ammunition is furnished free of cost; and those sections which provide for the at-



MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, COMMANDING
THE DEPARTMENT OF MINDANAO.

From a photograph by Miss F. Johnston, Washington.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES F. WADE, COMMANDING
THE PHILIPPINES DIVISION.

From a photograph.

tendence of militia officers, and of persons merely certified as eligible for volunteer commissions, at military schools, at government expense. I will pass over all these, to call attention to that section which makes provision for the voluntary participation by the militia in the "encampment, maneuvers, and field instruction of any part of the regular army, at or near any military post, or camp, or lake, or seacoast defenses of the United States."

The officers and men of the militia thus participating with the regular forces receive the same pay, subsistence, and transportation as do

regulars of like grade, the entire expense being borne by the general government.

But the very first year's results under this section have been so important and so gratifying as not to be estimated in money. Militiamen from more than a dozen States took part in the field or coast maneuvers last fall and summer, and all the participating officers are enthusiastic over the results.

Not only are peculiar opportunities thus afforded for practical military training of the highest value, and for testing equipment, transportation, and supply, but the maneuvers are productive of an inestimable



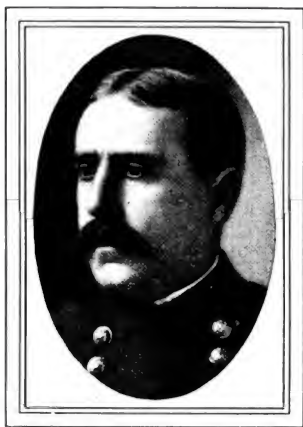
BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE L. GILLESPIE, CHIEF
OF ENGINEERS.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN, COMMANDING
THE ATLANTIC DIVISION.

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL S. SUMNER, COMMANDING
THE SOUTHWESTERN DIVISION.

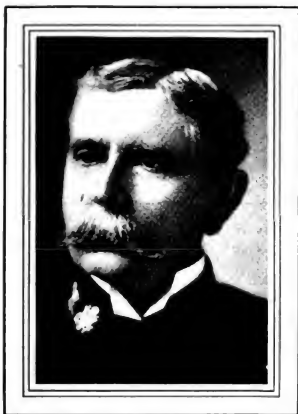
From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

good in throwing together each year, under conditions very like those of actual campaigning, hundreds of officers of regulars and of militia. The inevitable result is not only mutual assistance and instruction, but mutual understanding, respect, and liking, which—bearing in mind our certain future association in war—is perhaps the best of all.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF MILITARY EDUCATION.

The subject of military education engaged Mr. Root's earnest attention very soon after he became secretary. In the technical branches of the army, such instruction is constantly necessary, if only

to keep up with the rapid progress of mechanical invention and scientific development. But just at that time there arose an abnormal necessity for study even in the non-technical arms, because of the great and sudden increase of officers incident to the reorganization. Many of the new men came into the service under conditions not conducive to preparation for a severe mental examination. Candidates appeared before their examiners fresh from field service, and after considerable periods of enforced separation from all text-books. Thus the bars were very generally let down for the entrance



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. BURTON, IN-
SPECTOR-GENERAL.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

examinations, but only to be put up again in due course, and the secretary set about the devising of a thorough scheme of instruction—one that should develop all earnest and capable officers to the high standard now necessary in the

Second, five special service schools—the Artillery School, at Fort Monroe, Virginia; the Engineer School at Washington; the School of Submarine Defense, Fort Totten, New York; the Cavalry and Field Artillery School, Fort



WILLIAM H. TAFT, OF OHIO, LATE GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES, WHO SUCCEEDED MR. ROOT AS SECRETARY OF WAR ON FEBRUARY 1.

From a photograph by Samers, Cincinnati.

profession of arms, and that at the same time should weed out the intrinsically or perversely unworthy.

As early as November, 1901, the project of this system of instruction was published to the army in a general order. In addition, of course, to the Military Academy at West Point, the plan included:

First, at each military post a school for the elementary instruction of officers in theory and practise,

Riley, Kansas; and the Army Medical College, at Washington.

Third, the General Service and Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Fourth, the War College for the most advanced instruction, at Washington.

The order set forth clearly the character, the purposes, and, we may say, the ambition of each of these schools. It no less clearly made known to all concerned that there was to be no more coquetting or pottering with the profes-



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED E. BATES, PAYMASTER-GENERAL.

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT M. O'REILLY, SURGEON-GENERAL.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Philadelphia

sional instruction of officers. In due season courses of study were announced, and the scheme was put in operation.

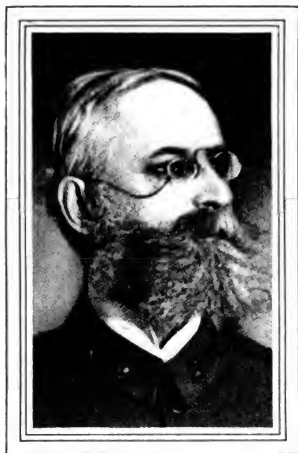
The War College was placed under the direction of a board of five officers of high rank taken from the army at large, with the Chief of Engineers, Chief of Artillery, the Superintendent of the Military Academy, and the Commandant of the Staff College as *ex officio* members. This War College Board was to exercise general supervision over all the other schools, and was charged with the duty of developing and maintaining a complete system of military education.

Even from this brief description it will be seen that the scheme is a very ambitious one; but it has been administered with earnestness, and thus far with every evidence of success. In a few instances there has been failure on the part of individual student officers to appreciate the measure of their collegiate obligations and duties; but these cases have met with sharp disciplinary treatment, as the several subjects might well have expected had they but reflected on the intense earnestness evidenced in every educational order of the Secretary of War, even if they failed to recall his "inherited tendencies" toward school-teaching.

For the installation of the War College, including the construction of the necessary buildings, Congress has already appropriated more than four hundred thousand dollars, and the secretary recently appeared before the House committee on military affairs and made an urgent and convincing plea for three hundred thousand more, to complete the work. He stated to the committee that he "regarded the duties to be performed" at the War College as "the most important that devolve upon the army." The necessary funds will probably be voted.

THE CREATION OF A GENERAL STAFF.

I can make only a mention of Mr. Root's enthusiastic advocacy of the improvement of small arms marksmanship in the army, the navy, and the militia, and of the reviving among the people at large of the well-nigh lost art of the use of firearms; his association with the Secretary of the Navy in establishing the Joint Army and Navy Board, composed of eight high-ranking officers, four from each service, "for the purpose of conferring upon, discussing, and reaching common conclusions regarding all matters calling for the cooperation of the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADOLPHUS W. GREELY,
CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER.

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

two services;" his earnest efforts to obtain from Congress the necessary funds for constructing fortifications in our insular possessions—still shamefully defenseless; his recent important order reorganizing our territory into geographical divisions and departments; and his many purely administrative changes in the conduct of the vast business of the War Department. Merely naming these, and wholly omitting a great many minor matters, which nevertheless have played their part in Mr. Root's work, we come finally to his crowning achievement, the securing of the legislation for the General Staff, and his successful launching of the all-important new corps.

While Mr. Root was in no sense the originator of the idea of our General Staff—because, like everything else under the sun, the idea is not new—he was quick to perceive and appreciate our want of such an agency, and it is to him that we largely owe its creation. We owe him a further debt for his fostering care of its infancy, and for its rapid development to its present state of vigorous and successful operation.

The War College Board was the forerunner of our General Staff, and per-

haps its progenitor in the sense that the wide recognition of the value of the board's work doubtless influenced Congress to view with favor the plan for a special corps. The War College has now become an adjunct of the General Staff. This arrangement has relieved it of many more or less inappropriate duties, and has left it to devote itself wholly to its proper functions.

The Chief of Staff acts as the military adviser of the Secretary of War, gives effect to his directions and orders made in behalf of the President, and, if especially called upon, advises him or receives instructions from him directly. Thus, under ordinary peace conditions, the President exercises his authority over the army through his war minister and the Chief of Staff, without any second in command; but in case of emergency he may place the whole army under a single commander.

The General Staff comprises the War Department General Staff and the General Staff Serving with Troops, the former being subdivided into divisions and sections in order to specialize the work and facilitate its accomplishment.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE, CHIEF
OF STAFF AND SENIOR OFFICER OF THE ARMY.

The General Staff Serving with Troops consists at present of those general staff officers assigned to duty with commanders of territorial divisions. The senior with each such commander is his Chief of Staff, and all thus assigned are the agents of their commanding generals in rendering "professional aid and assistance" and in coordinating the action of other officers. Such are the normal functions of general staff officers serving with

As to results, I am confident that both in character and amount the work accomplished by the General Staff in its less than six months of existence is quite up to the expectations of the most sanguine advocates of the system. Mr. Root himself, as I happen to know, is fully satisfied with the performance of this creation of his; and where could we look for a more ardent champion and at the same time a severer critic than he?



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRED C. AINSWORTH, CHIEF OF THE RECORD AND PENSION OFFICE.

From a photograph.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE B. DAVIS, JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

From a photograph by Ullmstedt, Washington.

troops, yet these officers are subject to assignment by their division commanders to any duty not incompatible with the character of general staff employment as set forth in the law creating the corps.

Officers constituting the War Department General Staff are all, in effect—through the several chiefs of division—military advisers of the Chief of Staff, just as he is in turn adviser to the Secretary of War or to the President.

In all questions of military policy, and in other matters of sufficient importance, recourse is had to the general council. This council consists of the Chief of Staff, the other three general officers of the General Staff, the chiefs of divisions, and the secretary of the General Staff. Its functions are sufficiently indicated by its name.

Even from the foregoing brief account it should be evident to all that the effect of the retiring secretary's administration of military affairs has been stimulating, invigorating, progressive, and to the great benefit of the army and the nation.

In conclusion I would say that, to all who have known Mr. Root, whether personally or through his work only, it should be a pleasure to contemplate the serene content which this able, forceful, industrious, and conscientious minister must feel in withdrawing from the public service with his chosen tasks completed, his office in perfect order for his successor, and in his ears the music of well-earned praise from his countrymen. It is the fitting close of a memorable administration.

STORIETTES

Brad Merrell, Guardian.

I.

THERE was vituperation loud and deep on Turkey Creek. The owner of the ranch, himself temporarily brought low by a refractory cayuse, was expecting a visitor from the East—his niece—and Brad Merrell had been told off to act as her guide, if not philosopher and friend.

Brad was the steadiest man on the ranch. This fact was enough for his employer. He was also the worst woman-hater. This fact made it too much for Brad.

"Why couldn't it hev been Paper-Collar Joe?" he demanded collectively and fiercely of the men, as they loitered outside the bunk-house. "He'd hev been like a high-stepper with a new harness on. He'd sooner talk soft to a woman than rope the liveliest steer that ever bellered. But *me!* I won't hev nothin' to do with her. I'll take my time in the mornin'. I'll light out overnight—I'll burn down the whole ranch!"

"Now, Brad," wheedled Tom Mason, affectionately known as Old Soft Soap, by reason of his peace-making proclivities—"now, Brad, jest stop an' think. Ye've yer own nice little place up on Turkey Creek, where ye kin look after it handy, an' all plans made fer the summer. What would ye do with the rest of the season if ye take yer time now? Yer place is rented, it's too late to get taken on anywhere else, an' ye'd only lope around an' spend yer wad. This tenderfoot gal'll only stay a few weeks, an' it'll be a rest fer ye—"

"Rest!" bellowed Brad. "Rest! It'll wreck every nerve in my carcass. She'll be one of two kinds; she'll either squeal every time she sees a lizard, an' be afraid of her own shadow, or she'll carry a blanded tin box fer bugs an' things. She'll either gush around about me bein' 'so picturesque,' or she'll be shocked at my language an' my pipe, an' try to reform me. Rest! A woman'll let a man rest only when she's been buried an' has a granite monument over her!"

Old Soft Soap prevailed, however, in the end. Next morning Brad started for the railroad, as a lamb begins its journey

to the shambles, yet with a most un-lamb-like mien and accoutrement, for his pistol-belt and dirk, his leathern "chaps" and rakish sombrero, proclaimed him a "bad man," indeed.

The Overland Limited was late, and the engine seemed to puff and whistle its disgust at being stopped at the little station that raised itself above the surrounding sea of grass. With much complaining and creaking it halted for a moment, and then its rattling links climbed slowly up the rise.

Brad looked for a mass of furbelows and a Saratoga trunk, but the platform was vacant except for an ample female, standing beside a bulging carpet-bag, a heap of boxes and bundles, and a shrouded bird-cage.

"She ain't come," muttered Brad, his skies brightening.

The ample figure bore down upon him like a ship under sail. It was surmounted by a pleasant face, of florid complexion, beneath a broad hat and a veil of grass green.

"Can you tell me if Turkey Creek Ranch is anywhere near here?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Brad, awkwardly pulling at his hat-brim; "it's only about twenty-five miles over east. Was ye wantin' to go there?"

"That's what I came for," she replied promptly. "I'm Orphelia Gordon, an' I've come to visit my uncle, John Taylor."

"Ye're Orph—Miss Gordon!" exclaimed Brad. "Why, I thought—" he checked himself suddenly.

"Yes, I s'pose you did think I was a young girl," she retorted. "No harm done. I was once, an' if I ain't so good-looking as I was then, I know a heap more. If you've come for me, don't let's lose any time, but help me get my baggage loaded, an' we'll be startin'."

As boxes and bundles followed one another on the back of the wagon, Brad obeyed the orders of this capable woman with automatic alacrity, while he readjusted his mental attitude.

"Easy, now, with this box. It's got my best bonnet in it, an' underneath I packed a couple of settin's of Buff Cochin eggs for Uncle John." She worked with ener-



"IT'S LIKELY I'LL DRIVE OFF AND LEAVE YOU TO BE SHOT! GIVE ME THEM REINS, AND YOU LOOK TO YOUR GUNS."

getic hands as she talked. "Now we'll tie Polly's cage on top of all the rest, an' fasten it to the back of the seat. I have a piece of twine in my pocket."

She emptied a capacious pocket of an emergency collection of nails, twine, pins, thread, and other staple articles.

The cage cover fell apart, and a brilliant red and green head appeared. It cocked itself impudently on one side, one beady eye looked Brad over from head to foot, and a high-pitched, energetic voice ejaculated:

"You be blamed!"

For the first time the bewildered look on the man's face relaxed, and a grin spread over his bronzed features. The woman's floridity deepened, and finally she, too, laughed.

"I'm ashamed of Polly's language. Old Dr. Henderson told me once that it was as bad for me, a professor, to keep a profane parrot as if I was profane myself; but I might've had a husband that swore, and the minister wouldn't have wanted me to get a divorce for that. Besides, this bird is more knowin' and less troublesome than any man I ever saw."

"I don't mind him swearin' at me," said Brad, recollecting his ferocious armament. "I reckon I ain't much of a picture."

She turned, and for the first time scrutinized her companion.

"Land!" she said reassuringly. "You're all right for a cowboy, away out on the frontier this way. You look like a *man*, any way, and not like some of them perfumed little counter-jumpers back in Harmon Center."

Brad straightened his slouching shoulders and walked across after the last piece of luggage with a swagger that set his spurs jingling. Just as he stooped to pick it up Miss Gordon checked him sharply.

"Leave that basket alone! That's Jeremy Taylor, and he's the touchiest Maltese that ever spit. It hurts his feelin's enough to be shut up that way, and if a stranger handled him he'd have a fit. I'll hold him in my lap as we drive. No, you needn't help me. I've been gettin' in and out over wheels alone all my life, and this buckboard is low. I'm glad that you don't use overhead check-reins on your horses. I belong to the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I'm sorry to see you wear spurs."

They were trotting swiftly over the prairie, and Brad had recovered his faculties sufficiently to give brief answers to Miss Gordon's running fire of

questions and observations. Suddenly the man involuntarily checked the mustangs that he drove, and gave vent to a smothered exclamation. He looked in perplexed alarm at Miss Gordon.

"What's the matter? Sick?" she queried.

He pointed to a horseman some distance in front of them.

"Bill Jukes," he answered briefly. "He's promised to shoot me at sight, and he's likely drunk enough not to know whether you're a man or woman. You turn around an' drive back to the station, an' I'll get out an' meet him on foot. I'll come back after ye soon, or else—Sykes, a mile north of the station, will bring ye over to Turkey Creek."

As he proffered the reins, Brad already had his revolver out of his belt. She gave an indignant sniff.

"It's likely I'll drive off and leave you to be shot! Give me them reins, and you look to your guns. We'll drive by Mr. Jukes at a pretty good pace, and if you *should* happen to hurt him—may the Lord have mercy on him!"

Shaking off Brad's restraining touch, and deaf to his expostulations, she put the whip to the ponies, and the buckboard lurched forward on the deeply-cut trail. Jukes was bearing down upon them, his face inflamed with drunken rage. Two or three shots whistled past them. Miss Gordon held the reins tightly and ducked her head. Brad fired repeatedly as they passed, and just beyond them Jukes reeled heavily from the saddle. With an effort the woman brought the team to a standstill.

"I'm glad I fastened Polly's cage on good and tight!" was her first exclamation. Then, noticing a broken check-rein: "I'll get a piece of twine out of my pocket to tie up that strap. Why, your sleeve's all bloody. I do believe that nasty wretch lit you!"

"Jest my arm, I guess, Miss Gordon," replied the man, a little uncertainly; "but I hope—that is, I'm afeerd I've done fer Jukes!"

They looked back. The outlaw lay motionless by the trail, his bridle-rein still over his nerveless arm.

II.

As the rays of the setting sun slanted level across the prairie, a strange procession stopped at Turkey Creek Ranch. Miss Gordon still drove, superintended by Jeremy Taylor, who thrust his head through a hole in the lid of his basket

and glared balefully at the universe in general. Beside her sat Brad, pale under his tan, with his right arm swung from his neck. At the tail of their chariot, so to speak, was tied the horse of Bill Jukes, and fastened in the saddle, plentifully bandaged and besmeared with blood, was the man himself. His manner was drooping in the extreme, while from an opening in the cage-cover Polly bestowed an unbroken succession of choice epithets upon the captive.

Miss Gordon, of them all, was unruffled, and she explained with a cheerfulness that was almost airy:

"Jukes rode down on us, shootin' and swearin' dreadful, and Mr. Merrell had to defend us, of course, so I took the lines. Then we couldn't go off and leave the man layin' there, maybe to die, so we went back, and I bandaged him up, and we brought him along. You can do what you want to with him. I don't reckon he feels very spruce, seein' that he was shot through the lung, an' that Polly's been swearin' at him every step of the way. Mr. Merrill, here, got a bullet in his arm, and has bled consid'able, though it's only a flesh wound."

The gods on Olympus may have been surprised to see Minerva spring full-panoplied from the brain of Jove, but that was the merest ghost of an emotion compared with what the men of Turkey Creek Ranch felt when this splendid apparition in dusty black cashmere dawned upon them, with her nonchalant tale of duelry, leading as captive one of the deadliest outlaws of the country. For a minute there were murmurs and exclamations and glances of amazement; and then, as Miss Gordon, bearing Jeremy Taylor, clambered to the ground, Paper-Collar Joe, the Chesterfield of the ranch, gracefully advanced.

"Eallow me to ersist ye, moddam!" he began sweetly, but the visitor waved him back.

"Don't you touch Jeremy Taylor, my good young man!" she warned. "I reckon he's had all his nerves will stand for one while."

And Brad, being tenderly helped over the wheel, drawled shakily, with a flourish of his hand:

"No use, Joe. It was too good a chance to lose, so I jest improved it. Miss Gordon's going to come up Turkey Creek, to my place, an' live with me—the future Mrs. Merrell, gents!"

Polly craned his head around the back of the seat and ejaculated fiercely: "You be blamed!" while Miss Gordon's face

flushed a deeper red as she bridled and exclaimed:

"Oh, pshaw! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Brad?"

May Belleville Brown.

Mrs. Walker's Contumacy.

I.

"THE board will now pass to consideration of the case of Mrs.—Mrs. Walker."

The president looked from the report in front of her to the superintendent sitting opposite.

The Rev. Alexander McCaleb rose slowly to his feet.

"I regret exceedingly," he said, "to have to report this case to the board. I need not say that if it had been possible to convince Mrs. Walker of the error of her ways, no pains or time would have been spared. But I have done all that I could. Mrs. Walker persists. She—ah!—she flouts all authority, and—ah!—sets such an example of rebellious conduct that I fear the discipline of the home may be gravely compromised."

The president knitted her pretty, dark brows. Her hair was white, with a soft, youthful whiteness that haloed her head as if it was a joke of old Time's. She was new to her office, and was conscious of a critical atmosphere that subtly underlined the formality of the proceedings—an official formality that made the meeting of the lady managers of this Old People's Home a formidable affair.

"I see no record of any case of disciplining heretofore," she said, troubled. "There is no precedent by which the chair can be—"

"But there are the by-laws," suggested the superintendent. He reached over to his own desk, and read from a pamphlet that had lain open there: "If any inmate of the home shall persistently and wilfully disobey the rules, the superintendent shall report such case to the board of managers. If, after full and complete investigation, and a notice to that effect having been duly served, said inmate shall continue to persist in contumacy, the board is by a majority vote empowered to expel."

A little hush fell upon the assemblage at this invocation of its dread powers.

"It seems rather hard on the old bodies, doesn't it?" the president was encouraged to remark.

"But it is plainly stated in the by-laws," said the recording secretary, a bright-eyed, businesslike matron.



THE PRESIDENT, MINDFUL OF HER OFFICIAL CAPACITY, LOOKED SEVERELY UPON MRS. WALKER.

"And dear Mr. McCaleb is so patient and tactful that it is seldom necessary," remarked the single member of this week's visiting committee.

"I thank you, Mrs. Davis." The superintendent bowed in his stately manner. "I do my best—I try always to do my best. Old people are trying, we all know."

The president looked up from her perusal of the by-laws.

"Suppose we have the old lady in," she said. "Mr. McCaleb, will you send for Mrs. Walker?"

The old lady held her head haughtily as she walked into the handsomely furnished office. The president, mindful of her official capacity, looked severely upon

Mrs. Walker—Sarah Lucinda Walker, according to the cramped signature of the home's register, widow, a native of Maine, aged sixty-seven on her entrance into the home five years ago. And Mrs. Walker—a miracle of aged neatness, trim, straight, little, in her sober black and immaculate cap—looked severely back.

"Be seated, Mrs. Walker," said the president.

"Thank you." Mrs. Walker crossed with a formal "Good morning, ladies," and took the chair indicated.

"Now, Mr. McCaleb, if you please—" said the president.

The superintendent rose.

"Ladies," he began with a solemnity that made the offender quake within, though outwardly she was calm as the president herself, "it is with positive pain that I have to report to you the case of Mrs. Sarah Lucinda Walker. It is now fully three months since I began to labor with her—three months since I warned her of this very thing that has come to pass, an investigation by your honorable board. On the 9th of January"—he glanced methodically at a note-book—"I sent her a copy of the by-laws, with the section referring to insubordination underscored in red ink. On the 23d I made a personal call upon her, and sought to convince her how impossible it was that such conduct could be tolerated. On February 7 I publicly reprimanded her. On the 13th—five days ago—I informed her that, after considering it prayerfully, I had laid the matter before your honorable body, and that she should hold herself in readiness to be summoned before you to meet the following charges:

"First, insubordination; second, breaking Rule VIII of the house regulations; third, taking food from the table; fourth, disturbing neighbors in early morning; and fifth, defacing the building."

Mr. McCaleb took his seat. The shocked gaze of the board bent itself upon the criminal. The bad little old lady's far-sighted eyes swept insolently past them all and met the president's—twenty years younger than her own.

"Do you like birds, ma'am?" she asked, herself in an eager, bird-like way. And then, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "I love 'em—anything that's got wings. Old Cap'n Walker used to say, 'Sary Lucindy, they was a noughty fine ornithologist spiled when God A'mighty made you a woman

'stead of a man.' He was a free-spoken man, Cap'n Walker, not so pious-mouthed as some, but he had charity in his soul, which is more than some others has."

She swept a superbly disdainful look toward the Rev. McCaleb. The recording secretary tapped reprovingly with her pencil, but the president only listened.

"Now, ma'am, we ain't paupers, we old folks. Every one of us, as you know, has paid our thousand dollars in. An' we ain't bad children as needs disciplinin'; an' they's no use treatin' grandmothers an' great-grandmothers as though they was. It's in me to love birds, an' no 'mount of rules and regulations is goin' to change me. My canary bird died the same year Cap'n Walker saved every other soul on board his ship and went down alone to the bottom with her. Since then I've sort o' adopted the sparrers. Why, haven't I spent every afternoon through the summer out in the park a-feedin' them my lunch? An' now that winter's come, d'ye think I'd have the face to desert them?"

"Not one of them is forgotten before God"—do you remember, ma'am? One of 'em seemed to be in the early winter. It was before my rheumatism got so bad. I was out in the park the afternoon the first snow fell, an' this poor little crittur with a wing broke kep' a trailin' an' chirpin' an' scuttlin' in front o' me. It'd fell out o' the nest; hardly covered with feathers, it was. I picked it up an' carried it to my room in my apron. Poor little mite—how it fluttered an' struggled! I kep' it over night in my spool-box. In the mornin' I fed it; by noon the sun come out, an' I let it out on the window-sill, where I keep my house plants; just a bit o' musk—the cap'n liked musk—an' a pot o' bergamot. Do you know, ma'am, that little thing was that contented by the end of the week that I could leave the windows open an' nary a wing's stroke away would it go? That was in December, 'fore it got to be known that I kep' a bird in my room. That mild spell we had 'fore Christmas it did fly away one morning, but at sundown there it was back again; an' when it came on to snow that night I felt same's I used to 'tween voyages, when I could hear how the ocean'd get lashed to a fury, an' Cap'n Walker'd be fast asleep safe beside me.

"Of course it was a pity that when the bird came back it showed others the way—but wasn't it cute of it, ma'am? An' wasn't it just like a lot o' children hangin' 'round at maple-syrup time?"

They did make a clatter an' a racket in the early mornin' when I wouldn't be up an' they'd be ready for breakfast. But wasn't it for all the world like children with empty little stummocks an' chatter-in' tongues? When Mis' Pearson complained of me an' the noise, I didn't take it kind of her. Take food from the table? Course I did. But it was my own lunch, that I'd a right to go hungry for ef I wanted to, an' nobody's affair.

"But I tell you, ma'am, one day—it was that day Mr. McCaleb sent me that printed notice, an' everybody on my floor see it comin' an' knew it was something shameful an' legal—that evening I tried honestly to keep 'em out. I pulled down the shade—it was a bitter cold day, a regular blizzard blowing—an' I sat with my back to the window an' tried to read my Bible while them birds jest shrieked themselves hoarse outside. Well, guess where that Bible opened to! 'Yea, the sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young.' That was a message, ma'am, a straight, sure message. I opened the window an' scattered their bread-crumbs out on the sill, which I had made jest the least bit wider for them—that's what he calls 'defacin' the buildin'.' After that, I told Mr. McCaleb flat-footed that if he had the heart to starve them innocent critturs in the dead o' winter, it was more than I had. I told him if he'd wait till spring, I'd promise never to open the window that faces south after that; but till they could shift for themselves, I'd shift for them. That's all. Thank *you*, ma'am, for letting me have my say."

She smiled into the president's soft eyes, and rose, looking like a trim, saucy, gray-haired sparrow about to take flight. The president's smile started back to her, but on the way it had to pass the recording secretary, the visiting committee, and the Rev. Alexander McCaleb. By the time it had made the journey it was shorn of half its sympathetic understanding.

"You admit then, Mrs. Walker, that you have broken the rule against having pets in the room?" the president asked with gravity. "It is a necessary rule. Fancy what would be the condition of the place if a lady in No. 117 had a tame sparrow, a gentleman in No. 120 a monkey, his neighbor a spaniel, the lady across the way a cat, and so on! I appreciate—we all do, and Mr. McCaleb more than all of us—how tender and charitable a nature yours is, but"—she looked at the recording secretary to gain courage—

"but we simply must enforce the rules. I know so good a housekeeper as you must have been will understand this, and agree with me when I say that such a disciplinarian as Captain Walker no doubt was—unfortunately, I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance—would have been the first to counsel you to obey the rules. Won't you think it over from our point of view, Mrs. Walker, when you go back to your room? Do! Good-afternoon."

II.

It was a very dejected Sarah Lucinda Walker that returned to her room. Her depression was noted and audibly commented upon by Mrs. Pearson, her next-door neighbor and arch-enemy. In fact, the whole corridor was alive with the news of her defeat. At the lunch table it was the sole topic of conversation, and in the library old Colonel Rockwell—in the pauses of a quavering rendition of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"—bet Mr. Patterson three of the cigars his nephew always sent him on Fridays that Mrs. Walker, being a woman of spirit, would not yield even though the ultimatum were expulsion.

Mrs. Walker heard of the wager, of course, that afternoon. They were a hundred or more antiquated and unseaworthy vessels, all anchored in a semi-genteel haven; and from morning till night, till sun should cease for them to shine and water to flow, they had nothing to do but to listen to the whispering tide that told of the great ocean of life beyond, or to gossip among themselves of their own voyages dead and done.

The incorrigible Mrs. Walker's spotless little room, with its bag of dried crusts on the window-sill, saved for her pet, became the storm center that afternoon. Every old lady who could possibly claim acquaintance called to inquire her intentions; every old gentleman leaned hard upon his cane as he lifted his hat to her in the halls with the deference due a gallant rebel. They loved a rebel, these old children, at the end of their lives fallen again into the domain of "you must" and "you must not."

Sarah Lucinda Walker's world rocked beneath her. She intended, she believed, to obey the rules, to cast off the one creature on earth to which she could still play Lady Bountiful; to shut her hospitable window and her joying old heart on all these fluttering, visiting strangers who had heard of her generosity, and

with every hour carried the news of it further.

She intended all this, but when the time came she did simply as old Colonel Rockwell had wagered she would. She opened wide her windows and fed the hungry throng that whirled about her, scattering crumbs and floating feathers over the immaculate marble of Mr. McCaleb's front door-step.

A knock at the door brought her to her senses. She put a withered little old hand, very like a sparrow's claw, upon the window-sash to shut it hastily, and then, too proud to deceive, turned boldly to meet her fate.

Mrs. Pearson, on the lookout at her half-open door, saw the official-looking document handed to her.

"It's her notice to leave," she said in an awed whisper to herself.

In the face of so great a calamity she felt, not triumph, but a shocked sense of loss, of self-reproach. Five minutes after she was in her enemy's room.

"You mustn't—you mustn't cry, dear Mrs. Walker," she sobbed, putting her arms about the slender old shoulders.

"Am I crying?" the little old lady answered. "I can't help it—I'm so happy!"

"Happy!" Mrs. Pearson's dazed old eyes turned bewildered from the envelope with the home's letter-head on it to the bird-like creature in her arms. "And you've got your notice to leave?"

"Did you think it was that? So did I for a minute, an' it'most killed me. But I opened it, an' found a note from the president—that dear, dear president! She wants to know if I'll take care of her summer cottage till the spring comes. An', Marthy Pearson! They's chickens up there—fancy breeds—a whole yard of 'em—an' I'm to have the feedin' of 'em! Ain't it enough to make a body cry for joy? Say, Marthy, would you—would you mind feedin' the sparrers?—only on the very stormiest days—McCaleb would never suspect you, an' spring's near!"

Miriam Michelson.

Emeline Hardacre's Revenge.

WHEN Emeline Hardacre, on rising, peered through the small-paned window toward the west, she started and rubbed her hand across her eyes. Surely the mist of sleep still blurred them. Surely the thin early column of smoke which she had never yet failed to see, a bluer spiral against the cold blue western sky of the morning, was curling upward to-day as usual. But though she rubbed her

eyes again and again, and brought her sharp face close against the glass, there came no puff from the chimney of the house in the hollow.

For many years that morning smoke had been to her the symbol of all that she hated most. At sight of it she had each day reawakened the bitter rage, the black jealousy, the implacable sense of outrage which the night had taught to sleep. This morning, failing to see it, she was shaken. Had the sun itself not risen, she had almost been less perturbed. As she made her swift toilet she turned constantly to the window again; but still across the frosty field and the stone-hard road which divided her place from Etta Jordan's no morning signal of life fluttered.

She lit her own fire with trembling hands. She prepared the breakfast for herself and her brother with feverish haste. When he came stamping in from the milking he was conscious, albeit not sensitive, of the tense atmosphere of the room. He had no glimmering notion of the reason for it; for a quarter of a century the Jordans had not been mentioned between the brother and sister. But while her hatred had grown in the brooding silence to be a vast thing, coextensive with her life, as noxious things flourish in the dark, his interest in them had only briefly outlasted speech concerning them. He did not connect them with Emeline's nervousness that morning.

From time to time, all day, she was at the windows which gave upon the west and the Jordans' cottage. Still there was no smoke.

To the outward eye it was a mean enough place, a one-storied cottage with rooms facing the road on either side of the door. The straggling lilac bushes against the doorway were bare; there was nothing in all the bleak March landscape to give a hint of quickening sap or warming sunshine.

But the miserable house stood to Emeline for another woman's triumph and her own degradation. She saw it in all its stages. She saw Westley Jordan working at it, moving lithely among the yellow timbers, kicking the shavings with lively feet. That was after he had jilted her—her, the one little heiress of the countryside, her whose needle had been busy a six-month on her linen, her the proud, the unloved, the loving!—after he had jilted her openly, shamelessly, weakly, for the red and brown winsomeness of old Jake Sedbury's orphan niece, newcomer to the place.

He had always been weak and selfish, had Westley. She had known it even when the frozen currents of her nature stirred with love for him. And she had known with relentless intuition, which she put down and down and down, that he was bartering his easy attractiveness for her small holdings. Well—and they had not been enough to keep him. Etta had come, and Westley had pliantly turned from the greed of gold to the greed of beauty. And she, Emeline, in the house across the road had heard the hammer-blows that built their home.

She had seen the bride come home, lifted from the buggy in Westley's arms. She had watched them pass together in the late afternoon light between the flowering lilacs into the house.

She had seen other processions pass into it—now a group of friends come to a quilting, now a christening party, now the undertaker. No one dared speak to her of the Jordans, but day by day she followed their lives with bitter knowledge. She knew their poverty, their debts, their illnesses. She knew Etta's waning beauty and charm. She saw Westley reach his level of weak self-indulgence and indolence. On all their calamities she fed her malevolence, but she could never sate it. In the desolation of the far countryside there were no distractions. No new tenderness ever came to soften her grim, passionate sense of injury. Each day she awoke to the sight of her rival's house across the field and the road, each day she saw the signal from her rival's hearth-fire flutter in the air. And no wretchedness or disaster that could befall the woman and the man seemed great enough to satisfy her consuming hatred.

A year before, when the latest of the funeral processions moved from the little house, with the ne'er-do-well riding in ebony and silver state, and his widow, childless now, whimpering in the carriage behind, even then it had not seemed to Emeline that she was revenged. She had been thwarted rather! Sorrow had come, but not through her. No greater grief had befallen the thief of her honor and her happiness than befell half the women in the village. The thought of the futility of her malignancy deepened it.

All to-day, with the chilly March sunshine lying thin upon the frozen lands, she chafed and worried and made fruitless trips to the window. She wished that some one would pass, that some one would come, were it only the tiresome

peddler on his season's rounds. She wanted to know the secret of the unlighted hearth. Had Etta Jordan been spirited away over-night? Had she gone where Emeline's vengeful, impotent eyes could never again take bitter note of her risings-up and lyings-down, could never see again the morning smoke or the ruddy square from the evening lamp in the black bulk of the house? Had death itself—

Then Emeline's heart almost stood still. Could death itself have come and robbed her of that upon which her heart fed itself full of hate? Could death have snatched from her the last opportunity of some cruel, biting vengeance—she knew not what—long delayed, long awaited?

She could stand her suspense no longer. She ran back to the kitchen, caught up a shawl, and, enveloping her head and shoulders in it, ran out. She did not quite know what she meant, only she must be assured that there was still something left for her to hate.

She ran down the long path that led from her door to the highway, skirting the field. She crossed the road, lifted the Jordans' gate, which would not swing upon its broken hinges, and had rapped at the door almost before she knew her own intention.

There was no answer.

She rapped again more loudly, and, pulling back her shawl, laid her cheek against the panel and listened. She thought she heard a weak, quivering call to enter. She pushed against the door, but it would not yield. She rapped again, and this time she made sure of a long-drawn, half-crying request that she would come in. She pushed hard against the cracked panel, and it gave way under the pressure. Her hand slipped through the aperture, finding the lock, and she had unfastened the door.

Off the tiny entryway was a bedroom, and in it she saw the white ghost of that brown and red Etta who had won her man from her—a white wisp of a woman, half risen on an elbow in the bed.

"You!" gasped the ghost, and Emeline went in.

The figure in the bed fell back upon the pillows. Her dark eyes followed the movements of the newcomer with a fascinated terror. Emeline sat down.

"So!" she said.

Her breath came slowly, too. She did not know what she had expected or what she intended. What she found was a clammy, cold house, an empty wood-box,

a bare cupboard, a frail, sick, frightened creature too weak to stir.

"Are you—are you—going to kill me?" whispered the blue lips.

Joy surged through Emeline at the question, joy and splendid contempt.

"Is that what you're afraid of?" she asked exultingly.

Weak tears came from the brown eyes and coursed slowly down the chalky face of the sick woman.

"What would you want to kill me for?" she whimpered. "I took your beau—but, Lord, that's a many years ago. And ain't I suffered for it enough—with him that shiftless and complaining, and all the children sickly? I know you always hated me, Emeline Hardacre, but you've had the best of it, I can tell you that. And now—now you've come to gloat over me! Well, I won't be here long for nobody to gloat over!" Her voice trailed off into tears again.

Emeline looked at her with antagonistic emotions struggling in her heart. Contempt for the poor, weak thing before her killed jealousy of the rustic beauty who had wronged her long ago; and pity, reluctantly born in her, tried to oust the cherished hatred. That poor thing upon the bed there, sick and starving and afraid—was that what she had hated? That life of drudgery and neglect and sordid trial—was that what she had longed for?

By the time her survey of Etta was ended, she knew that the battle was over, too. She knew that all the old sense of wrong, and all the old desire for revenge, must yield. But aloud she obstinately denied this. She surrendered in terms of obstinate defiance.

"Oh, yes, you will live," she stormed. "I never knew how 'twould come about, but I knew, I knew 'twould come that I should have revenge on you. And now I see. To gloat over you in your pooriness, to gloat over you in your sickness, to remind you day by day of what you've done and how you gained nothin' by it, nothin' at all, nothin' at all—that's my revenge on you! And you'll live for it—I'll keep you alive for it!"

There was a fireplace on one side of the room, its clear hearth showing no ashes in witness of recent fires. Emeline ran to the hallway and out through the kitchen to the woodshed. There was no wood there. She stooped and filled her apron with chips, she broke a wooden box, and with the plunder she hurried back to the cold room. She coaxed a blaze upon the bare stones of the fireplace.

"Emeline Hardacre," moaned the sick woman, "I do believe you're crazy. Let me be, can't you? Let me be!"

Emeline wasted no time in explanation.

"I'll be right back," she cried, and rushed out into the purpling dusk across the road and back to her own place. There was a child's express wagon in the front hall—pitiful relic of the days when her brother's boy had played about the place. She filled it with wood and with provision, and hurried back through the darkness to her charge. And there was a warmth and singing in her heart, such as it had not known since the foundations of the house opposite were dug.

Anne O'Hagan.

The Taking of Laurella.

"PLEASE leave them thar dishes alone, Laurelly, and come and set down."

"Did you want to talk to me?"

The girl turned a face of lovely surprise over her shoulder as she gave a great yellow bowl an extra vigorous shove back upon the high shelf.

Did he want to talk to her? Her lover looked at her in helpless irritation. This was the history of their courtship; when he met her at quarterly or grove meetings he fancied that if he were alone with her he might make headway. When they had the great kitchen all to themselves, as to-night, with the firelight making gusty shadow and shine upon its crannied walls, he found that she slipped through his fingers like a mist-wreath or a moonbeam, and evaded his ardor by not recognizing it.

"'Course I want to talk to you. What do you reckon I come all the way over from the Fur Cove fer?"

"I didn't know. I was a wonderin'. I thought maybe you wanted to see pappy or the boys."

The attitude of the mountain girl toward men and matrimony is primitive. She is not seeking the one nor admiring the other. She animadverts upon characteristics purely masculine as defects. Masculine size she professes to consider clumsiness; a bass voice is a "great coarse, rough voice." When she is finally wed, the countryside is to understand that it is an event which never entered into her calculations, which has been accomplished only by surprise and superior force.

Jason Bushares sat, hypnotized, watching how the firelight ran up Laurella's white throat, lingering in her eyelashes,

throwing their shadow upward, adding an extra touch of surprised inquiry to her countenance, as she faced him and professed herself ready to hear the business upon which he had come. But was she? Would she listen?

"Don't you remember, Laurelly, when you an' me used to go to the hollerin' school together, an' I was always a writin' notes to you, just as soon as I learned how to write—or print, ruther?"

"Aw, law! Them days!" laughed Laurella with heightened color, ignoring the significance of his speech. "Didn't the teacher have big feet? I've studied about his feet many a time since, when I ought to have been thinkin' of somethin' sensible. Has your ma put in any o' them dice pattern counterpanes for to weave, Jason?"

The fate of nations might have hung upon Mother Bushares' weaving, if one could judge by the girl's face; but Jason ignored the question.

"Don't you remember, when I went down to Garyville and got me a job on the railroad, how I sent you a vollentine?" he pursued.

"No!" the girl cried, with sparkling eyes. "Was it a comic?"

"You know hit wasn't. My name was on it, an' it said—it said——"

Jason floundered helplessly before those laughing eyes. He sought desperately in his mind for the exact words that had been in the valentine—they would have served his purpose well.

"Seems to me I do mind about a right pretty vollentine that had a name wrote so scratchy on it I couldn't tell who 'twas sent it. I jes' made it up in my own mind it was Bob Province—he's always up to such foolishness—an' let it go at that. Did your folks put up as much meat as usual this fall? Looks like our hogs never would fatten, an' pappy won't kill till they're jes' so."

"Yes," choked Jason, "we killed last week. I guess we've got ruther more than usual—er perhaps considerable less."

The girl giggled.

"You ain't thinkin' a word about what you're sayin'," she commented softly.

"I'm a thinkin' about somethin' I want to say," Jason burst out, and would have gone further; but the girl rose hastily.

"Well, this'll never do me," she began. "Ef you don't mind, I guess I'll weave a spell. I promised mammy I'd finish the jeans for Homer's coat."

Cruel Laurella! Tall and fresh and fair, pink and white as the mountain

laurel for which she was named, she had already woven a spell; and Jason could not utter the rebellion that was in him, as she seated herself at the loom whose whirr and bang would be a ready reason for failing to hear anything that she chose not to recognize.

And so for half an hour the tormented swain stood at her shoulder.

"Laurelly, I jes' want you to listen a minute."

"All right, Jason, you holler right good an' loud, an' I can hear you even when the loom's a goin'."

But what man ever desired to "holler" such speeches right good and loud? Besides, if he did so his shouts would be audible in the loft above, where the boys slept, and in the room across the open porch, where the parents and the younger children were.

Finally Laurella's weaving came to an end, because she lacked a darning-needle to pull out an unwelcome knot. Jason was standing threateningly close.

"You jest get me that there poke off of the high shelf, will you?" she asked, turning coquettishly over her shoulder.

"Tain't here."

"Oh, yes, 'tis—all eyes an' no eyes—hit's right beside the yaller bowl. No—no! Don't take the yaller bowl down! You, Jate Bushares—I'll never speak to you again!"

But she was too late. She sprang up and ran across the room to where Jason Bushares set the yellow bowl upon the table, tilted it over, and emptied out all her girlish treasures: the little smudgy printed letter he had first written to her, on a dog-eared fly-leaf of his second reader; the "vollentine" she had laughed about and denied knowledge of; a tintype taken at Garyville, and penciled across in her handwriting, "My own true love."

This last item settled it.

"Ye said ye wouldn't have that picture," Jason murmured, as he caught her in his arms and held her fast. "Ye said it was too ugly. Ye said ye was jes' carryin' it home to give it to your brother."

Laurella looked up with blue eyes drowned in tears, thus permitting the enemy an advantage which he was not slow in taking.

"What do you expect a girl to do?" she finally murmured gently.

"Why, jest like you did," answered her lover happily. "I wouldn't have a single hair o' your head changed—now I've got ye at last!"

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

LITERARY CHAT

"SUCCES D'ESTIME."

That Smith's new tale is stupid stuff
 Good critics all are fast agreed.
 His plot is old, his style is rough;
 They marvel who'll be found to read.
 But Smith to sneers pays little heed;
 He skims from royalties rich cream,
 While I with creditors must plead,
 Who have achieved *succes d'estime*.

Brown's book, they say, is merely "bluff";
 They prophesy it can't succeed
 (The one where he portrays the "tough,"
 Though he knows nothing of the breed).
 Yet Brown now sports a noble steed,
 And talks of yachts propelled by steam.
 Toward home on ferry-boats I speed,
 Who have achieved *succes d'estime*.

It really was the merest puff
 That won Miss Jones a poet's meed;
 Her prose was trivial enough,
 But oh, her discords on the reed!
 Yet she's the fashion, and indeed
 Refuses callers, stream on stream.
 No thronging mobs my steps impede,
 Who have achieved *succes d'estime*.

ENVOY.

Prince, would you taste of bitter need,
 Feel unimportance drear, extreme?
 Just get the critics to concede
 That you achieved *succes d'estime*.

GREEK LOVE-LETTERS—Professor Peck shows that the "Englishwoman" of ardent memory might have taken lessons of Athenian maidens.

Those proverbial philosophers who delight to proclaim that there is nothing new under the sun, and that human nature was always what it is now, will rejoice in some casual translations which Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia, has just made of the writings of Alciphron, a Greek author of the second century A. D. The encyclopedias tell us that Alciphron was an epistolographer whose work closely follows the best Attic model, and is valuable for the picture it gives of the social life of classic Athens.

Professor Peck says, more vividly, that to read Alciphron's works is like rifling a mail-bag, and thereby learning scraps from the stories of many people.

The most interesting of the translations is a letter to one Demetrius from one Lamia. There are parts of it which would indicate that romantic love was not a product of the medieval ages, as has been claimed, and parts which would also indicate that the Athenian damsel could have held her own in an epistolary contest with the "Englishwoman" of erotic fame. For instance:

I shall never attempt to win you by any arts. Since you first loved me, no other men have even looked at me, much less made love to me. The man who still has something to receive comes as it were on wings, while he to whom everything has been given grows bored and goes away. I know this, and I know that many women seek to hold their lovers by always keeping something back; and yet with you I cannot do this thing. I should think it a small sacrifice to give up everything to please you, even life itself!

"THE OLD CORNER" GONE—The most famous of Boston's literary landmarks demolished.

With the destruction of the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston, there passed away almost the last material relic of the New England city's literary supremacy. No other spot in the modern Athens had the reminiscences that hung about the old building at the corner of Washington and School Streets. Here George Ticknor and James T. Fields conducted their establishment—probably the most aristocratic publishing-house that this country has ever known; for in their days there still clung some glory of culture about the book-publishing business, and it was not utterly lost in commercialism.

To the Old Corner Bookstore came not only Hawthorne, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, and the other makers of the Boston literary tradition, but writers from other cities, and the great foreigners, for most of whom Ticknor & Fields were the publishers. Thackeray came here, and Dickens. Henry Ward Beecher was once a familiar figure; and Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucy Larcom, John G.

Saxe, and many others gathered under this roof.

But the demolition of the place was foreseen. It had already descended to having its ground floor used as a cheap lunch-room, and annihilation would certainly seem to its old habitués better than such desecration.

ATHLETIC MAETERLINCK—His personality is far removed from the common ideal of a poet of mysticism.

An American critic who interviewed Maeterlinck last summer has some reassuring words to say in regard to his personality. The Belgian author bears no resemblance to the little "nervous disease" which Bernard Shaw and popular imagination have established as a type of true artistic genius. He is not discovered, after the manner of the French decadent, at his café, sipping his absinthe. Instead, the interviewer found an old Paris house on the Rue Reynouard, arched and gardened. He waited in an ante-chamber "littered with screens, tables, old brass, ebony; on the walls were etchings and mezzotints after Albrecht Dürer, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti." He passed by a room billowing with theatrical garments, and then he was in the presence of a "big-boned man attired in cycling costume," whose grasp was that of an athlete.

Here is comforting news for the bourgeois soul which demands that even its poets shall be wholesome, out-of-door persons.

WHAT IS FOOD FOR BABES?—Some remarks on a recent onslaught upon Vergil and Homer.

A worthy Baptist divine—of course, all divines are worthy—recently attacked the prevailing literary teaching of our schools and colleges. He was for cutting Homer and Vergil off the curriculum; he deplored their effect upon young minds and their influence upon English literature. Following the example of these poets he declared that our own poetry was becoming debased and sensual.

Homer, said this learned critic, is deleterious to young minds because the "Iliad" is only the story of adventures consequent upon a man's elopement with another man's wife. The "Odyssey" struck him as immoral because of the

Calypso incident; and for the "Æneid" he had no use because of the Carthaginian episode which broke poor Dido's heart. As a substitute he recommends the study of the Bible.

That the Bible is a literary model beyond all praise, all writers are humbly agreed. That it contains a philosophy of life most glorious and uplifting, all philosophers admit. But any man who could go to the great epics of the world and find in them only intrigues and the result of intrigues is likely to gather no higher thing even from Bible literature. He will smirk over the "Song of Solomon," the most impassioned of love poetry. He will grin over David and Bathsheba. Esther, Vashti, Susannah, Jezebel, and all the women of dramatic experiences in Holy Writ will be to him no more than Trojan Helen, than Calypso and Dido, to the worthy divine. Into the story of the repentant Magdalen herself such a mind could readily inject vulgarity. Decency is not unlike beauty, which lies in the eye of the beholder; it is in the mind of the reader quite as much as in the words he reads. And to bring to the reading of the Bible the mind which the critic quoted brings to Homer and Vergil would be to sully even its nobility.

THE SECOND EMPIRE—Another Englishman gossips about Paris in the days of Napoleon III.

Quite unlike Mr. Vandam's "Englishman in Paris" is North Peat's "Gossip of the Second Empire." The former consisted of a collection of anecdotes, gathered from various sources, and represented as the personal experiences of one man, the mythical Englishman. Mr. North Peat's book is the result of his own observation in the form of a collection of letters, written by him for one of the London dailies. It records what he saw in Paris between 1864 and 1870, during which time he had a position under the French government which enabled him to test the accuracy of current news.

The death of President Lincoln—to give a sample of Mr. Peat's topics—caused a profound sensation in France. The French Academy offered a prize for the best poem on "La Mort du President Lincoln," never thinking of the great difficulty of finding a rhyme for "Lincoln" in French—a difficulty which actually prevented some young poets from competing. The tragedy was also dram-

atized by some enterprising person who took endless liberties with the situation, representing an unhappy love-affair between Wilkes Booth and a mythical niece of the President's as the motive of the assassination, combined with an expressed wish on the part of Jefferson Davis that some one would put Mr. Lincoln out of the way. The piece was produced in the French provinces.

The preface of Mr. Peat's book states that "the natural objection to a government attaché being the correspondent of a foreign paper was waived shortly after the correspondence began"—which is not surprising when the laudatory nature of the letters is considered. Everything connected with the Tuileries appears in the most favorable light, and the author was evidently as much dazzled as the rest of the world by the meretricious splendor of the court of the Second Empire.

PRINCETON AUTHORS—The famous New Jersey university parades the literary success of her sons.

It has been claimed for Yale that she has furnished the United States with governors of all its colonies, and for Harvard that she produces a large and important part of the diplomatic corps. Princeton now appears in the field waving her literary laurels.

Among her sons who have won high distinction are her present president, Woodrow Wilson, the historian, and Henry Van Dyke, the poet and essayist. In fiction, she can show Booth Tarkington, Van Tassel Sutphen, David Graham Phillips, Jesse Lynch Williams, and perhaps a dozen more of our minor novelists; in more serious branches of literature, Professors Ormond, Baldwin, and Daniels, each known as an authority on his particular subject; Walter Wyckoff, who wrote "The Workers," and Walter Lowrie, author of "Monuments of the Early Church."

LADY GREGORY'S NEW BOOK—Irish literature and legends gathered and translated.

Now that William Butler Yeats has been among us, enlightening us in regard to the heroic literature of Ireland and other kindred topics, Lady Gregory, who translated the epic of Cuchulain from Gaelic into Galway English, may find a larger audience for her new book on Irish

literature. In "Poets and Dreamers" she gives a critical account of Irish bards and ballad-writers since Jacobite times, with translations from their works.

She also tells the story of a wandering bard who pursued his calling after the traditional manner, not two or three hundred years ago, but scarcely half a century since. He was one Raftery, and the tradition of his wanderings and his songs is extant in Galway, where farmers are still living who remember him.

WRITING AS A TRADE—The most over-crowded of all the professions, and one that offers the fewest chances of success.

Alphonse Daudet once declared that he had yet to meet the man, woman, or child in Paris who had not written a book. If this was true of Paris, how much truer is it of New York, where many persons, seemingly, are engaged in writing several books at once!

Literature is a poor trade, and its tendency is to become poorer, despite the increase in the size of its possible prizes. The reasons for this are not far to seek.

In the first place, like all the arts, literature offers no monetary certainty to its disciples. The writer or artist or composer may go clad in purple and fine linen, but much more probably he will starve. Further, literature is the most over-crowded of the professions, and it is likely always to remain so. Law and medicine are protected against the malpractice of the unskilled, and none but a fool would enter the fields of music or painting without special and arduous training; but any one may forthwith become a writer with no preparation further than a common-school education.

Moreover, literature may take the form of a secret vice, as it can be practised without the knowledge of one's own family; and for this reason many persons venture upon the quagmire who would hesitate to subject themselves to the rebuffs and unpleasantnesses of personal intercourse with picture-dealers and art editors. Manuscripts are hourly issuing from the boudoirs of those who have never known and who will probably never know the need of money, and who thereby narrow the field for the legitimate workers. Indeed, a leading activity of the national post-office is the carrying of unsolicited and unavailable manuscripts.

The present peculiar development of the book trade has tended more and more to shorten the life of books, even the most popular. Nowadays, unlike a *débütante*, a book very seldom outlasts its first season. In almost all lines of human activity success brings with it the opportunity to draw upon one's past efforts, as upon a bank, so that many businesses, once launched, carry their founders forward in secure prosperity. Not so in literature; the author must continue uninterruptedly to put forth volume after volume from his tired brain if he would hold his own in the race.

Yes, literature is a very poor trade indeed, and the young and inexperienced should be warned against adopting it. Success in this field, it is true, means much, as in all lines; but the chances of success are extremely small, and for the unsuccessful, or even half-successful, there is no place. In no line can the man of genius come so quickly into his own; but by the same token, in no line are the disappointments so keen and so numerous. Industry, sobriety, and perseverance are reasonably sure of a fair measure of reward in any legitimate branch of business; but it is merely accentuating a truism to say that these qualities carry absolutely no guarantee of success in literary work.

A TRAGIC IDYL—Martha Wolfenstein's new book leads by gentle steps to a terrible catastrophe.

A more delicately charming story than Martha Wolfenstein's tale of the Jewish lad, *Shimmele*, in "Idyls of the Gass," it would not be easy to imagine. By the easiest steps she arouses her reader's whole interest in the little fellow's simple life; and then, when sympathy and affection are pledged to him, she develops her tragic catastrophe.

In the Jewish quarter of some European town live the old bake-woman and her little grandson, the wonderful boy destined to rabbinical honors for his piety and learning—a piety and learning far removed from the pallor and sickness that sometimes accompany these almost abnormal qualities. *Shimmele* has an appetite. He sniffs the odors of the good things which his grandmother cooks for the Gass. He stays himself, as he repeats long passages from the Talmud, with the thought of the savory reward to follow. He is shrewd in a

childish way—a winning, lovable lad, as he lives with the wonderful old woman whom even the rabbi consults for her wisdom, and whom the neighbors respect for her charity and fear for her wit.

You read the quiet annals of the kindly, shrewd, devout folk of the Gass; each chapter is truly an idyl, delicately humorous, tender, pathetic with an admirably restrained pathos. Then suddenly the feasting, the neighborly services, the quaint customs, are all forgotten. You are plunged into a Kishineff massacre, and the idyl has become a poignant tragedy, and a powerful and moving polemic.

"SECRET HISTORY"—A book of back-stairs tittle-tattle about the German imperial family.

Among the recent books is a more or less pretentious one in two volumes, with the elongated title of "Private Lives of William II and His Consort, and Secret History of the Court of Berlin," translated by Henry W. Fischer from the papers of Ursula, Countess von Eppinghoven, *dame du palais* to the Kaiserin.

It is tolerably safe to assume that a book purporting to be "secret history" is not any other sort of history. The historical student does not need to concern himself with the revelations of the Countess Ursula—if indeed there be any such person. To the lovers of petty gossip and malicious scandal, indeed, they might prove interesting; but we warn any intending reader that he will need a strong stomach to get through these two volumes without nausea. A fair sample of their contents is the following story, intended to illustrate the emperor's alleged nervousness about the slightest danger of infection:

Coming down to breakfast on November 18, 1888, the Kaiser learned that his grace [the Prince of Schoenburg, who occupied a villa close to the Marmor Palais, at Potsdam] had died of diphtheria a few hours before.

"Diphtheria!" cried William, turning a shade paler than is his wont in the morning. "Let the chamberlain on duty be informed that my things must be packed and sent to Berlin at once."

"But the residential quarters in the Schloss are yet far from finished," interposed Herr von Liebenau.

"Never mind, there will be some corner where I can sleep and eat without running the risk of infection." And seeing that the adjutant still waited, he added, anticipating a question which etiquette forbade: "All my things—I am going to move!"

That settled, his majesty quieted down, and when, shortly afterward, the empress arrived, he simply said:

"Dona, I am going to Berlin and this house will see me no more."

Augusta Victoria was thunderstruck, but seeing the husband determined she dared not question him. So the meal passed in silence.

Of such stuff—not very startling, surely—the two volumes consist. They are not history; they are the very essence of back-stairs journalism put forth in book form. They read like the spiteful work of a dismissed retainer. If their author, whoever she may actually be, is still out of employment, she might find a congenial position on the staff of some ultra-yellow newspaper.

POOR NEW YORK!—Mr. "Dodo" Benson discourses upon the sad shortcomings of American society.

It is not unlikely that "The Relentless City" will be gravely accepted in England as a truthful and convincing portrait of life among the American plutocracy. If its publishers imagine that New Yorkers will buy it because it abuses them, the hope is doomed to disappointment, for as a novel it is deadly dull.

It will be remembered that "Dodo," by the same author, was widely discussed because, along with a certain flavor of smartness and originality, it possessed a crudeness and vulgarity of style which excited wonder when it became known that the book was by the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury—a youth who, one would suppose, must have been brought up under the influences of the best English ever written. Mr. Benson's latest work shows that his prose composition has not lost the qualities that made it so interesting to the literary philosophers of a dozen years ago. He has profited, however, by experience and travel, and the fruits of these are apparent in almost every chapter of his new book.

It is quite evident, for example, that he has actually visited America—a conscientious expenditure of time and money that we are glad to commend to the attention of other European critics. It is also apparent that his visit was not altogether one of profit and personal triumph. There are certain passages in "The Relentless City" which recall to memory the fact that Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced one of his plays in New York, and speedily withdrew it—not because of the enormous crowds which it attracted. It seems probable that Mr. Benson had that incident in mind when

he put these words into the mouth of one of his characters, an American theatrical manager:

"We—Americans, I mean—are entirely devoid of artistic taste. But we give our decided approbation to what other people say is artistic, which, for your purpose and mine, is the same thing. Left to ourselves, we like 'David Harum.' I produce 'Hamlet' here next week. The house is full for the next month. But alter the name and say it is by a new author, and it won't run a week. The papers, to begin with, will all damn it. There are no critics, and they don't know anything. They are violent ignoramuses who write for unreadable papers."

Billon, the rascally theatrical man who says all this, finally meets a violent death in a tunnel—which seems a heavy penalty to pay for having allowed Mr. Benson's play to fail.

"The Relentless City" is unquestionably intended as a satire, for did not its author announce himself as a satirist from the very first, and did not the pages of "Dodo" glisten with those ponderous epigrams and "clever sayings" that are the curse of a certain school of modern English fiction? You can almost hear him puff and wheeze in his exhausting effort to say offensive and silly things about America, and especially about New York.

We do not assert that there is not a single true touch in Mr. Benson's picture. On the contrary, caricature as it is, much of it has a certain color of plausibility. Americans have themselves to blame for the conditions which give rise to such books as "The Relentless City." Foreign sensation-mongers are scarcely to be blamed for putting their noses into the trough which the vulgar rich, egged on by vulgar newspapers and gaped at by the vulgar poor, keep filled to overflowing with the sort of garbage on which Mr. Benson has glutted himself.

The counterparts of some of his sketches of American society may be found, although not in the true social life of New York. They exist only in the columns of the yellow press and in the imaginations of the ignorant and vulgar.

We regret to learn that the verses entitled "In Arcady," which appeared in the January number of this magazine, were copied practically verbatim from a poem by R. T. W. Duke, Jr., published in the *Century* for November, 1884. The contributor from whom we received them gave the name of Theodosia Morgan, and the address of Broad Street Park, Trenton, New Jersey.

The Rebellion of M'lindy Ann.

THE STORY OF TWO EVENTFUL JOURNEYS FROM THE BARROWS FARM TO THE CITY.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

I.

WHEN Eli Barrows was fairly set in at his work, he was an adept at hectoring; and it was his pleasure to hector on this occasion.

"Yes," he declared loftily to M'lindy Ann as he hitched up; "I've sold the hill place for three thousan' dollars—three thousan'—do ye take that in? I've got the whole pile in my satchel in there, an' I'm goin' to ketch the eight o'clock train for the city an' put it in bank. No, you can't go along. It's jest a matter of business, an' I can 'tend to it myself, without the expense of two goin'. What do women know about business, any way? I reckon I know how this money's come—by good, hard licks—an' I've been a good part of my life makin' it, so it stan's to reason I'd know how to take keer of it."

"I've worked pretty hard for it, myself," said Mrs. Barrows meekly. She was a little woman with iron-gray hair, and her voice was soft and plaintive.

Eli laughed, throwing back his head.

"Well, I call that good!" he said jeeringly. "What does any woman know about work, I'd like to know? Always in the house, havin' an easy time, while men's out in the weather, toilin' for all they're worth. I b'lieve you'd complain if you was in Paradise, M'lindy Ann. You don't know when you're well off—a good home, an' little to do, an' a chance to go to church every other Sunday, besides the political speakin'!"

M'lindy Ann did not reply. She turned resignedly, went into the house, and devoted herself to the "little to do" which Eli had mentioned. The broom was going swiftly and steadily when her lord came in and took up the leather satchel from the table.

"I'll be home in the mornin', on that early train," he said condescendingly, for he was always ready to forgive M'lindy Ann for her shortcomings, and took great credit to himself therefor, as being "easy to get along with." "You can wait breakfast—I'll be pretty hungry, I reckon."

"Buy a roun'-trip ticket, Eli," suggested M'lindy Ann mildly. But there could not have been any ulterior motive in her suggestion, for she added under his frowning glance: "They're cheaper in the long run, ye know."

"You talk like you traveled for a livin'," muttered Eli as he went out to the buggy; and the broom swept steadily on, through one room and into another.

One could live with M'lindy Ann in comparative comfort. She never talked back.

"I wisht ye had some new clothes, Eli," she called after him as he sat in the buggy, his knotty hands with the reins in them resting on the knees of his baggy old trousers.

"If my clothes suits me, there ain't nobody else got anything to do with 'em," he proclaimed testily. "If anybody wants to laugh at my clothes, let 'em laugh. They'd laugh on the other side o' their mouths if they knowed I had three thousan' dollars in that little ol' grip!"

And Eli drove away, well satisfied with himself. Reaching town, he stabled his horse near the station and bought a round-trip ticket. He was going to do that anyhow, of course. M'lindy's suggestion had nothing to do with it. Women were always giving advice where it wasn't really needed.

Eli's trip to the city was not dull nor monotonous in the least. It chanced that the car was somewhat crowded, and a gentleman asked permission to share his seat. He was a well-dressed gentleman, with kid gloves, yet he did not hesitate to speak pleasantly to a homely old farmer like Eli Barrows, commenting on the perfect winter weather, and asking after the last summer's crops with the greatest interest. It turned out that he was a member of the Missouri Legislature, on a little tour for health and pleasure, and Eli cheerfully gave him a great deal of information concerning the country in which he lived.

"You know, I always feel at home among the farmers," said the gentleman from Missouri. "Of course a large num-

ber of my constituents are farmers, and whenever I can get away I go down among them for an outing. Such good country fare as they give me! Such fried chicken—such butter and milk—there's nothing at the Waldorf-Astoria can compare with it!"

"I wisht ye'd call in on me as you're goin' back," said Eli, warmed to the heart. "We've got a pretty prosperous place—I'm jes' takin' three thousan' up to the city now, to put it in bank."

The member of the Missouri Legislature looked alarmed.

"Hush! Don't tell that to every one," he whispered. "Have you friends in the city? Do you know where you are going to put up?"

"I don't know yet," said Eli, visibly swelling; "but I reckon I'll strike one o' the big hotels for dinner—somethin' along about forty or fifty cents—I don't mind expenses, this trip. An' there can't no confidence man git the better o' me. I read the papers, I do—an' the first one that comes up an' calls me his long-lost uncle is goin' to git pasted over the head with this here umbreller!"

"But sometimes there are several of them, working together," said the gentleman from Missouri with deep concern. "Let's see—a friend of mine gave me the address of a place he always goes to—if I haven't lost it—ah, here it is! He says it is a very plain place, but the meals are fine. Suppose we both go there; and I'll keep you in sight after dinner till you get your money banked. Really, Mr. Barrows, after the interesting conversation we have had this morning, I shall not feel safe until you get that money into the bank."

And they reached the city, and Eli Barrows, smiling and grip-laden, went off in a cab with the member of the Missouri Legislature, and was lost in the crowd.

II.

M'LINDY ANN had heard the distant rumble of the early morning train as it crossed the valley at the back of the field and sped away to the little town, two miles further on. Breakfast was ready, and she was keeping it warm on the back of the stove.

The entire house was speckless and in its best Sunday clothes; and, strange to relate, so was M'Lindy Ann. Her worn black dress was brushed to the last degree, and showed its threadbareness forlornly. Her shabby old bonnet was wait-

ing her pleasure on the bedroom mantel; her rusty black cape hung over a chair, ready for use at a moment's notice.

She was at the door, watching the bend of the road. Her face was colorless, even to the lips. Unconsciously her fingers plucked and twisted the ends of the ribbon bow at her throat into little black spirals. M'Lindy Ann was plainly much disturbed.

When a little cloud of dust came crawling around the bend of the road, M'Lindy Ann bestirred herself and set the breakfast on the table. Everything was ready when Eli stepped in at the door, and M'Lindy Ann looked up, pretending not to notice that he was trembling from head to foot, and that he leaned against the door for support. What she really did notice was the other fact that his clothes were muddy, that his coat was torn, and that his hat had been crushed almost beyond recognition.

M'Lindy Ann hastily set a dish down on the table.

"I see how it is," she said. "You've been run over by one o' them street cars, Eli. Which ones o' your bones is broke?"

Eli burst into futile tears, and sank into a chair.

"It's worse'n that, M'Lindy Ann!" he sobbed, with his arms on the table among the dishes and his head on his arms. "I've been robbed an' drugged. I've lost the whole pile—an' it's my own tarnation fault! I was too pesky int'mate with a stranger—but he said he was a member of the Missouri Legislature, an' how was I to s'pose he was lyin'? An' the game they showed me—I could 'a' beat it with one han' tied behin' me. I seen my way clear to makin' another thousan' or so, to put in the bank along with the other; but they must 'a' put somethin' into the beer—I didn't drink more'n half a teacupful, M'Lindy Ann—an' I couldn't move hand or foot when they went into the satchel an' took the whole pile. An' then they come back an' kicked me all aroun', an' tramped on my hat; an' when I woke up I was jes' in time to ketch the train back. I'm ruined, M'Lindy Ann! The money I've worked so hard fur all my life—"

"I've worked pretty hard for it myself," said M'Lindy Ann drily.

She had made the same remark the morning before, but now there was a new quality in it. Eli groaned.

"If I had it back ag'in I'd give ye half of it, M'Lindy," he said sadly. "Ye ain't worked as hard as what I have, but

maybe you're entitled to half—fur ye've kep' the house mighty nice; but it's all gone! What's the matter, M'lindy Ann? Where ye goin'? What ye all dressed up fur at this time o' the day?"

"As soon as breakfast's over, I'm goin' to start for the city," said M'lindy Ann, who was quietly drinking her coffee. She had laid her bonnet on a chair with the cape; and beside it was a bundle wrapped in paper.

"Goin' to the city?" gasped Eli in deep amazement.

"Yes—I'm goin' to the city to put some money in the bank," said M'lindy Ann, eating serenely, the while she kept a pair of dark eyes fastened on Eli's astounded visage. "I'm goin' to take three thousand dollars with me—the three thousand that I saved by takin' it out of your grip when you was goin' off, so bumptious an' so pleased with yourself!"

Eli's jaws dropped apart, and his hands hung limp at his sides. When he recovered himself, a small, iron-gray woman was tying her bonnet strings in a neat bow under a determined chin, looking him calmly in the eyes the while.

"M'lindy Ann, you've got that money?" he cried in broken speech. "You'd taken it out before I lef' home? The man—the man from Missouri didn't get it?"

"Eli Barrows, you went up to the city with a piece of wood in your satchel, wrapped up in newspaper," said M'lindy, hooking the old black cape under her chin. "I hope the man from Missouri felt that it done him good. Take keer of the place, Eli. See that the chickens has fresh water, an' don't forgit to wind the clock, an' be shore to put the cat out of the house every night. I'd tell ye to wash the dishes every day, but I know good an' well you won't do it. This day week you can meet me at the train. You might as well drive down to the depot with me now, so's you can bring the team back."

Eli's jaws made connection slowly.

"M'lindy Ann," he said meekly, "hadn't I better go along with ye? We could git 'Liza Briggs to mind the place; an' now that I know the ropes——"

"You stay right here," said M'lindy Ann composedly. "I don't want nothin' to do with none o' the ropes you learned while you was in the city!"

And with this parting thrust a very small and very erect woman walked out to the buggy, followed by a tall and abject-looking man.

"Tain't right for a lone woman to go off on the train with all that money," he said as they drove up beside the little red station. "No tellin' what'll become of ye, M'lindy Ann."

"There won't nothin' become of me," said M'lindy Ann composedly. "You have the buggy here to meet the evenin' train one week from to-day—an' you look after the house. There ain't much to do, you know. You tol' me yestidday that my work didn't amount to nothin'."

After which M'lindy Ann, the hectored and brow-beaten, disappeared into an unknown world.

III.

PERHAPS there may have been years that were as long as the week of M'lindy's absence, but Eli had never experienced them. The work put new cricks into his back and unexpected blisters on his hands; and he had no sooner completed a meal and got things "straightened up" than he had to begin on another, and get them unstraightened again.

The same thing was to do over and over and over, not only every day, but three times a day. He looked at the soiled dishes with loathing, and swept in the middle of the floor, shunning the corners faithfully. He milked and churned the first day, but after that he merely milked, considering that butter was too dearly bought. After all, it did seem that M'lindy Ann's work was not the easiest in the world, though it had this saving grace—she was used to it. No doubt when one got used to it everything was very smooth sailing.

At last he sat in the old buggy, and saw M'lindy Ann step from the train and walk toward him with the light step of a girl.

"Well, how's everything?" she asked in a clear voice that he did not know. "The whole house is in a mess, I s'pose? Well, never mind—I'll soon get everything cleaned up!"

And he drove briskly home, waiting for her to begin; but she did not begin until she was seated in the kitchen, with the lamp-light showing a new expression in her eyes.

"Well, M'lindy Ann," said Eli mildly, "how'd ye come on in the city?"

He had purposely made the speech noncommittal. He was ready, if she acknowledged defeat, to jeer at her and sneer at her forever and a day; but he would not begin until he had heard her

story. He was not quite sure of M'lindy Ann. He had lived with her twenty years, but it took more than that to learn all about M'lindy Ann.

She turned up her dress skirt so that the fire would not "draw" it, and began taking things out of her satchel—the same satchel which had journeyed with Eli while he was learning the ropes.

"Well," she said deliberately, "the money's in bank—half in the First National an' half in the Germania. I divided it, so's in case one of 'em broke. I've got two bank-books an' two check-books—here they are. Every check on that money'll have to be signed by me—but, of course, I won't be mean about it, Eli. I consider that half of it's yours, anyhow."

Eli winced and smiled in sickly fashion, but M'lindy Ann only cast a fleeting glance at him.

"I made another deposit of four hundred and fifty dollars in the People's Bank," she went on calmly. "That's money I raised for the new church while I was in the city."

"M'lindy Ann!" gasped the astounded Eli.

"Yes," she answered, as if he had asked a question. "I thought I might as well make use of my time while I was there—so I went aroun' among the big men an' tol' 'em who I was, an' what we needed—an' I got the money without any trouble. One o' the big lumber men there has promised two hundred dollars' worth o' lumber, an' another is goin' to give the seats for the church—them patent things, fine as a fiddle. I made 'em put it down in black an' white, for I didn't want 'em crawlin' out of it when I'd got away. With what we've got on han', that gives us our church without a dollar of debt."

"Great Sam!" murmured Eli under his breath.

She saw him give his arm a furtive pinch, which seemed to be sufficiently convincing.

"I stopped with Cousin Laura's folks, an' they was mighty glad to see me," continued M'lindy Ann, with the light of pleasant memories on her face. "They wanted me to stay a month, but I'd said I'd come home to-day, so I come. But they took me to their church last Sunday, mornin' an' night, an' it was the greatest place to rest I ever saw. We set down to pray, and leant our heads on the back of the seat in front, an' they had people hired to sing for 'em, so there warn't a thing to do. It rested me

up a whole lot. Then Monday I hunted up Sam Howard an' collected that hundred an' fifty dollars he's been owin' us ever sence the woods burnt down."

Eli's eyes glistened, but the words he tried to say stuck somewhere in their passage.

"An' then I went out an' bought a lot o' things I'd been wantin' all my life," said M'lindy Ann, looking him in the face.

A dark flush suddenly spread over the sickly pallor of Eli's countenance.

"M'lindy Ann! Have you went an' been extravagant with that money?" he demanded severely.

M'lindy Ann leaned back and rocked in the crazy old kitchen chair.

"Yes, I have," she said calmly. "I heard you tell Si Groves, not more 'n a month ago, that you'd give that money to anybody that could collect it, for you'd been tryin' for ten years an' you couldn't. Well, I went an' collected it, an' I spent it as I pleased. I bought me a silk waist of a kind o' reddish color—ready made, at that—an' a bonnet with a feather on it, an' a flower about the shade o' the waist, an' a skirt with a train to it, an' a new cloak, an' some shoes that wasn't brogans. An' I got a new umbrella, an' some gloves—I ain't had none sence I was first married; an' a sewin' machine—the old one's that limber in the joints that it travels all over the floor when I'm sewin'—an' I bought you a whole suit o' clothes, from head to foot. Maybe if you'd had 'em when you went to the city the cows wouldn't 'a' et ye, like they did."

M'lindy Ann arose and gathered up the papers. Eli was about to say something, but she incidentally held up an old leather grip before his eyes, turning it upside down and shaking it to see if it was quite empty. He stood still for a long moment; and when he spoke his voice was a new voice.

"I'm sorry the house is in sich a fix, M'lindy Ann," he said. "How on earth ye manage to keep it clean is more'n I can see. Ye must have to work pretty hard."

And then M'lindy Ann turned and looked up at him, with something gleaming pleasantly in her eyes.

"We've both worked hard, Eli," she said. "Home's a pretty good place, after all them roarin' streets. I've never been as proud of anything as I'm goin' to be of that new church—an' us settin' there in our new clothes! It was awful nice of you to let me go to the city, Eli!"

NEW YORK'S NEW SUBWAY.

BY ALLEN KELLY.

TRAINS WILL SHORTLY BEGIN TO RUN ON THE FINEST, MOST EXTENSIVE, AND MOST COSTLY UNDERGROUND RAILWAY THAT ANY CITY HAS YET BUILT—THE PECULIAR DEFFICULTIES OF THE TRANSIT PROBLEM IN NEW YORK, AND WHAT THE SUBWAY WILL DO TO SOLVE THEM.

THE busiest hive of human industry in the world is the contracted southern end of the island of Manhattan. More workers are crowded into that narrow space than find standing-room upon any other equal space of the earth's surface, and their number steadily increases. Industrial efficiency and commercial economy are promoted by concentration, and nothing short of a complete revolution in the economic system could check the process which is going on in the business center of the American metropolis.

There would not be room enough for the growing army of workers upon the natural land surface of the island's toe, and therefore skilful engineers and bold builders have found a way to increase its area many times. The "skyscraper"—the building of twenty and more stories—solves the problem of working space. Piling cells tier upon tier, the bees are constructing a towering hive in which to labor and amass their worldly treasure; but they cannot live in that hive. So the solution of one problem introduces another even more difficult to solve.

THE GREATEST TRANSIT PROBLEM IN THE WORLD.

Hundreds of thousands of men and women must go to their work in the stores, offices, and factories in the lower half of Manhattan Island in the morning, and return to their homes at the close of day. The island is long and narrow, and most of its traffic is necessarily along the north and south line. How to facilitate the movement of her vast army of workers between their homes and the business hive is New York's most perplexing problem.

Elevated railroads have done much, but for obvious reasons there is a definite limit to the extension of such

a system of transit, and New York ceased looking for relief in that direction long ago. Limitations of speed necessary to safe use of the streets preclude further considerable development of surface systems, and aerial transit is only a fantastic dream. Nothing remains but to go underground and bore tunnels through the island from end to end, and that is what the city is doing. The great advantage of the underground system is that it permits the highest speed attainable by moving vehicles, and speed is the chief factor in the problem.

Four years ago—on March 24, 1900, to be specific—ground was broken for New York's great subway—her first great subway, for there will be more of them before very long. The builders were like an army of moles. Their course could be traced by the broken surface of the ground and the temporary destruction of streets, whereat the public grumbled and scolded. But the upheaval of pavements, the mess and litter and annoyance, were temporary ills, soon to be forgotten, while the result is an underground pathway for swift trains such as no other city in the world possesses.

Much of the work was done in open cut, and while there was much criticism of the method, the reasons for adopting it in preference to tunneling seem to be sufficient. It was the design of the engineers to keep as near the surface as possible, in order that access to the subway from the street might be by short stairways, avoiding the use of elevators. Except for one short tunnel under Murray Hill, the subway through the city below the north end of Central Park conforms closely to the surface grade, and the stairways leading down to the stations are no longer than the elevated railroad stairways.

From the City Hall, near the south

end of the island, to One Hundred and Fourth Street, a distance of about seven miles, the subway is fifty-four feet wide, and contains four tracks, two for local and two for express trains. At One Hundred and Fourth Street the tunnel branches, one line continuing directly north for five miles, and the other turn-

surface, to do away with the intolerable crowding of the narrow lanes of the New England metropolis.

Cities capable of expansion in all or many directions can solve their transportation problems by simple radial systems of surface and elevated transit, but the shape of Manhattan Island restricts



ONE OF THE PLATFORMS AT THE CITY HALL STATION—THE STATIONS OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAY ARE LIGHT, AIRY, AND TASTEFULLY DECORATED.

ing to the east under Central Park and running some four miles across the Harlem River and into the Bronx. There are three tracks in the first for two miles beyond the fork, and two tracks from that point to the end of the line. There are two tracks in the Bronx branch. Each is continued beyond the tunnel exit upon viaducts.

New York's subway is not like other subterranean routes. The famous underground railway in London, the pioneer enterprise of its kind, having been in operation for nearly half a century, is dark, smoky, and poorly ventilated. The newer "tubes" in the British metropolis are deep, single-track tunnels, requiring elevators, and therefore more or less inconvenient of access. Boston's subway is comparatively short—though it is to be greatly extended—and is only an incidental dive of trolley lines under the

bulk of travel during "rush hours" to one direction, and to a limited number of longitudinal avenues. Consequently the New York subway system, of which the completed work is but a beginning, must consist of a number of broad underground avenues, traversing the length of the island, with track capacity for a great number of fast trains.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN SUBWAYS.

In all its dimensions, the subway soon to be opened is the greatest of holes in the ground made by man. In length it far surpasses any of the great Alpine tunnels, and in width it exceeds any other passage underground. It is spacious, well-lighted, and airy. The stations are roomy chambers lined with decorative tiling, and many of them so illumined by day from above as to seem more like arched halls of a building than subter-



ABOVE A SUBWAY STATION—ENTRANCES TO THE STAIRWAYS FOR INCOMING AND OUTGOING PASSENGERS AT FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET.

can caves. The entire absence of the only, dark-cellar aspect of the ordinary railroad tunnel is a striking feature of the New York subway. Special attention has been given to making the stations not only comfortable, but cheerful and attractive. The

decoration is artistic and varied, and no two stations are exactly alike. Each has some marked characteristic, either of construction or color scheme, which identifies it at a glance. It is worthy of particular note that defacement of the walls with advertisements is prohibited.



THE COLUMBUS CIRCLE STATION, AT EIGHTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET—PLATFORM AND STAIRWAYS FOR PASSENGERS.

The operating company desired and intended to sell advertising space at the stations, and to make them as hideous as the elevated stations or the scenery along railroad lines in New Jersey, but the Rapid Transit Commission had the good sense to interpose its veto.

to have solved that difficulty, and a large number of cars built entirely of steel will be used. The steel cars cannot burn, and unless they are thrown from the track and brought into direct contact with the current rail, it is believed that they will be safe from electrical dangers.

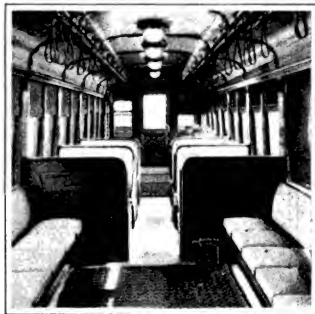
Local trains will consist of five cars, and are expected to run at a speed of sixteen mile an hour. Express trains of eight cars will make thirty miles an hour. The seating capacity of an express train is four hundred and sixteen passengers. The strap capacity, judging by the elevated railroad standard, will be consider-



THE AUGUST BELMONT, THE FIRST CAR FOR NEW YORK'S NEW SUBWAY.

Trains in the subway will be operated by electricity, the method of power transmission being the third-rail, top-contact system, similar to that in use on elevated railways. An automatic block system, which shuts off power and applies brakes, is expected to make collisions practically impossible, and an ingenious but simple device applied to the controller in the head car of a train shuts off the power the instant the motorman's hand is taken from the controller handle. Should a man die suddenly, or faint at his post, the train would come to a stop within a short distance.

The Paris tunnel horror turned the attention of engineers to the dangers of fire in subways, and the public demanded fire-proof cars. The first built for the new subway were constructed partly of wood, but with absolutely fire-proof floors, roofs, and sides up to the windows. All-metal cars were advocated by many, but it was feared that the difficulty of insulating them could not be overcome, and that the danger of short-circuiting the deadly current would be greater than the peril of fire. Electrical experts claim



INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE CARS FOR THE SUBWAY.—THE STRAITS SEEM TO INDICATE THAT AN END OF THE INTOLERABLE OVER-CROWDING IS NOT EXPECTED.

ably more, and if the packing of cars to the utmost limit of standing-room is tolerated, a subway express train will carry from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred people.

No official estimate of the carrying capacity of the subway has been given out, but it is safe to say that the operating company expects to be able to haul not less than fifty thousand passengers an hour. The traffic of elevated and surface lines in New York now amounts

to fifteen hundred thousand fares in a day. The elevated roads alone have carried more than a million passengers in one day. The subway trains, it is calculated, will do as much business, because of higher speed and consequently more

million passengers each year, and other tunnels and projected bridges will contribute largely to the moving population of the city. These figures mean that in four years the congested condition of traffic which made the first subway a



THE NORTHERN END OF THE GREAT TUNNEL, AT FORT GEORGE—FROM THIS POINT THE WEST SIDE BRANCH OF THE SUBWAY IS TO BE CONTINUED TO KINGSBRIDGE AS AN ELEVATED RAILROAD.

frequent trains, as all of the elevated lines combined.

ONLY A BEGINNING YET MADE.

But the normal increase of north and south traffic on Manhattan Island is estimated by Engineer Parsons at between thirty and forty millions annually. The Pennsylvania tunnel is expected to bring into New York not less than forty

necessity will probably be reestablished, and another subway will be required to relieve it.

Obviously New York must go on building subways, starting a new one as each is completed, until Manhattan Island is honeycombed with tunnels from end to end, or the limit of population is reached. Already preparations are being made for extensions and branches of the



THE UNFINISHED STATION ON THE MANHATTANVILLE VIADUCT, AT BROADWAY AND MANHATTAN STREET
—IN THE DISTANCE IS THE ENTRANCE OF THE WASHINGTON HEIGHTS TUNNEL.

first subway, and the East and West Sides are competing for an entirely new one traversing the length of the island. Both undoubtedly need an additional underground line, and the only question to be decided is which shall be built first.

When all the projected bridges and

tunnels to Long Island are constructed, and either bridges or tunnels provide for rapid transit to the Jersey shore of the Hudson, the transportation problem will be changed to a certain extent, and pressure on the longitudinal lines may be greatly relieved. The rivers will then be no barriers to the lateral expansion



THE GREAT VIADUCT ON WHICH THE WEST SIDE BRANCH CROSSES THE MANHATTANVILLE VALLEY,
BETWEEN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AND WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.



A STATION ON THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY, COMMONLY CALLED THE "TWO PENNY TUBE"—FOR PURPOSES OF COMPARISON, PICTURES OF THE LONDON AND PARIS SUBWAYS ARE GIVEN ON THIS PAGE.

of New York, and Manhattan will practically cease to be an island.

It is impossible to realize fully the magnitude of the task accomplished in four years without having seen it in progress and noted the amount of labor expended in clearing the way of water, gas, and sewer conduits, in protecting building foundations, and in supporting pavements and car-tracks. None of this work shows in the completed tunnels, and passengers on subway trains will see nothing to indicate it.

Power to operate trains and supply light in the subway will be generated by boilers of an aggregate capacity of one hundred and thirty-two thousand horsepower, in a building covering a ground area of more than three acres. It will be the largest building of the kind in the world, and its cost, with the power plant, is estimated at seven million dollars. The total cost of subway and equipment runs up to something more than forty-five million dollars. It is quite certain to prove a profitable investment.



THE VINCENNES STATION ON THE CHEMIN DE FER METROPOLITAIN, THE PARIS UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

THE STAGE

OASES IN A DESERT.

Although many managers have been hard hit in this memorably disastrous season, there has been cause to congratulate the public after all. For the offerings that have prospered—few of them though there may have been—were almost invariably the worthy ones, such as

really made for the advancement of the drama as an art.

A notable instance was the success of Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan, starring jointly in three productions from the Augustin Daly repertoire—"Taming of the Shrew," "The School for Scandal," and "The Merchant of Venice." Their



OTIS SKINNER, STARRING JOINTLY WITH ADA REHAN IN SHAKESPEARE AND OLD COMEDY.

From his latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

hit came as a complete surprise, too. Shakespeare had failed Nat Goodwin just across the street; Ada Rehan had been obliged to cut her season short

But when it opened at the Lyric in "The Shrew," the box-office was besieged, and the engagement proved highly successful, both artistically and financially.



VIRGINIA EARL, STARRING IN THE MILITARY COMIC OPERA, "SERGEANT KITTY."

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.

when last she appeared in New York; and Mr. Skinner had drawn only a corporal's guard in his fine performance of "Francesca da Rimini" some two years ago. So the new combination was booked for only a three weeks' run in Gotham.

Both the stars have been inundated with offers for next year.

Last season Mr. Skinner did not get into the metropolis at all. He was playing in "Lazarre," a dramatization of the late Mrs. Catherwood's novel, and, by all

reports, putting up a fine performance. In "Francesca," the year before, he enacted *Lanciotto*, the hunchback, with Aubrey Bouciennit for the handsome

and the *Constance* of Eleanor Robson. The preceding season he had starred at Wallack's in "Prince Otto," from the story by Robert Louis Stevenson.



AMELIA STONE, FEATURED IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "PIFF, PAFF, POUFF,"

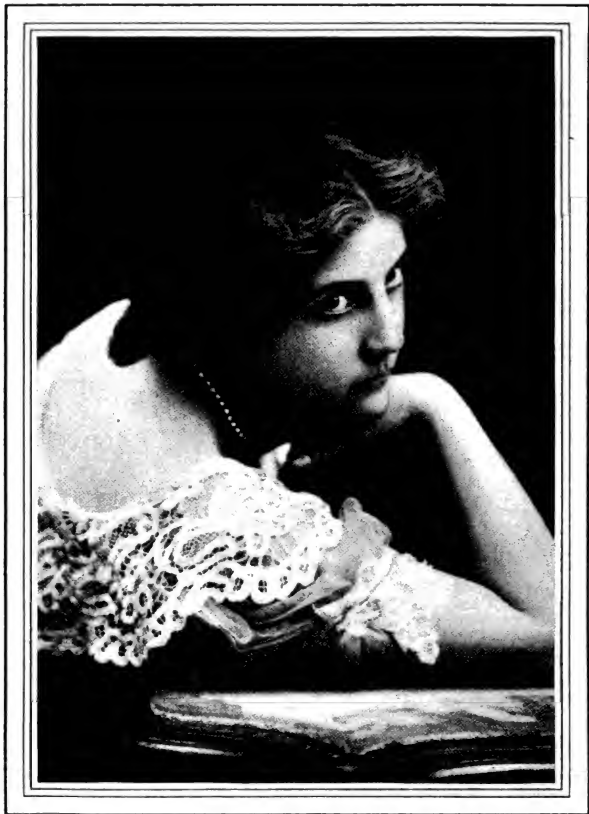
From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

Paolo and Marcia Van Dresser in the title part. His New York appearance previous to that was his triumph in a matinée production of Browning's poem, "In a Balcony," in which he was the *Norbert* to the *Queen* of Mrs. Le Moyne

Mr. Skinner began his career in the stock companies of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. He had been living in Hartford, and his impetus to stage work came from seeing J. H. Stoddart — now touring in "The Bonnie Brier

Bush"—play "The Long Strike." The first two rôles he studied were *Shylock* and *Eugene Aram*. As a contrast to this

his mouth, in regular William Tell style. But Skinner did not consent to risk his life in this way until the manager had



EDNA PHILLIPS, LEADING WOMAN OF THE MURRAY HILL STOCK COMPANY, NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Savoy, New York.

ambitions beginning, it may be mentioned that while in stock work he once had to enact a black-face part and allow Frank Frayne to shoot a clay pipe from

promised to give him, in return, a line on the program, the first occasion in which he was thus immortalized.

During his early stock days, he had the



EDNA GOODRICH, WITH THE ANNA HELD COMPANY.

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

honor of playing for ten weeks in the company of Edwin Booth, and it is of this experience that he has said: "No one of any impressionability could have played with this marvelous man and not have felt the powerful sway of his personality. With me it was irresistible and all-pervading. This domination of method could have come from no more advantageous source, for Edwin Booth, while he was the most poetic and magnetic of actors, was the most unaffected and unmannered."

After a period devoted to juvenile parts with Lawrence Barrett, Skinner went into Daly's company, at first doing only lovers in the comedies from the German, but after a time being promoted to Shakespeare. This was in the middle eighties. In "The Shrew" he enacted *Lucentio*; in "The Merry Wives," *Mr. Page*; and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," *Lysander*.

He remained for five seasons at Daly's, and after that served for two more as leading man for Mme. Modjeska. Then he went with Joseph Jefferson, doing *Captain Absolute* in "The Rivals." It may not be generally known that at one period of his starring career—no further

back than 1899, in fact—he played John Drew's part in "Rosemary." Next year we may see him as *Herod*, in Stephen Phillips' poetical drama of that name.

Augustin Daly died June 7, 1899, in Paris, while his company in New York were appearing in the English melodrama, "The Great Ruby." Miss Rehan did not appear on the stage again until



ROBERT EDSON AS HE APPEARS IN "RANSON'S FOLLY."

From his latest photograph by Seidman, New York.

the following March, when she began a brief engagement in some of her old successes, starting out with "The School

metropolis until the next season, when she came forward in Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." The piece



ADA REHAN AS LADY TEAZLE IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

for Scandal," in Baltimore. The tour was planned to last only a few weeks, and did not bring her to New York at all. She did not reappear in the American

had been a great success with another actress in London, but it could not be made to go here. Miss Rehan closed her season early in the spring of 1901, and

went abroad to her bungalow in Ireland—her native soil. It was announced that she would return in the autumn to play

came of it, and Miss Rehan did not tread the boards again until she began her present tour with Mr. Skinner last fall.



ADELE RITCHIE, LEADING WOMAN IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "GLITTERING GLORIA."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

a modern society comedy written especially for her by Martha Morton, who did "His Wife's Father" and "A Fool of Fortune" for Crane. But nothing

Another happy circumstance of the passing season has been the hit of James K. Hackett's players in "The Secret of Polichinelle," a comedy from the

French, which surprises everybody because it is entirely unobjectionable in tone. A fragile little play, possessing hardly any plot, but an abundance of sentiment, it is capably acted by a cast with the ever reliable W. H. Thompson at its head. He is a grandfather who seeks to keep from his wife his secret visits to their son, married against the paternal wishes, while his wife is doing exactly the same thing on her part. This, it will be seen, supplies an entirely new motive in stageland, and one which, if the players were not skilful, might



HELEN PRINDIVILLE AS SHE APPEARED IN
"BEN HUR."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.



W. J. FERGUSON, APPEARING AS THE JOVIAL
MUTUAL FRIEND IN "THE SECRET OF
POLICHINELLE."

From a photograph by Gline, Boston.

easily leave the audience stranded in ennui. As it is, the comedy glides on in delightful fashion, and promises to have a long run.

A striking example of the manner in which an able actor can make a colorless part stand out is supplied in this play by W. J. Ferguson, as the bachelor friend of the family. He has some charming scenes with another clever player, Grace Kimball, who was lending woman with E. H. Sothern in the days of "Sheridan" and "Lettarblair," and who recently married, with the intention of abandoning the stage for good.

Mr. Ferguson is a native of Maryland, and has been identified with comedy parts in most of the New York theaters. He has been in almost every success the little Madison Square house has known. He began his career as call-boy in Ford's Theater, Washington, and was on duty in that capacity when Lincoln was shot in one of the stage boxes.

There are players who are sometimes regarded as "hoodoos," every piece in

which they appear turning out a failure, whether they do good work or not. The writer knows an actor who meets with just this deplorable experience. Fortunately, being of independent means, he

Aunt," "The Gay Parisians," "The Girl from Maxim's," and "Beau Brummell." In the latter play, Clyde Fitch's first hit, he created *Mortimer*, the valet, and staked the price of a wig on its success,



JESSIE BUSLEY, NOW PLAYING TWENEY IN BARRIE'S COMEDY, "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

From her latest photograph by the Otis Sarony Company, New York.

can afford to point the tale without going to the poor-house in consequence. Ferguson, on the other hand, seems to be a mascot. Among the successes with which he has been identified are "Hazel Kirke," "The Fatal Card," "Charley's

Mansfield, who took the other end of the bet, being pessimistic about it on the night of the dress rehearsal.

A third cause for congratulation in the present season's record is the support meted out to George Bernard

Shaw's "Candida." First put on by Arnold Daly for a trial matinée in December, this clever comedy was soon thereafter shifted to evening performances, and speedily became one of the standard attractions of the metropolis,

to his friend, Barnabee of the Bostonians. "She has never been on the stage, to be sure, and I don't know if she can act, but she has a good voice."

"Send her around to-morrow," replied Barnabee briefly, and so Amelia Stone



WILLIAM ELLIOTT AS RUPERT DE WILLOUGHBY IN
"THAT MAN AND I."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



FRANK DEKUN, WHO IS THE BROTHER IN "THE
GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES."

From a photograph by Savoy, New York.

having been played in no fewer than four different theaters successively.

IN REGARD TO AMELIA STONE.

"I have a little niece who can sing," said a Chicagoan seven years or so ago

got her first chance to appear behind the footlights.

She rehearsed with the "Robin Hood" company in Chicago, going on with them to Kansas City, where she made her debut as Jessie Barlett Davis' sweetheart

Annabel in the good old green-wood opera. She finished that season in the part, going as far West as San Francisco, and appearing in most of the large "show towns" west of the Missouri.

The next contract Miss Stone signed was with Hoyt's well-remembered "Trip to Chinatown." Though she didn't go quite as far as the title of the play, she did go to Australia with it for nine months or so.

Upon her return to New York and the seething maelstrom of the Rialto, the high tide of success eddied her into another of Hoyt's winning shows, "A Stranger in New York." In addition to a small part in this play she was made understudy to Sadie Martinot, who was leading as *Hattie*. Miss Stone admits that she was not in the least unlike other understudies; she spent most of her leisure moments hoping and praying—hoping that no serious misfortune would befall the leading lady and praying that one might. Well, one did; Miss Martinot fell ill, ill enough to give Miss Stone the long-looked-for chance, and in the vernacular of the Great White Way, she "made good."

She was so successful as *Hattie* that she was sent across to London with the play. She lived up to the title so consistently that when she came back to America she was indeed a stranger in New York, for Broadway had not seen her for four years.

Had Londoners been talking as much about "the American invasion" at that time as they did a little later, Miss Stone might have been arraigned as the leader of the Yankees, for she was the first American girl to sing in the historic Drury Lane Theater. Some of the other capitals in which she has lifted up her voice are Vienna, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Moscow.

It was about two years ago that Miss Stone returned to her home in Detroit, Michigan, but she was not off the boards very long. "A Chinese Honeymoon" was ready to go on at the Casino, and the very pretty part of the *Princess Soo Soo* was offered to her. This was really her formal debut on the New York stage as a prima donna. After the tuneless comedy had gone the way of all good shows, Miss Stone was asked to change her name—not her royal station—and become the *Princess Angelcake* in the fantastic "Runaways." It was a small and unsatisfactory part, and the *Princess* did her best to hand it back to the

Shuberts, but two earnest endeavors met with no success, and she finally agreed to go on and play it. She and Van Rensselaer Wheeler had a duct in the second act, words having been set to the tune of "Hiawatha," and all New York, with its annual summer colony of visitors and sight-seers, were nearly driven mad by its constant repetition. "Hiawatha" was sung, whistled, hummed, and ground out until "Bedelia" made herself heard above the din and saved the reason of half a million distracted people.

Miss Stone is taking her first rest in two years, but will soon be making ready for another first night in "Piff! Paff! Pouff!" a new musical comedy in which she is to be featured.

AN ODD PLAY WITH STRONG MOMENTS.

One of the season's peculiar offerings is "That Man and I," exploiting Robert Hilliard in an altogether unaccustomed rôle, and one in which he acquits himself most creditably. Mrs. Burnett, the author, has used her novel, "In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim," as a basis for the play, and while the latter is somber and somewhat crude, it has situations that may truthfully claim to exceed in dramatic strength anything recently seen in stageland. Frank L. Perley has provided a cast of real worth, with the possible exception of the leading woman, Maude Fealy, who is scarcely equal to the radical transformation from the mother of the prologue to the daughter in the play proper. The strongest scenes are between Hilliard and H. Reeves-Smith, who came over from England some years since with the farce "A Brace of Partridges," and who does capital work as "that man" to the "I" of Hilliard.

Among our portraits this month is one of the leading juvenile in the play, William Elliott, who brings an engaging breeziness and zest to the young lover, *Rupert De Willoughby*, a colorless rôle depending wholly on the personality of the player. Mr. Elliott passed to it fresh from a part of altogether contrary nature—nothing less weird and anemic than *Oswald*, the crazy youth in Ibsen's "Ghosts," Mary Shaw being his stage mother. He was to have played *Eugene Marchbanks* to Miss Shaw's *Candida* had not Arnold Daly secured the rights to the George Bernard Shaw play (actress and dramatist are not related) ahead of her.

Mr. Elliott comes of a theatrical fam-

ily, and was born in Scotland, but brought up in Boston. Last season he was *Jack McAllister* in "Robert Emmet." He enacted *Flash* in "Her Lord and Master" when Herbert Kecey and Effie Shannon gave that luckless piece at the Madison Square a few years ago.

Frank Dekum, whose portrait is next to that of Mr. Elliott, is a young man from Portland, Oregon, who came to New York two years ago and took a course at one of the schools for acting. Last spring he was engaged by Clyde Fitch for the second season of "The Girl with the Green Eyes," to play the part of the weak brother who causes all the trouble, created by J. W. Albaugh, Jr.

THE BROKEN REED ON WHICH PLAYERS MUST LEAN.

How unsatisfactory the life of the actor is after all, always dependent on the power behind the throne—in other words, the author! No matter how resplendent may be his success one season, nor how faithfully he may depict the rôle intrusted to him, if the play does not please the public, the player shares in the general fiasco.

As an instance, take Jessie Busley, who is pictured on page 143. Some seven years ago Miss Busley, Minnie Dupree, and Alice Fischer all made striking successes in the English melodrama, "Two Little Vagrants." Just now all three of them, although meanwhile they have scored in other successes, have to lament being chief figures in dramas that the public declines to accept. The first to fall by the wayside was Miss Dupree, attempting to star in "A Rose o' Plymouth Town"; then came Alice Fischer, after a season of glorious record in "Mrs. Jack," landing a flat failure in "What Is the Matter With Susan?"

Miss Busley's tale of woe is attached to J. M. Barrie's "Little Mary," a prodigious hit in London, but capable of only three weeks' life in New York. Last season she was equally unfortunate with still another English play, "The New Clown." She finished out the year in "The Girl with the Green Eyes," in a part specially altered for her by Mr. Fitch from one he had written for Mrs. McKee Rankin. She was to have created the chief character in his newest play, "Glad of It," but by declining the rôle she missed participating in another failure. This record of recent fiascoes is in striking contrast to a list of hits in which she has figured, including "Charley's Aunt,"

"The Fatal Card," "The Sporting Duchess," the farce "Thoroughbred," and the English melodrama "Hearts Are Trumps."

Miss Busley has been on the stage since 1890, starting with Robert Mantell. She has made her deepest impression in character parts, perhaps the most striking of them being that of the lively, rough-speaking, yet good-hearted music hall "artist" in "Hearts Are Trumps." The failure of "Little Mary" to score in America must detract considerably from Barrie's satisfaction in the hit of his "Admirable Crichton," which ran through the winter with Gillette at the New Lyceum. Since "Little Mary" was shelved, Miss Busley has been transferred to the other Barrie comedy, taking the part of *Tweeny*, the highly original servant girl, impersonated during the early part of the season by an English actress, Patty Browne.

AN AMERICAN OF THE AMERICANS.

Robert Edeson deserves well of American playgoers who believe in the protection of domestic industries. Not only is he a good actor, but he believes in encouraging the home-made dramatic article. Since he became a star two years ago he has presented none but American plays, and there are no foreigners in his company.

Before he started out for himself he was an American in the Clyde Fitch play, "The Climbers." He was in the cast of the first piece ever shown on the stage of the Empire, the American army play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." It is rather a wonder that Edeson did not become a manager instead of an actor, as he started in at the front of the house, in Brooklyn, and only went on the stage in an emergency to replace a player who had fallen ill.

He was successful from the outset in his first venture with his name in big type, Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune," which lasted him two seasons. Last autumn he tried another American play, "The Rector's Garden," by Byron Ongle, in which he enacted the character of a minister—which recalls the fact that he was the first *Gavin Dishart* with Maude Adams. "The Rector's Garden" did not take, however, and he returned to "Soldiers of Fortune" for his tour in the South and West, until his new Davis army play was ready, "Ransom's Folly."

This piece, being dramatized from a short story, is in strong contrast to most

book-made plays in that it is simplicity itself, the adapter not being confronted with the difficult task of cutting out three-quarters of his material in order to bring the work within the two-hour limit of the stage. While it does not give Edeson a chance to do the heroic deeds of "Soldiers of Fortune," the character of *Ransom* is certainly a good deal more on the level of the ordinary human being, and carries well over the footlights into the sympathies of the audience. And Edeson makes a capital realizer of the rich father's son, with a good heart and an unlimited capacity for running into trouble. The last act is by far the best, which is dramatic progression in the proper order.

For next season Edeson has a play which he thinks will be a surprise to the public. We shall not reveal the nature of the surprise, but it lies in the subject of the piece, which is one that playwrights have seldom used, though it would seem to be particularly suitable for actors of his type.

Edeson was born in New Orleans, and brought up in Baltimore and Brooklyn. His father was George R. Edeson, a native of New York, who started life as a bookseller's clerk, and ended it, five years ago, as stage manager and comedian of the Girard Avenue stock company, Philadelphia.

In his leading women, Robert Edeson appears to have a penchant for players from the Murray Hill stock. In "Soldiers of Fortune" he had Dorothy Donnelly. The rôle of the heroine in "Ransom's Folly" was created by Sandol Milliken; and on the latter's marriage, she was followed by still another ingénue from the H. V. Donnelly forces—Laura Hope Crews.

A GOOD TRAINING SCHOOL.

Speaking of the Murray Hill, the stock system was restored there in the middle of the winter, with practically a new company, headed by a really clever leading woman, of whom we give a portrait. Edna Phillips was born in Canada. After her father's death, having decided to adopt the stage as a means of livelihood, she came to New York and entered the Wheatcroft School of Acting. With credentials from this source, she obtained a position as super in the company of E. H. Sothern while he was doing "Change Alley" at the old Lyceum. Sothern noticed her work, and when there was opportunity to pick a player for a small part he selected Miss Phillips.

So in time she was promoted to *Gabrielle* in "The King's Musketeer."

She remained with Sothern for three seasons, and was then engaged by Frank Keenan for his leading woman in "The Hon. John Grigsby." After that Miss Phillips went into stock work, and at the Murray Hill was especially good in Irene Vanbrugh's part of the manicure girl in "The Gay Lord Quex." It is quite on the cards that she will be seen on Broadway next season.

"UNION FOREVER"—OF MUSIC AND COMEDY.

Although musical shows are the most expensive ones to put on, in spite of many recent failures, and in the teeth of George Edwardes' assertion that there is no money in them for London, they continue to occupy the stages of a large percentage of our theaters. Virginia Earl is among the fortunate ones in the gamble—it is little more—for the military opera in which she is starred, "Sergeant Kitty," drew such good audiences at Daly's that after its term there expired, it was moved to the Casino for an extended run.

Adèle Ritchie, however, the leading feature in "Glittering Gloria," was no luckier with that piece than she was in another musical importation from London, "My Lady Molly," earlier in the winter. Neither show held the Daly boards for longer than three weeks. The season before last Miss Ritchie had an important part with Francis Wilson in "The Toreador." She is a Philadelphian, and first came into notice ten years ago as understudy to Marie Tempest, in "The Algerian."

Virginia Earl was born in Cincinnati, of French-Irish parentage. She began to act at thirteen in a juvenile "Mikado" company, and later followed Della Fox as *Prince Malaya* in a road production of "Wang." Previous to that she had spent two years in Australia, playing in Rice's "Evangeline" and doing the country girl, *Tags*, in "The County Fair." Her first decided hit was made at the Casino in the name part of "The Lady Slavey," but she won her real spurs when Augustin Daly added her to his musical forces. She began as one of the English tourists in "The Geisha," and later, in "A Runaway Girl," carried everything before her in the part opposite Cyril Scott. Some of her most popular songs of this period were "Only a Bit of String" and "The Boy Guessed Right the Very First Time." Last season Miss Earl did not play.

ETCHINGS

WHEN MADGE WAS YOUNG.

WHEN Madge was young her heroes were
The slashing knights of mail and spur,
Her heroines the dainty dames
Whom love devours with crescent
flames;
Plain bank-notes had no charms for her.

How well she snubbed that worshiper
Who spoke of love at forty per!
Gilt titles were but empty names
When Madge was young.

When Madge was young! I'll not aver
That now she's old, or cast a slur
At all the wiles and maiden games
She plays to win the pile she claims;
I only state what *did* occur
When Madge was young.

Herbert Blake.

THE PLAINT OF THE SERVANT GIRL.

I DECLARE my head seems bursting
And my brain is in a whirl,
For these cereals in the morning
Make one hate to be a girl.

I don't object to washing
Nor to ironing the clothes;
And the company at dinner
I don't count among my woes.

To be sure, I don't like children
Messing round the kitchen sink;
But they're not such awful monsters
As some girls would have you think.

So you see, compared with others,
I am not so very cross;
And I'm sure if I gave notice
They would find me quite a loss.

And I wouldn't think of leaving,
But them pesky breakfast foods
Makes me have the meanest feelings—
What the mistress calls "my moods."

First there's cookin' of the oatmeal
That the master always eats;
Then for Tom, his football trainer
Orders some strange "Cereal Meats."

Baby Lou comes next in order,
And her "malted" food I fix;
While for delicate Miss Helen
There is bran and grits to mix.

Something "ready cooked" wants Harry,
Who is always in a rush;
While the doctor says the mistress
Must have plain old-fashioned mush.

Then I warm Miss Susan's zwieback
And her cup of "Bungalo,"
While three kinds of cereal coffee
Must be boiled—and boiled just so.

When at last those at the table
Have been served to all this stuff,
Then I march out in the kitchen
And sit down in quite a huff.

And I vow that I will never,
Nevermore in all my days
Take a place without inquiring
If they have the health food craze.
Louise J. Starkweather.

THE GOLFER'S LITANY.

DRIVER, specially made for me,
Balanced to a perfect T,
Lightly to the hand you swing,
Struck by you the ball takes wing—
Could you but proclaim the strokes
You have made, to other folks;
Could you but my Boswell be!—
Driver, specially made for me.

Mashie, golfer's best recourse
When 'tis skill he needs, not force;
When from hummock, hole, or rut,
When from road or open cut,
He'd regain the course once more
Without damage to his score—
Mashie, golfer's best recourse
When 'tis skill he needs, not force.

Putter, monarch of the green,
Where the contest waxes keen,
Where the finest work is done,
Where the game is lost and won,
Where the Scot redeems the past,
And the foursome ends at last—
Putter, monarch of the green,
Where the highest skill is seen.

Cleik, the truest friend of all,
 Ever ready for the ball,
 Ever ready to replace
 Each and all in every case:
 Niblick, brassie, what is more,
 Lofter, too, if need be sore—
 Cleik, the truest friend of all,
 Every ready to the call.

Driver, mashie, putter, cleik—
 Had you tongue wherewith to speak,
 To recount the wondrous strokes
 I have made, to other folks;
 Could you but my prowess tell
 Seen by you in vale and dell,
 Could you, could you only speak!—
 Driver, niblick, lofter, cleik.

William Wallace Whitelock.

THE GREAT GOD SHAM.

THE great god Sham was a mighty god
 In the years before the flood;
 He ruled the world with an iron rod
 Ere the era of total mud.
 The common herd and the bluest blood
 From Greenland down to far Siam
 Did bend the knee to his majesty,
 The very great god Sham—
 Alas, the flood and the age of mud
 And the world that knelt to Sham!

But the god, reborn, is with us yet,
 Living and large to view;
 In the drawing-room is his image set,
 At the family altar, too.
 His mightiness has a deal to do
 In broadening the A's of Uncle Sam.
 And with fiddle-de-dee in the family tree,
 This good and great god Sham.
 "Oh, I am I and you are you,"
 Sings the very correct god Sham.

Sham is still strong in the marts of men;
 But secretly walks in shame.
 He turns the trick that is sly, and then
 Gives it another name.
 If a crime is big, he calls it fame
 And he doesn't care a—slam;
 He is cleverest who bluffs the best,
 Is the creed of the great god Sham.
 Oh, law and order are somewhat tame
 To the mind of the great god Sham.

He likes religion, this god of ours,
 When good folk to him kotow
 In a high-up church, all songs and flowers
 And Easter bounnets a-row.
 Through the week he's a ravening lion,
 You know,
 But Sunday, a very lamb.

He blesses his flock in a new-cut frock,
 This immaculate great god Sham.
 It's all right if you father a college or so,
 Smiles the decorous great god Sham.

But he's most at home, this mighty god,
 In the game of politics;
 There was never a creature above the sod
 Neater at party tricks.
 He doesn't with naughty "grafters" mix,
 And he wouldn't steal a dram,
 But he's there every minute for all there
 is in it,
 This wonderful smooth god Sham.

Then hail to the great god Sham,
 Who seems to be It to-day,
 Till a second flood and a bath of mud
 Shall swallow him up for aye.
Richard Burton.

IRENE'S INFATUATION.

IRENE became a Wagnerite
 At quite a recent day;
 And when her fads begin their flight
 She follows all the way;
 Just now she thinks the earth was
 made
 That "Parsifal" might be displayed.

Irene reads volumes by the score,
 That bear upon this theme;
 She skims through magazines galore
 For Parsifallian cream;
 The papers, too, though not for news,
 But pro and Con-ried interviews.

Irene hears lectures, every kind—
 With choir-boys, with scenes,
 With moving pictures, or combined
 With musical machines:
 Consuming, hastily, the cult;
 Will mind-dyspepsia not result?

Irene is learning, note by note,
 That weird and wondrous score.
 Sub rosa-ly, her family vote
 The opera is a bore;
 And if announced for five more
 times,
 They'll take a trip to distant climes.

Irene's adorers look askance,
 And more remote they stand;
 Except one youth, who sees his chance
 To win the lady's hand;
 She'll not refuse (he is adroit!)
 A wedding journey to Bayreuth.
Anna Mathewson.

Milady of the Mercenaries.*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

XXV (Continued).

WITHIN the city, the students of the National University had paraded the streets, even daring to sing beneath the frown of the Green House itself a ribald catch deriding the president—a play in verse upon his name, to the effect that the melone of the Green House had rotted until it had become a stench in the nostrils of honest men. In the resultant fight between this collection of hare-brained youngsters and the Bulldogs, two of the young men had been killed, a number wounded. And the people muttered angrily, swearing vengeance, demanding eye for eye, tooth for tooth, from the foreigners.

The cry of "*Vive la libertad!*" shrilled through the streets by night. The federal barracks had been fired by some unknown incendiary. The president, justly alarmed, had proclaimed Guayana under martial law; provost guards of the militia reinforced the police; and before the Green House the Bulldogs stood ever on guard.

Then, crowning his perversity with an act of folly so supreme that his intimates marveled that a man so cautious and so politic in the past should throw all discretion to the winds, Malone had sent for several of the wealthiest citizens of the town, and, grimly alluding to the expenses of war and the impoverished state of the treasury, had requested various loans. Backed by fear of the Rotunda, the request had been acceded to with a celerity which seemed to savor of loyalty to the government. But the man in the street advertised it loudly as the last imposition of a president providing against an exile which he recognized for a future certainty.

Kilrae and Curtice, after vainly opposing this overt act of oppression, took counsel. Kilrae confided to the young man something of the affair of the Delilah of the Paseo de la Independencia, reserving, according to his word given to Malone, the matter of the secret way.

And the two, discussing it, saw in the president's madness the motive furnished by the woman, for whom he purposed to sell his honor—what of that remained to him—in event he found the way to victory over the insurgents too hard.

Compelling himself to the task, Curtice ground out his correspondence and despatched it to the telegraph office. And then night fell upon the plateau, with the abruptness of a dark change in a theater.

Curtice dined in solitary state; his host, Hamilton, lay abed, the victim of a fever contracted in San Diego. Conscience, he had given Curtice the freedom of his house, for old friendship's sake. Hendry, bereaved as a father of his child by the loss of his vessel, had taken to tramping the streets; he did not put in an appearance for the meal.

Rising, Jimmy leisurely arrayed himself in the uniform of a colonel of the Bulldogs. At the earnest solicitation of the president himself, and with an eye to the advantage it might give him in the accumulation of news, he had accepted a commission in the regiment. And to-night he must attend the reception in the Palacio Federal, a monthly official affair which nothing, it seemed, could induce Malone to forego, even in this time of trouble.

He returned at a late hour, thoroughly wearied. Upon the face of things, the gathering had been a success. It was a sort of ball, and official Guayana had attended with its wives and daughters—a spontaneous tribute to the canniness of your South American, who will wait to see which way the cat jumps ere he commits himself to one party or another. With no thought but to desert the ship of state if indeed she was to sink, the rats yet waited, calculating nicely that she might still be saved.

The city had been quiet; no demonstration had been attended during the reception—probably because anticipated and provided against by extra guards. Curtice, who had greatly feared the out-

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come of this night, breathed freely with relief. Wakeful, he lit a cigarette and mixed him a nightcap in the dining-room.

He wondered no longer at the infatuation of Malone. Prominent in the great assembly hall of the Palacio had been the woman, the *Señora de Casada*. She was conspicuous not only for the fairness of her, contrasting so greatly with feminine Guayana, colored as it was by intermarriage with the native Indians and the negroes, but also by an audacious insouciance of manner, a bold assumption—or confession—of power which, in other days, might have befitted the favorite of a Louis of France. With an apparent lack of effort, she had gathered about her a circle of courtiers, to whom she accorded an imperious indifference, having eyes, apparently, for but one man in the throng; and he the president. Preeminently she was the type of woman to work riot with the imagination of the plastic Celt. Her charm, consisting not so much in a certain well-preserved beauty as in that quality which we politely, if vaguely, term “magnetism,” was precisely calculated to reduce a Malone to an abject worshiper.

Curtice had been presented to her by the president himself, and with a flourish—“My devoted friend, Colonel Curtice of the Guards.” And Jimmy had been a trifle puzzled by her manner toward him as she, ignoring the custom of the land, offered him her hand. Had there been in her eyes a startled, disquieted look? Had indeed a tremor slightly agitated her hand as she pressed his with a warmth unnecessary? Or had he imagined it? Had his inventive fancy been led astray by a resemblance which he had thought she bore to some one—a resemblance which he could not place, but which carried with it a faint repulsion? What was there about her, a total stranger to him, which suggested something unpleasant?

Jimmy clinked the ice within his glass reflectively. Then he set it down very deliberately. His ear had caught a faint tap upon the veranda behind him—the shadow of a footfall. He waited breathless for the repetition; none came, but he thought the Venetian blinds in the long window stirred—though that might be the breeze.

But no; the sixth sense told him that one stood watching him through the slanted slats of the blind. Was it, then, that he was marked for assassination?

An incautious move might be his last. Nevertheless, anything were better than the suspense. His napkin, urged by a quiver of his thigh, slipped to the floor; stooping to recover it, his hand slipped to his breast pocket and brought out his revolver.

Without, at that instant, sounded a sharp click; Curtice thought it the cocking of a rifle. He heard his own voice breaking huskily from his throat.

“Don’t shoot!” it said. “I am helpless. I surrender!”

“Ah, Mr. Curtice, if one might be sure of that!”

The speaker laughed; and Jimmy knew the voice for that of Mr. Arthur.

XXVI.

JIMMY sprang to his feet, wheeling to face the window. Another voice that he had heard spoke again, languidly:

“And one fancied you a brave man, Señor Curtice!”

The blind was swept to one side with a rattle, and, to the silky rustle of skirts, the *Señora de Casada* entered the room.

Apparently she had followed him directly from the ball-room, pausing only to throw over her shoulders a thin cloak of dark stuff which served to conceal the shimmering, clinging, low-cut gown that she had worn at the public reception. The satin dancing-slippers still covered her feet. Her face was flushed with excitement, and her gray eyes shone with an emotion which Curtice was at a loss to classify.

She stood smiling at his bewilderment for a moment, then slipped the fastenings of her cloak, throwing it carelessly upon the table as she sank easily into the chair he had just vacated.

“One would think I had frightened you, *señor*,” she observed.

“I admit that you startled me, *señora*.”

The words came slowly; he did not understand. He considered an instant, then passed quickly behind her and stepped out upon the veranda. It was bare.

“May I ask why you did that, *señor*?” she inquired as he returned.

“I was deluded by your voice, *señora*; I thought I had heard another’s.”

“Yes?”

A silence followed, during which she scrutinized him from head to foot. He was embarrassingly conscious that he was pleased with the knowledge that the uniform of the Bulldogs was one becoming to his figure.

"You were about to say, *señor*——"

He stopped her with a gesture.

"Pardon; I was about to say nothing at all."

"Indeed? You did not intend to inquire to what good fortune you owed this honor?"

"I did not, *señora*. I was waiting your explanation."

His confusion had worn off. It was not merely a fascinating woman who sat before him, but a dangerous woman, the mistress of Malone. He perceived that she had come with a set purpose. To ascertain it, he conceived that he had but to keep silence and she would declare herself.

"My explanation? One can scarcely tell how to take you, *Señor Curtice*; you are something of an original."

"The *señora* seems to know me well upon a short acquaintance."

"You think so?"

Curtice took a chair, determined upon the patience that exasperates, and offered her his cigarette-case. She shook her head.

"Thank you, I do not care to smoke."

"With your permission, then——?"

"Certainly, *señor*."

As he puffed, she threw him a quick, puzzling, searching look. He bore it imperturbably. With a grace that had something of the feline, she placed her elbows upon the table, extending her hands and playing with her rings. When she spoke it was without raising her eyes.

"It is rather hard, *Señor Curtice*, for me to tell you why I am here——"

"It should not be."

"But you help to make it so."

"I confess—but if I can be of assistance, *señora*, command me."

"It requires only that you should take me seriously."

"I?" he cried. "Take you seriously? *Señora de Casada*, let me assure you that I can not help doing so; I consider you the most dangerous woman in the republic."

"There it is! It is not that kind of consideration I wish——"

He noted that she showed no resentment.

"Then I am dense, *señora*; it is I who must ask you to assist me."

"Oh!" she exclaimed intensely, with a desperate little gesture. "You do not, or will not, understand! And how am I to make you? I am but a woman—after all!"

"After all?"

"Yes," she said. "*Señor Curtice*, you are the friend of the president?"

"I am, *señora*," he said, making a point. "Are you?"

"No," she confessed, keeping still her eyes from him. "Perhaps I am his enemy—indeed, I would have you believe, *señor*, that I am so! I do not deny it."

"Oh, that would hardly be necessary."

At this she winced, but held her temper admirably.

"I am a woman," she went on, as if musing, "and you, *señor*, are a man——"

"Really!" Curtice pretended to stifle a yawn.

"But Malone is a weakling; he is putty, putty in my hands, poor fellow!"

"You pity him, then?"

"Yes."

"If you care enough for him to pity, *señora*, why do you not let him go?"

"That is what I came to see you about. Indeed, I am considering just such a step."

"Let me urge you not to delay, since you seek my advice; for to win against the present odds the man must be master of himself."

"It requires but your consent, *señor*——"

"What?"

She nodded affirmatively.

"My consent?" he echoed, dazed.

"A consent dependent upon conditions, *señor*. I am in a position to dictate conditions, I believe, although——ah, I would I did not have to!"

"But if you would be so good as to give me some inkling of their nature——"

"There are two. The first, that you give up all hope of his daughter——"

"What do you mean?"

"That you—you—cease to love her!" She stumbled over the words as though they were distasteful to her.

"How did you know——"

"*Señor*, I have knowledge of many things."

"Well, I'll be—but your second?"

"That—that you—transfer your affections, *señor*." Her tone was low and soft. She bent the fair head so that he might not see her face—or, it may be, that she might not see his own.

"To whom?"

"You cannot guess?" The head bent yet lower; then suddenly she raised it, boldly challenging him. "But why should I hesitate?" The words came with a rush. "Why should I stick at a scruple because it would be—unmaidenly?"

only?" She laughed bitterly. "Señor Curtice, it is myself whom you must love in the place of Norah!"

"You, madam?"

"Yes! And why not? Am I not good to look upon? Or have men lied to me? Tell me, am I stupid, *señor*? Am I aged? Has the hand of time fallen heavily upon me that you should find me repulsive? I am no puling, convent-bred girl, Curtice. You are a man through and through, and I am fit mate for you, am I not? I am a woman of the world, knowing good and evil for what they are, and—and—I love you!"

She stopped suddenly, exhausted by her vehemence, waiting his answer. For a moment he sat stock still, in blank amazement. Then, realizing that this was no dream, that she was desperately in earnest, he rose and began to pace the floor with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, well?" she cried impatiently.

He paused before her, making a comical little twist of his mouth.

"You love me, madam?" In the stress of the scene, they had dropped the Spanish, neither realizing it. "You love me? It's a trifle sudden! I have heard of love at first sight, but this—well, you meet me once, for the space of two minutes——"

"And now I throw myself shamelessly at your feet! Ah, did you think that a love such as mine is born of the passing moment? Have I not shown it from the very first——"

"It would seem so."

"From that first night," she pursued, "when you defied us in the cabin of the ship. I loved you then. But—but not as I love you now!"

A light began to dawn upon him; but yet he saw as in a glass, darkly.

"Dear, I love you," she pleaded. "More than she could! Did I not, would you be living now? What man—much less, what woman—would have taken that blow you gave me, and let you live on?"

"Then you *were* Arthur?" he commented slowly. "I begin to understand a great many things."

She clutched at his hand and carried it to a cheek superheated and moist with her tears. He was as yet half stunned by the revelation, and looked down upon her with a curious, impassive incredulity.

"Jim!" Passion lent magic to her tones; her voicing of the monosyllable was a marvelous caress; the soul of her love passed into the word. And it

touched him. "Answer me, Jim! Answer me! I know I can't come to you as—as you deserve, a pure woman; but oh, I love you, with the love that asks nothing, gives all. Answer me!"

He could not answer. The pure thought of his love for Norah had come to him as a breath of cold air in the heat of a furnace. He thought of the danger in which she lay through the machinations of this woman, and his face hardened. Watching him piteously, she saw the change.

"You're not—he's not going to—to say no! You dare not! Ah, Jim, answer me, dear! Tell me you love me. You must, you must!" Suddenly she slipped from the chair and caught his knees in her arms, turning up to him her disordered face, tear-stained, fevered. "See, dear, I humiliate myself to you? See how I love you—judge me, and tell me!"

Pitying her as a man must pity the woman who gives him all that she may—and that is her heart—he had stooped to raise her, striving to unclasp her hands. Mistaking his intention, she had strained up toward his lips, loosening her hold upon him; then reading no hope in his eyes, realizing that her labor had been in vain, that the cup for which she thirsted was not for her, she fell prone.

Instinctively he backed away, watching her heaving shoulders as she lay there in all her dazzling finery, sobbing out this the final agony of her impure, bedizened, miserable life.

After a while—the time seemed long—he felt a wall behind him and braced himself against it, trembling. Some strong emotion shook him, partaking of the nature of rage, and he could not speak, for he feared to trust his tongue. The room seemed dancing in a haze of light, whirling dizzily about that fallen figure on the floor.

Presently, as he watched, she calmed a bit, and began to rise, pushing her shoulders from the floor as if by the main strength of her naked arms. She sat for a space, silently mopping her eyes with a shred of sodden lace that might once have posed as a handkerchief. The rouge and the powder came off; dark streaks lay beneath her eyes, where the cosmetic had washed; she dabbed futilely at a face which in some ten minutes had faded as many years. Finally, with a supreme effort, she gained her feet.

"So," she said harshly, gasping between the convulsions of the after-sobs,

"so, Mr. Curtice, you—you refuse me, eh? You let me wallow at your feet, do you, and—have no pity for the degraded creature? The love I offered you was nothing, was it, that you should shrink away from me? Did I frighten you? Were you afraid that—that I should do you an injury?"

She waited to let him reply, but he kept silence; the scene was wearing upon him.

"I am not good enough for you, I suppose? Speak up, man; I don't fear the sound of your voice."

"Believe me, madam," he said huskily, "I do appreciate the honor which you would do me, but—"

"But you don't think it an honor? Is that it?" she panted.

Curtice shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

She steadied herself, leaning upon the table. In the effort which she put forth to compose herself, he could see the long muscles of her arms stand out like steel sinews as they worked beneath the sleek pink of her satin skin; and a swelling appeared on either side of her jawbone, giving to her face a look of square-set desperation.

"You are a fool," she flamed viciously. "A poor fool—and I humbled myself to you! I debased myself seeking to win the love of a weakling. Fough!" She spat; rage is the apotheosis of banality. "*Señor*, I despise you!"

"Thank God!" he cried gratefully.

"Oh, this is your fine gentleman—to seek to scorch with his wit the woman he has had upon her knees to him! You could not even spare me that!"

It was characteristic of this woman that she accepted the finality of his decision, admitting defeat, harboring no further hope. But one thing now remained to her, and that was vengeance, reprisal upon the unwitting author of her suffering.

"If you flatter yourself that I shall submit quietly," she continued, more calmly, "let me tell you that you are woefully lacking in judgment. I have offered you—yes, heaven; and you have laughed at me. Well, *señor*, we shall give you a taste of hell. Listen to me. You are the friend of Malone; you shall see him overthrown, exiled, then stripped bare and shamed before the world. And by me, *señor*! You love his daughter; you shall see her—shall I tell you what you shall see her?" She bent toward him, fleeing. "Shall I tell you, or shall I spare your fond heart?"

"Oh, better not, milady!"

The speaker's tone was feeble, yet cool and firm with a purpose; and the interruption was startling in the extreme to both, absorbed as they had been in this drama of their destinies. The woman wheeled and glared at the intruder with a cry of horror. Curtice experienced a feeling of relief, which was succeeded by one of anxiety. For in the black frame of the window stood Mr. Haigh; and, as he spoke, he staggered into the room.

"Better not, milady," he repeated. "Don't deal in futures—it's dangerous; likely you'll get bumped. Besides," he continued, clipping his words queerly from weakness and lack of breath, "a prophet is without honor in his own country—even as you are in all countries, or I'm no prophet!"

The woman stared at him as at one risen from a watery grave. Something of the events of that night in the San Diego roadstead had come to her, and she had never thought to see Daniel again. And, not knowing how much he might have heard or seen, a frightened mortification sickened her.

"Howdy, Jimmy? No, keep away; I'm all right—can stand up by my lonesome. But I'm weak as any pussy-cat. I'll take some of that drink—is it brandy?—if you insist." Curtice served him; he tossed down the liquor as if it had been water. "Your very bad health, milady! And you thought me dead, did you, now? You thought Tompkins would do for me, once the *señorita* was off the ship? Well, he mighty nearly did. No, James, I don't want a chair yet; I'll stand while milady does. You were trying to conjure up some nameless fate for Norah, were you? Don't! It's a silly strain upon your imagination, milady. You'll throw deuces after this; your luck's hoodooed for this game!"

"I had counted you dead," she said slowly, having recovered from her surprise. "And you're little better, fat man. I think I can see your shroud winding about you even now. Your time is short."

"Should it be, milady? Well, 'twouldn't matter much if you were right. But I'll make shift to keep within my skin until I see your plans put on the bum, as we say in classic Manhattanese. And now I'm very much alive."

"You'll need your vitality to fight me, gentlemen, after this."

"Honest? Oh, go away, milady! You are tiresome, d'ye know it? Crawl back to your hole and hide your face for

shame! Don't stop her, Curtice! She'll do no harm to me. Put up that stiletto, milady, or I'll blow out your brains as I would exterminate a viper! Why wouldn't you pick on a man of your own size, Mr. Arthur?"

"How dare you, you——"

But she read the steadiness of the pistol he had drawn, and she shrank from it.

"Dare, milady! Did you think I'd respect you for the sex you defile? Perhaps I should, had you not forfeited respect."

She began to gather together her cloak, her fan and gloves.

"You have the upper hand," she commented bitterly, "but my time is yet to come. You may not suffer, but as for Norah—we shall see!"

"You'll be helpless, milady, within two hours; your plans will go to the bad the minute Malone hears of this."

She turned deliberately to Curtice, who had spoken.

"You mustn't count on that, *señor*. My plans will go through on time, for you'll not see Malone again."

"And who will prevent me?"

"I will, gentlemen. I promise you that you shall not gain his ear until—well, until it's useless—when he's down and out. As to that, I give you my word. And now, *gentlemen*," she sneered, "I'll bid you pleasant dreams—and may they be of your Norah, when I'm done with her!"

She bowed defiantly, and left by the window through which she had entered. Mr. Haigh slumped into a chair, burying his face in his hands.

"She was right," he said dully; "she stung me then."

"How?"

"With that '*gentlemen*' she gave us. Lord, to think that I, Daniel Haigh, the son of my father, should come to use such language to a woman! I guess I've overtaxed my strength. I've not been out of bed a day."

"You were wrong, I fear, to anger her so. Think of Norah!"

Daniel smiled cheerfully.

"Don't worry, old man; we'll have Norah back in the city within twenty-four hours. I know where to find her."

"Thank God!"

"You're right—thank Him, old man, for——" He choked a bit and slipped to the floor, fainting.

Curtice lifted him gently in his arms and bore him to his own bed, where he endeavored to revive his friend. In a

way he was successful, for Daniel opened his eyes and sighed; then, without a word, sank into a deep slumber, from which it seemed impossible to wake him.

In the early dawn Curtice resigned Daniel to the watchful care of the captain, and sought Malone at the Green House. Burke, haggard, met him at the door of the president's apartment, and pretended to take his message to Malone. When he returned—

"His excellency cannot see you, Colonel Curtice," he said gravely. "He is engaged."

"Cannot see me? You took my message?"

"His excellency is engaged," retorted the servant obstinately.

"But tell him——"

"Colonel Curtice, I understand. But there's no helping matters; my instructions are to say that he is engaged."

"Is he mad, then?"

Burke nodded, looking upon him with a clouded eye.

"Yes," he said simply.

The *señora* was keeping her promise.

Jimmy wandered about the city, searching for Kilrae; with him alone, lacking the president, he might confer. But the minister of war seemed to have vanished. Curtice learned, when the government offices opened, that he had gone to the northern provinces on a matter connected with the militia.

Thrice again Jimmy knocked at the president's door ere noon; each time Burke met him with a despairing shake of the head. At last he gave it up, mounted, and returned to the Paseo Nuevo.

Daniel he found up, dressed, and about—very much about, in fact, since he had ranged to and fro, from one confine of the *patio* to the other, cursing Curtice for the delay. And he greeted him with a storm of reproaches.

"What matter?" cried Curtice. "We can do nothing without Malone."

"We can go to Norah, man! God knows what danger she may be in from that hell-cat!"

"But Malone——"

"We'll go without his knowledge, then; the man's an ass. The three of us—you, the captain, and myself—we can go. Strong enough? Do you imagine I could wait here? Come, man! To horse!"

And so, as the sun fell behind the Sierras and the universe became one blaze of color, the three, with a guide,

took the westerly road across the plateau, through the great *estancias* of green sugar-canes. And as dense blackness fell about them, a shaft of light caught a great snow-clad peak in those far mountains and struck from it rainbow fire.

Haigh swung in his saddle.

"The pillar of flame!" he cried.

XXVII.

As it happened, that day was the anniversary of the independence of Anahuac. It was celebrated as usual, despite the flying alarms of war. A procession composed of the heads of the municipal government, the leading and most influential citizens of Guayana, and of dignitaries of the church, escorted by blaring bands and such militia as had not received its marching orders, passed through the streets in the middle of the afternoon, making for the statue of El Libertador—a magnificent equestrian figure, conspicuous in the Plaza de la Reforma, over against the Palacio Federal, and facing that of the president himself, which stood nearer to the Green House.

Arriving in the plaza, there was a brief ceremony. The mayor of the city made a short address, recounting the liberator's career, and dwelling upon the tragic circumstances of his death—for he perished alone, without friends or money, in exile from the land which, almost by his unaided efforts, he had freed from the galling yoke of Spain. No reference to the existing state of affairs was made—nor would it have been permitted, in fact. The worthy mayor's official eloquence flowed on uninterrupted, a wearisome succession of trite eulogistic phrases; it was received in respectful silence.

At the close, he waved an arm at the bronze figure behind him, and cried:

"Men of Anahuac, behold your liberator! The nation to which he gave his life cast him out to break his heart on foreign soil! It now cherishes and honors his immortal memory, but the hurt that it did him can never be healed! See, then, that you do not again be blind to the merits of such a great soul, so nobly patriotic as the father of our liberties!"

Here shrill cheering broke forth, and the waving of handkerchiefs. In the midst of the excitement there were a few cries, quickly hushed, of "*Rojas! Vire la libertad! Rojas!*" But the determined attitude of the Bulldogs in front of the Green House, presaging swift trouble in case of an outbreak, awed to silence even

the most enthusiastic partizans of the revolution.

Thus, contrary to expectation, the day passed quietly. Following upon the speech-making, young native girls attired in white had advanced and festooned the statue with garlands and wreaths of immortelles; and then the gathering had broken up without disorder. The more conservative citizens made for their homes; others flocked to the cafés, to make merry and to listen to the playing of the band. For Malone, although denying the light of his countenance to the ceremonies, for the first time in his administration—and thereby arousing still further hostile criticism—had been obliged to make concessions to public feeling. Against policy, he permitted the opening of the *pulquerias*, lent his musicians to discourse from the bandstand in the plaza, and provided the fireworks for the evening's entertainment.

The error was great, but not necessarily disastrous, had it not been for contingencies quite unforeseen.

Toward eight o'clock—the hour set for the display of pyrotechnics—a dense throng surged in the plaza and the adjoining streets. The scene was impressively brilliant. The Palacio Federal was decorated and illuminated. From the roof of the Green House a search-light focused its great white rays directly upon the brazen statue of the liberator. The restaurants and cafés were gay with gaudy strings of many-colored lanterns. About their tables, and sauntering leisurely through the crush on the walks, was much of the better element of the city—the women in bright-hued summery costumes, the men uniformly in impeccable white, making a brave showing. In the center of the square, pressing about the statue of the liberator and the bandstand, and hobnobbing with the militia who yet guarded Malone's sculptured monument to presidential egotism, was a rabble of the lower classes—half drunk for the most part, but kept in order by the police.

A spirit of careless vivacity seemed to possess them all; jokes were cracked and laughter flung free. No evidence was there that the majority of the assemblage was trembling with revolutionary sentiment, repressing its hate for El Gringo only by an effort, eagerly awaiting one word to unleash unholy passions—smoldering grimly, so to speak, ere bursting into the spontaneous combustion of riot.

But even as the first gaudy rocket

hummed toward the zenith and spent itself in an opalescent shower, even as the first appreciative gutter-snipe vented his delight in a long-drawn "Ah-h!" gaunt rumor's wings shadowed the gaiety. A word or two of speculation, emanating from none knew where, was caught up and passed from mouth to mouth. Before a dozen tongues had time to trifle with it, it became a statement of fact. Spreading like wild-fire upon a prairie in the dry season, it rapidly gained credence and credibility. Presently it was a monstrous lie, fattening upon faith born of desire to believe. Salvador heard and crowed with delight. *Vive la revolution! Vive la libertad!*

This, then, was the lie: Ursua and Rojas were victorious; the legions of the regulars, the mercenaries of Malone, were shattered and fugitive, making for the sea-coast. At the very moment that the lie was being accepted, Rojas was said to be within ten miles of Guayana, heading his triumphant army of patriots; by morning he would have dispossessed Malone, and the rule of El Gringo would be a thing of the past.

Vive la libertad, indeed! Blessings innumerable upon Uncle Ximenes, who had called him to this royal feast! Salvador swore joyfully, took a long swig at his flask of *pulque*, and passed it to a corporal of militia with whom he had been discussing the fortunes of war. The corporal heard, received the flask with a wink, and drank the health of President Rojas, jerking his head derisively toward the effigy of Malone, which he guarded, with his company. His comrades were doing the same; and their captain looked on with complacent indulgence and a watering mouth. Some one offered him a bottle; he, too, drank a good luck to the insurgents, sotto voce.

The exhibition of fireworks continued, each fresh offering being hailed with salvos of cheers. The temper of the crowd was delightful; the dear people were so pleased with the pretty, pretty sky-rockets, the lovely Roman candles, provided for them by their president! But the colonel commanding the Bulldogs overheard a fragment of the lie, and tightened his belt, feeling to assure himself that his sword lay smoothly in its scabbard. He glanced toward the cafés, and noted that feminine Guayana was hastily leaving for home, just at the height of the evening. His eyes narrowed. He turned in his saddle and spake one sharp word, which brought every man in the ranks to instant attention.

As yet all knew the rumor for a lie, yet all half believed it, because they wished to. Ere long that happened which made it seem well-nigh the truth. Men shook sage heads as a courier, mud-bespattered and riding a fagged pony, dashed up to the Green House and dismounted. Five minutes after he had entered, a newly conscripted regiment received its orders for the road. It had waited under arms since noon, and the march was begun with no delay.

Now, the Federal Barracks lie to the north of the plaza; to reach the southerly road, the Paseo de la Independencia, one must either cross the plaza or make a tedious détour. The colonel of the regiment determined upon crossing the plaza, with no thought for the crowd—or with no care for the consequences.

The head of the column debouched upon the public square and came to a halt. The colonel, a former lieutenant in the German army, rode ahead, ordering the police to clear a way. They obeyed, doing his bidding so far as they might. The result was that two companies of infantry protruded into the crowded square, like the head of a snake. The regiment came to a halt; the populace would recede no further, the police were able to do no more. And then—then the spark slipped into the powder-barrel.

The colonel's horse, maddened by the lights, the noise, and the sputter of the fireworks, reared and plunged, and finally managed to kick a *peon*. The *peon* fell unconscious. One of his comrades threw a stone; it struck the colonel's cheek, tearing a shallow wound. He swore frightfully—and the rabble laughed.

About the band-stand there was cheering; men looked to see the cause. A native had sprung to the platform and seized one of the Roman candles. He was drunk. He pointed the fire-belching tube directly at the rearing horse.

"*Muerte al gringo!*" he shrieked. "*A diablo al gringo! Vive la libertad!*"

An answering roar of applause swept the plaza and encouraged him.

"*Muerte al Malone! Vive el Presidente Rojas! Vive la liber—*"

His screams were drowned in shouts. Sporadic scuffles with the police were already on in parts of the plaza.

The German rose in his stirrups, drawing his revolver.

"Seize dot man!" he thundered. "Shoot him! Shoot—"

A shot rang out, it is true, and from the ranks. But the bullet was not for

the patriot; it passed through the heart of the German colonel. He swayed dizzily for a moment, then fell from his saddle.

The militiaman stood, flask still in hand, staring at the disorder about the band-stand. Salvador put out his arm and caught the bottle.

"Fish!" he cried good-naturedly. "Do you want it all?"

The militiaman turned his eyes and gazed into the muzzle of Salvador's shiny new revolver.

"My brother," continued Salvador, smiling, "I will give you one *real* for your musket."

"Take it!" said the militiaman promptly. "And keep your money! *Vive la libertad!*"

In a trice the company about the statue of Malone was disarmed.

The major of the conscripted regiment was a young American. He assumed the command promptly.

"Tenshun!" he shouted. And the captains repeated his orders down the line. "Ready! Load!"

Some one in the crowd fired a revolver. The American caught at his breast and fell to the ground.

By now, the plaza was a storm-swept sea of upturned, inflamed faces; the cries blended, rising and falling with the thunder of surf upon a rocky shore.

The colonel of the Bulldogs drew his saber, glancing behind him. The guards were now aligned in full force; though their number was but some four hundred all told.

"Ten-shun!" roared the colonel. "Clear the plaza! Use the edge, men! Draw sabers! Forward—charge!"

The rabble had kept something of a respectful distance from the Bulldogs; hence they had space to gather momentum. They crashed upon a palpitating mass of human beings that screamed with terror, vainly struggling to escape. The sabers rose and fell, flickering in the pretty lights. Revolver firing became general; one or two saddles were emptied.

But in the face of that merciless carnage the people slipped away like thin water, leaving the plaza bare to the band-stand, the statue of the liberator, and the motionless regiment.

"Confound the fool Dutchman!" grumbled the colonel of Bulldogs, thinking of the German ex-lieutenant. "Why doesn't he fire upon them?"

The guards moved at a trot across the cleared space and halted, facing the in-

fantry, behind whom the frantic mob was raving.

"Stumpf!" called the colonel. "Where's Stumpf? Where's Young?"

"Dead," replied a native captain sullenly.

"Then I take command——"

He choked and gurgled, his head falling forward; a bullet had passed through his throat. From the ranks of the militia rang a volley, withering the ranks of the Bulldogs; then another, and they turned incontinently and fled. A third volley took them in the rear, blasting great holes in the flying ranks.

The militia was firing upon the guards; and the government had thoughtfully armed the militia with new Mausers.

Salvador saw his chance. The militia was half-heartedly pursuing the guards, firing as they ran—firing blindly, indeed; the ignorant natives pumped the triggers of the Mausers so incessantly that sometimes the lead choked in the barrels and the guns burst. But the mob waited, stunned by the fury of the recent charge.

Salvador's slender, white-clad form leaped out in front, flourishing the musket he had obtained.

"Come on!" he shrielled. "*Muerte al Malone! Cnt the melone!*"

With a gale of laughter the mob followed him, treading upon the heels of the infantry. About the Green House the guards had rallied, and were fighting stubbornly, desperately, with sabers and revolvers; their number was now lessened by one-fourth.

Salvador was happy, quite; he was a leader of the people.

XXVIII.

BUT the lie had been but half an untruth. At the time of the firing upon the guards by the militia, Rojas was within three miles of the plaza; and with him was the bulk of the insurgent forces. The men whom the president had armed, equipped, and sent south to join his regulars had swelled the rebel leader's ranks. No sooner had each militia regiment reached the field than it had gone over to the enemy *en masse*.

The regulars, left without support by this wholesale defection, had been unable to withstand the attacks of the insurgents. Ursua had triumphed with ease, and Rojas, leaving his general to pursue Malone's fugitive army toward the frontier, had made all haste to reach the capital and eject the president. En route he

issued a manifesto, declaring himself Dictator of Anahuac; and as such was he accepted by the citizens.

This, then, was the situation at the time when the fighting began in the Plaza de la Reforma: The usurper Rojas was a short distance on the southern road, at the head of his army. Scarce two miles to the north, Lazard had heard the firing, and was sparing nothing of man or beast to get a battery of Gatling guns into the city before Malone could turn the tables. These were the Gatlings which had been transported to Anahuac from Biloxi, on the Miranda J., to be finally landed at the mouth of the Rio de Manah.

Had the mercenary but known it as with whip and bitter spur and frantic oath he urged on the patient burros that drew his battery, not half a mile ahead of him Colonel Kilrae, minister of war, was riding like the wind and praying that he might come to Malone ere it should be too late. As for the guards, struggling against odds there in the public square, they fought leaderless; their colonel was dead, Kilrae was absent, and Malone could not be found. For those who drummed mad reveilles upon the door of the president's apartments got answer neither from the master nor from his man, Burke. The governmental party was paralyzed by the apparent desertion of its heads.

Colonel Kilrae, dashing through the streets and past the Federal Barracks, came upon the tail-end of the treacherous militia regiment, wedged tightly, with the commingling rabble, at the mouth of the Paseo Mayor. Over their heads he could see something of the battle in the great plaza. At the moment the guards had rallied, and charged again. The mob and untrained troops broke and melted away before them; the Latin, physically no coward, lacks the moral stamina, the fighting fiber, of the Saxon and the Celt, and can seldom stand and fight him face to face for any length of time. The guards swept the plaza, and the harried mob dashed wave-like against their fellows who packed the street openings.

Kilrae spurred his horse, trying to force a way to the square; but the mob turned upon him. Recognizing him, one or two men tried to hamstring his animal, and fired upon him, but ineffectually. Realizing that to persist was to court death, the minister of war wheeled and dashed in a *détour* through side streets, coming upon the plaza in the

rear of the Green House. On his way he passed the municipal electric plant, and paused long enough to see that the lights were turned off.

With the city thus plunged in darkness, fresh terror came to the mob. As Kilrae joined the guards, and was greeted with cheers from the decimated ranks, the day was all but won for Malone. In another half hour the Bulldogs would have restored quiet to the city; the streets would have been deserted by the rabble and policed by men who, having looked upon their dead, were in a merciless humor.

But even as they had gained this initial victory, and, leaving the plaza bare, retired to reform in the shadow of the Green House, they heard wild cheering from the Paseo Mayor. Ere they divined its cause, the crowd parted and gave way to Lazard's battery, which had unlimbered and made ready for action before the guards had crossed half the plaza in a charge upon it.

The drumming guns spattered a hail of death into the charging ranks. No men might face that pitiless shower of lead, and the Bulldogs went down, mowed as by an invisible scythe. And as they halted, unconvinced that they must stomach defeat, cheering broke out anew in the Paseo de la Independencia, and through the mob's living walls, with an impetuous rush, came a regiment of insurgent infantry. They fell upon the flank of the guards, putting them to instant rout; between the two fires, few managed to escape. Such as did retreated to the friendly walls of the Green House, while the mob snapped viciously at their heels, a pack of cowardly hounds newly heartened, finding courage in increased numbers.

In the guard-room of the Bulldogs, Colonel Kilrae paused and looked about him. The remnant of the regiment that had gained this shelter was in numbers less than a score; and of these there was not one but bled from unstanched, unnoticed wounds. Kilrae himself limped with a bullet in the thigh, and his sword arm hung useless by his side. Already the room reeked with the sickening odor of fresh blood and the stench of powder.

From without came clamor indescribable—moans and cries from the wounded who littered the plaza, and the yells of the maddened rabble as they worried their fallen and expiring foes; the cheers of the insurgent infantry, with now and then, clear above the tumult, a shrill *viva* for the Dictator Rojas. Shots, reason-

less, useless, flattened themselves upon the façade of the Green House; while for an ominous undertone there was the rumbling of the battery as it was brought up and trained upon the great door.

The minister of war, leaning upon his sword, glanced from face to face of these men whom he knew so well; and tears gathered in his eyes.

"Gentlemen," he began, "comrades, old friends, we—we have lost. Our day is done in Anahuac. We cannot hope to hold this house—'twould be folly to attempt it; and could we so, we could not hope to win, in the long run. Rojas has won, and—and such of ye as have no liking for a death with their backs to a 'dobe wall had best scatter, and try each to make his escape as best he may. For my part, I go to Malone."

The lieutenant, Dineen, staggered to him, holding out his revolver.

"An' if ye find him, which I misdoubt, Kilrae, give him this with me compliments. Tell him to blow his brains out with it. We've given him our lives, an' he's left us in the lurch. He let us go to our death that he might spend another minute by the side of that woman!"

His comrades growled agreement with him. Perhaps Dineen might have gone further, but the president himself gave him pause.

"You're right," he said; and at his voice they turned and faced him.

He stood on the threshold of the room. His sensitive face was livid and drawn with pain, and he spoke with somewhat of an effort, holding one hand to his side.

"You are right," he reiterated wearily, leaning against the door-jamb. "In a way, Dineen, you tell the truth. I sold you, unwittingly; I was with the woman when I should have been at your side, taking and giving the blows you took and gave—for me."

"If you had been with us, I'm thinking there'd be a different tale to tell," growled Kilrae.

There was no lack of respect in his tone; indeed, as the president spoke, each man had risen and saluted. Despite the words of the lieutenant, they still loved their fallen leader—and when an Irishman loves, he forgives much.

"It may be," replied Malone. "But I'm thinking the end would have been much the same, Kilrae. I've had my day. 'Tis not in the nature of things that I should rule these greasers forever. Let be; I've been tricked to me undoing by the lips of the woman I thought I loved, and the

blood of me poor murdered boys out there is on her head equally with mine. If you thought me disloyal to you, boys, I've wounds in me side and me chest to tell ye different; I fought to come back to ye, to rescue ye."

He was interrupted by a whirlwind of cheering without.

"They'll be having a battery in shape now," he said, "to blow this door to thunder. There's but one road out of this, and I've come to show it to ye."

He led them through the corridors and into his apartments; to Kilrae, who walked by his side, arm in arm, for their mutual support, he said:

"From the back of the other house we may be able to win to the station. Burke's there, holding a train—with a gun at the engineer's ear, I've no doubt. Hennessy's back in San Diego, with the Don Juan, and if we can reach him, we'll be saved."

"And the woman?" asked the colonel.

"Ye'll see."

As they spoke, the guns were shredding the woodwork from the door; and as they gained the president's apartments, it fell crashing, and the insurgents poured in, screaming. But the steel door held until the last man had descended the ladder to the secret passage—the last man being Malone himself.

At the end of the passage, the dazed men came out into the corridor—a bloody, begrimed, ghastly crew, stifling their moans with gritted teeth, and nursing in their hearts the thought of their dead. There they found the Señora de Casada, lying bound with strips of her own gown. She was very pale indeed, and in the cold defiance of her eyes there yet lurked the fear of the fate that should justly be hers at the hands of these men.

"She followed me so far," said Malone, standing over her as she cringed from the glare of those two-score accusing eyes, "and stuck me with a knife. Mayhap I'm dying; but as for her, she'll be answering to ye all on another count. She's the murderer of your comrades—do with her as ye judge best. But waste no time—ye have none to lose. As for me, I'm—I'm done—"

A fierce hemorrhage seized him, and he fell forward upon the woman. They took him up silently, and bore him with them; but the woman they left to welter in the blood of the man she had betrayed. And so she stayed throughout the long night. Perhaps her thoughts then were her most fitting punishment.

(To be concluded.)

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No. 2.

The Personality of Theodore Roosevelt.

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH AND YOUNGEST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—WHAT HAS GIVEN HIM HIS POPULARITY AND HIS UNIQUE POSITION IN POLITICS—AUTHENTIC AND CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS OF HIS BUSY AND INTERESTING LIFE.

IT is the plain truth that Theodore Roosevelt will be nominated by the Republican party as its candidate for the Presidency of the United States because its managers are compelled to choose him.

It is a curious thing that the recognized leader of Republicanism at the half-century milestone of its history should be a man whose position is due to himself, not to party influence; who has helped the party more than it has helped him; who is its benefactor rather than its beneficiary.

President Roosevelt owes his popularity to himself, to his own character and personality. In studying his career from the time when he first came into public view until the present day, it is what he has done as an individual which stands out. He is a living proof of the fact that the record of a man's life may—at least in this country—give him popularity independent of the support of any particular class or party.

Ask Republican or Democrat to what Mr. Roosevelt owes his success, and the answer is the same—his popularity. But why is he popular?

It would seem to be because he is democratic, independent, determined, foreseeing, and vigorously earnest in



THEODORE ROOSEVELT ON HIS NORTH DAKOTA RANCH, IN 1885.

everything. His picturesque career has been crowded with events that display such characteristics. It seems as if fate had purposely kept him before the cur-

slope of Rattlesnake Mountain. One October morning in 1901 Uncle Zach was up early after some cattle pastured in one of his lots. He wanted to put



MRS. ROOSEVELT IN 1886, AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE TO THE FUTURE PRESIDENT.

tain in the national drama where the public could observe and criticize every part he played. Ever since he has been at the head of the American people, his life has been thronged with incidents—some of them known to but a few, others discussed the country over; some trivial, others momentous—which have made political capital for him. How they have revealed the personality of the man is perhaps best shown by turning over a few pages of his history.

THE FARMER AND THE PRESIDENT.

An old Connecticut farmer, Uncle Zach Taylor, as people around Farmington call him, has a little place on the

them in the barn while he went to town, for he had heard that the President would be there during the day. He had reached the pasture, and started after the cattle, when he chanced to see a man leaning over the rail fence.

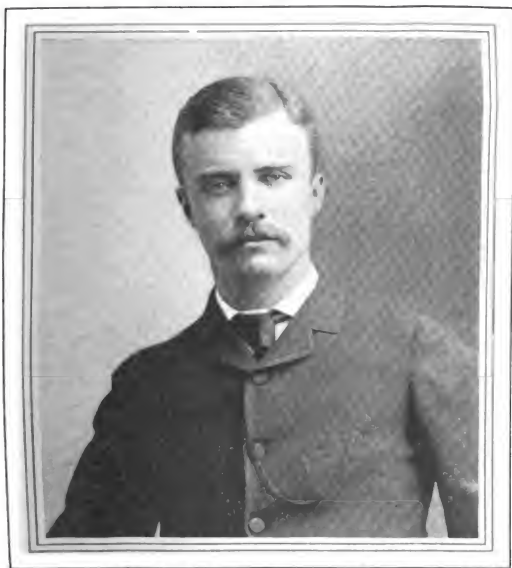
"Want any help?" called the man.

"Don't care if you do," was Uncle Zach's reply.

The stranger cleared the rails with a one-hand vault, and in a moment was helping the old man to drive the brutes toward the corner where the bars had been let down into the lane. Naturally, they struck up an acquaintance, and Uncle Zach found his new-made friend remarkably well informed on the points

of a steer. Before they reached the farmhouse it leaked out that he had seen a good many cattle in the West. The stranger stopped long enough to

He knew what he was talking about when he looked over Uncle Zach's steers, for years before his measure had been taken in the Western cow country.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN 1886, AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE TO MISS EDITH KERMET CAROW.

see the cattle safely in the barnyard; then, with a hearty handshake and good-by, he walked away toward town.

That afternoon the Rattlesnake Mountain farmer mingled with the crowd assembled to welcome the chief magistrate of the United States. Although he now wore the conventional silk hat and frock-coat, in a second Uncle Zach recognized him as the stranger who had helped to drive in the steers just after sun-up. It so happened that the President, who had run up to Farmington to see his brother-in-law, Commander Cowles, had strolled out to get a little fresh country air, and decided to walk to the top of the mountain.

In the early days of his ranch life he was the sole "tenderfoot" on a place in Dakota where the herd was handled by a score of typical cowboys—men who recognize no boss, and have no respect for a stranger who is not willing to "bunk in" and eat the same "grub" as they do. Fresh from Harvard and the luxuries of Eastern life, young Roosevelt learned what it was to stretch out on bare boards, with perhaps a single blanket over them for a bed, and to do his share in "chucking away" when the cook called the hands to muster around the meal wagon at noon. But before he had been a week at the ranch, the men felt that he was not above them but of

them; and perhaps it was here that this quality, which has perhaps made him more popular with the people of this country than any other, was first tested and demonstrated.

The meeting with Uncle Zach occurred within a few weeks after he was called from the heart of the Adirondacks to the bier of the dead at Buffalo to be sworn in as McKinley's successor. Before he had been in the White House a week he had visited his old stamping-ground around Washington—the Virginia shore of the Potomac, Rock Creek Valley, and other places, little known to many who have lived at the capital all their lives. While in the Navy Department, and as Vice-President, many a walk and ride had he taken in this wilderness. One of the first things he did after becoming President was to secure a horse which would carry him not only along the highway but across country and over fences and ditches when necessary.

THE PRESIDENT ON HORSEBACK.

On a hillside just over the river, far removed from other houses, stands a little cottage in which resides a widow. One afternoon a horseman dismounted at the gate, walked to the door, and, when she appeared in answer to his knock, asked if he could have a glass of milk. The first glass was followed by a second; then, with a word of thanks and a lift of his soft hat, the stranger rode away, after paying for the hospitality. Apparently the widow's cow must have given good milk, for soon the call was repeated, this time with two or three friends. She thought she had seen the visitor's face in a newspaper picture; but when one of the others called him "Mr. President," she nearly fainted.

This little out-of-the-way place so pleases Mr. Roosevelt that he sometimes calls there not only for a glass of milk, but to get a lunch. Occasionally its mistress receives a message from the White House in the morning to prepare for a party of so many riders. The President enjoys this sort of thing far more than the state dinners, when the table is set with massive silver, and there is a waiter to serve each guest.

Undoubtedly some of the happiest

hours of his life were those when he and Mrs. Roosevelt walked with John Burroughs, the naturalist, and were guests of honor at the noonday meal, with table-cloth spread on a flat rock, coffee made at the camp-fire, and dessert of wild strawberries picked in a glen near by.

There is a well-known photograph of the President taking a three-barred fence. Many thousand copies of it have been sold on account of the personality of the rider. There are few days of his horseback rides when he does not vary the monotony of the even gallop or trot by a run across country, which generally ends in a sort of steeplechase, unless Mrs. Roosevelt accompanies him. While she is a skilled and fearless rider, her husband has consideration for her safety.

With Senator Lodge, General Wood, Count Cassini, or some of the other hard riders of the legations, Mr. Roosevelt's horseback exercise is no child's play, and they know well what an invitation to join him means. At the time of the dedication of the Rochambeau statue, two years ago, General Brugère and the French officers who attended the ceremony were invited to "take a canter." At the hour appointed a storm came up, and the foreigners supposed the ride would be off; but although the rain was falling in sheets, the President appeared, booted and cloaked. He greeted his guests, and started away at a lively pace. When they reached the outskirts of the city he gave Bleistein his head, and the "canter" was turned into a wild gallop in the face of the storm. It was a game of follow the leader through field and forest. The glittering uniforms of red and gold which they had donned in honor of the event were soon so plastered with mud that the color was almost hidden. They included some of the best horsemen of France, otherwise more than one would have "bit the ground" before the ride was ended.

A few weeks later Mr. Roosevelt gave the American troopers a chance to show their mettle at Chickamauga. The members of the Seventh Cavalry, who formed his escort, will not soon forget the way in which he led them over the

battlefield. When he expressed a wish to go over the field on horseback, the colonel, with a thought for his care, selected a well-broken animal.

features. He asked the colonel to give the order "Forward, trot!"

The trot increased to a gallop, and soon a repetition of the charge down



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT IN 1886—MISS ROOSEVELT IS THE DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT AND HIS FIRST WIFE, WHO WAS MISS ALICE LEE OF BOSTON, AND WHO DIED IN 1884.

Mr. Roosevelt looked him over and shook his head.

"Haven't you one with a little more action to him?"

At this one of the most fiery horses in the command was brought out. As the President jumped into the saddle, a smile of grim satisfaction came over his

the Rock Creek Valley ensued. A patch of pine woods was in the line of march, but this made no difference. They went at full speed through the trees. So hot was the pace the leader set that about a dozen men were thrown from their horses, while at least fifty lost their hats. The ambulance corps was called



THEODORE ROOSEVELT ON HORSEBACK—HORSEMANSHIP HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE FORM OF EXERCISE.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1902, by B. M. Clinedinst, Washington.

into service to pick up some of the disabled horsemen who had been stunned by the fall. At the end of the ride, however, the President, hot and cheerful, sat on his horse in the midst of the cavalrymen and made a little speech complimenting them on their riding. He concluded with these words:

"I swear by the army!"

Every man, from colonel to private, knew that he meant it.

THE PRESIDENT AT PLAY.

At sport, Mr. Roosevelt is what a horseman would call a thoroughbred. Such is his disposition that he could not keep quiet at a good game of baseball or football. In a tennis-match with his boys at Sagamore Hill, he will play as hard to win as he fought for his country at San Juan. Fond of water sports since he was able to walk down to the beach from his Long Island home, he has always attended the college boat-races when he could find time. It so happened that he had a chance to see the famous Yale-Harvard contest at New London in June, 1901, one of the greatest struggles with the oar in the history of university aquatics. He was on board the *Dolphin*, which was stationed near the finishing-point.

Before the crews came into sight on the home-stretch, the Vice-President, as he then was, was trying to make them out from the deck, with his glass to his eye. At last he discerned the two black dots. Studying them closely, he saw that it was a neck-and-neck race. Up to this time Mr. Roosevelt had stood on deck with the Senators, Congressmen, and other members of the party; but now he could restrain himself no longer. Handing into the rigging and scrambled up his silk hat to a friend, he jumped the main shroud to a point near the



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN 1898, AS COLONEL OF THE FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER CAVALRY (THE ROUGH RIDERS).

From a photograph—Copyright, 1908, by George G. Rockwood, New York.

crosstrees. Here, perched fully forty feet above the deck, holding to the ropes with one hand, with the other he waved his handkerchief to the crews as they passed, cheering them on with his characteristic vim. Descending to the deck, perspiring with his efforts, he exclaimed to one of the Senators:

"My, but that was a magnificent race!"

Such incidents in Mr. Roosevelt's life have displayed the lighter vein of his temperament. There have been others of a sterner sort.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COAL STRIKE.

Important chapters of recent history have been made at the White House—sometimes by the mere stroke of a pen; but it is doubtful if it ever sheltered a more dramatic conference than was held there on an autumn night in 1902. In one of the apartments sat a group of four men who controlled more than a hundred thousand workers, many of whom were only restrained by their leaders from becoming revolutionists, even anarchists, in their desperation. Facing them sat a group of railroad presidents and mine owners representing industries worth hundreds of millions of dollars, which were imperiled by reason of the greatest strike in the history of the country. At that moment ten thousand of Pennsylvania's soldiers were encamped on her hillsides and in her valleys to protect property and preserve the peace, so intense had become the feeling between employers and employed.

Between the groups there sat, or reclined, a man propped up in an invalid's chair. One of his legs was swathed in bandages, having been opened but a few hours before by the surgeon's knife. He sat where he could look every one of the visitors in the face and talk straight at them. They were his guests for the time being—some of them unwilling guests, who had come not to follow out the Scriptural saying, "Come, brethren, let us reason together," but out of deference to the summons of the President of the United States. Probably not one of them expected to leave the room altered in his determination, but a strange thing happened. The

personal influence of their host was such that when he addressed them in favor of arbitrating the difficulty, they listened respectfully, and in the end a majority accepted his advice. An hour later, the telegraph wires all over the country spread the news that the great strike was ended.

All that was said at that meeting will never be known, but the result proved that the President's appeal to each side to relieve the destitution and suffering caused by the strife, and to end the menacing scarcity of fuel, was too cogent to go unheeded. Mr. Roosevelt realized that the mining district was on the verge of a revolution. In spite of the influence which John Mitchell had over the United Mine Workers, destitution had driven thousands of them to such straits that it needed but a spark to kindle a disastrous rising against law and order. This was why the telegraph summoned the leaders of both sides to the White House in the interest of peace, and the President left his bed to meet them, although the doctors warned him that he was endangering his life.

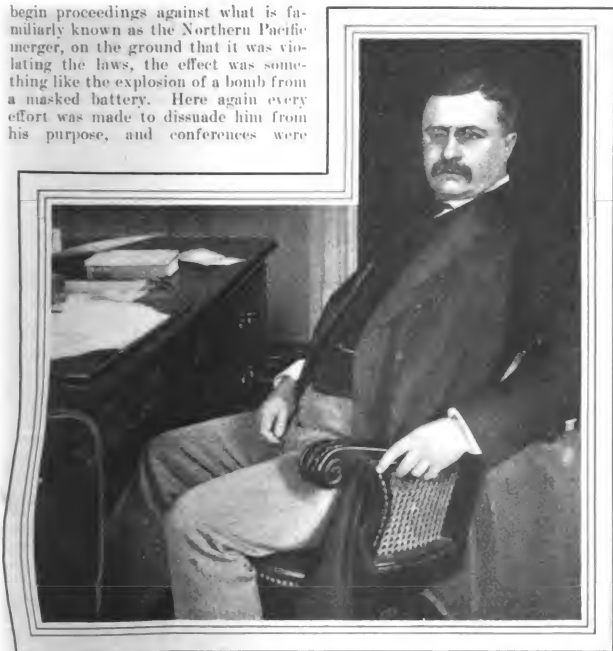
HIS PERSONAL FORCE IN POLITICS.

Shortly after Mr. Roosevelt took the Presidential chair, he declared in very plain language that the United States should carry out its agreement with Cuba for trade reciprocity. Some of the politicians were horrified, for it meant the estrangement of men who in the past have helped to furnish the sinews of war to their party in many a campaign. They argued with him, but to no avail. There was a long fight in Congress, and the regular session ended without passage of the necessary bill.

The President did not abandon his determination. In the summer of 1903 it was announced that an extra session would be called to take action on this matter. The result was that the close of the year found the United States pledged to give Cuba the commercial opportunity which had been promised to her at the close of the Spanish-American War.

When Mr. Roosevelt directed the Attorney-General of the United States to

begin proceedings against what is familiarly known as the Northern Pacific merger, on the ground that it was violating the laws, the effect was something like the explosion of a bomb from a masked battery. Here again every effort was made to dissuade him from his purpose, and conferences were



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HIS OFFICE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1905, by Waldon Foxsett, Washington.

held from which Senators and Representatives came away with faces reddened with anger. Naturally, the blow struck home in Wall Street, which has ever since been more or less openly hostile to the President.

A few weeks after taking the oath which made him successor to President McKinley, Mr. Roosevelt heard that a certain colored man was in Washington. He had read of what this man had been doing in raising young men of his own race from shiftless ignorance and teaching them to become skilled artisans and self-supporting farmers. A messenger brought an invitation to the teacher to come to the White House,

where he was not only cordially welcomed, but invited to dinner. It is not likely either the President or Dr. Washington foresaw the consequences of this incident, but Mr. Roosevelt's attitude with regard to the uproar that followed was certainly characteristic.

It is probably safe to say that the great work of the Roosevelt administration will be the settlement of the Isthmian canal question. With the sudden appearance of the republic of Panama there came a chance to end the futile lobbying and speech-making of so many years, and Mr. Roosevelt took it. It seems certain that the nation at large will support his decisive action.



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NICHOLAS II, EMPEROR AND
AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

From a recent photograph.

A Secret Chapter of Russian History.

BY FREDERICK WYCOLLAR.

THERE IS WITHIN THE ROYAL HOUSE OF ROMANOFF AN ELEMENT OF DANGER TO CZAR NICHOLAS AND OF WEAKNESS TO RUSSIA AT THE PRESENT CRISIS IN HER AFFAIRS.

AT nearly every court of the Old World there is a prince of the blood around whom the malcontents gather, and who is popularly regarded as harboring sentiments of jealousy and ill-will toward the reigning sovereign. In France, during the reign of Napoleon III, it was the emperor's cousin, Prince Jerome Napoleon, nicknamed Plon-Plon, who filled this rôle, and whose salons at the Palais Royal were the rendezvous of the imperial government's most merciless critics. As long as Queen Isabella was on the throne of Spain, her brother-in-law, the late Duke of Montpensier, lost no opportunity of undermining her position. Indeed, he actually promoted the revolution which drove her into exile, in the expectation of being chosen to succeed her.

In Russia, Alexander II, the present Czar's grandfather, suffered cruelly at the hands of his brilliant but utterly unscrupulous brother, the late Duke Duke Constantine. On two occasions documents in the writing of the grand duke, proving his complicity in revolutionary movements, were placed in the emperor's hands. Summoning his brother to his presence, Alexander cast the papers into the fire, exclaiming:

"I have not read them!"
Then, with the winning smile

that used sometimes to lighten up his stern face, he folded Constantine in his arms, and said:

"Never will I believe that thou wouldst lend thyself to aught against me!"

crat. Russia at the present moment is confronted by what is perhaps the greatest crisis in her history. Defeat at the hands of the Japanese not only will entail the destruction of her prestige throughout Asia, with consequences



GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, THE LATE CZAR ALEXANDER III'S ELDEST SURVIVING BROTHER, WHOSE HOSTILITY AND AMBITION ARE A CONSTANT THREAT OF DANGER TO HIS NEPHEW, THE PRESENT CZAR.

From a photograph by Pisetti, St. Petersburg.

To-day, under Nicholas II, the opposition to the reigning monarch is represented by the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir. His hostile attitude, which encourages disloyalty to the emperor, and the constant fear of his intrigues, have greatly increased the anxieties and difficulties that now weigh so heavily on the shoulders of the auto-

that may be infinitely disastrous, but may very possibly lead to disturbances at home, of which Vladimir, according to the conviction of those who know the inner history of the Russian court, would take advantage to satisfy his grasping ambition. Nicholas is aware of this. He realizes that his own misfortunes will constitute his uncle's op-

portunity, and that he has quite as much to fear from Vladimir to-day as he had at the time of his accession.

therefrom any prince of the house of Romanoff whose wife, if a foreigner, had refused at her marriage to become



HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY ALEXANDRA, EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, IN HER UNIFORM AS COLONEL OF THE FULAN REGIMENT OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

From a photograph by De Ha'n, Tzarhof Selo.

and later on when he was so dangerously ill with typhoid fever.

THE LATE CZAR'S DISTRUST OF HIS BROTHER.

Nicholas' father, the late Alexander III, completely distrusted this particular brother of his. In his ukase decreeing the order of succession to the throne, he inserted a clause barring

a convert to the national church of Russia. The reigning Czar is not only the temporal autocrat of the Muscovite empire, but also the supreme pontiff of its church, being consecrated as such at the time of his coronation. It would naturally impair the ecclesiastical authority of the sovereign were he to be married to a wife who, in the eyes of the orthodox church, is a heretic, and



THE FOUR DAUGHTERS OF NICHOLAS II, THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA (BORN 1895), THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA (BORN 1897), THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE (BORN 1899), AND THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA (BORN 1901)—THEY ARE DEBARRED FROM SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE.

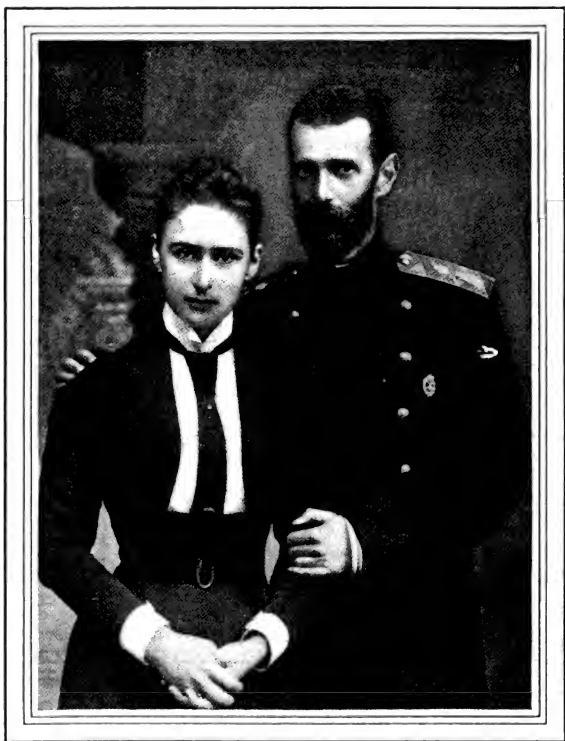
From a photograph by De Hahn, Tiarkoi Selo.

were he to permit his children to be brought up by such a mother. That this provision in the law of succession was aimed at Vladimir is apparent from the

fact that he is the only grand duke whose consort, a Lutheran princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, has always refused to join the Russian church.



THE WINTER PALACE IN ST. PETERSBURG, THE CHIEF OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE CZAR.



THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS; THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR'S YOUNGER BROTHER, AND HIS WIFE, WHO IS AN ELDER SISTER OF THE CZARINA—THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS IS A LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN THE ARMY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF MOSCOW.

From a photograph by Tseret'sky, Tsarkoi Selo.

The relations between Vladimir and his imperial brother were never pleasant. The grand duchess, too, was disliked by the late Czar, who resented her gambling propensities and her disposition to play a political rôle. It was said that he regarded her as an agent of Prince Bismarck. It is certain that she and her husband several times received a command to "travel abroad"—which

means a qualified form of temporary banishment from court.

It was, however, in the autumn of 1894, in the last weeks of Alexander's reign, that his distrust of the grand duke was most strongly shown. It is well known that he retained his lucidity to the end. Indeed, his mental faculties became keener during the closing days of his life than ever before. As

soon as he realized that his recovery was improbable, he summoned General Count Moussine-Pouchkine, commanding the Seventh and Eighth Army Corps, with headquarters at Odessa, to Livadia, the imperial estate in the Crimea. There the Czar and the general perfected military arrangements to prevent Vladimir from making any attempt to secure possession of the throne, on Alexander's death, by means of a *coup de main*.

To what extent Vladimir had any such ambitious designs is known to but a few. That his brother was convinced of their existence, and had actual knowledge of them, is demonstrated by the measures which he caused Count Moussine-Pouchkine to adopt. There would have been no possible object or reason for military action if there had not been reason to fear some vital danger of this kind.

KING EDWARD'S JOURNEY TO RUSSIA.

A few days before the end, the dying Czar telegraphed for his brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales, whom he knew to be a man of excellent counsel, and a useful friend to have on the spot at a critical moment. The prince, although he had seen comparatively little of Alexander since the latter's accession to the Russian throne, left London within a few hours of receiving the summons, and traveled straight across Europe by special train, without stopping anywhere, until he reached Livadia. He arrived a few hours too late to see Alexander alive, but was in time to assist in the proclamation of the Czarevitch Nicholas as Emperor of Russia. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward, remained with his nephew for nearly two months, acting as the young

Czar's supporter and mentor—indeed, one might almost say as a second father. He did not return to England until he had seen Nicholas safely married and firmly established on the throne.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, THE CZAR'S ONLY SURVIVING BROTHER, AND HIS PRESUMPTIVE TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE.

From a photograph by De Hahn, Tarkov's Self.

People have often speculated as to the true reason which took King Edward to one of the most remote corners of the Muscovite empire at a moment's

and afterwards by the side of his son and successor, would serve as a protection to the latter against the designs of the Grand Duke Vladimir. Had Vladi-



THE GRAND DUKE BORIS, SECOND SON OF THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, UNIFORMED AS A LIEUTENANT IN THE REGIMENT OF HUSSARS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.



THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL, ELDEST SON OF THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, UNIFORMED AS A FIRST LIEUTENANT IN THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

From photographs by Porodetsky, Tsarkoi Selo.

notice, and which kept him in Russia for so many weeks, when other royal personages quite as nearly related to the dead monarch—as, for instance, his other brothers-in-law, the King of Greece and the Crown Prince of Denmark, as well as his father-in-law, the old King of Denmark—merely contented themselves with attending the obsequies at St. Petersburg. The real reason—which has never before, I believe, been made public—is that Alexander believed that the presence of the then Prince of Wales at his death-bed

mir attempted to seize the throne, the presence of the English prince would have proved a serious obstacle. It would have been impossible to carry out a *coup d'état* without subjecting the British heir apparent to indignities that might have had serious consequences.

Neither Nicholas nor his mother, the widowed Czarina Marie, have ever forgotten their debt of gratitude to King Edward. They remember the anxious days which followed the death of Alexander, and the sad and wearisome funeral progress across Russia, from

the shores of the Black Sea to those of the Baltic, when the coffin was detained at every important city along the route and borne in stately procession, followed by Nicholas and the Prince of Wales on foot, to the chief local church, there to be blessed by the clergy. It was this memory that caused the emperor to keep Russia from harassing England during the South African War. As soon as it became evident that the Boer attack had placed the British forces in a position of serious embarrassment, the aggressive element in Russian military and official circles was eager to take advantage of the opportunity. The Muscovite press, too, was clamorous in its bitterness; but the Czar was steadfast in his opposition to any suggestion of unfriendly action. He rebuked his minister of foreign affairs, the late Count Muravieff, for his endeavor to organize a coalition against Great Britain, so bitterly that the statesman committed suicide a few hours after a stormy interview with his sovereign. At any rate, I have good reason to believe that this is the true explanation of the count's sudden and mysterious death in June, 1900.

THE PRESENT CZAR'S DREAD OF VLADIMIR.

That Nicholas and his consort share the sentiments of the late Czar Alexander with regard to the Grand Duke Vladimir was proved at the time when the young emperor was stricken with typhoid fever and pneumonia, in the autumn of 1900. As soon as the nature of his illness was known, the empress sent Vladimir a despatch, in her husband's name, peremptorily commanding that he and the grand duchess should remain in Paris, where they were at the time, until further notice. The pretext given was that it was important to allay public alarm, both at home and abroad, on the subject of the emperor's illness. The real purpose of the order, however, was to prevent Vladimir from taking advantage of his position as governor-general of the military district of St. Petersburg and commander-in-chief of the division of guards—the *corps d'élite* of the Muscovite army—to proclaim himself regent on account of the Czar's illness, and of the Grand Duke

Michael's absence from the country, as well as the latter's youth and inexperience. How strongly Vladimir and his wife resented this treatment was shown by the extraordinary indifference which they displayed with regard to the emperor's sufferings, and to the anxieties of the empress, taking part in all sorts of gaieties at the very time when Nicholas' life was reported to be in most serious danger.

The Empress Alexandra, acting in accordance with both the wishes and the interests of her husband, carried matters with a high hand during his illness. Maintaining the most absolute and despotic control of the sick chamber, she permitted no one to approach the Czar except his three physicians, and such of the attendants—first and foremost an English nurse—whom she could implicitly trust. She was quick to punish any disobedience to her instructions. One of the most powerful dignitaries of the imperial household, since pardoned and restored to favor, was dismissed at an hour's notice, and banished to his estates, for having manifested a disposition to question her orders.

It was impossible to avoid issuing frequent medical bulletins, which bore testimony to the critical condition of the illustrious patient, and to his phenomenally high temperature. Yet they contained no mention of his having lost full consciousness, although delirium is an almost invariable companion to so severe a fever. It was officially assumed that the Czar was never delirious, from the fact that the doctors were silent on the subject. In consequence, there was no apparent interruption in the transaction of state business. The imperial orders were issued as usual—through the empress—while all papers submitted for consideration and approval were returned in the ordinary course indorsed with the wishes of the sovereign. In this way all necessity for a regency, which Vladimir would have been quick to claim, or even to seize forcibly, was averted.

There is a strong impression that if the grand duke had succeeded in obtaining possession of the regency, the prospects of his nephew's recovery

would have been seriously impaired. Not that I believe for one moment that Vladimir would have been guilty of any complicity in a conspiracy against the young Czar's life; but in the party which he represents there are men who would stop at no crime likely to promote their political aims and ambitions. Some of them would have been quite capable of getting Nicholas out of the way, in order to perpetuate the autocracy temporarily vested in the grand duke.

THE PERSONALITY OF VLADIMIR.

Vladimir undoubtedly expected to become regent, and was starting for St. Petersburg when he received the despatch commanding him to remain in Paris. Had he obtained supreme power, he might have been trusted to change the whole political course of the Muscovite empire. In former times he was believed to be liberal-minded; but in later years his sentiments have undergone a radical transformation, and at present he is notoriously reactionary in the extreme.

He is imbued with a bitter hatred of England—a feeling shared by his wife, a sister-in-law of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. Until their two day's visit to Windsor last November, the grand duchess and her husband had never set foot in Great Britain. They make but little concealment of their animosity, and seldom lose an occasion to deplore the "English influences" by which the Czar is surrounded. This is a thrust at the empress, who, on the death of her mother, the late Grand Duchess of Hesse, was brought up to a great extent in England and Scotland by her grandmother, Queen Victoria.

The Vladimirs are largely responsible for the Czarina's unpopularity in the land of her adoption—an unpopularity which is surprising when it is borne in mind that she is as beautiful as she is gifted, and that there is no sovereign consort in Europe who does her work in life more conscientiously, or who strives harder to win the love of her people. Many stories are circulated among the masses to her detriment—that she married the Czar without love, merely to satisfy her ambition;

that her conversion to the Russian church was not sincere; that she interferes unduly in state affairs; that she is unlucky; and last, but not least, that she is afflicted with melancholia to such a degree as to be almost bereft of her reason. Nearly every one of these calumnies—for all these reports are as baseless as they are malicious—has undoubtedly had its origin among the entourage of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir.

The latter in particular is specially active in circulating malicious reports. Passionately fond of high play, and regarding the roulette wheel as an indispensable article of furniture in every well ordered house, she bitterly resents the young empress' attempts to check gambling and smoking among the ladies of the court and of the *beau monde* of St. Petersburg.

THE SOURCES OF VLADIMIR'S POWER.

That the Grand Duchess Vladimir, whose two elder sons, Cyril and Boris, have visited the United States, is in closer touch with the Russian aristocracy than either of the two Czarinas, and wields a greater social influence, it is impossible to deny. And the popularity of the grand duke in the army, especially among the officers, is such that both his brother, Alexander III, and his nephew, the present emperor, have hesitated to deprive him of the command of the metropolitan district and of his division of the guard.

Moreover, as long as the Czar has no son, there remains but one life—that of his younger brother, the Czarevitch Michael—between the throne and Vladimir. I assume as a matter of course that the grand duchess would abjure Lutheranism rather than forfeit the crown of Russia. Consequently there are many who are disposed to turn their faces toward the Czar's uncle as toward the rising sun.

All this contributes to render the Vladimirs now more than ever a source of trouble, and even of danger, to the Czar and his consort, at a moment when they are heavily burdened with the difficulties and anxieties of the Japanese war and its ominous threat of sinister consequences.

His Trial Trip.

THE STORY OF AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG RAILROAD MAN.

BY CHARLES MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

I.

THE young man threw back his big blond head and laughed uproariously. The little old lady in black, who was sewing a button on the young man's coat at the other side of the table, looked up with a smile, and said:

"What is it now, Hal?"

Her "now" denoted the frequency with which she had to seek an explanation for some ebullition of her son's amazingly high spirits.

"Just listen to this, mother!" he cried, and he began to read aloud from the book he held:

Says Cap'n Coffin, "Here we be!

Rived from cruizin' after whale."

"Glad you're back to hum," says we.

"What luck, cap'n?" was the hail.

Cap'n Coffin takes a chew,

Grins at his glum-lookin' crew,

An' ez cool ez me or you:

"Mighty little ile," says he,

"But a darned fine sail!"

"Hal!" protested Mrs. Moore, the smile still visible, however. "Such language!"

"I know, mother"—with an apologetic drop of voice—"but such a sentiment! Isn't it bully? Nothing fazed that old sea-dog of Nantucket. He wasn't going to be down in the mouth because the voyage hadn't panned out just as he hoped. Not a bit of it! And, mother, I like to read such things just now. They are cheerful. You know things in the shop aren't just what might be called rosy."

The mother sighed. "I think it shameful you should be so treated: to be avoided and slighted, as if you weren't fit company for those mechanics——"

"Now, don't, mother," cried her son, with a laugh; "don't you slight my work-mates. They are good fellows, nearly all of them. The trouble is that

as yet they don't know whether I am. They know I am a college man; and they are puzzled and suspicious. They imagine that I must have what they call a 'pull,' influence with the powers that be, over us; when, as a matter of fact, you know how hard it was for me even to get a place in the shop. Instead of the division superintendent being prejudiced in my favor, it is all the other way. He is a man who rose from the shop, and he, too, is suspicious of a college man who takes a place as a mechanic's helper."

"Well, Hal," sighed the little old lady, "you can't say I advised you to do so. You might have found many other positions better suited——"

"No, I couldn't," said the young man decidedly, putting his hand caressingly upon her shoulder: "not when I felt I was suited for a railroad career in the mechanical branch; and you know that after dear dad was gone, and our money, too, there weren't very many things that a former baseball champion, who was *not* a class champion, could turn his hand to. But he has found the very thing now; and this place I've got on the wrecker——"

"Hal, dear," said his mother, "I am glad, of course, for your sake, but—but I cannot help thinking how this vacancy was made for you." The last time the wrecking-train of the Sealand division had been sent out there had been an accident, and a member of the crew had been killed. "You'll be careful, won't you, my boy?"

"I will, mother," said Hal. "Don't think of such things. There are dangers in every trade. And I'll make the dangers of railroading less before I'm through with it. My safety brake for freight trains will soon be ready. It was my improvement on a derrick cog that just *made* the shop foreman put

me on the wrecker. This work means more pay, for there will be overtime. It's a promotion, and the other men don't like it a little."

"But do you think it will be permanent, Hal?"

Mrs. Moore had suffered much from life's adversities. Fairer prospects than this now opened by her son's promotion had gleamed upon her path, only to be lost in clouds again, and vanish. For the first time since he had bounded into the little house on the outskirts of the railroad yard that evening, Hal Moore's exuberant spirits received a check.

"Oh, I am sure it will," he said, but there was a touch of hesitancy in his voice. "The foreman said no doubt I should be kept. The first time we are ordered out should prove me, he said; it would show whether I'm fitted for the work. It will be my trial trip, mother, and of course I'll come out of it all right. I'll remember old Cap'n Coffin. 'Mighty little ile,' says he, 'but——'"

"Never mind the profanity, Hal!"

"No, mother; but I'll bear the spirit in mind—work, work, and be cheerful, no matter how things go. And now I must finish rigging up that electric bell in my room. It will save time when the call to man the wrecker comes. All the wrecking crew, you see, live near the roundhouse, and are called by a special man when word of a wreck is received. Most of them don't even have a doorbell to the house, and have to be knocked up. I think I'll try to make a deal with the foreman to let me install the Moore Patented Night Alarm. Eh, mother? And I shall certainly try hard to get my new brake tried on a wrecking car—the train is very badly supplied."

She looked at him fondly, wistfully, proudly.

"You are wise, Hal, even if you are a laugher. You are ambitious, as your father was. But think a little of my anxiety, dear, when your bell rings."

He bent and kissed her lips. "I promise, mother."

Night after night thereafter the little woman lay awake, listening for the electric bell to shrill out in her son's room; the mother-love at once glowing

her heart with pride and trust, and chilling it with fear.

II.

OTHER men connected with the railroad had their contrivances to save time in emergencies. The chief despatcher of the Sealand division was one of them. On a small table at the head of his bed there was a telegraph instrument with a direct wire from the despatcher's office. The chief night despatcher was under orders to use this wire only when imperative necessity required the disturbance of his chief.

It was ten nights after Hal Moore had been appointed to the wrecking crew, and about one o'clock, when the bedside telegraph instrument began to "tap, tap—tap—tap—tap—tap, tap." The first tap brought the chief despatcher to a sitting position in bed; the tenth sent him flying out of bed, made him bend over the instrument in keen, nervous attention. Sleep was forgotten, and all the faculties came to attention like the soldiers of the will they are. The tapping was spelling out this message:

"There will be a bad wreck in a few minutes near the bridge at Rigby."

The fingers of the chief despatcher—in his time the swiftest operator on all the road, and in this crisis the time was re-born—tapped back the question:

"What has happened?"

The rapid clicks replied:

"Special order to hold Number Six freight at Rigby not obeyed. Operator at Rigby says he forgot, and he let Number Six go by. Number Three, special freight, has already passed Jonestown. They will come together near the bridge, unless something happens to prevent the accident."

"Ask Jonestown if he has heard anything since Number Three went by. Order the wrecker out, to await orders. Notify the division superintendent. If the crash comes I'll run down and take hold. Keep your hand on the wire."

Then the tap-tapping ceased.

Both Jonestown and Rigby were stations on a branch line, a single track road. In those days, on the Old New England lines, the normal signal spelled

by the lights at stations was "safety," so that an engineer without orders to the contrary ran by them. Nowadays the normal signal is "danger," so that even should an operator for any reason neglect his orders, the engineer of an oncoming train would stop.

The strong face of the chief despatcher went grayish. From far off, a dull, intermittent roar, came the sound of trains running and grumbling over their work in the yards. The clock on the mantel seemed to tick loudly. With the keen pain of suspense and dread shaking him almost physically, the chief despatcher hung above the little telegraph instrument—this mute, mechanical messenger of fate.

"Tap—tap—tap—tap, tap— No news yet."

It was the night despatcher. His chief cut in:

"Confound you! Do you have to tell me that? Wait for news."

But he said to himself: "Poor old Tim! I guess he's about as nervous as I am. I wonder if there is a chance the trains won't come together?"

He knew that the branch track was a bad piece of road, full of sharp curves and steep grades, and that the chances were much against the possibility that the engineer of one or the other train would observe the peril in time to avert a collision. There was nothing to do but wait, and—

"Tap—tap—"

"They've come together. Near the bridge, bad—"

"Any killed?" the chief interrupted.

"Clark, at Rigby, thinks not. No definite news as yet."

"Send out the wrecker. Tell Clark to hurry doctors to the scene. I'll be down right away."

The chief despatcher's face was no longer disquieted; no longer was it the mirror of his emotions. Pale, calm, steady, firm, he hastened to his post.

III.

HAL's electric bell thrilled out its summons as a messenger from the roundhouse ran from house to house arousing the members of the wrecking crew. Moore awoke with a shock; the

blood in his veins tingled keenly. His chance had come. The trial trip was at hand.

Bounding from bed, he hurried into his clothes. He heard the retreating footsteps of the messenger; he heard his mother leaving her room. She met him at his door. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Now," she said energetically, "run into the kitchen for a minute. I left water on; it will boil in a moment, and you must have a nice hot cup of coffee before you go out—"

Hal laughed, but in a tender tone.

"No time for coffee, mother," said he. "Good night!"

She looked at him with dim, shining eyes.

"Be careful," she said; "do your duty; but be careful—for my sake!"

He embraced her for a moment in his strong arms; and then he departed at a run, the long-stepping, loping run famous in old college days. To his consternation he found every member of the crew on hand and in his place on the wrecking-train when he reached the roundhouse. The foreman flung him an angry glance.

"You don't begin well," he said; "you are slow."

The foreman had selected Moore as a member of his crew despite his knowledge of the other men's hostility, simply because he thought the lad a good mechanic. He did not like to be put in the wrong.

Moore almost hung his head, wondering how in the world these men could have got to the roundhouse before him. Then he chanced to catch a half glance at the face of the man who had summoned him, and the glare of the lantern light that revealed the man's face showed the glimmer of a smile. Hal jumped for him.

"You hound, you!" he cried. "Is this fair play? You called me last of all, although you must have passed my place before. Take that!"

"That" was a straight left hand, knock-down buffet, and the man dropped. He got up quickly, but showed no fight. His blood now thoroughly stirred, Moore glanced around at the other men.

"And I'll serve any one else who plays a dirty game the same way!" he cried.

There was a momentary stir, as if his challenge was to be taken up; but the foreman said dryly:

"Tobin got what was coming to him. That's enough o' that. You, Moore, jump on the derrick car."

Moore obeyed.

There were fifteen men in the crew, and three flat cars in the train. It was run out clear from the medley of tracks about the roundhouse, and there it waited. The wreckers rubbed their eyes; they yawned; they stretched their arms; some lighted their pipes, and some even lay down and caught a nap where they were. Not so with Hal Moore. Still agitated from his encounter with the messenger, stirred by the sense of all that this night meant for him, and by the feeling of danger, excitement, adventure in the air, his breath came quick and hurried, his heart beat fast. He stared into the darkness flicked with lanterns, red and white, and wondered why they did not start.

Ben Clarkson, the placid foreman, who was never known to hurry himself until he had arrived at a wreck, was smoking a very short pipe and talking with a watchman.

IV.

THREE minutes later the order came. The trains had crashed together, head on, near a bridge three miles out of Rigby, and orders were flying all along the line to give the wrecker right of way. Although the line on which the wreck had occurred was but a branch, it was an important one. Many fast freight trains used it; and it was the line for several suburban passenger trains that began to run by six o'clock in the morning. Wherefore it was very necessary that the track be cleared as soon as possible.

Slowly through the maze of tracks in the yard the wrecking-train moved, and then faster and faster it pushed on when the main line was reached. The glare from the opened furnace door threw red in great, reckless splashes

against the black of the night; and in the glare the eddies of white steam were as ghosts fantastically revealed in the wild light of a witch's fire.

Hal Moore found himself involuntarily clutching a bar of the towering derrick. He stared with wide eyes into the swirling dark; he was filled with a frenetic excitement; he wondered how his mates could be so calm. So, doubtless, wonders the recruit in his first battle, the probationary fireman, the young sailor in a storm, at the apathy of his veteran companions when he, thrilling and quivering, is receiving his baptism of action.

Lights flashed out on either side, and flashed away as suddenly. Hal caught fleet glimpses of solitary operators at way stations bending over their instruments. The wind thundered in his ears, and there was the roaring of fantastic voices to which a train runs when racing through the night. At fifty miles an hour the train blared through the empty, quiet countryside; past stalled trains on sidings, mere blurred streaks of light; through woods, and loud echoing cuts; over shrieking bridges; under a sky without a star, low and black and thick.

At Blairton, a station about forty miles from the road, the wrecker left the main track for the branch. Moore felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked down into the friendly, ugly face of Foxy Jack McGrath, a man who had never shown the hostility to Moore that the rest of his mates betrayed.

"Don't get excited, kid," said McGrath. "You'll be tumbling off, nex' thing you know; an' then the nex' you know 'll be nothing."

Moore smiled back at him, gladdened by a friendly voice.

"I'll look out," he said; and he sat down. "I wonder if there were any killed or hurt?"

All their talk went in shouts.

"I heard old Ben"—the foreman—"say there warn't," McGrath replied.

Moore felt a glow of relief. He was to have his chance to make good, as he phrased it, without the accompaniment of tragedy. It was a joyful thought.

"Say, you're a boxer, sure enough," McGrath went on. "You downed To-

bin in fine style. You did right, too, an' the boys are with you. Tobin played it mean—that's his style."

Hal was making ready to respond frankly to this cheering message, but just then McGrath broke away from the subject with an instinct of reserve that Moore instantly respected.

"We're running by Rigby. We'll soon be at the wreck," he said.

The train was already slowing down. The brakes on all the cars except the derriek car, which was not so equipped, were applied, for at this point there was a steep down grade for the three miles that lay between the station at Rigby and the bridge near which the collision had occurred. Soon Hal could see a tangle of lights, moving and stationary, ahead. They grew bigger and brighter every minute.

They reached the wreck and stopped. The men jumped from their places. Ben Clarkson, the foreman, now active as a lynx, was in the lead. The next moment he was uttering imprecations upon the stupidity of some one in the chief despatcher's office because of the order which had sent out the train with the derriek behind the engine. Ben always implicitly obeyed orders, and he had supposed that the wreck must be so situated that the derriek could be used more effectively in that position. As matters stood, however, the engine of the wrecker was close up to the mass of wreckage to be removed, and the derriek was practically useless.

Each of the wrecked trains had three cars derailed and more or less broken up. The engines had come together almost on the verge of the brook spanned by the bridge. One engine had tumbled over into the water; the other was lying on its side on the track. There was a curve in the road that had hidden the two trains from each other up to almost the minute of collision, but neither had been running at high speed, and the crews had escaped with a few bruises.

Clarkson quickly surveyed the scene, and still more quickly gave his orders. The engineer of the wrecker was told to run back to Rigby with three of the crew, switch the derriek car on ahead of the engine, and return "as soon as

the Lord'll let you." The rest of the crew were ordered to seize upon their tools and go ahead with the work of clearing the smaller stuff from the track.

McGrath and Hal were two of the three men sent back to Rigby. McGrath was in command. About half a mile from Rigby there was a siding, and there he stopped the train.

In the position in which the wrecker ran back, the two flat cars were ahead; then came the derriek car, and lastly the engine. McGrath's plan was to run the three cars upon the siding, and then cut off the engine and send it to enter the siding on the Rigby end. Then the derriek car was to be uncoupled; the engine would give the cars a push sufficient to send the uncoupled derriek just out upon the main track, when the engine would return, couple on behind the derriek, and then connect with the two flat cars. The derriek would thus be where the full force of the engine could be applied when the time came for it to be pushed up against the wreckage.

The first part of the scheme of operations was carried through safely and rapidly; and the derriek car, disconnected from the rest of the train, was run out from the siding upon the main track.

"You stay by it to couple when the engine comes back," said McGrath to Moore; then he ran back with the other man to the cars on the siding.

Hal waited with the coupling-pin in his hand, and saw the engine move away from the far end of the cars on the siding to go to the main track. At the same moment he became conscious of a strong, insistent, steady pull upon the hand with which he held to the coupling bar of the derriek. He jumped around as if he felt the menacing hand of a stranger upon him in the dark.

The derriek car was moving. All this part of the track, beginning from the station at Rigby, and extending to the bridge across the brook, was a steep down grade. The push from the engine had been a trifle too hard; the car had not come to a standstill upon the main track, and it was now slowly running down this hill.

Hal shouted loudly, frantically, and waved a lantern in the signal for assistance. Then he jumped upon the derrick car and looked around for the brake—remembering in the same moment that there was no brake upon the derrick car, which was of an old pattern. He had heard in the shop, months before, that it was soon to be laid aside.

"Why didn't I remember? Why didn't I remember?" he groaned aloud. "I should have chocked the wheels. Why doesn't that engineer hurry up?"

The speed of the runaway car increased. The light of the engine was already distant. Moore felt that his shout had not been understood. The engine would not have been of use even had it caught up with him now; it would have been impossible to have stopped the derrick car at the speed it had attained. The derrick alone weighed two tons; and irresistible gravity was hurrying every pound of it faster and faster down the hill.

Through Moore's mind there raced a confusion of thoughts, that swept on with speed greater than that of the car. Soon the massive derrick would crash into the wreck. It would not be seen by the men working below until it came thundering around the curve, right on them. They had been clambering on and through the wreckage even before he had left the scene. He was bringing down death or injury to many of his mates, because of his failure to take a wise precaution. What the crash would mean to him, his own death or injury, flashed into his mind, with the remembrance of his mother's words: "Be careful, Hal."

Yes; but also she had said, "Do your duty!" His duty—what was that now but to prevent, if he could, this descent of destruction upon his mates, without thought of himself? Through his fault was the danger; through him must come rescue, if rescue were possible.

He jumped to his feet, grasped a heavy chain, staggered with it to the front part of the car, and dropped it ahead of one of the wheels. He would derail the car; hurl it from the track; destroy its impetus of death. But the chain slipped out of the full track of

the wheel, and although there was a jarring tremor of the car that nearly threw him from it, it kept on.

An iron crowbar, next! It was spurned aside. A pair of heavy blocks! They, too, were knocked away. And downward, onward, ever faster the car sped; the tall derrick swaying as if gesturing in heavy rage against the sky.

It neared the curve by the bridge. Desperately Moore toiled to uplift a chain heavier than any yet. When the car took the end of the curve, not a hundred yards from the wreck, he knew its wheels would be straining upward on the left hand side, thus aiding his purpose.

"God help me!" he groaned. "God help me!"

He dropped the chain. It fell fairly before the wheel. There was a harsh, grating jar, a shiver of the massive derrick, and the car jumped the track.

Hal flew into the air—he fell with a heavy shock; soft darkness overwhelmed him—he knew no more.

V.

"AND this was the boy you chumps wanted to run out of the shop!" said Clarkson to his crew, as Hal was lifted from the earth bank in which he was half embedded.

The superintendent of the Sealand division pushed into the group. A doctor bent over the young man.

"No bones broken," he said to the superintendent's question. "He'll do. Stand back, he's coming around!"

Hal looked dully up, and muttered: "'Mighty little ile,' says he, 'but a darned fine sail.' Ain't that bully, mother? No coffee now. I'm off for my trial trip. Don't you worry; the boys in the shop are all right. They'll get over their grouch."

His eyes gradually cleared, the confusion of wits passed as a slow cloud passes; and Hal looked up at the superintendent, the foreman, and his mates.

"I should have thought to chock the wheels," he said sadly, "but I did my best."

"That's plenty good enough for me!" cried Ben Clarkson.

And it was good for all concerned.

Cooperative Housekeeping.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

THE GREAT [AND GROWING] DIFFICULTIES WITH WHICH THE MODERN AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER HAS TO CONTEND, AND THE DISCOURAGING FAILURE OF NEARLY ALL ATTEMPTS TO DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM BY MEANS OF COOPERATION.

AN account of successful cooperative housekeeping in the United States might read somewhat like the celebrated history of snakes in Ireland. It may be remembered that this began—and ended—with the sentence, “There are no snakes in Ireland.” There is so little cooperative housekeeping in the United States that it is hardly to be reckoned with, if one understands the phrase to mean housekeeping managed on a true cooperative principle. But there have been many attempts and failures which make interesting reading.

The initiative in the movement, if it can be called a movement, is claimed by Mrs. M. Fay Pierce. Years ago, reading the story of the Rochdale Pioneers, the handful of Lancashire workmen who started a cooperative store, she was fired with the desire to introduce cooperative methods into housekeeping. She tried it. It failed, for a variety of reasons. Then she wrote a book about it, pointing out where she felt she had blundered and setting up a red lantern to warn other pioneers of the danger line.

Cooperation in domestic work once begun, there was no lack of sanguine followers. All had practically the same admirable theories. All asserted the truth that the subdivision of labor had invariably been an accompaniment of civilization. In the times of our great-grandmothers several times removed, all domestic operations—including carding, spinning, weaving, cutting, making nearly every article of wearing apparel and preparing and compounding almost all foods that had to be made—were done in the home, for the inmates of

that home. Little by little many of these processes were eliminated from the household and carried on as separate trades—all but household service. This last, instead of becoming less complex, became, in consequence of increased luxury of living, more complicated every year. With this state of affairs prevailed also faulty domestic service, and the overtaxed housekeeper was being worn to a nervous wreck in her desire to keep up with the procession.

A TYPICAL COOPERATIVE EXPERIMENT.

Clearly something had to be done, if one looked at the matter from this point of view. The wise women got together, in clubs and elsewhere, and talked it over. It was decided that the solution of the problem lay in cooperation. The same plan had been tried in business enterprises, and there had been enough success to warrant its trial in the domain of housekeeping. So the attempts began.

There have been many of them, and they all open in pretty much the same way. A combination of families decides that its bills are too large, and could be reduced by cooperation. The theory is all that it should be, and for a while the practise works well. In one instance, started in a town in central New York, five families got together and said:

“Go to! Let us cooperate!”

The men of the families drew up a compact by which all five bound themselves to give the new plan a trial of three months. There were a president, a secretary and treasurer, and a board of governors. There was also a clubhouse, with a kitchen and a dining-

room. A skilled cook and waiters were employed, and behold the women released from the cares of catering and cookery!

The plan worked to a charm for more than the three months, and the membership of the alliance increased from the original twenty-two souls to nearly fifty, which was as many as the club dining-room would accommodate. Strict accounts were kept; at the end of the month the expenses were divided evenly, and each member was assessed in his or her proportion. The result justified the theory, for the co-operators lived on the fat of the land at a cost of three dollars a week per capita. The only criticism that could be advanced was that it was necessary to leave home to eat, since all meals were served in the club-house. Whether the trouble lay here, or in the fact that the people who ate together were near enough friends to know one another's personal and family weaknesses, is a moot point. At all events, this enterprise died after a brief life. I cannot give the exact length of its days.

THE EVANSTON PLAN, AND OTHERS.

Whatever the span of endurance, it was sufficient to move other housekeepers to imitation. Perhaps the best known of the disciples were the dwellers in Evanston, Illinois. This cooperative association comprised about fifty families. They avoided one pitfall by having the meals served in the dining-rooms of the co-operators, using for transportation the so called "Norwegian kitchens"—zinc boxes fitted with a receptacle for hot water and pots and pans in which to convey the food. Three delivery wagons, each supplied with a stove, and each carrying sixteen of the "kitchens," distributed the meals.

Apparently there was no reason why this should not be a success; but it wasn't. It came to grief in a painfully short time. So did the Decatur Club, in a Massachusetts town, which reached the mature age of a year and a half before it collapsed.

One of the longest-lived of all the co-operative associations was the Longwood attempt. Longwood is a little

suburb of Chicago, within the corporate limits, but unusually rural. For over three years the scheme flourished. The care of the joint service was in charge of a housekeeper, the several families who composed the circle having their meals at a central club-house, but each family eating at its own table and being supplied with its own linen, silver, and the like. One summer the men even conducted a cooperative vegetable garden. The meals were said to be very good, and averaged in cost from fifteen to twenty cents apiece. But something—perhaps the touch of primitive Paradise introduced by the garden episode—brought about a fall, and the experiment went the way of all others.

There was another such association in the Quaker City, another in Ontario, California, and others, more or less well known, scattered about the country. One of the most attractive of these enterprises was Mingo Lodge, on the shores of Lake Skaneateles, in central New York. Here for several years five Syracuse families cooperated with apparent success. They had a housekeeper, a *chef*, good servants, and the usual number of rules and regulations. For a while they paid board to the housekeeper, who ran the establishment; but later each woman of the five families took a department—one the kitchen, one the dining-room, another the sleeping-rooms, and so on.

The first to give warning was the one in charge of the cooking. She found that her responsibilities were incompatible with summer rest; so she withdrew, and the other housekeepers followed suit. It speaks well for the amiability of all concerned that the five families are said to be still on friendly terms with one another.

A COOPERATIVE SUMMER CAMP.

At Summerbrook, in the Adirondacks, Mrs. John Martin has for some years conducted a summer camp that is truly cooperative. There, in the month of August, she collects yearly from twenty to twenty-five persons who agree to share among themselves all work and expense. Each member takes entire care of his or her own room, and gives besides two hours' service a day to the

community. All the work is done in this way except the cooking, which requires skilled labor, and a practised cook is hired at twenty-five dollars a month. Her wages, and the other expenses for food, lights, and so forth, amount to a weekly assessment to each member of about three dollars and thirty-three cents.

The work at Summerbrook is divided into stated tasks, one set for the men and one for the women, and these employments are assigned by lot once a week, in order that there may be a change of occupation for every one. The men bring wood, shake rugs, do the mangling, turn the washing-machine and the wringers, look after the water-wheel and the small amount of live stock, and bear a hand with the dish-washing.

To the women fall the sweeping and dusting, the setting of the table, the decoration of the house, the care of the flowers, the rinsing of the clothes, the feeding of the wringers, and most of the dish-washing. This, by the way, is done but once a day, after breakfast; the dishes used at the other meals are scraped and put to soak, so that the task does not have to be undertaken after luncheon, when one may crave a nap, or after dinner, when one is in one's best clothes. In order to give more of the community tone to the camp, the members call each other by their first names, prefixing the title "brother" or "sister."

Another cooperative camp run on the same principle as Mrs. Martin's has been established about a mile from Summerbrook for the benefit of teachers who desire a vacation at small cost. Practically the same outline is followed, but as this camp is composed entirely of women, the work is divided in a somewhat different manner. In both camps the demand for admission exceeds the supply of accommodations. The troubles and drawbacks which have resulted in the dissolution of most cooperative housekeeping enterprises are either lacking here or are overlooked during the period of summer rest and recreation.

This experiment may fairly be deemed a success, although the critical

mind, inclined to skepticism by a long line of failures, conjectures that one reason for the lasting power of the Adirondaek scheme may be found in the short period of its annual endurance. One can stand almost anything for a couple of months, and in the ten months that elapse before the camp opens again one has a chance to forget all but the pleasant features of the experience. But this is rank pessimism, induced, possibly, by contact with the optimism of the promoter and conductor of Summerbrook.

THE TURNER-BALDERSTON CLUB.

Yet at least one other success in this line is in existence—though this might be questioned by masculine judgment. For this especial cooperative undertaking is a sort of Adamless Eden, run for and by women. It is known as the Turner-Balderston Club of Philadelphia, and was started in May of 1900, when fifteen young women, some of whom were members of the New Century Guild, rented a house in the suburbs of the Quaker City and began housekeeping for themselves. They elected officers, of whom one does the buying and catering, another receives the money and pays the bills, while a third directs the servants. There is rotation in office, the term lasting but three months, so that each member of the club takes her turn in managing the affairs of the household.

The plan worked so well that in October of the year in which the scheme was attempted the club moved to larger quarters and increased its membership to twenty-five. In June, 1903, it found a more desirable home, for which it is now paying in instalments. Two houses are now in successful operation, and in them there are more than forty women living on the cooperative plan.

This club, probably the only one of its kind in the country, is altogether a business women's venture, although the plan of the house is that of a family. There is no connection with any guild, church, or association, and there are no regulations. Each member holds herself responsible for the well-being of the others. Individual tastes in food and other matters are borne in mind

and catered to. The place is said to be a real home to all who live in it.

INSTANCES OF PARTIAL COOPERATION.

This is real cooperation, and rather different from the big establishment in Brookline, Massachusetts—the Beaconfield—which has been called an attempt at cooperation. It is nothing more, however, than a huge apartment hotel, managed on unusual lines. The apartments are handsomely furnished; the meals are served in an annex in which there is a number of small dining-rooms, so that each group of families may have its meals in the same room, although at different tables. The catering and management are conducted by an expert, and the meals served could enter into successful competition with those at any first-class hotel. But it is not cooperative house-keeping.

When one undertakes to look into the cooperative experiments which have been undertaken in different branches of household economy, time fails one to chronicle them. In several cities there are establishments from which meals can be sent out to families who do not wish to do their own cooking at home. In Boston a notable experiment is being tried in the Household Aid Company, which supplies all grades of help for housework, from the person competent to serve a dinner down to the scrub-woman. The schedule of wages is adapted to the services rendered.

Cooperative laundries are succeed-

ing in various parts of the United States, two or three particularly good ones being conducted in different New England towns.

On the other side of the continent, in Los Angeles, there are cooperators who began their undertaking on the line of the Rochdale system, already mentioned. Their effort is to establish industrial democracy, and they are sanguine in their expectation that within a few years their numbers will run up into the thousands. As yet they have done nothing in the housekeeping line, but this would seem a natural sequence to the other attempt.

In New York there is one successful cooperative establishment, although it has no direct connection with house-keeping. This is the big cooperative studio building up town, erected for the benefit of artists who wish a north light and immunity from the family noises which are supposed to be preeminently trying to artists. The building is divided into suites, and has a restaurant on the ground floor.

But here we verge upon the line that divides cooperative housekeeping, in its stricter sense, from more familiar forms of domestic life in cities. If we cross that line, we shall pass through an endless variety of "apartment hotels," "family hotels," and the like, to the ordinary hotel and apartment house. Of course, all these have in their working a certain element of the cooperative principle; but they do not belong to the present article.

HELLENICA.

Oh, for the leisure of the elder days,
Ere storm and stress befell; when lives of men
Moved most serene in midst of quiet ways;
And when they woke to rest by day again
In gracious converse of all goodly things,
Free-hearted as a bird on skyward wings,
Nor ever toiling in an endless maze;
Oh, rare Athenian days!

Oh, for the leisure of the stately gods,
Sun-fellowed on yon tall Thessalian hill;
Loose from the burden of dull earthy clods,
Lone like the stars, and more remotely still;
Comrades of love and song and moon-crowned night
And weaponed wisdom and refulgent light;
From world-folk hidden by a holy haze;
Oh, fair Olympian days!

Irene McKeehan.

The Sporting Spirit.

HOW TWO KENTUCKIANS UPHELD THE PRESTIGE OF THEIR STATE.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

I.

LIVINGSTON, in common with most of his fellow citizens, cherished the conviction that all Kentuckians—however far apart their respective localities—were acquaintances, at least. He felt his theory confirmed when Fleming, being presented on the evening of his arrival to the other members of the house-party assembled at Crestland, promptly hailed Miss Lindsay of Louisville as "Sybil," while she in turn called him "Ted."

It subsequently developed that, before taking up his residence in New York, Fleming had lived on the same square with the Lindsays, and that he and Sybil had been friends from their youth up. Livingston was divided between gratification at this verification of his conception of Kentucky *camaraderie* and a feeling of vague dissatisfaction at what he considered the unnecessary warmth of Miss Lindsay's greeting of her erstwhile acquaintance. He had lately become a student of shades of manner—of Miss Lindsay's manner, at any rate.

Livingston was one of those fortunate fellows who can gratify every taste and fancy. He had an artistic apartment in New York, a cottage at Newport, and a shooting-box in Virginia; but he spent more time at Crestland, his country place, than at the rest combined. He had gone in for automobilizing with enthusiasm; but after his first interest in the sport died out, he had returned with renewed zest to his early love—the horse. His equipages were almost innumerable, and his stables, perfectly appointed and equipped, contained everything from English hunters to polo ponies. He was a skilled equestrian and whip, a famous host, and an all-round good fellow.

He had met Miss Lindsay at the

Louisville horse-show, and subsequently at the Lexington races. Both he and his mother had been sufficiently impressed to urge the girl to make one of the house-party he had invited for a week at his country place. Sybil had been at Crestland for two days; her beauty and charm had promptly established her as a reigning favorite; her host had been a model of solicitous devotion; everything possible had been done for her comfort and pleasure; and yet, Fleming noted, she did not look entirely happy. He wondered why. He was speedily enlightened. Sybil sat next him at dinner and took advantage of the opportunity to unburden herself.

"Ted," she murmured—Mrs. Livingston, whom Fleming had taken in, was for the moment giving her attention to the anecdotal man on her left—"I'm on the verge of paresis! Our host, like *Portia's* Neapolitan prince, 'does nothing but talk of his horse'—which would be all right if he didn't expect me to do likewise. People imagine that all Kentuckians are authorities on equine topics, whereas I know quite as much of the hippopotamus as the horse. I never attempted to drive in my life—we've had the same coachman since I was a child, and papa likes such spirited horses; and I've never cared for horseback riding, so I find myself utterly at a loss among these people. The strain of trying to look intelligent when they talk in the vernacular of the stables—it might as well be Choctaw where I'm concerned—is killing me!"

Fleming grinned unsympathetically.

"It's very simple, Syb," he said. "Why not own up?"

"Because," she replied with dignity, "it would reflect upon the State of our nativity. As a Kentuckian, I'm supposed to be an expert horsewoman, and I haven't the courage to confess I'm not. The night I came Mr. Livingston

met me at the station with a pair of—cobs, I think he called them, the horrid, high-headed brutes!—and insisted on my driving them home. I had to fib fearfully to get out of it. Yesterday there was a drag hunt—arranged in my special honor, our host said—when I couldn't ride 'cross country if my life depended on it!"

"Which it certainly would," Fleming interpolated. "What did you do?"

"Feigned a headache and went in the trap with Mrs. Livingston. I'd never imagined such reckless riding, Ted; and the women were as daring as the men. It brought my heart into my mouth to see Miss Champ—the pretty girl opposite, you know—take her fences. I wish I had her courage—but I haven't. And to-morrow we're to go over to Fairhaven on horseback. I'm to ride Mr. Livingston's Caprice—she's awfully spirited, Ted, and I couldn't ride a hobby horse. What am I to do? I can't invent another headache; and I don't know how to mount a horse, to say nothing of riding one. I'm sure I'll be killed, but I simply can't own up. Whatever happens, I won't admit my unworthiness of the name of Kentuckian!"

Fleming chuckled.

"It is a sweet and proper thing to die for one's country," he quoted. "I quite look forward to seeing you handle Caprice, my dear—it usually takes two men to hold her while her rider gets up, I'm told. Any last messages you'd like to leave?"

"I'm glad you think it funny," the girl retorted. "Perhaps you'll find still further amusement in the knowledge that we're to go to Broxton by coach on Thursday, and that *you're* to handle the ribbons! Unless you've learned since I knew you, you can't drive the proverbial cat down stairs with a broom. I quite look forward to seeing you on the box behind a spirited four!"

Fleming had ceased to smile.

"Oh, come now, Sybil," he protested, "you're joking, aren't you? Livingston wouldn't put up a muff like me to tool his four-in-hand. It would be suicide, manslaughter, wholesale murder! How'll I get out of it, Syb?"

Miss Lindsay smiled mischievously.

"It's very simple," she said. "Just own up! Or are you prepared to risk life and limb for the honor of Kentucky? It's a sweet and proper thing to die for one's country, Theodore. I wish I could avoid that ride to-morrow. I'd like to be spared to see you tool the Glen Eyrie. I shan't mind dying after that." And she turned to her right-hand neighbor with a remark concerning the day's sport.

II.

PROMPTLY at eight the following morning, Livingston's guests gathered on the piazza at Crestland. Sybil had taken temporary refuge in the fact that she had brought no riding costume, but Mary Champ, who had always half a dozen on hand, promptly proffered the loan of a complete outfit, and poor Sybil's last excuse was rendered invalid.

Fleming, taking in her sporty get-up with a quizzical smile, approached and gravely lifted his hat.

"*Te moriturum saluto*," he said solemnly. "I'll tell your father you died game!"

"Ted," the girl whispered, "I'm frightened to death! I'm sure I shall make a spectacle of myself, and be killed into the bargain. Can't you think of something? Couldn't I say I'd wrenched my bridle arm?"

"Too late, Syb," grinned the unfeeling Ted. "That's exactly what I said myself, and Miss Champ pitily promised to drive me in the stanhope. Sorry, my child, but you'll have to guess again."

The horses were being brought around, and Sybil watched with feverish interest the lightness and ease with which the other ladies went up. She rejoiced that she was to ride with the host, and would therefore be the last to mount. A groom held the Viking, the hard-mouthed black brute that Livingston had chosen for his mount. Another was leading up and down the dainty little Caprice. Livingston's Kentucky saddle mare, which, as a special mark of favor, he had placed at the disposal of his fair Kentucky guest.

Poor Sybil, watching the spirited creature prance and curvet, was almost

in a nervous chill when she saw the last of the guests mounted, Fleming and Miss Champ seated in the stanhope, and Livingston advancing to assist her. She fidgeted with her gloves, she dropped her whip, she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten her handkerchief, and tried in every possible way to gain time. The rest of the party were beginning to move slowly off down the long avenue—with the exception of Miss Champ and Fleming, who, at the suggestion of the latter, waited to watch the start—an attention which Sybil failed to appreciate.

Divided between the feeling that she was taking her last farewell of all things temporal, and an unholy desire to box Ted Fleming's ears, Miss Lindsay slowly descended the steps. A groom had brought up the mare, which danced in a fashion that made Sybil seasick. Her host stood waiting. Feeling herself a lamb led to slaughter, the girl advanced, grasped her pommel tightly, as she had seen the others do, put her little foot in Livingston's hand, breathed a fervent prayer to an all-protecting Providence, shut her eyes tight—and the next moment, whether by grace of the gods or by reason of Livingston's skill, found herself safe in the saddle.

In careful imitation of Miss Champ, she gathered up the reins with her left hand, and dropped her right at her side. In so doing, she managed to tap the mare smartly with her riding-crop. Instantly, to its rider's utter surprise and dismay, the perfectly trained little animal began to "park."

Sybil felt faint. She had no idea what to do. In her fright and confusion, she again touched the mare with her crop, and again Caprice responded. Higher and higher went the mare, and more and more agitated became the rider, while the grooms, supposing the exhibition intentional—the girl's back was toward them and they could not see her agonized expression—looked on admiringly. Fleming nearly choked himself with his handkerchief. The Viking, meantime, had been keeping Livingston busy—for which Sybil, in the midst of her terror, found time to thank the fates. He presently suc-

ceeded in bringing the brute down to a walk, and joined Sybil, who strove to look as if she were enjoying herself.

"Do you fancy that gait, Miss Lindsay?" he queried. "Or are you testing the training of your fellow Kentuckian? I think you'll find her perfectly gaited. Try her at a canter!"

Poor Sybil had no faintest idea how to throw her prancing mount into the gait suggested. She debated in her mind as to whether she should confess her dilemma to her host, or trust to chance. She wondered if the mare was capable of keeping up her high-school movement for eight long miles; certainly she showed no present sign of flagging. Higher and higher went Caprice, and lower and lower sank the spirits of her rider, though she managed to gasp out to Livingston that she "liked that gait and wanted to see what the mare could do."

She saw. Caprice had learned her lessons all too well, and she kept to her work with a steadiness to have delighted her trainer—until the girl, in sheer desperation, threw up her hand and turned to confess her difficulty. Instantly the mare swung into a well-collected canter, as easy as the swaying of boughs in the breeze.

Sybil drew a breath of relief. She was not wholly wanting in pluck, but her experience had been trying, and the face she turned on Livingston was a trifle pale.

"I fear you haven't quite recovered from your headache, Miss Lindsay," Livingston said anxiously. "Perhaps I shouldn't have allowed you to take this long ride—I'll arrange to drive you home this afternoon." He had been having his work cut out for him managing his own mount, and Sybil's embarrassment had passed unnoticed. "How do you like Caprice? She has the five gaits, of course. Throw her into a rack. She's best at that."

Sybil was again at a loss. She gripped the reins desperately, and as the mare felt the curb tighten, she changed her gait instantly to the smooth, swift single-foot which is the Kentucky saddler's long suit.

"How well you handle her, Miss Lindsay!" cried Livingston admiringly.

He was long past the critical stage where his pretty guest was concerned. "Great little mare, isn't she? I'm keeping her for my wife—if I should ever be so fortunate as to find one."

Livingston's matrimonial stock instantly depreciated in Sybil's estimation, though, her first fright over, she was really beginning to enjoy the ride. She sat up very straight, and began to feel a certain exhilaration in the rapid motion, which was bringing a charming color to her cheeks. Livingston eyed the handsome pair with keen appreciation of their beauty, individual and combined.

"Caprice is a dear;" the girl answered enthusiastically, dropping her hand caressingly on the mare's arching crest.

Alas for Sybil! Caprice, bent on displaying the infinite variety of her accomplishments, promptly broke into a trot, and the rider, not knowing how to adapt herself to the motion, felt as if she were being shaken to bits.

"Don't you post, Miss Lindsay?" her host inquired solicitously.

A memory of the gymnastics of the riders of the walk-trot horses at the show crossed the girl's mind. She rose awkwardly in her stirrup, feeling the while that she was making a spectacle of herself. A rapid calculation of cause and effect, superinduced by physical discomfort, enabled her, after a few moment's torture, to bring the mare to a walk, a gait which seemed to suit Livingston, who at once reined his horse in beside her.

House-parties are not as a rule rich in opportunities for tête-à-têtes, and the host had planned this ride with a purpose. Before they reached Fairhaven a question had been asked and answered, and Livingston regarded Caprice and her rider, as they drew up in creditable style before the club-house, with a comprehensive glance of possessive pride.

III.

FLEMING, meanwhile, quite forgetful of his "injured bridle arm," was performing in the bowling alley; and when later the party invaded the club gymna-

sium, he swung himself up on a horizontal bar and beamed upon the company, in blissful ignorance of what he was bringing upon himself. It was not until, late that evening, the host proposed that he should drive Miss Lindsay home, while Miss Champ and Fleming took their mounts, that poor Ted remembered his late useful affliction.

It was then too late. There was nothing else for it, so with Sybil's dancing eyes upon him, and the whole party looking on, he clambered awkwardly upon the prancing Viking and set off, riding in a style strongly suggestive of the immortal *Sancho Panza*. Miss Champ, watching her cavalier as he gathered up the reins, sized up the situation at a glance, but she did not smile, as it must be confessed Sybil did. Hitherto the *sine qua non* with Mary Champ had been that the masculine aspirant to her favor should ride, and ride well; yet despite the fact that Fleming rode with toes and elbows out, and was palpably afraid of his mount, she found, to her own surprise, that she did not utterly despise him.

But the crucial test of his skill was yet to come. The next morning, at breakfast, Livingston, with the air of bestowing an accolade, announced that he had reserved for his Kentucky guest the opportunity of tooling the coach that day. Poor Fleming protested that the honor was too great, that he didn't want to deprive any one else of the pleasure, and a dozen other things—but to no purpose. His host was politely immovable, and Fleming confided *sotto voce* to Sybil that he "saw his finish."

He said afterward that in the interval of waiting for the coach to be brought around he learned to appreciate the feelings of the criminal on the eve of execution. He knew perfectly well that he could not drive a coach; he had rashly asked Mary Champ to take the seat beside him on the box, and he knew he would make a spectacle of himself in her eyes; and yet, with the whole party regarding him as the star of the occasion, he found it difficult to abdicate the throne.

Round from the stable dashed the Glen Eyrie, drawn by four as spirited steeds as it had ever been Fleming's



HOUSE-PARTIES ARE NOT AS A RULE RICH IN OPPORTUNITIES FOR TÊTE-À-TÊTES.

misfortune to encounter. He turned cold with apprehension, but advanced boldly and looked them over with a knowing air.

"What d'you think of them, Ted?" queried his host, with a gleam of pardonable pride in his eye.

Fleming summoned to his aid the lore acquired by a midnight perusal of one of Livingston's sporting papers.

"Pretty fair outfit," he drawled patronizingly. "That off leader's a flash mover—pulls his knees properly, and gets his hocks well under. Don't fancy the near so much. He's a good actor, but—er—hasn't he a thorough-pin?"

Now Fleming hadn't the faintest idea what a thorough-pin might be—he had simply been impressed with the term, which he thought sounded knowing. Unconsciously, however, he had hit the mark. Livingston stiffened. No man relishes having the blemishes of his horses pointed out.

"You've a keen eye, Fleming, I must say," he answered rather shortly. "To coach, ladies and gentlemen, if you please!"

That was a terrible moment for Fleming. He had no idea how to mount the box; he was morally certain he would tip the coach over before he had

driven a hundred yards, and he felt that the lives of all present hung in the balance. Yet it was hard, doubly hard with Mary Champ standing by, to confess the truth.

He was making up his mind to take the chances and resigning himself to fate, when suddenly rescue came from an unexpected source.

"Mr. Fleming," he heard Mary's voice saying sweetly, "I shall put your gallantry to the test. I wanted to tool the Glen Eyrie to-day, but Mr. Livingston was ungallant enough to offer you the honor instead. Won't you resign in my favor?"

Fleming drew a long breath. He was saved! Also the rest of the party, who, unconsciously, had been in deadly peril of their lives.

"I shall be most happy, Miss Champ," he answered—and he spoke the truth.

So it befell that Mary Champ, the best amateur whip in the State, tooled the coach that day, to the complete satisfaction of all and sundry, to the entire approval of its owner, and to the lasting admiration of Fleming, who cheerfully conceded to his charming *cocher* the right to the whip hand then and thereafter.

PREMONITION.

SOFTLY, my heart !

Last night across the star-strewn sea
A ship came sailing unto me
Without a compass, guide, or chart ;
Softly, my heart !

Softly, my heart !

Oh, message sweet as spring's first call
To life a-dream 'neath winter's pall !
Oh, faint joy-buds that stir and start !
Softly, my heart !

Softly, my heart !

For he is coming, he for whom
My soul shall stir and start and bloom,
Whose throne has long been set apart ;
Softly, my heart !

Softly, my heart !

I know, yet how I cannot tell.
His nearness holds me like some spell.
Oh, love, a prophet-seer thou art !
Softly, my heart !

Venita Seibert.

A Shipwreck and a Storiette.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT IN CONNECTION WITH A PIECE OF FICTION
PUBLISHED IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE SOME MONTHS AGO.

NORWAY has been a land of good sailors ever since the days of the Vikings. A thousand years ago her sturdy sons were wont to sally forth from the deep fiords of her rock-bound coast to win battles and plant colonies on many a shore. They were known and dreaded as far east as Constantinople, and in the distant west it was the Northmen, under Eric the Red and his son Leif, who discovered America centuries before Columbus dreamed of a

continent beyond the Atlantic. They settled in Iceland and the Scottish isles; they harried the coasts of Britain; they twice took Paris, and they overran Sicily. From Normandy, the province ceded to them by the French kings, they passed to the conquest of England.

The traditions of the Vikings still live in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Although Norway has fewer square miles than California or Montana, and fewer people than Massachusetts or



CAPTAIN AXEL SIMONSEN, SKIPPER OF THE NORWEGIAN STEAMER DAGGER, WHICH WAS WRECKED ON CAPE HATTERAS ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO.

Michigan, she stands fourth among the nations of the world in the tonnage of her merchant shipping. There is scarcely a port on the seven seas where her flag is not seen, and it has been said that there is scarcely a vessel afloat on which you cannot find a Norwegian sailor.

There are more than two hundred Norwegian steamers running on long charters in the American trade. Most of the vessels plying on the Great Lakes are manned by Norwegian seamen. A considerable percentage of the crews of Uncle Sam's war-ships are of Norwegian birth. Of the sixty odd men who sailed the *Reliance* to victory over the *Shamrock III*, last summer, fifty-six were naturalized Norwegians.

The apprenticeship through which a sailor must go to become master of a ship is as severe in Norway as in any country. The modern descendant of the Vikings starts as a lad of ten or twelve, probably on a sailing vessel trading to some foreign port. Inured to hardship, and taught how a craft is handled in all sorts of weather, he must attend a nautical school to learn the scientific side of navigation. If he passes his examination, he receives a mate's certificate. He must then return to active service for several years before a second period of study and a second examination qualify him, if he goes through successfully, for a captain's license.

The occasion of the above remarks is a curious incident that occurred in connection with a story printed in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* some months ago. It was a "storiette" by W. Bert Foster, entitled "The Recklessness of Edwy." A prominent incident in the brief narrative was the wreck of a Norwegian steamer, the *Daggry*, at a place called Gannett. A woman left on board by the escaping sailors—who were panic-stricken by a report that their vessel carried dynamite—was rescued by the hero, *Edwy Baker*, a member of the *Ragged Bluff* life-saving crew.

Needless to say, *Edwy Baker* was an entirely imaginary person. There is no such place as *Ragged Bluff*, so far as we are aware. There is a Gannett in Nebraska, but none in the Eastern States; and as a matter of fact we doubt if

there is a spot on the Atlantic coast, south of New York, where such a shipwreck as Mr. Foster described, with a vessel pounding on a ledge of rocks, could actually occur. In a word, the entire story was of course purely fiction.

We were greatly surprised to learn, however, some time after publishing it, that there was a Norwegian steamer called the *Daggry*, which had been wrecked on Cape Hatteras a few months earlier. It seems that Mr. Foster made his steamer a Norwegian because his plot required that its crew should speak a language unintelligible to most of the bystanders; and being unfamiliar with Norwegian ship names he borrowed that of "*Daggry*" from a newspaper where he happened to see it.

Unfortunately, the use of the word "*Daggry*" caused some distress to the skipper of the real steamer of that name, Captain Axel Simonsen, who feared that the story might create an impression that he had displayed a lack of courage when he had the ill-luck to lose his vessel.

A charge of cowardice is, of course, the most serious that could be brought against a ship's commander. The captain should be the last man to leave his boat, and if women or children are in his care it is his duty to see that they are saved first of all. Such is the rigidly maintained tradition of Scandinavian sailors.

From the portrait on the preceding page it will be seen that Captain Simonsen doesn't look like a man whose pluck would fail him, even if he were on board of a steamer loaded with dynamite and pounding on a ledge of rock. It is hardly necessary to say that we had no intention whatever of bringing such a charge against him. We were not aware of his existence when we published Mr. Foster's story, and no skipper's name was mentioned in it. None of its incidents had any relation to the wreck of the real *Daggry*.

We publish this statement, however, both because we are unwilling to incur any appearance of unfairness to the Norwegian captain, and because the incident is such a curious one that it may interest the readers of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*.

The New Senator from Ohio.

BY FRANCIS B. GESSNER.

GENERAL CHARLES DICK, ONE OF THE COMING MEN IN NATIONAL POLITICS—HOW A TYPICAL AMERICAN OF THE MIDDLE WEST, WHO BEGAN HIS CAREER AS AN OFFICE BOY, HAS MADE HIS WAY TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

THE recent election of General Charles William Frederick Dick to succeed the late Marcus Alonzo Hanna in the Senate of the United States brings to the front a new and interesting figure in national politics.

Senator Dick is but forty-five years old. He comes of poor parents, who were born in Germany. Translated from the Teutonic original, his name would be "thick"; but he is thin, tall, and slender—a Cassius-like man who has won his way by dint of hard work and ceaseless burning of the midnight oil. Beginning life as the son of the traditional poor but honest parents, he had to toil from his earliest teens, his first regular employment being as errand boy in the bank of William Buchtel, of Akron, Ohio, Dick's native place. This same William Buchtel, now eighty years old, is a member of the State Legislature, and had the honor of placing in nomination his office boy of thirty years ago. "My boy," the venerable Ohioan still calls General Dick, and in his nominating speech he predicted that Presidential honors would yet crown the career of his quondam protégé.

THE BEGINNING OF DICK'S CAREER.

Young Dick passed from the bank to a hat dealer's; then in a modest way he went into business for himself, becoming part owner of a feed and machinery store. In such prosaic employment it is scarcely likely that he dreamed of the Senate chamber; and yet he was always intensely ambitious. Even as a boy, he was deeply interested in politics, and felt the inspiration of such leaders as Garfield, for whom, as a candidate for Congress, his first vote was cast.

Dick's first office was that of county auditor. As a rule, county auditors in Ohio are the best of politicians, and are in touch with every tax-paying voter. Two years in the auditor's office, and a few terms as county chairman, brought him to a local prominence that attracted the wise eye of the late William McKinley. With Samuel M. Taylor, afterwards secretary of state of Ohio, and now United States consul at Glasgow, Mr. McKinley made Dick chairman of the Republican State executive committee.

The first campaign of which he took charge resulted in a plurality of only a thousand for his party, and in the actual defeat of the last Republican elector, Mr. Cleveland securing one of Ohio's twenty-three votes. That was not a very encouraging beginning of the new management; but Dick made up for it two years later, when Ohio went Republican by a plurality of one hundred and thirty-seven thousand—figures never equalled before or since. It has been a feature of his career that he has retrieved all his defeats, and proved all his disappointments to be blessings in disguise.

After the great victory of 1894, Dick desired to become State auditor; but he was beaten at Zanesville by the opposing elements of the party, headed by Messrs. Foraker, Bushnell, and Kurtz. Nor was this all, for he was deposed from the State chairmanship. McKinley and Hanna stood by him, however, and in 1896 he was prominent in the work of the national Republican committee at the Chicago headquarters. The election of that year sent McKinley to the White House, which meant that Dick could secure some good office if

he chose to press his claim for it. He preferred, however, to succeed the President's cousin, William McKinley Osborne, as secretary of the national

which Dick's skill and diligence largely contributed—he became State chairman again. Henceforth a strong position in Ohio politics was assured to him.



CHARLES WILLIAM FREDERICK DICK, ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO TO SUCCEED THE LATE MARCUS A. HANNA.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1903, by B. M. Clivedinst, Washington.

committee when Mr. Osborne went to London as consul-general.

DICK GOES TO WASHINGTON.

Then came the sudden death of Congressman Northway in the old Garfield district of Ohio. Dick seemed to be the logical candidate; at any rate, backed by McKinley and Hanna he was easily nominated and elected. Things had now turned his way. With the overthrow of the Bushnell forces, and Hanna's election to the Senate—to

He was now a Congressman, chairman of the State committee, secretary of the national committee, a member of the Ohio bar—to which he was admitted in 1894—and a lieutenant-colonel in the national guard. When the war with Spain came, in the spring of 1898, he went to Cuba with his regiment, the Eighth Ohio, which was ordered to reinforce Shafter's corps before Santiago. He was not in time to see fighting, for the regiment landed at Siboney on the 10th of July, while the



THE FIVE CHILDREN OF SENATOR DICK.

negotiations for the besieged city's surrender were in progress; but he went through those trying days when the little army that had conquered the Spaniards was battling with a more terrible enemy, the fever of the tropical summer. One of the results of the campaign, to Dick, was a personal intimacy with another progressive and aggressive young American soldier who went to Santiago as a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, and who has since become President of the United States. Since the death of Senator Hanna, this friendship with Mr. Roosevelt has come to have much significance.

THE DICK MILITIA LAW.

After the war, Dick became successively brigadier-general and major-general of the Ohio national guard. In Congress, his practical knowledge of soldiering qualified him for the chairmanship of the militia committee. In this capacity he was responsible for the *Dick Militia Law*, the act under which the State troops are now being reorganized on a better basis than has ever

been attained before. Of the working of this statute, and of its great value to our military efficiency, an authoritative statement appeared in this magazine last month, in an article by Lieutenant-General S. B. M. Young.

In 1900, the year of McKinley's second campaign for the Presidency, Dick encountered another disappointment, and a severe one. He wished to remain secretary of the Republican national committee, but his desire was opposed by certain influential party leaders, who demanded a new man. Dick was hurled over the battlements, and Perry Heath got the place.

This is, in substance, what the suave and diplomatic McKinley said to the Ohio Congressman:

"Let me impress upon you, Dick, that a man grows great in his own State. All the political honors that you may achieve in the future must come from the State of Ohio. Whether you want to be Governor, Senator, or even to go higher—all these things must come from your home State and your own people.



MRS. DICK, WIFE OF THE NEW UNITED STATES
SENATOR FROM OHIO.

From a photograph by Root, Chicago.

"Now," continued the late President, "I shall never again be a candidate for office. I have the very natural desire that when my name appears on a ticket for the last time, my own State shall give me the greatest vote of my career. You are the one man, the only man, who can achieve such a result. I ask you to give up the secretaryship of the national committee, and to devote yourself to managing the home campaign. Do this for me, Dick, and you shall not regret it."

Dick was disappointed, but he consented. He rolled up a very handsome farewell majority of almost seventy thousand for McKinley. He also organized the State so that there seemed to be no doubt of his own nomination and election as Governor in 1903, to succeed George K. Nash. But once more fate had in store for him a disguised

blessing—a highly disguised one, it seemed at the time. There was produced a hitherto unknown promise of the dead McKinley that Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland, should be next in line for the office. Dick's friends urged that there was no public demand for Colonel Herrick's nomination; but Senator Hanna favored the claim of the Cleveland banker, who had helped to free McKinley from his financial difficulties a few years before; and Dick withdrew, not without some feeling of resentment.

Nevertheless, he took an active part in the campaign, which resulted in a sweeping victory for Herrick and Hanna—the latter was seeking a third term at Washington. And then, the victory won, Hanna died, and his seat in the United States Senate was left for another man to occupy. Governor Herrick, though he had been but a few weeks in office, would have preferred to wear the Senatorial toga; but, probably to his surprise, he found that a majority of the Legislature was already pledged to Dick. Again a temporary disappointment had been turned into a piece of good fortune.

DICK'S PERSONALITY AND HOME LIFE.

The new Senator's success has been won by his personal strength and popularity. He is a man who is cheerful in defeat, modest in success, and tactful, genial, approachable at all times. He is the first poor man to represent Ohio in the Senate for a long time. His predecessors—Pendleton, Payne, Sherman, Brice, and Hanna—were a series of millionaires. His colleague, Joseph B. Foraker—with whom, despite reports to the contrary, he will work in harmony—is a man of large means.

In his home life Senator Dick has been remarkably happy. His wife was Miss Carrie Peterson, the daughter of a physician in Akron. She has five children, from sixteen to five years old, and hitherto she has given more time to the care of her home and family than to Washington society; but she is a woman whose mental and social equipment will make her an addition to the Senatorial circle.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A Gallant Russian Sailor.

Whether our sympathies are with Russia or with Japan, we can admire a gallant soldier or sailor on either side of the great struggle now afoot on the easternmost shores of Asia. And there

seems to be good reason for taking off our hats to Vice-Admiral Makaroff, commander-in-chief of the Muscovite sea forces on the Pacific coast.

Admiral Makaroff undertook no easy task when, after the Japanese had struck their first swift and telling blows

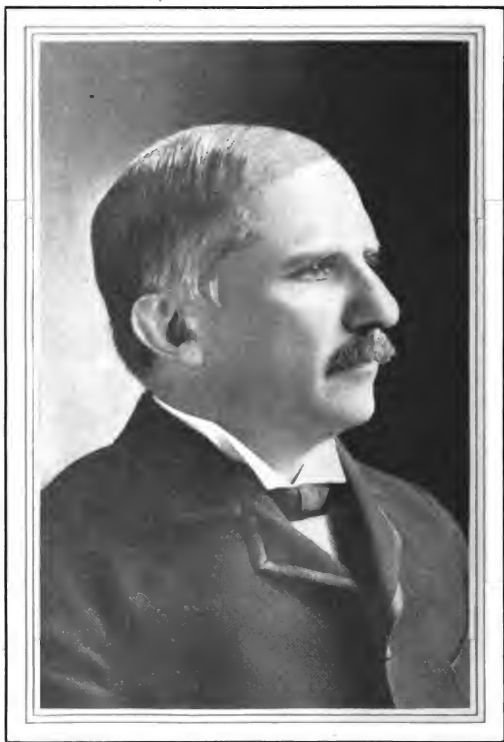


VICE-ADMIRAL MAKAROFF, COMMANDING THE RUSSIAN NAVAL FORCES IN THE FAR EAST.

From his latest photograph.

at the Czar's navy, he obeyed the order to go to the scene of war. Hurrying eastward as fast as the Siberian railway could carry him, he went straight to the point of danger at Port Arthur, as-

One of his first actions was to attack the victorious enemy with his torpedo flotilla. The brisk engagement that ensued resulted in the sinking of one of his boats, but the loss was probably



ISIDOR RAYNER, OF MARYLAND, ELECTED TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE TO SUCCEED SENATOR MCCOMAS. MR. RAYNER'S ELECTION IS REGARDED AS A DEFEAT FOR SENATOR GORMAN.

From a photograph.

sumed personal command of the battered squadron there, and immediately gave practical proof of a zeal and energy in decided contrast to the slackness that appears to have been chiefly responsible for the Russian disasters.

more than compensated by the moral effect of the demonstration that the Port Arthur fleet was still a fighting force.

Admiral Makaroff is a veteran of forty years' service in the Muscovite



PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK, WITH THEIR INFANT SON—THE PRINCESS, WHO WAS PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES BEFORE HER MARRIAGE TO THE SECOND SON OF THE DANISH CROWN PRINCE, IS THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF KING EDWARD, AND STILL MAKES HER HOME IN ENGLAND.

From a photograph by Ralph, Derwentham.

navy. During the war against Turkey, in 1877, he commanded a small cruiser, the *Constantine*. He distinguished himself in the operations against the Turkish ports, and at the end of the campaign he was personally decorated by the reigning Czar, Alexander II. He has since held successively several of the most important posts in the Russian service, the latest, which he relinquished to go to Port Arthur, being

that of commandant at Cronstadt, the great fortress, that guards the sea approach to St. Petersburg. He has introduced many improvements in methods and appliances, one of his inventions being the ice-breaking steamer *Ernak*, in which he made a polar voyage.

The admiral is familiar with the ports and waters of the Far East, and has had a previous opportunity to know something of the Japanese in war-time, for



"THE MINER AND HIS CHILD," A NOVEL AND ORIGINAL PIECE OF SCULPTURE MODELED BY CHARLES J. MULLIGAN FOR THE MINES AND METALLURGY BUILDING OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

he commanded the Russian Pacific squadron during the brief struggle between the Chinese and their neighbors of the island empire. He has also visited the United States.

The New Senator from Maryland.

Maryland, traditionally a Democratic State, wavered in her allegiance when the free silver issue came to the front, and in 1896 and 1898 she sent two Republicans, Messrs. Wellington and McComas, to the United States Senate. Last year Senator Gorman, after an enforced vacation of four years, resumed one of the lost seats; and next March, when Mr. McComas retires, the border State will again be represented by a pair of Democrats, his chosen successor being Isidor Rayner.

Mr. Rayner first came before the eye of the nation at large as counsel for Rear-Admiral Schley before the court of inquiry which investigated the conduct of the maritime campaign of 1898. His zealous endeavor to clear the admiral of the charges brought against him stamped the Maryland lawyer as a staunch partisan, a good fighter, and a speaker of unusual ability. These same qualities have stood him in good stead in the political field. He announced his own candidacy for the Senate during the campaign of last autumn, was his own chief orator, and managed his own interests when the contest passed to the State Legislature. His election marks the success of an independent element in his party.

It is also regarded as a distinct defeat for Mr. Rayner's colleague, Senator Gorman, who has been supposed to have absolute control of the Maryland Democracy. The candidate understood to have the favor of Mr. Gorman received only a very small vote. The *Baltimore News*, which is classed as an independent newspaper, observes that it "was essentially a fight of the individual against the machine. The primary moving force in Mr. Rayner's campaign," it adds, "was his popularity, and his popularity has won in the open."

Labor in American Art.

It has been said of a young American sculptor, Charles J. Mulligan, of Chicago, that he promises to be in sculpture what Millet was in painting, a voice of labor. One can believe this on studying his recent work—"The Miner and His Child," which visitors to the World's Fair at St. Louis will see in front of the Mines and Metallurgy Building.



MRS. GEORGE GOULD'S "JEWEL PICTURE"—A PORTRAIT WHICH SHOWS THE WIFE OF JAY GOULD'S ELDEST SON WEARING A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF DIAMONDS AND PEARLS, GIFTS FROM HER HUSBAND.

From a photograph.—Copyright, 1911, by Maxey, New York

It was during the great coal strike in Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1902, that the artist obtained his suggestion for the group. To ensure a truthful por-

clothed and fed, and his ambition to give them a chance to improve their condition in life.

All this study resulted in the success-



DR. MANUEL AMADOR, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA.

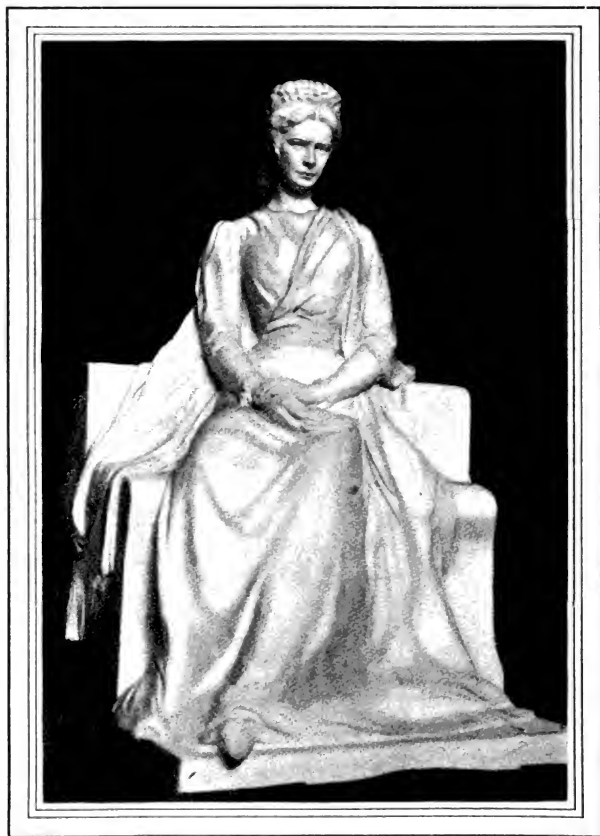
From a photograph by Scherer, New York.

traval of his subject. Mr. Mulligan went to the anthracite section and studied the miners at their work within the bowels of the earth. He saw them in their homes, watched the loving greetings the children gave to father or to brother as he came from the mouth of the pit, and learned to understand the miner's pride in having his boys and girls well

ful appeal to sentiment made by the Chicago sculptor's work. Aside from its artistic merit, it has a human interest beyond that of ordinary sculpture. There are thousands of people who know almost nothing about art, but who may be led to love it through things of this kind. It pleads the cause of labor more eloquently than could either the



A UNIQUE RAILWAY--THE MONORAIL LINE BETWEEN BALLYBUNNION AND LISTOWEL IN COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND. THE TRAIN RUNS SUSPENDED ON A SINGLE RAIL, AND CROSSINGS ARE OPERATED BY TURNING A SHORT SECTION OF THE RAIL UPON A PIVOT, AS SHOWN IN THE ENGRAVING.



THE MONUMENT OF A MURDERED EMPRESS—A MEMORIAL STATUE OF THE LATE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, MODELED BY PROFESSOR HANS BITTERLICH AND ERRECTED IN VIENNA.

walking delegate or the professional reformer.

Such works are of course a departure from classic models. They are evidences of a tendency on the part of both sculptors and painters in America to select their subjects from the every-day life of their own age. The sculpture for the

Louisiana Purchase Exposition contains many other instances of this. Some of the mural decorations will also express a similar spirit. For example, in the building in front of which Mr. Mulligan's group is placed there will be panels, on either side of the main entrance, representing the philosophy and

poetry of the great modern industries associated with the structure.

Mr. Mulligan, who was born in the north of Ireland thirty-seven years ago, has studied in Paris and Rome, and is now an instructor in the Art Institute of Chicago; but the schools have not conventionalized him, and he is winning a highly individual place in the field of sculpture.

A Million Dollars in Jewels.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, when poor *Marguerite* is dazzled by the casket of jewels presented to her by *Faust*, if the unsophisticated village beauty would glance around the parterre boxes she might see a far richer array of gems. For the famous temple of music is one of the very few places where the women of New York society make a public display of their jewelry. On a gala night there must be many million dollars' worth of diamonds and pearls on view in that glittering horse-shoe gallery. It is a sight that is not surpassed and probably not equalled anywhere else in the world.

How easily a lady may carry on her person a vast sum in these tiny bits of scintillating stone is proved by the photograph reproduced on page 205, which shows Mrs. George Gould wearing jewels that cost about a million dollars. Her collar, which is all of diamonds, represents at least a hundred thousand, and her tiara much more than that. She is said to have designed the tiara herself, having had it made to order in Paris.

And the gems worn in this picture are not half of Mrs. Gould's stock. She has several tiaras and collars. She owns no such stomacher as the unrivalled one that Mrs. Astor possesses, but she has a wonderful bird of Paradise, set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, with which, on occasion, she decorates her corsage. She has fifty costly rings, of which she wears a few at a time, in varying combinations.

A notable fact about her collection is that it includes no heirlooms. That may, from one point of view, detract from its value; but on the other hand, most of it was specially designed for its

owner, and every piece is newly set and represents the very best modern workmanship. The whole of it has been given to her by her husband during the eighteen years that have passed since the eldest son of the late Jay Gould married Miss Edith Kingdon, a clever young actress in Augustin Daly's company. Rich as George Gould is, there are a good many richer men in New York, for he had to share with five brothers and sisters in the great estate left by his father; but surely there are very few more generous husbands.

Mrs. George Gould has never been called an ostentatious woman. She has won both respect and popularity in society, but her first interests have always been at home, and the fierce light that beats about the lives of America's social leaders has revealed her as a devoted mother to her six children. For her, a million dollars' worth of jewelry is no vulgar display. It is merely the proper appanage, in these luxurious days, of her wealth and station.

The Coming of the Monorail.

In October, 1900, this magazine printed an article on various novel ideas in high-speed locomotion. We described three systems—the Boynton, the Brott, and the Beecher—whose promoters hoped to revolutionize railroading, and to propel trains at a hundred miles an hour or even faster. The difficulty of foretelling the precise trend of invention is illustrated by the fact that the electric monorail line now under construction between the English cities of Manchester and Liverpool does not follow any of the three systems, though similar to them all in certain respects.

The engraving on page 207 shows a little monorail line in the west of Ireland, which is in actual operation, steam locomotives being used. The Liverpool-Manchester road, of which Messrs. Behr and Elliott-Cooper are the engineers, will be similarly constructed, but the motive power will be electricity. Tremendous speed is promised, and it will be the first important test of the new form of transit. If it proves successful, it may revolutionize our transportation methods.

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DES AGEAUX, lieutenant-governor of Périgord, is bidden by King Henry IV of France to put down a peasant uprising in the province of the Angoumois and restore order there in six weeks or suffer degradation in rank. Des Ageaux lacks men and money for the enterprise, but he sets out incognito to look over the ground, and when night falls he seeks shelter in the château of the Vicomte de Villeneuve, an impoverished old nobleman, who is living in seclusion with his son Roger, who is slightly hump-backed, and his daughter Bonne, both of whom he despises and derides. His other son, Charles, whom he has driven from home by his taunts, has incurred the old man's dire hatred by joining and becoming one of the leaders of the revolted peasants—the Crocans. The only one of his children whom Villeneuve deems a credit to him, or for whom he has any affection, is his other daughter, Odette, who is the Abbess of Vlaye, and who is away from home when Des Ageaux—or Des Vœux, as he now calls himself—pays his visit to the château.

On the day after Des Ageaux' arrival, the young Countess of Rochecouart, with one attendant, comes to the château in dire plight, escorted by a mysterious band of horsemen, who leave immediately. She had, it seems, been traveling with a small escort when M. de Vlaye and his men sought to capture her; for the young girl is one of the richest heiresses in France, and De Vlaye purposes forcing her into a marriage with him, despite the fact that it has been generally understood that he is to wed Odette de Villeneuve. Expecting a visit from De Vlaye the following day, and realizing the futility of resistance, the old vicomte acquiesces in a plan suggested by Roger, whereby the young girl is to spend the day in the hayfields, disguised in peasant attire. Bonne, meantime, is puzzling her small head over the real identity of "Des Vœux," and his mission there, and she refuses to arrange the meeting he asks for with her brother Charles until he enlightens her. She is further mystified by the sudden appearance, while they are talking, of a strange wolf-hound which plainly recognizes Des Ageaux as his master. When she goes back to the château she questions old Solomon, one of her father's retainers, and he tells her that such a dog was with the mysterious riders who brought the young countess to the château the night before.

VI (Continued).

"WHIAT became of the dog?" said old Solomon, more shrilly than usual. He was a little hurt. "Is that all you want? It went with them as brought it, I do suppose. It didn't stop, anyway. But as I was saying about secrets—the secrets I have kept in old days—when there was no family had so many as ours!"

But Bonne had discovered what she wanted. Passing Solomon, she was about to cross the courtyard when the shrill sound of a hawk-whistle caught her ear. Turning, she went through the gate again, and listened—not without a nervous feeling. Presently she could distinguish the dull tramp of a number of horses moving on the sward, the gay jingle of bit and spur; and mingled with these sounds the voices of a number of persons talking at their ease.

Warmly as the sun shone, she was aware of a shiver, a presentiment that

gripped and chilled her. Whatever it portended, however, whatever misfortune was in the air, the risk could not now be evaded. Already bright patches of moving color glanced among the trees at the end of the approach, steel points glittered amid the foliage, and feathers waved gaily above the undergrowth. She had barely time to tell Solomon to run and apprise her father of the arrival when the head of the cavalcade wheeled, talking and laughing, into the avenue, and her sister, who rode in the van by the side of M. de Vlaye, espied her standing before the gate and waved a greeting.

Behind the abbess rode a couple of women, one in the lay costume, liberally interpreted, of her order, the other of the world confessed. On their heels half a dozen horsemen completed the first party. The abbess bore a hooded hawk on her wrist, and the tinkle of its light silver bells mingled with the ripple of her voice. Two or three pairs of coupled hounds ran at her horse's heels.

* Copyright, 1903, by Stanley J. Weyman—This story began in the March issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

Little later, separated from this select company by an interval of two score yards, followed the main body, a troop of some forty horse, in steel caps and corselets, with long swords swinging, and pistols in their holsters.

A more picturesque or more gallant company, as they swept by threes and fours into sight between the two gray pillars and rode towards the house under sun and shade—or one that moved with a lordlier air, it had been hard to find, even in those days of show and pageantry, when men wore their fortunes on their backs. M. de Vlaye, stooping a tall, sinewy figure to his companion, well became a horse that moved as he moved, and caracoled because he allowed it. His dark, keen face would have been as handsome as his form but for a blemish. In some skirmish of his youth he had lost the sight of an eye; and the blind orb gave his face a hard look which, his enemies said, brought it into just consonance with his character. He wore up-turned mustaches without a beard—therein departing from the mode of the day; but his hunting-dress of white doe-skin, with a fawn hat and belt, was in the fashion, and his horse's trappings shone almost as fine as the riding-dress of green and silver which set off his fair companion's tall figure and haughty face.

In first youth, a nose too like her father's, and something over large in Odette de Villeneuve's figure, had fore-shadowed charms not of the first or most feminine order. But three years had supplied the carriage and the ripened and fuller contours that made her what she now was. To-day, if it pleased her to have at her beck and call one whose will was law, and whose stern manners invited few to intimacy—and in truth her infatuation for the successful adventurer knew no limits—he on his side found his account in the satisfaction of parading, where he went, a woman whose beauty exceeded even her birth, and fell little short of her pride.

She, too, was content; she at least aimed at no more than setting on a safer basis the power and place she looked to share. It was she who, ignorant that her brother had rashly joined them, had communicated to her sister Vlaye's plan of suppressing the Crocans. That he had any other plan, that his views rose higher than a union with herself, that he hoped by a bold and secret stroke not only to secure what he had gained but to treble his resources—that his ambition,

passing by a Villeneuve, dared to dream of an alliance with the ducal house of Longueville—of these things she had, as yet, no inkling. Nor was she likely to believe in their existence or possibility, save on evidence the clearest and most overwhelming.

Bonne knew more. As she went forward to meet them, and after greeting her sister turned to her redoubtable cavalier, the word "Welcome!" stuck in her throat. She was conscious that her cheek turned a shade paler as she forced the word; that her knees shook. And her fear was that he would read the signs.

Ordinarily he would not have remarked them; partly because he was inured to meeting cowed looks, and partly because a careless scorn—masked, where the *vicomte* was concerned, by a thin veneer of respect—was all to which he had ever treated the abbess' impoverished family. Crook-backed brother, tongue-tied sister, and the other fool, whose restive dislike had sometimes amused him—he held them all in equal and supreme contempt. But to-day he had his reasons for noting the girl more particularly. The shadow of ill-temper that darkened his face lifted a little as her timid eye and fluttering color confirmed his surmises.

"I thank you, I will not alight," he replied. "Your father is coming to the gate? *Monsieur le vicomte* is too kind, *mademoiselle*! That being so, I will await him here."

The abbess, with an air of patronage, touched Bonne's hair with the tip of her riding-switch.

"My child, did you sleep in your clothes last night?" she said. "Or are you making hay with the kitchen-maids? See her blush, M. de Vlaye! What would you give me if I could blush as naively?" And her eyes rallied him, seeking a compliment in his. "But abbesses who have been to court—"

"Carry a court wherever they go," he replied gravely, almost negligently; and his look did not leave Bonne's face. The abbess' women and the rest of the company had drawn rein out of earshot, their horses making long necks that they might reach the grass, or poking their heads to crop a tender shoot. "I cannot alight," he continued, "for we are on an adventure, *mademoiselle*. I might almost say a pursuit."

"Do you know, child," her sister chimed in, "that Mlle. de Rochechouart never came to me last night? But you

know nothing here! Not even that I expected her! How should you? You might as well live in a hole in the ground."

"She never came!" Bonne faltered. The blush had subsided, leaving her paler than before.

"No, did I not say so? And she has not arrived to-day!" her sister continued, negligently flicking her horse's mane with her jeweled switch. "But some of her people were in by daylight this morning, from Heaven knows where—some hiding-place in the woods, I believe—making such a to-do as you would not believe. If they are to be believed, they were attacked near nightfall by the Crocans——"

"By the Crocans," M. de Vlaye repeated, smiling darkly at Bonne. He knew more than the abbess of Charles' desperate venture.

"And M. de Vlaye," the abbess continued, speaking in the patronizing fashion, a trifle distant, in which she always addressed her family in his presence, "has most kindly sent out two parties in search of her. Moreover, as I came this way this morning, he fell in with me and came on—far more, I believe, for her sake than mine"—with an arch look that called for contradiction—"to make inquiries in this direction. But lo, on the way—but here is my father. Good morning, sir. M. de Vlaye——"

"Has been waiting some time, I fear," the *vicomte* said hurriedly. He, too, was not free from embarrassment, but he hid it with fair success. "Why do you not alight and enter, my dear?"

"Because we have business near here, by your leave, *monsieur le vicomte*," Vlaye answered, his politeness scarcely covering an undertone of meaning. And he recounted in a few words—while Bonne stood listening in an agony of suspense—what the abbess had told her. "Fortunately, after I fell in with your daughter this morning," he proceeded, "I had news of the countess. And where do you think, *monsieur le vicomte*, we are told that she is?" he continued.

Fortunately the *vicomte*, whose hands were beginning to tremble, and whose color was mounting to his wrinkled cheek, could not immediately find his voice. Odette de Villeneuve took on herself to answer.

"Where do you think, sir?" she cried gaily. "In your hay-meadows, so M. de Vlaye says."

"Mlle. de Rochechouart—in my hay-meadows?" the *vicomte* faltered.

"Yes."

"In my hay-meadows? It cannot be."

"It is so—or so we are told."

The *vicomte* gasped. It was evident that M. de Vlaye knew all. What was he to say, what to do? Bonne, though her ear hung upon his explanation, was conscious only of a desperate search, a wild groping, after some method of giving the alarm to those whom it concerned—to Charles lurking in the barn, to the countess making hay for sport, all ignorant of the peril. She had heard of a woman who, in such a strait, sent a feather which put quick wits on the alert. But she had no feather, she had nothing; and if she had, at her first word of withdrawing, M. de Vlaye, she knew, would interpose.

"It must be!" the *vicomte* exclaimed at last, taking a new line with creditable presence of mind. "But I would not believe it!"

"It must be—what must be, sir?" the abbess rejoined.

"It must be the countess!" the *vicomte* repeated in a tone of surprise and conviction, not ill-feigned. He had calculated that to persist in denying the truth—with the hay-field within sight—would not serve, and in the end must cover him with confusion. "Dressed in that fashion," he continued, "and with no attendant save one rough clown, I—I could not credit her story. I could not! The Countess of Rochechouart! It seems incredible even now!"

"Yes, the Countess of Rochechouart," M. de Vlaye replied with a mocking smile, and in a tone which proved that the *vicomte's* sudden frankness did not deceive him. "With your permission, we will wait on her," he continued in the same tone; "and as soon as horses can be provided, I will escort her to a place of safety."

The *vicomte's* face was a study of perplexity.

"If you will alight," he said, "I will send and announce to the countess—if countess she really be—that you are here."

For an instant Bonne's heart stood still. If M. de Vlaye dismounted and entered, all things were possible. But the hope was dashed to the ground as soon as raised.

"I thank you," Vlaye answered somewhat grimly, "but with your permission, *monsieur le vicomte*, to business first. We will go to the meadows at once. It is not fitting that the countess should be left in a place so ill-guarded for a minute

longer than is necessary. And for the matter of that, things lost once are sometimes lost twice."

The *vicomte's* nose twitched with rage. He was not a meek man. He understood M. de Vlaye's insinuation, but he was helpless. On the threshold of his own house, on the spot where his ancestors' word had been law for generations—or a blow had followed the word—he stood impotent before this coarse, clever soldier, who held him at mercy.

His elder daughter, had her affection for him been warm or her nature delicate, must have felt this intuitively. Without a word spoken or a syllable of explanation, she must have perceived that she was witnessing her family's shame, and that her part in the scene was not with them. But she, of them all, was the most in the dark; and her thoughts were otherwise bent.

"You are very fearful for the young lady, M. de Vlaye," she said, turning to him and speaking in a tone of mock offense. "I do not remember that you have ever been so over-careful for me."

He bent his head and murmured something of which her sister caught not a word. Then:

"But we must not waste time," he continued briskly. "Let us—with the *vicomte's* permission—to the field! To the field!"

He turned his horse, as he spoke, into the sled-road that led round the courtyard wall; and by a gesture he bade his men follow. It was evident to Bonne, as to her father, that he had had a spy on the house, and knew where his quarry harbored.

The girl wondered whether, by flying through the house and dropping from the corner of the garden wall, she could even now give the alarm. Then her father spoke.

"I will come with you," he said surlily, in a tone that betrayed his sense of his position. "The times are indeed out of joint, and persons out of their places, but—Solomon, my staff! Daughter"—to the abbess—"a hold of your stirrup-leather! It is but a step and I can still walk so far. If the field be unsafe for the guest, it is fit the host should share the danger."

Bonne could have blessed him for the thought, for his offer bound the party to a walking pace; and something might happen. Vlaye, beyond doubt, had the same thought; but without breaking with the *vicomte* openly—which for various reasons he was loath to do—he could not

reject the old man's company nor outpace him.

He raised no objection, therefore, and in displeased silence the *vicomte* walked beside his daughter's horse; Bonne accompanying him on the other hand. She knew more than he, and had reason to fear more; she was almost sick with anxiety. But he perhaps suffered more. Forced on his own ground to do that he did not wish to do, he felt, as he trudged in the van of the party, that he walked the captive in a Roman triumph; and he could have smitten M. de Vlaye across the face.

They passed only too quickly from the shelter of the house to the open meadows and the hot sunshine, and so over the stone bridge. Bonne knew that at this point they must become visible to the workers in the hay-field; and she counted on an interval of a few minutes during which the fugitives might take steps to hide themselves, or even to get over the river and bury themselves in the woods. She could have cried, therefore, when, without apparent order, a party from the rear cantered suddenly past the leaders, and, putting their horses into a sharp hand-gallop, preceded them across the meadow in the direction of the panic-stricken haymakers; in the midst of whom they drew rein in something less than a minute.

The *vicomte* halted, as the meaning of the maneuver broke upon him. Striking his staff into the ground, he followed them with his eyes.

"You seem fearful indeed," he growled, his high nose wrinkled with anger.

"Things happen quickly at times," Vlaye answered, ignoring the tone.

"Take care, sir, take care!" the Abbess of Vlaye cried. She little thought, in her easy insouciance, how near the truth she was treading. "If you show such anxiety about the countess' safety, I warn you I shall grow jealous!"

"You have seen her," M. de Vlaye answered in a low tone, meant only for her ear, as he hung slightly toward her, "and you know how little cause you have to fear."

"Fear?" the abbess retorted rather sharply. "Know, sir," with a quick, defiant glance, "that I fear no one!"

VII.

APPARENTLY the handful of riders who had preceded the main body had no order but to stand guard over the workers; for,

having halted in the midst of the startled peasants, who gazed on them in stupefaction, they remained motionless in their saddles. Meanwhile the *vicomte*, with a surly face, was drawing slowly up to them. When no more than thirty or forty paces divided the two parties, the leader of the van wheeled about, and, trotting to M. de Vlaye's side, saluted him.

"I do not see them, my lord," he muttered in a low tone.

M. de Vlaye reined in his horse, and, sitting at ease, cast an eagle glance over the terrified haymakers. Numbering some twelve or fourteen, they had instinctively fallen into three or four groups. In one part of the field the hay had been got into heaps, but these were of small size and barely adequate to the hiding of a child. Nevertheless, look where he would—and his lowering brow bespoke his disappointment—he could detect no one at all resembling a countess. A moment and his glance passed from the open meadow to the ruined buildings which stood on the brink of the stream. It remained fixed on them.

"Search that!" he said in a low tone. Raising his hand, he pointed to the old barn. "They must be there! Go about it carefully, Ampoule."

The man he addressed turned, and, summoning his party, cantered across the emerald sward toward the building. As the riders drew near the river, Bonne could command herself no longer. She uttered a low groan, and her pale face bespoke her anguish.

M. de Vlaye did not see her face—it was turned from him—but he caught the sound and understood it. He nodded.

"The sun is hot," he said in a tone of polite irony. "You find it so, *mademoiselle*? Doubtless the countess has sought protection from it in the barn. She will be there, take my word for it!"

Bonne made no reply—she could not have spoken for her life—and he and they watched, shading their eyes from the sun; she, poor girl, with a hand which shook sorely. The horsemen were by this time near the end of the building, and all but one proceeded to alight. These were in the act of delivering up their reins, and one had vanished within the building, when in full view of the company, who were watching from the middle of the field, a man sprang from an opening at the other end of the barn. In three bounds he reached the brink of the stream; and even as Vlaye's angry shout of warning startled the field, he plunged from the bank and was lost to sight.

"Hola! Hola!" M. de Vlaye cried in stentorian tones, and, his rowels in his horse's flanks, was away racing to the spot before his followers had well taken the alarm. The next moment they were thundering emulously at his heels, and shaking the earth under their charge. Even the men who had alighted beside the barn, and as yet knew nothing of the evasion, saw something was wrong, took the alarm, and hurried round the building to the river.

"He is there!" cried one, as they pulled up along the bank of the stream; and the speaker, in his desire to show his zeal, wheeled his horse about so suddenly that he well-nigh knocked down his neighbor.

"No, there, there!" cried another. And "There!" cried a third, as the fugitive dived, otter fashion, the willows that fringed the stream affording him some protection.

Suddenly M. de Vlaye's voice rang above all. "After him!" he cried. "After him, fools! Seize him on the other side!"

In a twinkling three or four of the more courageous forced their horses into the stream, and began to swim across. Sixty yards below the spot where he had entered the water, the swimmer's head could now be seen, borne on the current towards a willow-bed, which projected a trifle from the opposite bank, and offered a hiding place. With wild cries, those who had not entered the stream followed him, jostling and crossing one another; and marked him here and marked him there—while the baying of the excited hounds, restrained by their couples, filled the woods beyond the river with the fierce music of the chase.

Meantime there were left in the middle of the field only the *vicomte* and his younger daughter; for the abbess' horse had carried her after the others, whether she would or no, with her hawk clinging and screaming on her sleeve. Of these two, the *vicomte* was in a very fury. To be used after this fashion by his guests! To see strangers taking the law into their hands on his land! To be afoot while hireling troopers spurned his own clods in his face—and all without leave or license, all where he and his forebears had exercised the low justice and the high for centuries! It was too much!

"What is it? Who is it?" he cried passionately, adding oaths and execrations then too common.

"It is Charles," she answered, weeping bitterly. "Poor, poor Charles! He was

hiding there. And he thought that they were in search of him. Oh, they will kill him! They will kill him!"

"Charles?" the *vicomte* exclaimed; and stood turned suddenly to stone. "Charles?"

"Yes," she panted. "And, oh, sir, a word! He is your son, and a word may save him! He has done nothing—nothing that they should hunt him like a rat!"

But the *vicomte* was another man; wrought on, heaven knows by what devils of pride and shame. "My son!" he cried, his rage diverted. "That my son? You lie, girl!" he went on coarsely. "He is no son of mine. You wander. It is some skulking Crocan they have unhomed. Son of mine? Hiding on my land? No! You rave, girl!"

"Oh, sir!" she panted.

"Not a word!" fiercely gripping her wrist and forcing her to silence. "Do you hear me? Not a word. He is no son of mine!"

She clung to him, still imploring him, but he shook her off, roughly, brutally, raising his stick to her. Blinded by her tears, unable to do more, she sank, exhausted, on the ground and buried her face in a mass of hay, that she might not see. Without a word, he turned his back on her, on the crowd beside the river, on the groups of frightened haymakers—turned away from all, and strode in the direction of the château, with those devils of shame and pride which he had so long pampered riding him hard.

He had at last drained the cup of humiliation to the dregs. He had seen his son hunted like a beast of vermin on his own land in his presence. And his one desire was to be gone. Rage with the cause of this last and worst disgrace had dried up all natural feeling, all thought for his flesh and blood, all pity. He cared not whether his son lived or died. His only longing was to escape in his own person, to be gone from the place and scene of degradation, to set himself once more in a position to—to be himself.

There are tones that in the lowest depth inspire something of confidence. Bonne, as she lay crushed and panting under the weight of her misery, with the merciless sun beating down upon her, heard such a voice whispering low in her ear.

"Lie still, *mademoiselle*," it murmured. "Lie still! Where you are, you are unseen, and I must speak to you. The man, whoever he is, is taken. They have seized him."

She tried to rise. He laid his hand on her shoulder and held her down.

"I must go!" she gasped, still struggling to rise. "I must go—to my brother!"

The lieutenant—for he it was—muttered, it is to be feared, an oath.

"Your brother!" he said. "It is your brother, is it? Ah, if you had trusted me! But all is not lost. Listen to me!" he continued urgently. "M. de Vlaye has bidden the men who have taken him—on the farther side of the river—to convey him along that bank, to the ford and so by the road to Vlaye. And—will you trust me now, *mademoiselle*?"

"I will, I will!" she sobbed. She showed him one moment her tear-stained, impassioned face. "If you will help me! If you will help my brother!"

"I will," he said; and then, abruptly, he laid his hand on her and violently pressed her down. "Keep still!" he muttered, in a changed tone—a tone of sharp warning. "I have no more wish to be seen by Vlaye than your brother had." Lying on his side, he peeped warily over the hay, in which he lay partly hidden. A slight hollow in which that particular cock rested served to shelter them somewhat, but the screen was slight. "I fear they are coming this way," he continued, his voice not quite steady. "I would I had good Paladin here, were he sound, and I would trouble them little. But all is not lost, all is not lost," he repeated slowly, "till their hands are on me! Nor, maybe, even then!"

She lay trembling and hiding her face, unable to face this new terror. The thunder of hoofs, coming nearer, once more shook the earth. The horsemen were returning pell-mell from the river.

"Lie low!" he repeated more coolly. "Ha, they have spied the countess! I feared it would be so. And they are hot foot after her—so ho! But we are saved! Aye," he continued, peeping again and more boldly, "we are saved, I think. They have stopped her, just as Roger and her man—clever Roger, he will make a general yet!—were about to pass her over the bridge. Another minute and they had got her to cover in the house, and it had been my fate to be taken!"

She did not answer. Her agitation was too great. There was a brief silence, during which the lieutenant watched warily what went forward at the end of the meadow.

"Now, *mademoiselle*," he resumed in a more gentle tone, "it is for the countess I want your help. I will answer for your

brother. If no accident befall him he shall be free before many hours are over his head. Remember that! But Mlle. de Rochechouart—if she be once removed to Vlaye, and cast into this man's power, it may go hard with her. She is a mere child, little able to resist. Do you go to her, support her, speak for her, fight for her—only gain time. Gain time! He will not resort to violence to-day, or I am mistaken. He will not drag her away by force until he has exhausted every other means. He will suffer her to stay a while, if you play your part well. And you must play it well!"

"I will," Bonne cried, all her forces rallied by hope. "I do not know who you are, but save my brother——"

"I will save him!"

"And I will bless you!"

"Do you save the countess, and she will bless you!" he answered cheerfully. "Now to her, *mademoiselle*, and do not leave her. Go! Show yourself as brave there as here, and——"

He did not finish the sentence, but as she rose, by some accident, or by some impulse that surprised and overcame him—for such weaknesses were not in his nature—his hand met hers through the hay and clasped it. Reddening to the brow—she best knew why—the girl sprang up, and in a trice was hastening across the field toward the crowd gathered about the stone bridge which spanned the moat. It was a confused medley of horse and foot, peasants and troopers. The sun beat hotly down on the little mob, but in the interest of the scene which was passing in their midst, no one thought twice of it.

Bonne's spirits were in a tumult. She hardly knew what she thought or how she felt, or what she was going to do. Only one thing she knew. On one thing she set her foot with every step; and that was fear. A new courage, and a new feeling, filled the girl with an excitement half painful, half delightful. Whence this was, she did not ask herself; nor why she rested so confidently on the guarantee of her brother's safety, which this untried stranger had given her! It was enough that he had given it. She did not go beyond that.

When she came at length, hot and panting, to the skirts of the crowd, she found that she must push her way between the horses of the troopers if she would see anything of that which was passing. In the act she noticed that half the men were grinning, the others exchanging sly looks and winks. But she

was through at last; and she could see now what was going on.

On the bridge, three paces before her, stood M. de Vlaye with his back to her. He had dismounted, and had his hat in his hand. Beyond him, standing at bay, as it seemed, against the low side-wall of the bridge, was the countess, her small face white and puckered and sullen. Behind her again stood Roger, and Fulbert, the steward, with a wild-beast glare in his eyes.

"Surely, *mademoiselle*," Bonne heard M. de Vlaye say in honeyed accents, as she came through the crowd, "surely it were better you mounted here——"

"No!"

"And rode to the château. And then, at your leisure——"

"No, I thank you. I will walk."

"But, countess, you are not safe," he persisted, "on foot and in the open, after what has passed."

"Then I will go to the château," she replied. "But I can walk, I thank you."

It was strange to see the firmness—aye, and dignity—that awoke in her in this extremity.

"That of course," M. de Vlaye replied lightly. "But seeing the abbess on horseback, I thought you might prefer to ride with her——"

"It is but a step."

"And I am walking," Bonne struck in. "I will go with the countess to the house."

She spoke with a firmness which surprised herself, and certainly surprised M. de Vlaye, who had not seen her at his elbow. He hesitated; and finally, partly in view of the countess' attitude, partly of the fact that he had not precisely defined his next step, if he got her mounted, he gave way.

"By all means," he said. "And we will form your guard."

Bonne passed her arm round the young countess.

"Come," she said. "I see my sister has preceded us to the house. The sun is hot, and the sooner we are under cover the better."

It was not the heat of the sun, however, that had driven the abbess from the scene, but a spirit of temper. She had no suspicion of the truth, as yet; but the fuss which M. de Vlaye seemed bent on making about the little countess piqued her. After looking on a minute or two, and finding herself still left in the background, she had let her jealousy have vent, had struck spur to her horse and ridden back to the house in a rage.

This was the last thing she would have done, had her eyes been open. Given the least inkling how welcome to her admirer her retreat at that moment was, and she would have risked a hundred sunstrokes before she went! She had no notion of the real situation, however; and Bonne, who had, and who already, with a woman's wit, saw in her a potent ally, was too late to call her back, though she longed to do it.

Between the bridge and the house-gate lay three hundred yards, every yard, it seemed to Bonne, a yard of peril to her charge; and the girl nerved herself accordingly. Vlaye's darkening face sufficiently declared his mood and his perplexity. At any instant he might throw off the mask of courtesy, use force, and ride off with his prey. And what could she do?

Only with a brave face walk slowly, slowly, talking as she went! Talking and making believe to be at ease; repressing both the treacherous fluttering of her own heart and the little countess' tendency to start at every movement M. de Vlaye made—as the lamb starts when the wolf bares his teeth! Bonne felt that to let him see that they expected violence was to invite it; and though she was prepared to cling and scream and fight with her very nails, if he made a movement to seize her companion, she knew that such methods were the last desperate resource of the helpless.

He walked abreast of them, his rein on his arm, his haughty head bent. A little behind these, on the left side, walked Roger and the countess' steward. Behind these again, at a slight distance, followed the mob of troopers, grinning and nudging one another, and scarce deigning to hide their amusement.

Bonne guessed all; yet she talked bravely.

"Such a wonderful adventure!" she said brightly. "We did but half believe it, M. de Vlaye! Until you told us, we thought *mademoiselle* must be romancing. She could not be—oh, no, it seemed impossible!"

"Indeed?" M. de Vlaye answered, measuring with his one keen eye the distance to the corner of the courtyard. The girl's chatter embarrassed him. He could not weigh quite coolly the chances and the risks.

"It was after nine o'clock—yes, it must have been nearer midnight!" Bonne continued, with that wondrous woman's power of dissembling which puts man's acting to shame. "It was quite an alarm. We thought we were to be robbed."

"That is why," Vlaye said smoothly, "I wish the countess placed in safety."

"Or that it was the Crocans—"

"Precisely. It might have been. And therefore I wish her to place herself without delay—"

"In proper clothes!" Bonne exclaimed cheerfully. "Of course! So she must, M. de Vlaye, and this minute! To think of the Countess of Rochechouart"—she laughed, and affectionately drew the girl nearer to her—"making hay in a waiting-woman's clothes! No wonder that she did not wish to be seen!"

M. de Vlaye looked at the chattering askance—and mechanically gnawed his mustache. He believed—nay, he was almost sure—that she knew all, and was playing with him; and playing so successfully that here they were at the corner of the courtyard, and he no nearer a decision. They had but to pass along one wall of it, turn, and in forty paces they would be at the gate. He must make up his mind promptly, then! And curse her, she talked so that he could not bring his mind to it, or weigh the emergencies. If he seized the girl here—

"Roger should not have let her try to cross the brook, M. de Vlaye, should he?" Bonne babbled. "He should have known better. Now she has wet her feet and must change her shoes this minute! Yes, you must, *mademoiselle*."

"I will," the countess muttered with shaking lips.

One of the troopers who had been of the expedition the day before, and whom the situation tickled, laughed on a sudden outright. M. de Vlaye half halted, turned, and looked back in wrath. Was he going to give the signal?

Bonne's arm shook. But no; he turned again. And they were almost at the second corner; now they turned it, and her eyes sought the gate greedily, to learn who awaited them there. If the *vicomte* were there, and her sister, it was so much in her favor. He would hardly dare to carry the girl off by force under their eyes.

But they were not there. Even Solomon was invisible; probably he had taken the abbess' horse to the stable. Bonne was left to her own resources, therefore, her own wits; and at the gate, at the moment of entrance, the last moment as far as his purpose was concerned, the pinch would come.

And still, but with a dry throat, she talked.

"To leave the sun for the shade!" she cried with a prodigious sigh, as the west-

ern wall of the courtyard intervened and protected them from the sun's heat. "Is it not delightful! It was almost worth while to be so hot, in order to feel so cool! Are you cool, M. de Vlaye?"

"Yes," he replied grimly, "but——"
"Sommes-nous au milieu du bois?" she sang, recklessly cutting him short—they were within seven or eight paces of the gateway, and she fancied that his face was growing hard, that she detected the movements of a man preparing to make his leap.

*Sommes-nous à la rive?
 Sommes-nous au milieu du bois?
 Sommes-nous à la rive?*

"*A la rive! A la rive!*" she chanted, her arm closing more tightly about the countess, "*A la rive!*"

With the last word—*pouf!* She thrust the child sharply toward the open gateway, and by the same movement dropped on her knees in front of M. de Vlaye, completely thwarting his first instinctive impulse—which was to snatch at the countess.

"It is my pin!" she cried the next instant, rising as quickly as she had knelt—the whole seemed but one movement.

"Pardon, M. de Vlaye," she continued. By this time the countess was thirty paces away, and half way across the court. "Did I interrupt you? How lucky to find it! I must have lost it yesterday!"

He did not speak, but his eyes betrayed his rage—rage not the less that his men had witnessed and understood the maneuver; nay, they dared by a titter to betray their amusement. For an instant he was tempted to seize her and crush the cursed pride out of her. He to be outwitted before his people by a woman! Or he might take her a hostage, in the other's room!

Then he remembered that he needed no hostage; he had one already. In a voice that drove the blood from her cheeks, he muttered: "Take care! Take care, *mademoiselle!* Sometimes one pays too much for such a trifle as a pin. You might have hurt yourself, stooping so suddenly! Or hurt—your brother!"

Roger could no longer keep silence.

"I can take care of myself, M. de Vlaye," he said. "And of my sister, also, I would have you know!"

But M. de Vlaye had himself in hand again.

"It was not to you I referred," he said coldly and contemptuously. "Take me to your father."

The *vicomte* they found awaiting them on the drawbridge on the farther side of the court. The countess had vanished; she had not lost a moment in hiding herself in the recesses of her room. For the first time in their intercourse, M. de Vlaye approached his host without ceremony or greeting.

"The countess must come with me," he said roughly and roundly. "She cannot stay here. This place"—with a look of naked scorn—"is no fit place for her. Give orders, if you please, that she prepare to accompany me."

The *vicomte*, already shaken by the events of the morning, glared thunderstruck. His hand trembled on his staff, and for a moment he could not speak.

"The countess is in my care and under my protection," he said at last, in a voice shrill with emotion.

"Neither of which would avail her in the least," M. de Vlaye answered brutally, "in case of danger. But it is not to enter into an argument I am here. I care nothing for the number of your household or the strength of your house, *monsieur le vicomte*, or"—with a sneer—"what was the condition of either—before Contras. The point is, this is no place for one in the Countess of Rochecouart's position. It is my duty to see her placed in greater safety, and I intend to perform that duty!"

The *vicomte* shook with in potent passion.

"Since when," he exclaimed, "has that duty been laid upon you?"

"It is laid on me," the Captain of Vlaye answered contemptuously, "by the fact that there is no one else in the district who can perform it."

"You will perform it at your peril," the *vicomte* said.

"I shall perform it."

"But if the countess prefers to stay here?" Roger cried, interfering hotly.

"It is a question of her safety, and not of her preference," Vlaye retorted, standing grim and cold before them. "She must come."

A dozen of his troopers had ridden into the courtyard, and from their saddles were watching the group on the drawbridge. Of this, besides the *vicomte*, were Roger and his sister, old Solomon the porter, and the wild-looking steward. Roger, his heart bursting with indignation, measured with his eye the distance across the courtyard, and had thoughts of flinging himself upon Vlaye, bearing him to the ground, and making his life the price of his men's withdrawal. But

the lad had no weapon. Solomon and Fulbert were in like case; and M. de Vlaye, a man in the prime of life, was like to prove a match, armed as he was, for all of these.

If the *vicomte's* ancestors in the pride of their day and power had been deaf to the poor man's cry; if the justice elm without the castle gates had received, in the centuries past, the last sighs of the innocent; if the towers of the old house had been built up in groaning and cemented with blood; some part of the debt was paid this day on the drawbridge. To see the sacred rights of hospitality deforced, to stand by while the guest whom he could not protect—and that guest a woman of his rank and kind—was torn from his hearth, to be set for a laughing-stock to this *canaille* of troopers—such a humiliation should have slain the last of the great Villeneuves where he stood.

Yet the *vicomte* lived—lived, it is true, with twitching lips and shaking hands—but lived. After a few seconds of moody silence, he stooped to parry the blow which he could not return.

"To-morrow—if you would wait until to-morrow," he muttered, "she might be better prepared to—take the journey."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, if you would give her till to-morrow," he repeated reluctantly, "we may persuade her."

M. de Vlaye's answer was as unexpected as it was decisive.

"Be it so!" he said. "She shall have till to-morrow." He spoke more graciously than he had yet spoken. "I have been—it is possible that in my anxiety for her safety, *monsieur le vicomte*, I have been hasty. Once a soldier, always a soldier! Forgive me; and you, *mademoiselle*, the same; and I on my side will say to-morrow. There, I am not unreasonable," he continued, with a poor attempt at joviality. "Only I must leave with you ten or a dozen troopers for her safe-keeping; and beyond to-morrow, in the present state of the country, I cannot spare them."

At the mention of the troopers the *vicomte's* jaw fell. He stared.

"Will not that suit you?" M. de Vlaye said gaily. He had recovered his usual spirits. He spoke almost in his old tone.

"It must; but I could answer for her without your troopers."

M. de Vlaye shook his head.

"Ah, no," he said. "I can say no better than that. With the Crocans so near, and growing in boldness every day! I am even told," he added with a peculiar

smile, "that some ne'er-do-wells of birth have joined them in these parts. The worse for them!"

"Then be it so," the *vicomte* said, pursing up his lips. "Be it so!"

"Good," Vlaye answered almost cheerfully. He grew more at his ease with every word. It might have been thought that he saw certain success before him. "Good, and as I must be returning, I will give the necessary orders at once."

He turned as he spoke, and, crossing the courtyard, conferred a while with Ampoule, his second in command. Hurriedly men were told off to this hand and that; some trotting briskly off under the archway—where the hay of more peaceful days deadened the sound of hoofs, and the cobwebs almost swept their heads—and others entering by the same road.

Presently M. de Vlaye, whose horse had been brought to him, got to his saddle, rode a few paces nearer the drawbridge, and raised his hat.

"I have done as you wish," he said. "Until to-morrow, *monsieur le vicomte! Mademoiselle*, I kiss your hand!"

And blind in appearance to the coldness of the salutation made in return, he wheeled his horse gracefully, called a man to his side, and rode out of the court.

The *vicomte* let his chin fall upon his breast. But soon he remembered that there were strange eyes upon him, and he turned and went heavily into his house, the house that others now had in keeping. Solomon followed him with an anxious face; and Fulbert, ever anxious to be with his mistress, vanished in their train.

The troopers, after one or two glances at the group on the drawbridge—and a jest at which some laughed outright, and some made covert gestures of derision—began to lead their horses into the long stable.

Roger's eye met Bonne's in a glance of flame.

"Do you see?" he said. "He was to leave twelve, at the most. He has left eighteen. Do you understand?"

She shook her head.

"I do!" he said. "I do! We may go to our prayers!"

VIII.

A FEW hours later the château of Villeneuve wore a strange and unusual aspect.

To all things there comes an end, even

to long silences, and the march of uneventful years. Summer evening after summer evening had looked its last through darkening tree-tops on the house of Villeneuve, and marked but a spare taper burning here and there in its recesses. Winter evening after winter evening, falling on the dripping woods, had listened in vain for the sounds of revelry that had once beacons the lost wayfarer, and held wolves doubting on the extremest edge of pasture. Night after night for well-nigh a generation—with the one exception of the historic night of Coutras, when the pursuers feasted in its hall—the house had stood shadowy and silent in the dim spaces of its clearing, and prowling beasts had haunted without fear its very threshold. A rotten branch, falling in the depth of the forest, now scared more than its loudest orgy; nay, the dead lords, at rest in the decaying graveyard where the abbey had stood, made almost as much impression on the night—for often the will o' the wisp burned there—as their fallen descendant in his darkling house.

Until this night, when the wild things of the wood saw with wonder the glow in the tree-tops, and covered in their lairs; and the owl, mousing in the uplands beyond the river, shrank from the light in the meadows, and flew to shelter. Beside the well in the courtyard blazed such a bonfire as frightened even the sparrows from their perches in the ivy; and brave had that wolf been who ventured within half a mile of the lusty singers, whose voices woke the echoes of the ancient towers.

*Les femmes ne portent pas moustache,
Mordieu, Marion!*

Les femmes ne portent pas moustache!

*C'était des mûres qu'elle mangeait
Mon dieu, mon ami!*

C'était des mûres qu'elle mangeait!

As the troopers, seated about the fire, some on the well-curb and some on logs and buckets, beat out the chorus, or broke off to rail uproariously across the flames, a chance passer might have thought the night of the great battle come again. Old Solomon, listening to the roar of the wood, and watching the train of sparks fly upwards, trembled for his haystacks; nor would the man of peace have been justly called a coward who, looking in at the open gate, preferred a solitary bed in the greenwood to the peril of entrance.

The more timid of the serving-men had

hidden themselves with sunset; the dogs had fled to kennel with drooping tails. But for one thing a stranger might have supposed that a mutiny was on the point of breaking out. This was the cool demeanor of Ampoule, M. de Vlaye's lieutenant, who, with a couple of confidantes, sat drinking in the outer hall, where the flames of an unwonted fire shone on torn pennons and dusty head-pieces ranged on the ancient walls. He, when asked by Roger de Villeneuve to reduce the men to order as the women could not sleep, was insolent:

"Have a care of yourselves, and I'll have a care of my men!" he said, "You go to your own!" And he would hear no more.

The *vicomte* for a while noticed nothing. The events of the morning had aged and shaken him, and for hours he sat speechless, with dull eyes, thinking God knows of what: perhaps of the son he had cast off; or of his own fallen estate, or of the peril of his guest. In vain did Roger and his younger daughter try to rouse him from his reverie—try to gain some counsel, some comfort from him. They could not. But that which their timid efforts failed to effect, the rising tempest of joviality at last and suddenly wrought.

"Where is Solomon?" he cried, rising as one awakened from his chair and looking about him in great wrath. "Where is Solomon? Why does he not put a stop to this babel? 'Sdeath, man, am I to put up with this? Do you hear me?" he went on, looking round. "Do you hear me? Do you want them to bring the abbeſs down-stairs?"

Bonne and Roger, who were crouching with the little countess in one of the two window-recesses that overlooked the courtyard, rose to go to him; but Solomon, who had been hiding in the shadows about the door of the hall, was before them.

"To be sure, my lord, to be sure!" the old servant said gallantly, though his troubled face and twitching beard bespoke his knowledge of the real position. "To be sure, my lord, it is not the first time by a many hundred the knaves have forgot themselves; and I've had to go with a stirrup-leather, and bring them to their senses! The liquor that has run in this house!" He lifted his hands in admiration. "'Tis no wonder, my lord, it goes sometimes to the head of even the strongest!"

"Go out, man! Go out and put a stop to it!" the *vicomte* retorted passion-

ately. "Your chattering does but add to it!"

"To be sure, my lord. To be sure, my lord, I am going," Solomon answered bravely; but with eyes which asked Roger a question. "To be sure, it is like old days, my lord; and I thought that maybe you would like them to have their way a while."

"I should like it, fool?"

"You might think it better——"

"Be gone!"

"Nay," Roger said, approaching the *vicomte*. "Nay, if any one goes, sir, I must. Solomon's old, and they may mishandle him."

"Mishandle him?" the *vicomte* said, opening his eyes in astonishment. "Mishandle my steward? My——" He broke off, his hands feeling tremulously for the arms of his chair; he found them and sank down in it. "I—I had forgotten!" he muttered, his head sinking on his breast. "I dreamed, and now I am awake. I dreamed," he continued, speaking with increasing bitterness, "that I was *seigneur* of Villeneuve, and baron of St. Vlaye! With swords at my will, and steeds in my stall, and a lusty son to take him by the beard who crossed me! And I am a beggar! A beggar with no son to call a son, with no sword but that old fool's blade! Mishandle him? Aye, they may mishandle him!" he continued feebly, his head sinking yet lower on his breast. "It is over. Let them do what they will!"

He continued to mutter, but incoherently; and Roger, signing to Solomon to go to his place again, slunk back to the window recess. The lad had no hope of effecting more with Ampoule, a brutal man where rein was given him; and he crouched once more where he could see the dark figures carousing in the glare that reached to the distant stables. In order that those in the room might see without being seen, Solomon had lighted only two candles, and these were not behind that window; so that Roger and the two girls, who sat in the shadow on the seat opposite him, could look out unchecked.

The day had been—and not many hours past—when his cheek would have burned under the sneer just flung at him. Now, though a stranger and a girl had heard it, he was unmoved. For petty feelings of that kind his mind had no longer space. The conduct of the men whom Vlaye had left on guard, the increasing disorder and babel, awoke in

him neither indignation nor anger, nor astonishment; only fear. Not a fear that unmanned him, though he faced his first real peril; but one that braced him to do his best, that enabled him to think and plan and determine, crook-shouldered as he was, with a coolness which some day, as Des Ageaux had said, might make of him a commander of men.

He was convinced that the men's unruliness was a thing planned. M. de Vlaye, he believed, had conceived the wickedness of doing by others what he dared not do himself. The men, unless Roger was mistaken, would pass still more out of hand; the officer would profess himself impotent. Then, it might not be this evening, but to-morrow, or to-morrow evening at latest, the men would burst all bounds, cast aside respect, seize the young countess, and bear her off. At the ford, or where you will, Vlaye would encounter them, rescue her, and, while he gained a hold on her gratitude, effect that which he had shrunk from doing openly.

It was a wicked, nay, a devilish plan, because in the course of its execution there must come a moment when all in the house—and not the young girl only at whom the plan was aimed—would lie at the men's mercy. For a time the men, half-drunk, must be masters. A moment there must be of extreme danger, threatening all, embracing all; and he, a lad, stood alone to meet it. Alone, save for one old man; for the *vicomte* was past such work, and the servants had fled. And though Bonne—to whom, as well as the young countess, he had disclosed his fears—persisted in the hope of rescue, and based that hope on Des Vœux' promises, he had little or no hope.

As he crouched with the two girls in the dark window recess, he faced the danger coolly; though the scene was one to depress an older heart. The scanty light of the two candles fell full on the *vicomte*—where he sat sunk low in his chair, a shiver passing now and again over his inert and feeble limbs. The only figure visible against the gloomy, dust-colored hangings, he seemed the type of a race fallen hopelessly; his features, once imperious, hung flaccid, his hands clung weakly to the arms of his chair. He was capable still of one brief, foolish outburst, one passionate stroke; but no help or wise counsel could be expected from him. He was astonishingly aged in one day; his power to wound even the mind was near its end.

(To be continued.)

Gassey Thompson's Prize Money.

THE TALE OF TWO MINERS WITH STRONG ARMS AND SOFT HEARTS.

BY CHARLES CAREY.

I.

THERE was a sharp contrast in the mental attitude of Gassey Thompson and his partner as they took their way up over the mountain toward Silver Plume. Flanders, the partner, was moody and pessimistic; Gassey, to outward appearances at least, buoyant and assured.

They were to take part that afternoon in a drilling contest—a holiday event which had been the sole topic of discussion throughout the surrounding region for the past four weeks. Flaming posters at every crossroads and gathering-place had announced it as a competition open to all Colorado miners, and deciding the championship of the State.

The contestants, operating in teams of two men each, were to demonstrate their skill upon a block of solid granite for a stretch of fifteen minutes, the men changing from striking to holding, turn and turn about, at the end of each minute. Cash prizes aggregating a thousand dollars were to be distributed, of which five hundred was to go to the first team, three hundred to the second, a hundred and fifty to the third, and a hundred to the fourth. Such pecuniary awards were by no means to be despised, it will be admitted; but to Flanders and Gassey much more depended upon their success than the mere winning of a prize.

Through the combination of a run of bad luck in their mining operations, coupled with a long sickness that had disabled Flanders, they had become so involved financially that unless they could raise two hundred and fifty dollars to be paid over to a grasping landlord by the end of the month, they were in a fair way to forfeit their lease—a block of ground into which they had put the hopes and labor of a solid year,

and which now for the first time gave promise of repaying them. To take either first or second prize in the forthcoming contest was their one chance of securing such a sum within the required time.

Under ordinary circumstances their well-known dexterity with hammer and drill would have made the prospect of their winning one or the other almost a certainty. But Flanders was still weak from his recent illness, and even Gassey's optimism had to confess that on "form," at least, the result was very seriously in doubt.

Firm believer that he was in his lucky star, however, he strenuously combated his comrade's despondent view of the situation.

"Kin you look at that, Kid, an' still doubt?" he now demanded, drawing a long, free breath as they reached the crest of the rise, and the promise and hope of the morning smote them with the soft breeze that rustled up from the valley.

Gassey threw himself down upon the ground and drank in the prospect with an appreciative eye. About them stretched the radiant arch of sky, like a great translucent blue pearl; and all about were the clustering mountains, silent and solemn in their grandeur, their hoary peaks gleaming pink and orange and crimson where the sunlight flashed from summit to summit across the range.

Even Flanders was not insensible to the inspiring influence; but for pride's sake, and in the fear of over-confidence, he would not now recede from his position. He was one of the many who superstitiously believe that constant negation may avert ill-fortune.

"I don't see that that proves nothin'." he dissented. "Every other team's a secin' the same; an' we can't all win."

"Kid," observed Gassey, with a whimsical shake of the head, "you sure ain't no better 'n that there Thomas what the parson preached about at Buck Pingree's funeral. You'd never be satisfied, neither, till you got them paws o' yourn in the nail-prints. Now, 's for me, the wind up here keeps a talkin' to me, an' it whispers right straight ahead: 'You're goin' to win! You're goin' to win! You're goin' to win!' Can't you hear it?"

"Not me," returned the unpoetic Flanders. "All it says to me is there's two dern fools layin' up here a sweatin' from the climb, an' if they let this cold wind blow on 'em much longer they'll both be so stiff that they can't lift their arms, much less swing no jack in a drillin' match!"

Gassey could not but agree to the reason of the suggestion; so, with a sigh for the beauty he was forced to leave, he arose to his feet and accompanied his companion down into the village.

II.

EARLY as it was, a typical holiday throng was already assembled at Silver Plume, and every hour was adding to its number. There were miners of every rank and condition—brawny Swedes with their wives and flaxen-poll'd progeny; stolid Cornishmen; keen-witted Irish; college-bred Americans, their Eastern drawl veneered with the breezy slang of the West; men from the Middle States, men from "Dixie," the corn-fed scions of Missouri and Arkansas—a cosmopolitan array. There were also the superintendents of the various mines in the neighborhood, shrewd, alert fellows for the most part, with eye-glasses perched upon their noses, and wives who comported themselves as the *grandes dames* of the occasion. Added to these were the storekeepers from the surrounding towns, the gamblers, a Chinaman or two, and a sprinkling of inquisitive tourists.

Taken all in all, it was a good-natured, jovial, bantering sort of crowd. The women stood about in little groups, exchanging gossip and housewifely experiences, while the sterner sex, ranged

in platoons before the saloon bars, or congregated in knots up and down the board sidewalks, discussed in excited colloquy the chances of the various contestants in the forthcoming games.

At one end of the village a rude grand-stand had been erected, and a section of the road in front of it was roped off as an arena for the exhibition of the day's sports. Hither, after the contents of dinner baskets had been duly discussed, slowly verged the crowd, and an hour and a half after noon a stentorian master of ceremonies formally opened the celebration.

There were all the rough jousts of skill and endurance which so appeal to the Anglo-Saxon heart—foot races, sack races, wheelbarrow races, chasing the greased pig, jumping matches, wrestling bouts, a prize drill between two rival fire companies, and finally the paramount event of the day, the two-handed drilling contest.

Eight teams were entered for the event, and they were the pick of the region—Mike Smith and Sam Leabo, Dalton and Guersey from Boulder, Pemberton and Red Snodgrass from up on Cripple Creek, Bill Ingram and Shorty Thomas, Dorsey and O'Halloran, Christiansen and Big Ole from Georgetown, McNamara and O'Toole, and Gassey Thompson and Flanders.

Under ordinary circumstances, the last-named duo would unquestionably have ruled favorites in the betting; but Flanders' incapacitated condition was known, and there was doubt whether he could withstand the strain; so the odds against the pair were ten to two, Ingram and Thomas being held as the probable victors at even money, with few takers.

A flush of mortified wrath spread over Gassey's countenance as he beheld posted figures and saw how contemptuously they were rated. Flanders attempted a feeble joke.

"I guess they've got us sized about right," he commented. "You're the ten spot, an' I'm the deuce in this deal, an' we can't beat even a little pair."

"Don't you never believe it, Kid," said Gassey, with a flash of the blue eyes and a determined toss of the head. "Bettin' never yet settled nothin' that

I know of, an' when this is over, some o' them tin-horn gamblers that's so frisky now may wish they'd kep' their dust in their clo'es!

"Didn't I tell you that luck was comin' our way?" Gassey added triumphantly a moment later, when the lots had been drawn and it was found that they were scheduled for the last trial. "Every one o' these suckers has to take their whack at it afore us, an' when our turn comes, we kin tell jes' exactly what we got to do!"

The first team up, Dorsey and O'Halloran, made twenty-seven inches and a half.

"Not so bad fur them," commented Gassey patronizingly; "but remember, Kid, they wasn't a night in our practise that we didn't do better 'n that."

The Swede pair, which came next, "fell down" badly on their score, making but twenty-four inches within the allotted time. McNamara and O'Toole, who followed, were disqualified early in their trial by the battering of a defective drill. Dalton and Guernsey again made Gassey look thoughtful, however, for they scored a total of twenty-eight and three-quarters, and Mike Smith and Leabo immediately afterward tied this tally.

Pemberton and Snodgrass dropped to bottom figures with twenty-three and a half; and then the crowd gave a roar of welcome, for Bill Ingram and his thick-set, muscular comrade came forth to display their vaunted prowess.

After each stroke by the hammer-man of this twain would come a chorus of encouraging shouts.

"Now she takes it!" they would call. "Come down on 'er, old man! Smash 'er, Shorty! Smash 'er!"

The spectators rocked forward and back in their enthusiasm with each rise and fall of the hammer, as if by so doing they could aid the drillers in their panting efforts.

"Time!" shouted the referee; and Gassey dubiously shook his head. Under the lusty blows of Ingram and Shorty, the steel had penetrated to a depth of thirty-three inches. To win the prize, he and Flanders would have to beat that, and tie the world's record.

Nevertheless, there was nothing lost

to his nonchalant air of self-assurance as he stepped forward in response to the umpire's call, shedding his coat and peeling his flannel shirt over his head as he came. Thus divested, his low-cut, sleeveless undershirt revealed his broad chest—white from the collar line, where the thick red tan of his neck and face commenced—the bulging shoulder muscles at his back, and those mighty arms, stubbly from elbow to wrist with a fell of short, yellow hair. His sturdy nether limbs were encased in faded blue overalls stuffed into the tops of grease-spattered miners' boots, and he wore an old black cap drawn down over his eyes.

Critically he scanned the preparations for the test; inconsequent and heedless as he might be about most things, it was certain that on an occasion of this kind he did not propose to fail through any lack of foresight. He squinted at the sun, and then had the block moved, to prevent the possibility of any dazzling reflection interfering with the accuracy of his aim. He rang each drill to assure himself of its temper, and arranged them in an orderly sequence. Severely and at length did he lay down the law to Joe Farley, who was to have charge of the water-can, whence a stream of water must be kept constantly playing upon the working drill.

Finally he signified his satisfaction with the arrangements, and nodded to Flanders to take his place. The younger man crouched down beside the rock with the shortest drill held firmly in both hands, its tempered point resting against the granite. Gassey was just behind, his feet solidly planted on the ground, his hammer held ready for the swing, all his muscles tense.

III.

"STRIKE!" shouted the umpire.

Almost with the word down came the sledge upon the drill-head. Around the hammer swung; but before it could descend again Flanders had turned the point a fraction of an inch, and with the second stroke there hopped out a small triangular chip of rock. So they continued, striking and turning, striking and turning, steadily grinding the

drill-point down into the block's stubborn grain.

"Quarter minute!" announced the time-keeper; then: "Half! Three quarters!" and finally, as the hand on his stop-watch was completing its circuit, he began to call the seconds: "One, two, three, four, five, six——"

Still holding fast with his right hand to the drill in use, Flanders now reached out with his left for the next longer one in the sequence. Working the new one toward the hole, he quickly shifted the two as the hammer rose from a stroke, making the exchange so deftly that there was no need for Gassey to alter the steady, regular swing.

"Seven, eight, nine," went on the time-keeper, emphasizing each call with a pump-handle movement of his arm.

Flanders had reached out now, and grasped with his free hand a hammer lying beside him on the ground.

"Ten!" rang out the voice of the time-keeper, and at the word Flanders sprang to his feet, swinging his hammer as he arose, while Gassey simultaneously dropped and took his partner's former post at the drill. So precise and accurate had been their exchange of places that not to the most carefully attuned ear could there be detected the slightest variation in the measured rhythm of the clinking steel.

A roar of approval from the stand marked the performance of the feat, and more and more friendly became the encouraging shouts as the "talent" among the onlookers noted that the team had made two inches and three-quarters on their first essay.

"If they keep up that lick," gloomily prognosticated White Chip Martin, who, on the strength of Flanders' rumored disability, had wagered heavily against the pair, "I'll be countin' ties home to-night 'stid o' buyin' wine down at the Brown Palace as I was figurin'."

And, indeed, there seemed little question of their ability to "keep up the lick." Minute after minute passed; yet the interchange of labor was always fealty effected; none of the drills battered or broke; instead of manifesting weakness, Flanders actually seemed to grow stronger and more eager; and the

hole bored itself deeper and ever deeper into the granite. True, the score ran appreciably better when Gassey was doing the striking; but still they held fairly well to a general average, each of them maintaining a speed of from sixty to sixty-five blows to the minute.

At the end of the twelfth minute, when Gassey again took his turn at the hammer, he saw by the marks upon the drill that they had made a total of twenty-seven inches, and that, barring accidents, the prize was theirs already. An overmastering ambition suddenly beset him.

"Let's beat the world's record, Kid," he proposed audaciously to his companion. "Seventy-five to the minute it goes?"

Flanders nodded assent. He, too, was intoxicated with their imminent success, and an unaccustomed grin broke over his saturnine countenance, all bespattered as it was with the gritty mud from the drill-hole.

"Clunk! Clunk! Clunk!" the hammer rang in accentuated tempo, and Flanders, responding to its demand, began turning his drill with almost feverish activity.

The crowd, quick to comprehend, leaned forward, silent in its intense expectancy, eagerly following every movement of the two sweating, straining men, every stroke of the hammer, every bite of the drill as it cut deeper and deeper into the rock.

Gassey's hard, red face was almost ferocious in its scowl of fixed purpose. His teeth were clenched, his eyes set in a determined glare, his forehead corrugated with swollen veins. The cords and muscles on his breast and shoulders stood out like welts upon his dripping skin. His breath came with each stroke of the hammer in quick, labored gasps like the puffing of a donkey-engine.

Yet faster and ever faster he urged himself on. Clankety-clankety-clankety-clank! The melody of his ringing strokes was beating to a veritable hornpipe, so swiftly and regularly he sent them in.

And now the change was to be made. The time-keeper was commencing his monotonous count. Flanders had se-

cured the new drill, and was preparing to step it into place—no easy task, mark you; for the hole was a good thirty inches deep, and the transfer must be made in an infinitesimal fraction of a second. And then——

Perhaps Flanders was slow in making the change; perhaps Gassey failed for once in the accuracy of his stroke. Who can tell? Certain it is that, instead of the ringing impact of steel against steel there came suddenly the dull, muffled thud of a heavy blow upon unprotected flesh, and the sharp crack of a fractured bone.

Flanders toppled over as if he had been shot, and his right arm, broken at the elbow, trailed limply on the ground beside him. Gassey hurled his hammer from him and sprang toward his disabled partner; but even in that moment of excruciating pain the thought of losing the prize so nearly won was uppermost in the injured man's mind.

"Don't cluck it up, Gassey," he appealed, struggling up on one shoulder. "Keep a strikin'!" Then he rolled over in a dead faint.

Thompson gave a wild look to right and left. His own hammer had been tossed fully twenty feet away; but Flanders' lay on the ground right to his hand.

Snatching it up, he snapped the stont hickory haft across his knee as though it had been a stick of kindling-wood. Grasping the shortened tool in his right hand, while he seized the drill with his left, he resumed his desperate striking, alone.

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang! He rained down the blows with the speed and precision of a blacksmith at his anvil. Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang! No heed to the voice of the time-keeper now; no opportunity to change the drill; no chance even to note the progress of his efforts. Only the concentration of all his faculties—mind, heart, brain, muscle, and sinews—upon the driving of that drill. Up and down his arm flew with the momentum of the eccentric on a jig-saw. The sound of his hammer was no longer in separate beats, but in a continuous roll of clinking cadences. He was lost, beside himself, a madman in the frenzy of his zeal.

And then the umpire had him by the shoulders and was dragging him back from the block.

"You fool," he bellowed in Gassey's insensate ear, "can't you hear me a hollerin' 'Time'? What in Sam Hill are you tryin' to do, any way? You've busted the world's record as it is!"

Ten minutes later, when Flanders blinkingly opened his eyes, and came back to the world of realities, Gassey Thompson was still the center of a tumultuous, whooping mob, which insisted on carrying him about on its shoulders, and would only desist when he urged the necessity of ministering to his disabled partner.

White-lipped, but smiling, the lad grasped both of Gassey's horny hands in his own uninjured left.

"Be keerful," cautioned Gassey hastily. "You don't want to frolic around none too much with that game wing o' yours."

"Darn the game wing," ejaculated Flanders with supreme contempt. "I'm goin' down to Denver to have some fun. Come on, Gassey; we've jest got time to ketch the five forty-five!"

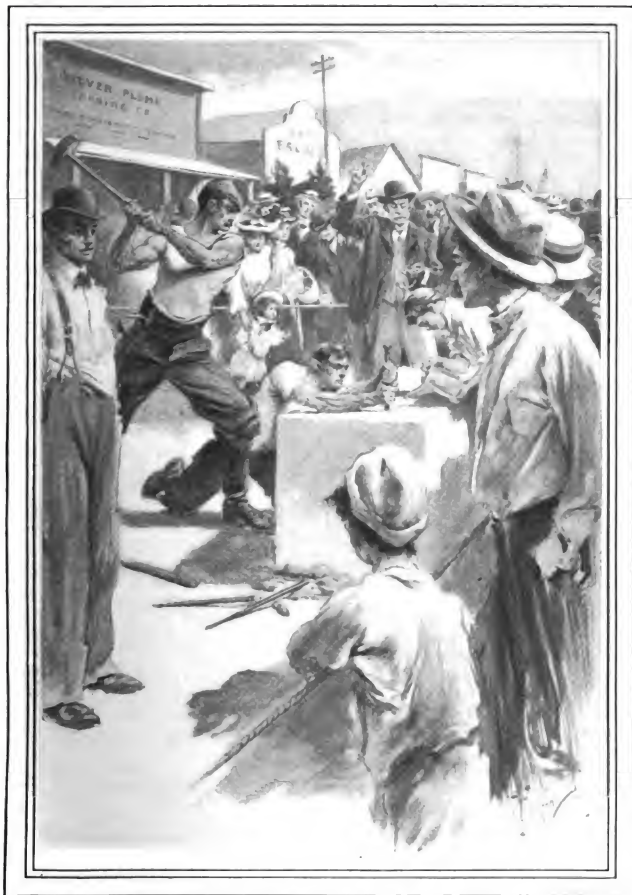
IV.

ABOUT ten o'clock that evening Flanders and his partner stepped out of the door of a Denver saloon and strolled—a trifle insteadily, it must be confessed—down the street. The broken arm was suspended in a sling; but otherwise neither of the men showed any trace of their strenuous experiences of the afternoon.

In the throng of passers-by was a little, pale-faced woman in rusty black, with two tired, fretful children tugging at her skirts. She made her way along in an uncertain, nervous fashion, and her light blue eyes wore the timid, hunted expression of a rabbit's when the dogs are closing in.

Just as she passed the two miners, the smaller of the children, a boy in kilts, stumbled and fell; but almost before he touched the sidewalk, Gassey had caught him up in his arms and was awkwardly attempting to soothe his vociferous howls.

"If you don't mind, ma'am, I'll carry



THE CROWD EAGERLY FOLLOWED EVERY MOVEMENT OF THE TWO SWEATING, STRAINING MEN.

him fur you a spell," he said diffidently to the mother. "The pore little feller's clean tuckered out."

Without seeking permission, Flanders had scooped up the other child on his well arm, and so the three marched abreast down the street.

"Which way was you going, ma'am?" inquired Gassey politely, intending with ready mendacity to aver, as soon as she should point out her destination, that he himself was headed in the same direction.

To his surprise and consternation,

however, the woman at his question suddenly burst into a storm of tears.

"I ain't got nowhere to go," she sobbed despairingly. "I've been put out 'cause I couldn't pay my rent, an' I can't git no work to do, an'"—with a fresh burst of weeping—"I don't know what's a goin' to become of us!"

Encouraged by Gassey's sympathetic interest, she told her story—the old pitiful story of this world's incapables. Her husband, a miner up at Eagle Pass, had been killed some eight months before by the premature explosion of a blast, and when the expenses of his gorgeous funeral had been met, the widow found herself left practically penniless. In the hope of supporting herself and her children, she had come down to Denver; but there had seemed to be no place that she could fill, and now the end had come. Evicted from her lodgings, friendless and alone, she knew not where she could find shelter for herself and her little ones that night, nor whence to-morrow's breakfast was to come.

"An' so you're George Seckington's wife?" exclaimed Gassey Thompson, in tones artfully blended of surprise and relief. The woman had ingenuously told them her name. "Well, if that don't beat all! An' here I run across you this way, when it might 'a' took me a whole week to hunt you up. I sure am in luck to-day! You see, Mis' Seckington"—condescending to explain—"Seckington an' me, we took up a claim up on Clear Creek about six year ago, an' we worked it awhile, an' then, kalkilatin' that it didn't amount to slucks, we dropped it; but—an' this is the good part of it—last week there

come along a tenderfoot wantin' to buy, an' Seckington's share is two hunderd an' fifty——"

For the past half minute, Flanders had been vigorously twitching at Gassey's coat-sleeve. Now he growled hoarsely:

"Half o' that five hundred's mine, ain't it?"

"Seckington's share, I should say," quickly corrected Gassey, "is five hundred dollars, an' I'm here to pay it over to you, ma'am."

And with that he pressed into the astounded woman's hand five crisp hundred-dollar bills, which he had received a few hours earlier as the prize in the drilling contest.

The partners broke loose with difficulty from their beneficiary's thanks and blessings, and walked a block or two in silence.

"It ain't no use for us to think o' holdin' the lease now," finally observed Flanders, not complainingly, but as one stating a pertinent fact.

Gassey stopped short in his meditative saunter.

"By George, that's so, ain't it?" he exclaimed. "I never thought of that!"

The corners of his mouth, under the bristling mustache, drooped for a moment, and his eyes grew pensive. Then he braced back his shoulders, and the old, unconcerned smile returned to his lips.

"I don't keer, Kid," he asserted. "We're men, an' we kin hustle; but folks like her"—with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the widow—"they can't!"

Flanders silently nodded approval.

"Sure!" was all he said.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

I HAVE paid well for every sin,
And blotted out the score;
So great I made my punishment,
Not God would make it more!

But these no man calls sin—too small
For penance or regret—
The tardy thought, the careless kiss,
The groping hand unmet;

The sorrow that I left unsoothed,
The word I left unsaid,
Ah me, I know what ghosts must stand
About my dying bed!

Theodosia Garrison.

The Royal House of Savoy.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

FROM AN ALPINE CASTLE TO THE THRONE OF UNITED ITALY—THE LONG LINE OF SAVOYARD PRINCES, AND THEIR REMARKABLE RECORD OF PERSONAL PROWESS AND DYNASTIC GOOD FORTUNE.

NO reigning family in Europe can look back upon a history marked by such feats of personal valor, by such acts of princely generosity, by such romantic growth in power, as can the house of Savoy. The houses of Coburg in Britain and of Hohenzollern in Germany present but imperfect parallels. In consistent advancement Savoy excels them all.

When Charlemagne died and his empire was divided, two small states, Upper and Lower Burgundy, were formed of the mountainous territory lying between the Rhone on the west, and on the east the river Aar and the main chain of the Alps. In course of time these became one, nominally subject to Germany, but really governed by the nobles, rough barons of the Alps. About the time when William of Normandy conquered England, one of these *condottieri* of upper Burgundy, Humbert of the White Hand, rose to significance.

Lord of a castle perched upon a rock overlooking an Alpine pass where the railway now emerges from France into Italy, this brigand chief had for his war cry the pregnant phrase "*Avanti Savoia!*" "Go ahead, Savoy!" To-day his descendant, Victor Emmanuel III, rules over an Italy that stretches from the Alps of France, Switzerland, and Austria to the uttermost toe of the peninsula, that embraces a score of historic kingdoms, republics, and grand duchies. Some of this expansion has been attained by sage political alliance,



THE STATUE OF DUKE EMMANUEL PHILIBERT (1528-1580), ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY, IN THE PIAZZA SAN CARLO, TURIN.

some by marriage, much by conquest. To retain it the successive members of the house have depended upon their bodily strength, upon their valor in the field, upon their realization of the rights of their subjects, and, above all, upon the strong support they have received from the national sentiment of the Italian people.

That first Humbert of the White Hand had a son Otho, who married Adelaide, Countess of Piedmont, and so greatly enlarged the little mountain state of Savoy. The county—for the rulers of Savoy then ranked but as counts in the peerage of Europe—commanded the three great passes of the Mont Cenis, the Great and the Little St. Bernard. French in language and customs, the Savoyards kept the gates to Italy, and exacted toll from every for-

cigner who would enter therein.

SAVOY'S HERITAGE OF LIBERTY.

One of the first of these mountain chiefs was Amadeus III, Count of Savoy, who astonished his generation when, in 1103, he granted privileges to the town of Susa, and gave its citizens a share in the administration of justice. Two hundred years later, Amadeus V did much for his state by encouraging art, protecting agriculture, and educating his people in self-government. He it was who summoned a parliament, or states-general, composed of the prelates of the church, the principal barons and deputies from the cities of Savoy. This parliament was authorized to impose taxes and to raise moneys for the proper maintenance of the state—an extraordinary measure of democratic government at a time when Rome was occupied by mercenaries, when Florence was held by foreign soldiers in the pay of the Duke of Athens, when Venice was ruled by the Council of Ten, when Milan was gripped by the Visconti, and Naples was racked by civil war. Italy marveled at the freedom of Savoy, but took the lesson of its rulers' generosity to heart, so that, some years later, when the Red Count Amadeus had succeeded to the title, the cities, towns, and districts of Nice placed themselves under the white cross of Savoy, and so added materially to its power.

The first Count of Savoy to assume the title of duke was Amadeus VIII, a wise ruler, who greatly extended the



CHARLES ALBERT (1798-1849), KING OF SAR-
DINIA, GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF THE
PRESENT KING OF ITALY.

limits of his heritage, who increased the powers of the states-general and gave to his people a code of laws that secured them justice and the exercise of their liberties. This misty Amadeus of the fourteenth century was the first to take a course which afterwards became common with members of the house of Savoy. He abdicated, and retired to a hermitage on a little promontory of land jutting out into the clear blue waters of the Lake of Geneva.

Dressed in hodd-den gray, with a chain of gold about his neck, and a carved stick in his hand, Amadeus played the hermit

for five years. Then the Council of Basle elected him Pope, and for ten years the ex-duke and ex-monk ruled as Pope Felix V. But his rule was not unchallenged, for another council at Rome had declared in favor of Nicholas V; and finally, to heal the schism in the church, the Savoyard prince renounced his claim to the tiara.

The charge of this Duke of Savoy to his sons forms no mean monument to his fourteenth century wisdom:

"Be upright and constant in administering justice, temperate in severity, slow to revenge, merciful and clement, prudent in taxation, lovers of your subjects, eager for peace, haters of unjust wars. Choose wise counselors and servants, and let peace rest upon firm grounds."

Lying, as it did, at the mouth of the passes of entry, Savoy became the parade ground of the troops of France, Spain, and Germany, seeking to make

Italy their own at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Weakness was the prevailing characteristic of the dukes of the period, but the people had faith in

regained all it had lost, save Geneva, which remained a city of the Swiss.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HERO.

This Duke Emmanuel Philibert is



VICTOR EMMANUEL II (1820-1878), THE "KNIGHTLY KING," THE FIRST MODERN RULER OF UNITED ITALY, AND GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT SOVEREIGN.

From a photograph by Montabone, Florence.

the reigning house, and their patriotism inspired even the women and children to arm themselves in the defense of their homes. Under Emmanuel Philibert—whose father, Charles III, surnamed the Good, was robbed of his dominions by Francis I of France—Savoy

one of the heroes of the house of Savoy. Coming to the throne in 1559, he found it indeed a barren heritage, without revenue, without courts of justice, without schools; the nobles continually at war; the people downtrodden and dispirited; the fields uncultivated; famine



THE OLD ROYAL PALACE IN TURIN, THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUKES OF SAVOY AND KINGS OF SARDINIA WHILE TURIN WAS THEIR CAPITAL CITY.

abroad in the land. Setting himself to put things right, he restored the dismantled fortifications, founded a cavalry school, and recruited an army by means of conscription. With this force at his back he wheedled the fortresses of Piedmont out of the hands of the French, and turned himself to the regeneration of his duchy. Under Emmanuel Philibert, Turin became one of the great cities of Italy, famed all over Europe as the capital of Savoy, the seat of its parliament and its university—that university which only the other day lost some of its priceless treasures in the fire that destroyed part of its ancient library.

The little duchy of Savoy now occupied the position of the model state of continental Europe. Elsewhere were oppression, subjection, and humiliation. In Savoy was comparative freedom. Its duke labored for the good of his people. At his court were many of the leading men of the generation in science, letters, and art.

The son of Duke Emmanuel Philibert was Charles Emmanuel, a soldier and a patriot. It fell to him to fight

the Spaniard, and the fifty years of his reign are one long record of war. When he died, he left his country a prey to the armies of France, Spain, and Austria. His son, Victor Amadeus, married Christina, sister of Louis XII of France, and for the second time the house of Savoy tasted the fruits of alliance by marriage. The duke had to pay for whatever advantage the union brought him with his pride, since he must needs stand unbonnneted in the presence of his wife, *la fille de France*. After his death his duchy was given over to civil war, and once more Savoy had little reason to bless its association with France.

SAVOY'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

The French kings now claimed the rulers of Savoy as vassals, and it was not till Victor Amadeus II took up the reins of government that the little mountain state recovered its ancient independence. This energetic prince ruled under his mother's regency till 1684, and then assumed the heavy task of freeing his possessions from the foreigner. The French held many of

his fortresses, and were preparing to attack Turin. The duke went among his people heartening them, spurring them to rise against the oppressor.

that they might buy bread. Such were the deeds which brought the sovereigns of Savoy close to their people, and made possible the victories that fol-



HUMBERT (1844-1900), KING OF ITALY, SON OF VICTOR EMMANUEL II, AND FATHER OF THE PRESENT KING.

From a photograph by Brogi, Florence.

One day he found himself in a famine-stricken district. Tearing the collar of the Annunziata from his neck, he broke it into fragments and distributed the jeweled pieces among the peasants,

lowed. "I prefer," said Victor Amadeus in a manifesto to his people, "the honor of dying sword in hand to the shame of allowing myself to be insulted and oppressed."

Not only the men answered the summons, but the women and the children aided to prepare Turin for a desperate defense. The duke left the city with a band of faithful followers, established himself outside, and constantly harassed the French. His kinsman, Prince Eugene—he who rivaled the fame of the English Marlborough—hurried to his assistance with an Austrian army. Daily the French trenches crept nearer the walls. At last Eugene joined hands with Victor Amadeus. Together they climbed the hill of the Superga, and there, with the broad plains of Lombardy spread out before them, the duke vowed to build a church in honor of the day should God give him the victory. On the morning of September 8, 1706, a battle was fought, the French were cut up, Turin was freed, and Victor Amadeus reigned over a liberated country. On the hill of the Superga stands the church which Victor Amadeus raised in fulfillment of his vow, and in which lie his bones and those of his descendants.

THE FIRST SAVOYARD KINGS.

Eight years later Victor Amadeus was deemed worthy by the European powers of being proclaimed King of Sardinia, and so the brigand chiefs of Savoy had become kings in Italy.

Like his ancestor, the first duke, in 1730 Victor Amadeus gave up his crown to his son, Charles Emmanuel III, and sought to find rest in a retirement for which his stormy life had little prepared him.

Charles Emmanuel maintained the credit of his line in war against the Austrians, fighting in the front rank of his soldiers, leading them in person when their courage flagged, turning the fortune of the day in their favor. He, too, added to the sum of his house's possessions.

Charles Emmanuel's son, Victor Amadeus III, was on the throne when Napoleon came to Italy. The King of Sardinia had to choose between France and Austria. Each power demanded the right to march troops through his territory. France was the nearer and the more insistent. Victor Amadeus submitted to the inevitable, saw the

French annex Savoy and Nice, and died, humiliated and broken-hearted.

His son, Charles Emmanuel IV, fell heir to what he himself called "a crown of thorns," and while he wore it Napoleon occupied Italy. Charles Emmanuel, finding himself beset by enemies from without, and by so-called patriots from within, retired to the island of Sardinia, where he was safe in the protection of the British fleet. The French established a provisional government, and ground the people with taxes. As with Piedmont, so with Lombardy, Tuscany, Genoa, Parma, Modena, and Rome—all were in the hands of France. Austria held Venice.

But mismanagement, the absence of Napoleon, and the pressure of affairs at home, soon lost the French their supremacy, and in April, 1800, only Genoa, besieged by the Austrians, remained to them. Italy had merely changed French for Austrian masters, and still groaned inwardly.

In May of that same year, Napoleon reappeared, suddenly marched an army over the Great St. Bernard, poured cavalry, artillery, and his unsurpassable infantry into Lombardy, met the Austrians at Marengo, and won a brilliant victory. Once more Italy became French. The language of public decrees was French. The people spoke French, dressed as in France, thought as in France. The young men were carried away to serve as soldiers in the armies of France. Only in Sardinia was an Italian king supreme—Victor Emmanuel I of Savoy, who succeeded to the crown resigned by his brother, Charles Emmanuel, in 1802.

When Napoleon had fallen, and the representatives of the powers met at Vienna to revise the map of Europe, the dominions of the house of Savoy were restored to Victor Emmanuel, with Genoa added. But the king came back from exile with his heart hardened against reform. On the other hand, the people had awakened to their power and their rights, and clamored for a constitution. In 1821, weary of strife with his subjects, he abdicated in favor of his brother, Charles Felix.

For ten uneventful years, while Europe was recovering from the ruin

of the French Revolution and the ambition of Napoleon, Charles Felix reigned in Savoy and Sardinia. He died in 1831, and in him the elder branch of the family ended. His cousin, Charles

Charles Emmanuel, and grandson of Duke Emmanuel Philibert.

THE BIRTH OF MODERN ITALY.

The modern history of Italy may be



VICTOR EMMANUEL III (BORN 1869), THE REIGNING KING OF ITALY.

From a photograph by Bragi, Florence.

Albert, who succeeded to the throne, belonged to the line known as that of Savoy-Carignano, founded by Prince Thomas, younger son of the first

said to begin with Charles Albert. The new king was the hope of the progressive party. To him Mazzini wrote:

All Italy waits for one word—one only—to make

herself yours. Write on your banner: "Union! Liberty! Independence!" Declare yourself the vindicator of popular rights; liberate the country from her barbarians; unite us, sire, and we shall conquer.

But Charles Albert, brave, high-principled, alive to the rights of his people, was born under an unlucky star. At every crisis of his life he took the wrong course, and after a bold attempt to win the cause of Italian unity and Italian liberty, he saw his forces utterly routed by the Austrians on the field of Novara, March 23, 1849. As the day drew to a close, with the members of his personal staff lying dead around him, he sought death on the battlefield. To the officer who tried to lead him away he cried:

"All is useless! Let me die!"

Not till the last regiment had retired did he permit himself to withdraw. The terms offered by Radetzky, the Austrian

general, were dishonorable to himself and to his people. Calling his generals together, he said:

"For eighteen years I have always done that which lay in my power for the advantage of my country. Most sorrowfully I now confess that I have been disappointed in my hopes, but my grief is more for my people than for myself. I sought death on the field of battle, but that was denied me. It may be that, in the eyes of the enemy, I am the sole obstacle to an equitable peace. The new king may obtain better conditions than I. I renounce the crown in favor of my son." Pointing to the young Victor Emmanuel, he cried: "Behold your king!"

"IL RE GALANTUOMO."

Victor Emmanuel, taken altogether by surprise, turned pale, implored his father to reconsider his decision. The



THE CHURCH OF LA SUPERGA, BUILT BY KING VICTOR AMADEUS ON A LOFTY HILLTOP NEAR TURIN AS A THANK-OFFERING FOR HIS VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH IN 1706—SINCE 1778 IT HAS BEEN THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE KINGS OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY.



HELENE, QUEEN OF ITALY, AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS, PRINCESS IOLANDE (BORN 1901) AND PRINCESS MATILDA (BORN 1902).

defeated monarch merely shook his head.

"Victor, speak to your generals. Give them your orders."

That night, with a single servant, Charles Albert left his home and his country, and banished himself to Portugal. Four months later he was dead.

Shaking his sword in the face of the Austrians, young Victor Emmanuel, so dramatically called to the throne, exclaimed: "*Per Dio, Italia sarà!*" ("By Heaven, Italy shall live!") In his vehement words lay the new watchword of the Italian nation.

Galloping with his staff over the field where his men lay dead, Victor Emmanuel rode straight for the tent of Marshal Radetzky.

"Marshal," he said, "I would lose three crowns rather than comply with your demands. If you desire war to the death, you shall have it. If we fall, we fall gloriously. The house of Savoy knows the road of exile, but not the road of dishonor."

The Austrians granted better terms. Victor Emmanuel II was the man for the hour. His honesty, his bluntness, his bravery, his sense of the dramatic

fitness of things, made him an idol of the people. With his great minister Cavour he was to free Italy, to unite its dozen dominions under the white cross of Savoy.

"There have been few *galantuomini* among crowned heads," Cavour observed one

who had little faith in the house of Savoy.

"Better it would be," he said in the dark days after Novara, "that Italy should be enslaved to foreign rulers than handed over to the traitor Charles Albert."

It was by the advice of the



THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL, THE KING OF ITALY'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE IN ROME—THE QUIRINAL DATES FROM 1574, AND BELONGED TO THE POPES BEFORE THE TAKING OF ROME BY VICTOR EMMANUEL IN 1870.

day, looking at the young king in all the vigor of his stalwart youth. "You are young, why not begin the series?"

"You advise me?"

"Well, your majesty has taken the oath to the constitution. You think not of Piedmont only, but of all Italy. Continue to do so, and remember that a king is as much bound by his word as a private individual."

"True," replied Victor Emmanuel. "The name suits me well. I shall never break my word to high or low."

"Then are you the *re galantuomo*" ("the knightly king"), cried Cavour. "The very man!"

THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY.

Cavour's marvelous tact, Victor Emmanuel's simple honesty, Garibaldi's daredevil bravery, worked together for the union of Italy. Mazzini, the man who plowed the ground for the sowers and reapers, was a doubting Thomas

long-sighted Cavour that Victor Emmanuel, in 1854, offered a contingent of fifteen thousand men to assist Britain and France in their war of the Crimea against Russia. By its inclusion in that affair, Sardinia gained a place at the councils of the European powers. Cavour and Victor Emmanuel felt the struggle with Austria approaching. They strengthened the fortifications of Alessandria, made of Spezia a naval port, pushed on the tunnel through Mount Cenis. Austria protested. At the opening of his parliament in 1859, Victor Emmanuel said:

"Our country, small in territory, great in the idea she represents, respects treaties, but is not insensible to the cry of anguish (*grido di dolore*) that reaches us from many parts of Italy."

The house rose and shouted for justice to the oppressed. War began in the May of that year. In his announce-

ment to the people, Victor Emmanuel said :

People of Italy ! Austria has invaded Piedmont because I have espoused the cause of our common country in the councils of Europe. In taking up arms to defend my throne, the liberties of my people, and the honor of the Italian name, I fight for the whole nation. Let us trust in God, in the

alliance of the noble French nation, and in the valor of our troops. For myself, I have but one ambition — to be the foremost soldier in the army of Italian independence.

The French army came over the Alps, and the campaign was decided at the battles of Magenta and Solferino.



PRINCE EMMANUEL OF SAVOY, DUKE OF AOSTA (BORN 1869), FIRST COUSIN OF THE KING OF ITALY, AND HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE.

From a photograph by Gugoni & Rossi, Milan.

Lombardy was taken from the Austrians and annexed to Victor Emmanuel's dominions, but he had to pay a heavy price for it. He was compelled to cede Savoy, the cradle of his race, and Nice to Louis Napoleon.

Farther accessions of territory, however, were soon to come. In 1860 the duchies of central Italy united themselves to Sardinia. Then Tuscany joined. Garibaldi wrested Sicily from Francis II, the ally of Austria, and came to Naples as dictator. Early the following morning, Victor Emmanuel arrived with his army at Capua, and received from the hands of Garibaldi the double crown of Sicily and Naples. The sons of Savoy had traveled from their castle perched on the Alpine height to the throne of one of the great nations of Europe. It had taken one thousand years to make the journey, but the end had justified the labor.

It was a strange instance of the irony of history that it should have fallen to Victor Emmanuel to free Italy from the hated yoke of the Austrians—to Victor Emmanuel, whose mother was an Austrian archduchess, Maria Theresa of Tuscany, and whose wife was an Austrian archduchess, Adelaide, daughter of the Archduke Rainer.

Venice—which had vainly rebelled against the Austrians—and Rome were the last to remain outside of the union of Italy. The war between Prussia and Austria, in 1866, gave Italy the opportunity to ally herself with Prussia, and so to obtain Venice as her reward on the defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa.



PRINCE THOMAS OF SAVOY, DUKE OF GENOA
(BORN 1854), SECOND COUSIN OF THE KING
OF ITALY, AND ADMIRAL OF THE
ITALIAN NAVY.

From a photograph by Schembocle, Turin.

The Franco-Prussian war, the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, and the formation of the third French republic permitted Victor Emmanuel to take the government of Rome out of the hands of the Pope, in September, 1870. There remained, indeed, and there still remains, a little corner of old Italian soil, peopled by Italians, but under the Austrian flag—the country about Trieste and Trent; but this is only an inconsequential remnant of *Italia irredenta*, “unredeemed Italy.”

On November 27, 1871, Victor Emmanuel II, head of the house

of Savoy, was able to assure the parliament of united Italy in words which shook the palace walls:

“Quel lavoro al quale abbiamo consacrato la vita è eseguito”—“That work to which we have consecrated our lives is accomplished.”

So the house of Savoy had attained the summit of its ambition.

On the good King Humbert, murdered at Monza on July 29, 1900, on his lovely queen, Margherita of Savoy, and upon their son, the reigning Victor Emmanuel III, it would be anti-climax to dwell. These latest representatives of the historic house have but succeeded to a heritage hardly won for them by generations of sturdy warriors, wrested out of the grasp of greedy foreigners, organized into unity from once discordant elements. Under Humbert the country became accustomed to its new life. Under Victor Emmanuel Italy is beginning to feel its importance in the councils of the nations.

DOUBLE HARNESS.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "*The Prisoner of Zenda*," "*The Dolly Dialogues*," and "*The King's Mirror*."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

GRANTLEY IMASON, a rich London banker of thirty-three, marries Sibylla Chiddingfold. Though he loves her dearly, she realizes, a year or so later, that she makes less difference to him than she had looked to make. The birth of their child, instead of bringing them into closer relationship, only widens the rift in their happiness until the two are on terms of polite but frigid estrangement.

Other characters in the story are Jeremy Chiddingfold, Sibylla's brother, who had carried on a boy-and-girl flirtation—before he came to London—with Dora Hutting, the rector's daughter, at Milldean, where the Imasons have their country home; Mrs. Mumble, who had been Sibylla's nurse and is now nurse to her son; and several friends and acquaintances of Grantley and his wife. Among the latter is Walter Blake, a good-looking and unattached young man of leisure, who offers Sibylla a perilously warm sympathy; and finally, persuading her that all happiness left her in life must come through him, he plans to take her away from Milldean. Grantley, made uneasy by the contents of a letter from a friend of Sibylla's, goes home unannounced and finds that his wife has done a most unusual thing—gone over to Fairhaven to stop for the night with an old school friend. He also learns that Blake has been at the house that day. Calling for his horse, he rides to Fairhaven, and finds his wife and Blake at the village inn, awaiting the coming of the latter's yacht, which the storm had delayed.

There follows a scene in which Blake cuts a sorry figure, and which is ended by Imason's solemnly warning Sibylla that unless she returns with him he will kill her child and then himself. To prevent so terrible a tragedy, she decides to go back to her son, but not to her husband; and so, through the storm, Imason and his wife go home, where Mrs. Mumble and little Frank await them.

XVII (Continued).

MRS. MUMPLE moved her fat shoulders in a helpless shrug. She had made out nothing about the matter; she was clear only that Sibylla had somehow been disgracefully ill-used, and that Frank might very well have fallen into the fire. Of these two things she was unalterably convinced. But she spoke of one of them only; the other was declared in her hostile eyes.

Against his will, perhaps against his promise, Grantley was drawn to his wife's bedside. He trod very softly. The only light in the room came from the bright, flickering flames of the fire. They lit up her face and her throat where she had torn her nightgown apart. He felt the white neck very lightly with his hand. It was warm, healthily warm, not feverish. She had taken no hurt either from storms within or from storms without. She slept deeply now; she would be herself again on the morrow.

He thanked heaven for that—and then recollected what it meant. Herself was not the woman who murmured "Grantley!" and dreamed of the gold and the fairy ride. Herself was the woman who

could not live with him, who had forsaken the child, who had gone to Walter Blake. To that self she would awake to-morrow. Then was it not better that she should never awake? Ought not he to be praying for that? Praying that the death which had passed by him and his son should in its mercy take her now?

Aye, that was the easiest way—and from his heart and soul Grantley despised the conclusion. His face set as it had when he faced her in the dingy inn and tore her from her lover's ready arms.

His courage rose unbroken from the ruins of his pride. He would fight for her and for himself. But how? There must be a way.

Suddenly she raised herself in the bed. In an instant he had drawn back behind the curtains. She neither saw him nor heard. For a moment she supported herself on her hand, with the other flinging back her hair over her shoulders. Then, with one of her splendid, lithe, easy movements, she was out of bed and had darted quickly across to the door.

Grantley watched her, holding his breath, in a strange terror lest she should discover him, fearful that in such a case her delusion might still keep its

* Copyright, 1903, by Anthony Hope Hawkins.—This story began in the December issue of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

hold on her, fearful, too, of the outrage his presence would seem if it had left her.

She opened the door wider, and stood listening for fully a couple of minutes; it seemed to him that the time would never end. Then she carefully set the door half way ajar, and turned to come back to her bed. She walked slowly now, and looked toward the fire, stretching out her hands toward it for a moment as she came opposite to it. The flames illuminated her face again, and he saw on her lips a smile of perfect happiness. All was well; there was no crying in the house; the child slept. That was all she thought of, all she cared about; her brain was dormant, but her instinct could not sleep. Now that it was satisfied, with a buoyant spring she leaped on the bed and cuddled the clothes about her happily.

In a few seconds Grantley stole silently from the room. He went downstairs, and ate and drank; he had touched next to nothing for twelve hours. His blood stirred as warmth and vigor came back to him. He thanked Heaven that he lived, that the boy lived, that she lived and was with him still. His head was high, and his courage unbroke.

He looked on what he had been, and understood; yet he was not dismayed. Guided by the smile on her lips, he had found the way. He had been right to bring her back, or she could not have smiled like that—in all the plenitude of love for the little child, a love that waked while reason slept, but would not let her sleep till it was satisfied. If that was in her who had forsaken the child, so her love for him was in her who had left him to go to Walter Blake. If that were true, then there must be a way.

Somehow, he knew not how, salvation should come through the child. His mind leaped on to a vision of bonds of love joined anew by the link of those little hands.

XVIII.

THE Raymores were holding up their heads again—such good reports came from Buenos Ayres. The head of Charley's department had written a letter to Raymore, speaking highly of the lad's good conduct and ability, and promising him early promotion. Raymore showed it to Kate, and she read it with tears in her eyes.

"You see he's going to give the boy a

holiday at Christmas, and let him spend a month with us," said Raymore, pointing out a passage in the letter.

"Come on a visit," he says."

She looked up with a questioning glance. Raymore understood the question.

"Yes, my dear," he said gently. "He'll pay us a visit—many visits, I hope, but his career must lie over there. That's inevitable—and best on all grounds, I think." He came and took her hand, adding: "We must be brave about that."

"I'll try," said Kate. She knew that it was the penalty which must be paid. Over here the past would never be utterly buried. Charley would never be quite safe from it. He must buy safety and a fresh start at the price of banishment. His mother faced the bitter conclusion. "We must make the most of the visits," she sighed. "And, yes, I will be brave."

"We must give him a splendid time while he's with us," said Raymore, and kissed her. "You've been fine about it," he whispered. "Keep it up!"

The penalty was high, or seemed so to a mother, but the banishment was not all evil. The boy's absence united them as his presence had never done. At home he had been an anxiety often, and sometimes a cause of distress to them. All that was gone now. He was a bond of union, and nothing else.

And his own love for them came out. When he was with them, a lad's shamefacedness, no less than the friction of every-day life, had half hidden it. His heart spoke out now from across the seas; he wrote of home with longing; it seemed to become something holy to him. He recounted artlessly the words of praise and the marks of confidence he had won; he was pleading that they made him worthy to pay his Christmas visit home.

Whenever his letters came, Raymore and Kate had a good talk together; the boy's open heart opened their hearts also to each other—yes, and to Eva, too. They paid more attention to Eva, and were quicker to understand her growth, to see how she reached forward to womanhood, and to be ready to meet her on this new ground. She responded readily, with the idea that she must do all she could to lighten their sorrow, and to make Charley's absence less felt. In easy-going times people are apt to be reserved. Their trouble broke up the crust which had formed over their hearts. All of them—even the boy so far away—were nearer together.

This softened mood, and the gentler atmosphere which reigned in the Raymores' household, had its effect on Jeremy Chiddingfold's fortunes. It caused both Kate and Raymore to look on at his proceedings with indulgence. They were constantly asking themselves whether they had not been too strict with Charley, and whether the calamity might not have been prevented if they had encouraged him to confide in them more, and to bring his difficulties to them. They were nervously anxious to make no such mistake in regard to Eva. They were even in a hurry to recognize that Eva must consider herself—and therefore be considered—a young woman. A pretty young woman, to boot! And what did pretty young women like—and attract?

Eva was not repressed, she was encouraged along her natural path. And it was difficult to encourage Eva without encouraging Jeremy, too—that, at least, was Kate Raymore's opinion, notwithstanding that she had been made the repository of the great secret about Dora Hutting. "A boy and girl affair!" she called it once to Raymore, and made no more reference to it.

Kate was undoubtedly in a sentimental mood; the small number and the distant advent of the hundreds a year from the dye-works did not trouble her. Half unconsciously, in the sheer joy of giving Eva pleasure, in the delight of seeing her girl spread her wings, she threw the young folk together, and marked their mutual attraction with furthering benevolence.

"We've been happy, after all," she said to Raymore, "and I should like to see Eva happily settled, too."

"No hurry!" he muttered. "She's a child still."

"Oh, my dear!" said Kate, with a smile of superior knowledge; fathers were always like that.

Eva exulted in the encouragement and the liberty, trying her wings, essaying her power with timid, tentative flights. Yet she remained very young; her innocence and guilelessness did not leave her. She did not seek to shine, she did not try to flirt. She had not Anna Selford's self-confidence, nor her ambition. Still, she was a young woman, and since Jeremy was very often at hand, and seemed to be a suitable subject, she tried her wings on him. Then Kate Raymore would nod secretly and significantly at her husband.

Mrs. Raymore also observed that Eva

was beginning to show a good deal of character. This might be true in a sense, since all qualities go to character, but it was hardly true in the usual sense. Christine Fanshaw used always to say that Eva was as good as gold—and there she would leave the topic, without further elaboration.

Well, that was the sort of girl Jeremy liked! He saw in himself now a man of considerable experience. Had he not grown up side by side with Sibylla, her whims and her tantrums? Had he not watched the development of Anna Selford's distinction, and listened to her sharp tongue? Had he not cause to remember Dora Hutting's alternate coquettishness and scruples, the one surely rather forward—Jeremy had been revising his recollections—the other almost inhuman?

Reviewing this wide field of feminine variety, Jeremy felt competent to form a valid judgment; and he decided that gentleness, trustfulness, and fidelity were what a man wanted. He said as much to Alec Turner, who told him, with unmeasured scorn, that his ideas were out of date and sadly retrograde.

"You want a slave," said Alec witheringly.

"I want a helpmeet," objected Jeremy. "Not you! A helpmeet means an equal—an intellectual equal," Alec insisted hotly.

He was hot on a subject which did not seem necessarily to demand warmth because he, too, had decided what he wanted. He had fallen into a passion which can be described only as unscrupulous. He wanted to marry clever, distinguished, brilliant Anna Selford—to marry her at a registry office and take her to live on two pounds a week, or thereabouts, in two rooms up two pair of stairs in Battersea. Living there, consorting with the people who were doing the real thinking of the age, remote from the fatted *bourgeoisie*, she would really be able to influence opinion, and to find a scope for her remarkable gifts and abilities.

He sketched this *ménage* in an abstract fashion, not mentioning the lady's name, and was much annoyed when Jeremy opined that he "wouldn't find a girl in London to do it."

"Oh, as for you, I know you're going to become a confounded plutocrat," Alec said, with a scornful reference to the dye-works.

"Rot!" remarked Jeremy, but he was by no means so annoyed at being accused

of becoming a confounded plutocrat as he would have been a year earlier, before he had determined to seek speedy riches and fame in order to dazzle Dora Hutting, and when he had not encountered the gentle, admiring eyes of Eva Raymore. Whatever else plutocrats may or may not do in the economy and service of the commonwealth, they can at least give girls they like fine presents, and furnish beautiful houses, and fabrics superbly dyed, for their chosen wives. There are, in short, mitigations of their lot, and possibly excuses for their existence.

Jeremy's state of mind may easily be gaged. The dye-works were prominent, but the experience of life was to the front, too. He was working hard—and had his heart in his play, besides. For his age it was a healthy, and a healthily typical, existence. The play part was rich in complications not unpleasurable. The applause of large, admiring brown eyes is not a negligible matter in a young man's life. There was enough of the old Jeremy surviving to make the fact that he was falling in love seem enough to support an excellent theory on the subject.

He had meant the fame and riches for Dora Hutting—to dazzle her, anyhow—whether to satisfy or to tantalize her had always been a moot point. It had never occurred to him that he might label the fame and riches to another address. To be jilted may appear ludicrous to the rest of the world, but the ardent mind of the sufferer contrives to regard it as tragic. A rapid transference of affection tends to impair the dignity of the whole matter. Still, large, brown, admiring eyes will count—especially if one meets them every day. Jeremy was profoundly puzzled about himself, and did not suppose that just this sort of thing had ever happened before.

Then a deep sense of guilt stole over him. Was he trifling with Eva? He hoped not. But of course there is no denying that the idea of trifling with girls has its attraction at a certain age. At any rate, to feel that you might—and could—is not altogether an unpleasant sensation. However, Jeremy's moral sense was very strong—the stronger, as he was in the habit of assuring Alec Turner, for being based on pure reason and the latest results of sociology. Whenever Eva had been particularly sweet and admiring, he felt that he ought not to go to Buckingham Gate again until he had put his relations with Dora

Hutting on an ascertained basis. He would knit his brow, and decline to be enticed from his personal problems by Alec Turner's invitations to general discussion.

At this stage of his life he became more careful about his dress, not aiming at smartness, but at a rich and sober effect. And all the while he started for Romford at eight in the morning. He was leading a very fine existence.

"These are very roseate hues, Kate," Christine Fanshaw observed with delicate criticism as she sipped her tea.

Kate had been talking about Eva and hinting benevolently about Jeremy.

"Oh, the great trouble's always behind. No, it's not so bad now, thank Heaven. But if only he could come back for good! I'm sure we want roseate hues!"

"I dare say we do," said Christine, drawing nearer the fire. It was autumn now, and she was always a chilly little body.

"Look at those wretched Courtlands! And somehow I don't believe that Grantley's marriage has been altogether successful." She paused a moment, and there had been a questioning inflection in her voice; but Christine made no comment. "For myself I can't complain—"

"And you won't get anything out of me, Kate."

"But we do want the young people to—to give us the ideal back again."

"I suppose the old people have always thought the young people were going to do that. And they never do. They grow into old people—and then the men drink, or the women run away, or something."

"No, no," Kate Raymore protested. "I won't believe it, Christine. There's always hope with them. They're beginning with the best, anyhow."

"And when they find it isn't the best?"

"You're positive sacrilegious!"

"And you're disgracefully sentimental." Christine finished her tea and sat back, regarding her neat boots. "Walter Blake's back in town," she went on.

"He's been yachting, hasn't he?"

"Yes, for nearly two months. I met him at the Selfords'."

A moment's pause followed.

"There was some talk—" began Kate Raymore tentatively.

"It was nonsense. There's some talk about everybody."

Kate laughed.

"Oh, come, speak for yourself, Christine!" she said.

"The Imasons are down in the country," Christine went on.

"And Walter Blake's in town? Ah, well!" Kate sighed thankfully.

"In town—and at the Selfords?" Christine spoke with evident significance, and Kate raised her brows. "Well, it can't be Janet Selford, can it?" smiled Christine.

"I think he's a dangerous man."

"Yes—he's so silly!"

"You do mean—Anna?"

"I've said all I mean, Kate. Anna has come on very much of late. I've dressed her, you know."

"Oh, that you can do!"

"That's why I'm such a happy woman. Teach Eva to dress badly!" Again Kate's brows rose in remonstrance or question. "Oh, no, I don't mean it, of course. What would be the good, when most men don't know the difference?"

"You're certainly a good corrective to idealism, Christine!"

"I ought to be. Well, well, Anna can look after herself."

"It isn't as if one positively knew anything against him."

"One might mind one's own business, even if one did," Christine observed.

"Oh, I don't quite agree with you there. If one saw an innocent girl——"

"Eva? Oh, you mothers!"

"I suppose I was thinking of her. Christine, did Sibylla ever——?"

"Not in the least, I believe," said Christine with infinite composure.

"It's no secret Walter Blake did."

"Are there any secrets?" asked Christine. "It would seem a pity to waste anything by making a secret of it. One can always get a little comfort by thinking of the pleasure one's sins have given. It's really your duty to your neighbor to be talked about. You know Harriet Courtland's begun her action? There'll be no defense, I suppose."

"Has she actually begun? How dreadful! Poor Tom! John tried to bring her round, didn't he?"

A curious smile flickered on Christine's lips.

"Yes, but that didn't do much good to anybody," she said.

"She flew out at him, I suppose?"

"So I understood." Christine was smiling oddly still.

"And what will become of those unhappy children?" Kate Raymore asked.

"They have their mother. If nature makes mistakes in mothers, I can't help it, Kate."

"Is she cruel to them?"

"I expect so—but I dare say it's not so trying as a thoroughly well-conducted home."

"Really, it's lucky you've no children!" laughed Kate.

"It is, Kate, and you've hit the truth," Christine agreed.

Kate Raymore looked at the pretty and still youthful face, and sighed.

"You're too good to say that. Are you unhappy this afternoon?"

"Don't! It's your business to be kind and sympathetic—and stupid," said Christine, wriggling under her affectionate touch.

"But John's affairs are ever so much better, aren't they?"

"Yes, ever so much. It's not John's affairs. It's—good gracious, who's this?"

Something like a tornado had suddenly swept into the room. It was Jeremy, in a state of high excitement. He had a letter in his hand, and rushed up to Kate Raymore, holding it out. At first he did not notice Christine.

"I've had a letter from Sibylla——" he began excitedly.

"Any particular news?" asked Christine quickly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Fanshaw! I—I didn't see you." His manner changed. Christine's presence evidently embarrassed him. "No—no particular news. It's—it's not about her, I mean."

"I'll go if you like, but I should dearly like to hear."

She looked imploringly at Jeremy; she was thinking that after all he was a very nice boy.

"Give me the letter, Jeremy. Show me the place," said Kate Raymore.

Jeremy did as she bade him, and stood waiting with eager eyes. Christine made no preparations for going; she thought that with a little tact she might contrive to stay and hear the news. She was not mistaken.

"Dora Hutting engaged!" said Kate, with a long breath.

Jeremy nodded portentously.

"Good gracious me!" murmured Kate.

"To a curate—a chap who's a curate," said Jeremy. His tone was full of meaning.

"Wasn't she always high church?" asked Christine sympathetically.

"Why, you never knew her, Mrs. Fanshaw?"

"No, but most curates are high church now, aren't they?"

"It's very curious, isn't it, Jeremy?" asked Mrs. Raymore. "Met him at her aunt's, I see Sibylla says."

Jeremy stood before the fire with knitted brows. "Yes, at her aunt's," he repeated thoughtfully.

"Why is it curious, Kate?"

"Oh, you know nothing about it, Christine."

"I'm trying to learn—if Mr. Chiddingfold would only tell me."

"It's nothing. It's—it's just a girl I used to know, Mrs. Fanshaw."

"Ah, those girls one used to know, Mr. Chiddingfold!"

Jeremy laughed rather knowingly.

"And she's consoled herself?" pursued Christine.

"Oh, come now, I say, Mrs. Fanshaw!"

"It's no use trying to be serious with her, Jeremy. We'll read all about it when she's gone."

"Yes, all right. But to think—! Well, I'm dining here, am I not?"

"Oh, yes," said Christine reassuringly.

"Christine, you're very impertinent. Yes, of course, Jeremy, and we'll discuss it then. Why don't you find Eva? She's in the library, I think."

"Oh, is she? Then I—I might as well, mightn't I?"

He spoke listlessly, almost reluctantly; and he did not leave the room by a straight path, but drifted out of it with an accidental air, fingering a book or two on his devious way. Christine's eyes followed his erratic course with keen amusement.

"You wicked woman!" she said to Kate as the door closed. "You might have given him one afternoon to dedicate to the memory of Miss Dora—what was her name?"

"She was the rector's daughter down at Mildean. Well, I'm really glad, I fancy she was a flighty girl, Christine."

"Oh, dear me, I hope not," said Christine gravely. "What an escape for the poor, dear boy!"

"You shan't put me out of temper," beamed Kate Raymore.

"I should think not, when your machinations are triumphing!"

"He's too nice a boy to be thrown away. And I don't think he was quite happy about it."

"I don't suppose he deserved to be."

"And now he can——"

"Oh, I won't hear any more about it! As it is, I've heard a lot more than anybody meant me to, I suppose," She got up. "I must go home," she said with a little frown. "I'm glad I came. I like you and your silly young people, Kate."

"Oh, no, stay a little," Kate begged.

"I want to ask you about a frock for Eva."

Christine was glad to talk about frocks—it was the craft whereof she was mistress—and glad, too, to stay a little longer at the Raymores'. There was youth in the air there, and hope. The sorrow that was gradually lifting seemed still to enrich, by contrast, the blossoming joy of the young lives which had their center there. Her chaff avowed so keen a sympathy that she could not safely do anything except chaff. The thought of the different state of things which awaited her at home did as much to make her linger as her constitutional dislike of leaving a cheery fire for the dreary dusk outside.

Once she was near confiding the whole truth to Kate Raymore—so sore a desire had she for sympathy. But in the end her habit of reticence won the day, and she refused to betray herself, just as she had declined to be false to Sibylla's secret. What could Kate Raymore do for her? To speak of her trouble would only be to cast a shadow over the joy of a friendly heart.

When she did go, chance tempted her to a very mean action, and she fell before the temptation without the least resistance. The lights were not yet turned up on the staircase or in the hall, and Christine, left by her own request to find her way down-stairs, found the library door open—it gave on to the hall. The room was not lighted, either, except by a bright fire. She saw two figures sitting by the fire, and marked Jeremy's close-cropped, squarish head very near Eva Raymore's neatly coiled hair. She drew back into the gloom of the hall and waited with a pathetic little smile on her lips.

Eva was wondering at Jeremy. Of course he had said nothing of the news to her; indeed, she knew nothing explicit of Dora Hutting—she had heard only a hint or two from her mother. But this evening there was a difference in Jeremy. Hitherto an air of hesitation had hung about him; when he had said anything—well, anything rather marked—he would often retreat from it, or smooth it down, or give it some ordinary and perhaps rather disappointing explanation in the next sentence. This demeanor had had its interesting side for Eva, but it had also been rather disquieting; sometimes it had seemed almost to rebuke her for listening to the first sentence without displeasure, since the first had been open to the interpretation which the second so hastily disclaimed.

This evening things had changed. His chagrin and his relief—his grudge against Dora and her curate, and his sense of recovered liberty—joined forces. He did not let the grass grow under his feet. He engaged in the primeval art of courting without hesitation or reserve. His eyes spoke in quick glances, his fingers sought excuses for transient touches. He criticized Eva, obviously meaning praise where with mock audacity he ventured on depreciation.

Eva had been sewing embroidery; Jeremy must have the process explained, be shown how to do it, and have his awkward fingers put into just the right position. To be sure, it was rather dark; they had to lean down together to get the fire-light. His fingers were very awkward indeed, and needed a lot of arranging. Eva's clear laugh rang out over this task, and Jeremy pretended to be very much hurt. Then, suddenly, Eva saw a line on his hand, and had to tell him what it meant. They started on palmistry, and Jeremy enjoyed himself immensely. The last Christine saw was when he had started to tell Eva's fortune, and was holding her hand in his, inventing nonsense, and not inventing it very well.

Well or ill, what did it matter? Old or new—it mattered less. The whole thing was very old, the process as well ascertained as the most primitive method ever used in Jeremy's dye-works.

"Poor children!" breathed Christine, as she stole softly away.

She could not stand there and look on and listen any more; not because to listen was mean, but because it had become intolerable.

"Poor children!" Oh, the rank hypocrisy of that! Envy sharp as a knife cut her to the heart. She was ready to sob as she let herself out silently—from the house of love into the chilly outer air. She left them to their pleasure, and set her face homewards. But her mind and her heart were full of what she had seen—of the beauty and the pity of it; for must not the beauty be so short-lived? Had not she too known the rapture of that advancing flood of feeling—yes, though the flood flowed where it should not? How the memories came back—and with what mocking voices they spoke! Well had it been for her to stand outside and look. For of a surety never again might she hope to enter in.

A man came full beneath the light of a street lamp. It was a figure she could never forget nor mistake. It was Frank Caylesham. He saw her and raised his

hat, half stopping, waiting her word to stop.

She gave an involuntary little cry, almost hysterical.

"Fancy meeting you just now!" she gasped.

XIX.

CHRISTINE had neither desire to avoid nor strength to refuse the encounter. Her emotions had been stirred by what she had seen at Kate Raymore's; they demanded some expression. Her heart went forth to a friend, forgetting for the moment any bitterness which attached to the friendship. The old attraction claimed her. When Caylesham said that it was quite dark, and there was no reason why he should not escort her, she agreed readily, and was soon babbling to him about Eva and Jeremy. She put her arm in his, talked merrily, and seemed very young and fresh as she turned her face up to his and joked fondly about the young people.

None of the embarrassment which had afflicted her visit to his flat hung about her now. She had somebody to whom she could talk freely, at last, and she was happy in his society. It was a holiday—with a holiday's irresponsibility about it. He understood her mood; he shared her tenderness, her pity, and her amusement at the youthful venturers. They talked gaily for a quarter of an hour, Christine not noticing which way they went. Then a pause came.

"Are we going right?" she asked.

"Well, not quite straight home," he laughed.

"Oh, but we must," she said with a sigh.

He nodded, and took a turn leading more directly to her house.

"I hear things are much better with John. I met Grantley, and he told me they were in much better shape."

"Thanks to Grantley Imason and you!"

"I was very glad to do it. Oh, it's nothing. I can trust old John, you know."

"Yes, he'll pay you back. Still, it was good of you." She lifted her eyes to his. "He knows, Frank," she said.

"The devil he does!" Caylesham was startled, and smiled wryly.

"I don't know why I told you that. I suppose I had to talk to somebody. Yes; Harriet Courtland told him—you remember she knew? He made her angry by lecturing her about Tom, and she told him."

"He knows, by Jove, does he?" He pulled at his mustache; she pressed his arm lightly. "But, I say, he's taken the money!" He looked at her in a whimsical perplexity.

"So you may imagine what it is to me."

"But he's taken the money!"

"How could he refuse it? It would have meant ruin. Oh, he didn't know when he sent me to you—he'd never have done that."

"But he knew when he kept it?"

"Yes; he knew then. He couldn't let it go when once he'd got it, you see. Poor old John!"

"Well, that's a strange thing!" Caylesham's code was infringed by John's action—that was plain; but his humor was tickled, too. "How did he—well, how did he take it?"

"Awful!" she answered with a shiver.

"But I say, you know, he kept the money, Christine!"

"That makes no difference—or makes it worse. Oh, I can't tell you!"

"It doesn't make it worse for you, anyhow. It gives you the whip hand, doesn't it?"

She did not heed him; she was set on pouring out her own story.

"It's dreadful at home, Frank. Of course I oughtn't to talk to you, of all people. But I've had two months and more of it now."

"He's not unkind to you?"

"If he was, what do I deserve? Oh, don't be fierce. He doesn't throw things at me, like Harriet Courtland, or beat me. But I——" She burst into a little laugh. "I'm stood in the corner all the time, Frank."

"Poor old Christine!"

"He won't be friends. He keeps me off. I never touch his hand, or anything."

A long-dormant jealousy stirred in Caylesham.

"Well, do you want to?" he asked rather brusquely.

"Oh, it's all very well, but imagine living like that! There's nobody to speak to. I'm in disgrace. He doesn't talk about it, but he talks round it, you know. Sometimes he forgets for five minutes. Then I say something cheerful. Then he remembers and—and sends me back to my corner." Her rueful laugh was not far from a sob.

"But how can he——?"

"One good scene would have been so much more endurable. But all day and every day!"

Caylesham was amused, vexed, exasperated.

"But he's taken my money. He's living on it. It's saved him. How can he say anything to you after that? Haven't you got your answer? Why don't you remind him gently of that?"

"That would hurt him so dreadfully."

"Well, doesn't he hurt you?"

"He'd never be friends with me again."

"He doesn't seem particularly friendly now."

"I feel quite friendly to him. I want to be friends."

"It does you credit, then," he said, with a sneer.

She pressed his arm lightly again, pleading against his anger and his unwonted failure to understand. "It would be an end of all hope if I threw the money in his teeth. He's unhappy enough about it as it is." She looked up as she added: "I've got to live with him, you know, Frank."

Caylesham gave her a curious quick glance.

"Got to live with him?"

"Yes; all my life," she answered. "I suppose you hadn't thought of that?"

It was not the sort of thing which Caylesham was in the habit of thinking about, but he tried to follow her view.

"Yes, of course. It would be better to be friends. But you shouldn't let him get on stilts. It's absurd, after what he's done. I mean—I mean he's done a much queerer thing than you have."

"Poor old John! How could he help it?"

He glanced at her sharply, and was about to speak when she cried:

"Why, where are we? I didn't notice where we were going."

"We're just outside my rooms. Come in for a bit." She looked at him in surprise and, he thought, alarm. "Just for a talk," he added, laughing.

Christine laughed, too, though reluctantly.

"I can't come in. I'm late now, and—and—really I'm ashamed to tell even you! Well, I'm always questioned where I've been. I have to give an account of every place. I have to stand with my hands behind me and give an account of all my movements, Frank."

He whistled gently and compassionately.

"Like a schoolgirl!"

"How well you follow the metaphor, Frank! So I can't come in. I'll go home. No; don't you come."

"I'll come a bit further with you. Oh, it's quite dark."

"Well, not arm in arm!"

"But doesn't that look more respectable?"

"You're entirely incurable," she said, with her old pleasure in him all revived.

"It's infernal nonsense," he went on. "Just you stand up for yourself. He's debarred himself from taking up any such attitude—just as much as he has from making any public row about it."

"I've got to live with him, Frank."

"Oh, you said that before."

"And I'm very fond of him."

"What?" He turned to her in a genuine surprise and an obvious vexation.

"Yes, very. I always was. We used to spar, but we were good friends. We don't spar now; I wish we did. It's just idleness. But I'm very fond of him."

"Of course, if you feel like that——"

"I always felt like that. The only thing I have to care much about in life is getting to be friends with John again—and I don't suppose I ever shall." Her voice fairly broke for a moment. "That's what upset me so much when I saw those silly children at Kate Raymore's."

Caylesham looked at her. There was a roguish twinkle in his eye, but he patted her hand in a very friendly sympathy. Yes, she had to live with John. John's conduct might be unreasonable and unjustifiable, but people who must be lived with frequently presume on that circumstance, and behave as they would not venture to behave if living with them were optional. John really had not a leg to stand on, if it came to an argument. But arguing with people you have to live with does not conduce to the comfort of living with them—especially if you get the better of the argument. He was exceedingly sorry for Christine, but he didn't see any way out of it for her.

"Of course there's a funny side to it," she said with a little laugh.

"Oh, yes, there is," he admitted. "But it's rough luck on you."

"Everything's rough luck." She mimicked his tone daintily. "And I don't suppose it's ever anything worse with you, Frank! It was rough luck ever meeting you, you know. And so it was that John wanted money and sent me to you. And that Harriet's got a temper, and, I suppose, that we've got to be punished for our sins." She took her arm out of his—she had slipped it in again while she talked. "And here I am, just at home, and—the corner's waiting for me, Frank."

"I'm devilish sorry, Christine."

"Yes, I'm sure you are. You always meant to be kind. Frank, if ever I do make friends with John, be glad, won't you?"

"I think he's behaved like a——"

"Hush, hush! You've always been prosperous—and you've never been good." She laughed and took his hand. "So don't say anything against poor old John."

"I tell you what—you're a brick, Christine. Well, good-by, my dear."

"Good-by, Frank. I'm glad I met you. I've got some of it out, haven't I? Don't worry—well, no, you won't—and if I succeed, do try to be glad. And never a word to show John that I've told you he knows!"

"I shall do just as you like about that. Good-by, Christine."

He left her a few yards from her house, and she stood by the door watching his figure till it disappeared in the dark. He had done her much harm. He was not a good friend. But he was good to talk to, and very kind in his indolent, careless way.

All the light died out of her face as she entered her home. John was waiting for her. His mind was full of how well things were going in the City. In the old days this would have been one of their merry, happy, united evenings. He would have told her of his success and "stood" a dinner and a play, and brought her home in the height of glee and good comradeship, laughing at her sharp sayings and admiring her dainty little face. All this was just what he wanted to do now, and his life was as arid as hers for want of the comradeship. But he would not forgive; it seemed neither possible nor self-respecting.

That very weak point in his case with which Caylesham had dealt so trenchantly made him a great stickler for self-respect; nothing must be done—nothing more—to make her think that he condoned her offense or treated it lightly. It was part of her punishment to hear nothing of the renewed prosperity in the City, to know nothing of his thoughts or his doings, to be locked out of his heart. This was one side; the other was that obligation to make full disclosure of all she did and of how her time was spent. She must be made to feel the thing in these two ways every day.

Yet he considered that he was treating her very mercifully; he was anxious to do that, because he was all the time in his heart afraid that she would throw

Caylesham's money—the money which was bringing the renewed prosperity—in his face. If she did that—well, he was afraid of what he might do in return.

She faced the punishment with her usual courage and her unfailing humor. There was open irony in the minuteness with which she catalogued her day's doings; she did not sit down, but stood on the other side of his writing-table, upright and with her hands actually behind her—because she liked the schoolgirl parallel which Caylesham had drawn. John saw the humor and felt the irony, but he was helpless. She did what she was told; he could not control the manner in which she did it.

"And then I walked home—yes, walked. Didn't take a bus, or a cab, or a tram, or a steam-engine. I just walked on my two legs, going about three miles an hour, and, oh, yes, taking one wrong turn, which makes me five minutes later than I ought to be. Quite a respectable turn—just out of the way, that's all. May I go and get myself some tea?"

He did so want to tell about his successes in the City. And in fact he admired the courage and liked the irony. They were her own, and of her. Doing justice was very hard, with that provoking dainty face at once resenting and mocking at it. But justice must be done; his grievance should not be belittled.

"I'm not stopping you getting yourself tea. Is it a crime to ask where my wife's been?"

"It's mere prudence, I'm sure. Only what makes you think I should tell you the truth?" She had her tea now—a second cup—and was sipping it leisurely.

"At any rate, I know your account, and if I heard anything different——"

"That's the method? I see." Her tone softened. "Don't let's quarrel. What's the good? Had a good day in the City?"

"Just like other days," grunted John.

"Nothing particular?"

"No."

"There never is now, is there?"

He made no answer. Opening the evening paper, he began to read it. Christine knew what that meant. Saving what was unavoidable, he would talk no more to her that evening.

The wound to her vanity, her thwarted affection, her sense of the absurdity of such a way of living together, all combined to urge her to take Caylesham's view of the position and to act upon it—to make the one reply, the one defense, which was open to her. The very words she might use came into her mind as she

sat opposite to John at dinner. Living on Caylesham's generosity—it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that. And from what motive came the bounty? It would not be hard to find words—stinging words—to define that. John could have no answer to them; they must shame him to the soul.

At every sullen, short word, at every obstinate silence, the temptation grew upon her. Knowing that she knew all, how could he have the effrontery to behave in this fashion? She steelled herself to the fight; she was ready for it by the time dinner was done and they were left alone, John sitting in glum muteness as he drank his port, Christine, in her smart evening frock, displaying a prettiness which won no approving glances now. It was insufferable. She would do it!

Ah, but poor old John! He had been through so many worries, he had so narrowly escaped dire calamity. He had been forced into a position so terrible. And they had been through so many things together, they had been comrades in fair and foul weather. What would be the look in his eyes when he heard that taunt from her? He would say little, since there would be little to say—but he would give her a look of such hopeless, fierce misery. No; in the end she was responsible for the thing, and she must bear the burden of it. Caylesham's view might be the man's view, perhaps the right view for a man to take. It could not be the woman's; the wife was not justified in looking at it like that. No, she couldn't do it.

But neither could she go on living like this. Her eyes rested thoughtfully on him. He was looking tired and old. Poor old John! He wanted livening up, some merriment, a little playful petting to which he might respond in his roughly jocose, affectionately homely fashion—with his "old girl" and "old lady" and so on. He never called her "old girl" now. Would she hate it as much now? She longed for it extraordinarily, since it would mark happiness and forgetfulness in him. Suddenly she broke out with a passionate question:

"Are we to live like this always?"

He did not seem startled. He answered slowly and ponderously:

"What have you to complain of? Do I say anything? Do I reproach you? Have I made a row? Look at what I might have done! Some people would think you were very lucky."

"It makes you miserable as well as me."

"You should have thought of all that before."

He took out a cigar and lit it, then turned his chair half way round from the table, and began to read his paper again. Christine could not bear it; she began to sob softly. He took no visible notice of her; his eyes were fixed on a paragraph, and he was reading it over and over again, not following in the least what it meant. She rose and walked toward the door; he remained motionless. She came back toward him in a hesitating way.

"I want to speak to you," she said, choking down her sobs and regaining composure.

He looked up now. There was fear in his eyes, a hunted look which went to her heart. At the least invitation she would have thrown herself on her knees by him and sought every means to comfort him. She was thinking only of him now, and had forgotten Caylesham's gay attractiveness. And in face of that look in his eyes she could not say a word about Caylesham's money.

"I'm going away for a little while, John. I'm going to ask Sibylla to let me come down to Mildean for a bit."

"What do you want to go away for?"

"A change of air," she answered, smiling derisively. "I can't bear this, you know. It's intolerable—and it's absurd."

"Am I to blame for it?"

"I'm not talking about who's to blame. But I must go away."

"How long do you want to stay away?"

"Till you want me back—till you ask me to come back." He looked at her questioningly. "It must be one thing or the other," she went on.

"It's for me to decide what it shall be."

"Yes; which of the two possible things. It's for you to decide that. But this state of things isn't possible. If you don't want me back, well, we must make arrangements. If you ask me to come back, you'll mean that you want to forget all this wretchedness and be friends." Her feeling broke out. "Yes, friends again," she repeated, holding her arms out toward him.

"You seem to think things are very easily forgotten," he growled.

"God knows I don't think so," she said.

"Do you really think that's what I've learned from life, John?"

"At any rate, I've got to forget them pretty easily!"

She would not trust herself to argue, lest in the heat of contention that one

forbidden weapon should leap into her hand.

"You may go for a visit. I shall expect you back in two or three weeks."

"Not back to this," she insisted.

He shrugged his shoulders and held the paper up between them.

"If you don't want me back, well, I shall understand that. But I shan't come back to this."

She walked to the door, and looked back; she could not see his face for the paper. She made a little despairing movement with her hands, but turned away again without saying more, and stole quietly out of the room.

John Fanshaw dashed his paper to the ground and sprang to his feet. He gave a long sigh. He had been in mortal terror—he thought she was going to talk about the money. That peril was past. He flung his cigar into the grate and walked up and down the room in a frenzy of unhappiness.

Yes, that peril was past—she had said nothing. But he knew it was in her heart, and he knew how it must appear to her. Heavens, did it not appear in the very same way to him? But she should never know how he felt about it. That would be to give up his grievance, to abandon his superiority, to admit that there was little or nothing to choose between them—between her, the sinner, and him, who profited by the sin, whose salvation the sin had been, who knew it had been his salvation and had accepted salvation from it. No, no; he must never acknowledge that. He must stick to his position. It was monstrous to think of owning that his guilt was comparable to hers.

He sank back into his chair again and looked round the empty room. He thought of Christine up-stairs, alone, too. What a state of things!

"Why did she? My God, why did she?" he muttered, and then fell to lashing himself once more into a useless fury, pricking his anger lest it should sleep, setting imagination to work on recollection, torturing himself, living again through the time of her treachery, elaborating all his grievance—lest, by chance, she should seem less of a sinner than before, lest by chance his own act should loom too large, lest by chance he might be weak and open his heart and find forgiveness for his wife and comrade.

"By God, she had no excuse!" he muttered, striking the table with his fist. "And I—why, the thing was settled be-

fore I knew. It was settled, I say!" Then he thought that, if things went on doing well, he would be able to pay Caylesham sooner than the letter of his bond demanded. Then, when he had paid Caylesham off—ah, then the superiority would be in no danger, there would be no taunt to fear. Why, yes, he would pay Caylesham off quite soon. Because things were going so well. Now to-day, in the City, what a stroke he had made! If he were to tell Christine that! For a moment he smiled, thinking how she would pat his cheek and say "Clever old John!" in her pretty, half-derisive way; how she would—

He broke off with a groan. No; he would tell her nothing. His life was nothing to her—thanks to what she had done. Oh, he did well to be angry!

XX.

As soon as the first shot was fired, Tom Courtland struck his flag. There was no fight in him. His career was compromised, and his affairs were seriously involved. He resigned his seat in Parliament; he wasn't going to wait to be turned out, he said, either by divorce or by bankruptcy, or both at once.

He never went home now. As a last concession to appearances, he took a room at his club. Mrs. Bolton urged him to fight—since the thing had gone so far. Of course he would have to tell lies, but there were circumstances in which everybody told lies. She was ready to back him through thick and thin. If they could get Lady Harriet into the box and cross-examine her thoroughly, they could rely on a great deal of sympathy from a jury of husbands. It was really a good fighting case—given the lies, of course.

But Tom was broken; he could only mutter that he didn't care what they did; it was all over for him. His bristly hair began to turn a dull gray in these troublesome days. When he was not with Mrs. Bolton he was haunting the streets and parks, hoping to meet his girls taking their walk with the maid or with Suzette Bligh. Such stray encounters were his only chance of seeing them now—the only chance of ever seeing them in the future, he supposed, unless the court gave him "access." And much pleasure there would be in access, with Harriet to tell them the sort of man he was before every such visit as the law might charitably dole out to him! He grumbled disconsolately about everything—the suit, his affairs, his children,

the access, all of it—to Mrs. Bolton; but he did and tried to do nothing. He was in a condition of moral collapse.

Harriet Courtland's state was even worse. She was almost unapproachable by the children or Suzette Bligh—and none other tried to approach her. She had no friends left. Not one of Tom's set was on her side; she had wearied them all out. The last to keep up the forms of friendship had been Christine Fanshaw. Now that was at an end, too. She had heard nothing from Christine. From the day of John's visit there had been absolute silence.

She knew well what that meant. She brooded fiercely over what she had done to Christine, her one remaining friend—had done not because she wanted to hurt Christine or to lose her friendship, had done with no reasonable motive at all, but just in blind rage, because in her fury she wanted to strike and wound John, and this had been the readiest and sharpest weapon. She could not get what she had done out of her head; she was driven to see what a light it cast on the history of her own home; it showed her the sort of woman she was. But she held on her way, and pressed on her suit. Realizing what she was bred in her no desire to change. There was no changing such a woman as she was—a cursed woman, as she called herself again and again.

So there she sat, alone in her room save when her nervous children came perforce to cower before her, alone with the ruin she had made, in bitter wrath with all about her, in bitterest wrath at herself. She was a terror in the house, and knew it. Nobody in the house loved her now—nay, nobody in the world. It had come to this because of her evil rage. And the rage was not satiated; it had an appetite still for every misfortune and every shame which was to afflict and disgrace her husband.

Yet the thought that her girls had ceased to love her, or had come to hate her, drove her to a frenzy of anger and wretchedness. What had they to complain of? How dared they not love her? She exacted signs of love from them. They dared not refuse a kiss for fear of a blow being given in its place; but Harriet knew now why they kissed her and accepted her kisses.

"Little hypocrites!" she would mutter when they went out, accusing the work of her own hand. But they should love her—aye, and they should hate their father. She swore they should at least hate their father, even if they only pretended to

love her. The woman grew half mad at the idea that in their hearts they loved their father, pitied him, thought him ill-used, grieved because he came no more; that they were, in their hearts, on their father's side and against her. She wished they were older, so that they could be told all about the case. Well, they should be told even now, if need be, if that proved the only way of rooting the love of their father out of their hearts.

An evil case for these poor children! They had no comfort save in gentle, colorless Suzette Bligh. To all her friends she had seemed a superfluous person. She used to be invited just to balance the dinner parties, or on a stray impulse of kindness. But fate had found other work for her now. The once useless, superfluous woman was all the consolation these three children had; any love they got she gave them.

She stood between them and desolation. She warned them of what temper their mother was in, whether it were safe to approach her, and with what demeanor. More than once her love gave the meek creature courage, and she stood between them and wrath. Lamentable as the state of affairs was, Suzette had found a new joy in life. She took these children into her life and her heart, and became as a mother to them. Gradually they grew to love her.

But none the less—perhaps all the more—they tormented her, bringing to her all the doubts and questions which were rife in their minds. The portentous word "divorce" had come to their ears—Harriet was not careful in her use of it. They connected it quickly with their father's now continuous absence. Whatever else it might mean—and they thought it meant something bad for their father, to be suffered at the hands of their mother—they understood it at least to mean that he would be with them no more. Suzette knew nothing at all about "access," and could only fence feebly with their questions; they ventured to put none to Harriet. They grew clear that their father had gone, and that they were to be left to their mother.

One and all they declined such a conclusion. They loved Tom; they did not love Harriet. Tom had always been a refuge, sometimes a buffer. They had no doubt of what they wanted. They wanted to go to their father, and to take Suzette Bligh with them. That scheme conjured up the vision of a happy home, free from fear, where kisses would be volun-

teered, not exacted, and the constant dread would be no more.

"But we daren't tell mamma that," said Sophy, in a tremble at the bare idea.

Lucy shook her head, Vera's eyes grew wide. They certainly dared not go to Harriet with any such communication as that. They had been shrewd enough to see that they were expected to hate their father; Vera had been roughly turned out of the room merely for mentioning his name.

After much consultation, carried on in a secrecy to which not even Suzette was privy, a plan was laid. They would write to their father and tell him that, whether he were sentenced to divorce or not, they wanted to come and live with him—and to bring Suzette if they might.

"We'll say nothing about mamma. He'll understand," Sophy said.

Vera piped out in terror:

"But when mamma finds out?"

"We shall be gone, don't you see?" cried Lucy. "We shall ask papa to meet us somewhere, and he'll take us with him, and then just write and tell mamma."

"He can say we're sorry when he writes to tell mamma," Sophy suggested.

"Oh, yes, I see," said Vera. "It will be splendid, won't it? I wish we could tell Suzette!"

The elder girls were dead against that. Suzette was a dear, but she was too much afraid of mamma; the great secret would not be safe with her, and if it were discovered before they were out of reach—significant nods expressed that situation with absolute lucidity.

So Sophy, who wrote the best hand, squared her elbows and sat down to her task in the schoolroom. A scout was posted at the foot of the stairs, another at the top. On the least alarm, the letter was to be destroyed, and the scribe would be discovered busy on a French exercise.

"Dearest papa," Sophy wrote, "we all send our love, and, please, we do not want to stay here now that you have gone away. Please let us come and live with you. We promise not to be troublesome, and Suzette might come, too, might not she, and look after us? Dearest papa, do not make us stay here. Because we love you, and we want to come and live with you. Please tell us where to meet you, and we will make Suzette bring us, and you can take us home with you. Please let it be soon. We do so want to see you. Please do not make us stay here. We each of us send you a kiss and are your loving daughters."

(To be continued.)

The Miracle at St. Anne's.

BEING THE FIRST STEP IN THE CAREER OF MERCEDES O'BRIEN.

BY GRACE McELROY IURS.

I.

IT was twelve o'clock. As Miss Mercedes O'Brien noted the fact, she quickened her steps to the sharp trot of business exigency. Her lips were firm, her eyes were brightly alert, and a casual observer would have set her at once in a niche among the city's responsible workers. Yet she knew that in all probability the striking of the next hour would see her recrossing City Hall Square unsuccessful, rebuffed, and turned forth to the company of an idle afternoon.

Such had been her experience for the past seven days; nevertheless, she made this eighth assault on the work of her choosing as determinedly as she had made the very first, when the possibilities ranging themselves before her sanguine eyes had borne so close a resemblance to certainty that she had distinguished no difference.

Miss Mercedes O'Brien was honor pupil of the year from the Academy of St. Clement, a historic institution advertised as "devoting special time to the interior embellishment of its pupils in the graces of mind and heart." This was over and above the book-learning, whose irreproachable extent was indicated in a formidable list of the 'ologies appended.

Four years under such unquestionable influences had given Mercedes, besides the interior graces stressfully set forth in the prospectus, an indifferent knowledge of the classics, an abiding reverence for literature, and an ardent ambition to dedicate herself to the service of the strenuous goddess whose temple is in Grub Street and whose signet is made up of a pad and pencil. She had acquired experience in such devotion at this shrine as is common in convent schools. She could write pretty festival verses when the bishop of the diocese visited St. Clement's. She could draw poetic inferences from the fading flowers on the chapel altar and the secluded beauty of cloistered souls. She could likewise weave many-adjetived cogitations on the gloom incited in the mind of seven-

teen by the last violet of the season, or by a Chopin nocturne played by the star pianist of the academy.

Through all the four years, her talent had shone with steadily increasing brightness, her career in the world of letters seeming finally so assured that classmates stored pages of her composition book among their dearest treasures, to be preserved eternally. Mercedes herself entertained no more doubt of her destiny than did her friends. Believing that, to be great, one must first be bold, she had devoted her senior year to the writing of an epic on Rome, in blank verse, and the composition of a cycle of musings on the delusions of the world, after Omar Khayyam. Her valedictory, a supreme effort of poetic regret, was folded with reverent care and a not undefined belief that it would some day see the light as "an early effort of the distinguished poet and novelist, Mercedes O'Brien."

Within a week after commencement day she was speeding toward New York. Her laurel crown was packed in her trunk with rather more care than had been bestowed on her frocks; the huge gold medal which was the annual prize for "proficiency in rhetoric and belles lettres" at St. Clement's was pinned high on her breast. Her heart had long yearned for New York. In the great city, where light and shadow were so sharply defined, rested the marble from which she might chisel the glorious figure of her fame. There was unwritten history only awaiting the pen of a Mercedes O'Brien to flash into life before an astonished world. There, in short, lay the very center of that splendor whose faint light she had discerned across the blue hills engirdling St. Clement's.

Her eyes grew moist and her heart beat to vigorous rhythm as she watched the famous sky-line take shape from the mist of the July morning, discerning in its shadows the very reality of the fascinating vision of success which has led workers on to effort through all the world's ages.

She lost no time in dreaming, however. That was not her way. Within two hours after landing at Desbrosses Street, she had ensconced herself in the fourth-story room of a Washington Square boarding-house, had written a letter home to her parents, who were awaiting the first trumpet blast of her fame, and was on her way down-town, to the mysterious Row where newspapers have their birth.

Hers was an uplifted feeling as she drank in the city life which surged about her. In the face of an Italian laborer she scented a romance of poverty—generations of noble ancestry, whose last scion had fallen to the lowly craft of pick and shovel. She told herself that he had a face like Da Vinci's Christ, and mentally put him down for future literary use. Each moment was fraught with a fresh interest, and when she heard the announcement "Park Row!" it was with quicksilver running through her veins that she clutched her little roll of manuscript and stepped forth to seek her fate.

II.

MR. JENKINS, city editor of the *Daily Record*, was busy over his day's assignments when she stopped beside his desk—the fifth on her tabulated list. Mr. Jenkins hated applications from women, but he resigned himself to listen to her plea; and though his trained sense detected the novice before she had spoken ten words, a touch of kindred spirit awoke in him at her determined voice.

"It's pretty hard for an inexperienced person to get a foothold on a New York paper," he said.

"I didn't expect it to be easy," was her ready reply, and she smiled appreciatively at her matter-of-fact acceptance of difficulty.

"How do you know you would like reporting?" he asked then, moved by a desire to probe a little into the motives of this youthful aspirant, whose Irish blue eyes twinkled at his dry remarks, and whose fluffy red hair made a pleasant brightness before his eyes.

"I want to be a writer," she said.

Jenkins' lips twitched.

"But, my dear young lady, to be a reporter does not necessarily include being a writer," he said, out of the depths of weary experience at the city desk. "The vast majority of reporters are anything but writers. In fact, a writer makes rather a poor reporter, because he

thinks more about his phrases than about his news—and it's news we're after, every time."

"Yes, I suppose so," was Mercedes' answer, one little balloon tumbling down out of her sky at this plain presentation of an unsuspected fact.

"But I'll take your name, and if——"

"Oh, *don't* say you'll send for me!" she cried, more impulsively than was her wont, for Jenkins, despite his jokes, had a tendency to inspire confidence in all who met him—an unlucky quality which made him a favorite target for the army of would-be recruits always marching through New York newspaperdom.

"Well, really, I haven't anything for you," he said. "My list is full. However much I might appreciate you, I couldn't place you without knocking some one else out, and that would hardly be fair, since they're rather a decent lot just now."

"Oh, no," she agreed, "I wouldn't think of such a thing! But surely there's always a chance for the person who is on hand! Just let me come in every day or two, to see if something hasn't turned up for me."

"Sure!" was Jenkins' ready response. "Come early and often, my dear young lady, and if the President's wife wants to be interviewed, or somebody's new frock comes begging for a description—why, there you are!"

Highly elated at this first step on the high road, this actual acquaintance with an Editor—they always capitalized the professions at St. Clement's—Mercedes went home to her fourth-story room to begin her Italian romance, and to make out a businesslike list of the magazines to which she intended to contribute.

The next day found her abroad early, drinking in the life of the city streets and intoxicating her heart with the richness of it all for literary purposes. Not love stories, cried her intrepid youth, but the other things, the broken hearts, the blasted ambitions, the humble efforts which merged in this great ebb and flow—for them she pitched her tent, earnestly inviting them to display themselves so that she might study them.

There was nothing sordid in what she saw. The beggar in his dingy rags was a picture of fascinating realism. The coldest facts were wrapped with glamour to her unaccustomed eyes, and in every passer-by she saw some touch of romance. The forest of masts below the Brooklyn Bridge struck sharply to her

realization a sense of the complicated life of the globe; she felt that each slender shape outlined against the sky was a tangible bond between the New York dweller in flats and the dusky spice-grower of Ceylon, or perhaps some "canny Scot" working away among his looms in the very haunts of *Alan Breck* and *Robin Oig*.

When noon came she sauntered up Broadway, stopping for luncheon in a restaurant whose proprietor fascinated her by his Frenchness; but before one o'clock she was presenting herself to Mr. Jenkins, in company with a dozen or more men receiving their afternoon assignments and promptly setting forth to thresh the news out of them.

For all her brave speeches, she was but a convent girl, sheltered hitherto in the safe nook which cloistered teachers are apt to build for their pupils. The sight of this busy life, unwinding its intricacy before her eyes, abashed her. Before these hurrying men, some of whom had gray shadows in their hair, she suddenly felt very young and inefficient. Her mantle of greatness, woven so lovingly by the honest admiration of her schoolmates, seemed to slip down from her shoulders, leaving her an insignificant and inexperienced climber, at the foot of a mountain of impossible height.

Mr. Jenkins, too, was a little worried that day, and spoke rather shortly to the solitary lingerer after the men had gone.

"Nothing to-day, Miss O'Brien!" Then, as he realized the pathos of this small atom in the world of work, a sudden chivalric motive prompted him to add, a trifle more gently: "But come to-morrow—something may turn up."

Bless you, overworked, harassed sifter of news, for those concluding words! They arrested a shower of tears already welling up from a heart still near enough to childhood's springs to flow readily; and they sent that heart home, a little chastened, perhaps, in reaction after the morning's glowing hope, but ready to be up and doing as soon as another day should come.

But the next day it was the same, and the next and the next—until seven leaves had been pulled off the Shakespeare calendar which Mercedes studied reverently each morning. Letters home, however, had been strictly optimistic, bringing answers which teemed with the encouragement of honest faith. Her mother wrote that she was praying for her success; her father, with masculine respect for the tangible, privately

slipped a twenty-dollar bill into the letter. She received this just as she was starting forth for her eighth presentation to Mr. Jenkins, and she stopped in the shadow of Garibaldi's statue to read it.

She was not quite sure about Garibaldi, his having been a name tabooed in the hero gallery of the convent; but with a broadening sense of artistic exaltation, she flung up a friendly smile to the old patriot, who seemed to look down benevolently upon her youth. She felt tender faith in her mother's prayers, and there was a delightful exhilaration in her father's gift, so that she finally wended her way more blithely than ever, hastening her steps as she noted that it was twelve o'clock, as if she was sure of receiving the coveted assignment to-day.

She was scarcely disappointed at Jenkins' shake of denial, which had become familiar to her by this time. Instead of going forth immediately to seek fresh material for the growing heap of new manuscript on her table, she strolled to one of the office windows, to gaze out at the hurrying crowd below. Standing there, she felt, rather than saw, a tall man emerge from an inner room and stride to the city editor's desk.

"There is a pilgrimage to some church to-day," the tall man said to Jenkins. "I saw the crowds as I came down-town, and heard people talking about it. It seems some miracle has been reported, and a lot of cripples are coming to be cured."

"I know," said Jenkins, diving into the recesses of his memory for the particular facts regarding this pilgrimage. "It's St. Anne's Church, and they have some sort of a bone of the old lady on exhibition. A girl from Baltimore claims she was cured by touching it, and hundreds of people have been going there all week."

The tall man—who was no other than Fordham, surnamed the Mikado, managing editor of the *Record*—nodded his head.

"I think it might be worth featuring," he observed. "There's a special service to-day."

Now, Jenkins was a city editor through and through, arrived at his present desk by rightful gradation through the posts of police reporter, morgue reporter, and political man. He had, therefore, an infinitesimal valuation of the place of miracles in this century of tottering thrones and vanishing creeds. His mind's eye, however, abnormally developed by the ex-

agencies of his profession, saw alluring possibilities of a satirical setting-forth of the fruits of sanctity which the long dead St. Anne had left resident in her preserved bone, and he nodded assent.

"I haven't a man in just now," he said; then, following Fordham's eye to Mercedes, he had a sudden inspiration.

"She's an aspirant," he said, adding, as Fordham looked doubtful, "but she's red-headed, and I never knew a red-headed woman yet who couldn't do anything she set out to do."

So it was that in something less than ten minutes Miss Mercedes O'Brien, honor pupil of St. Clement's, embryo authoress, tentative poetess, had added to these dignities the humble but tangible one of reporter for the *Daily Record*, and was speeding toward the shrine of St. Anne.

"Touch it up with a little humor," Jenkins had said to her, "if you can."

And she knew that she could! Her name was not O'Brien for nothing!

III.

THE pilgrims were already assembling for the afternoon service when Mercedes arrived at the church. All kinds and conditions of people were there; all ages and sizes, too, but there was a notable preponderance of femininity, which fact brought to her mind an instant phrase of descriptive humor.

"Propelled by Petticoats!"

She was too new to realize the value of alliteration in a head-line, but she felt that the sentence was a striking one, and resolved to use it early in her write-up.

No sooner had she passed the church door, however, than a difference made itself apparent in her feelings. Outside, with the rattle of the commercial city in her ears, and the amused or contemptuous looks of passers-by, the pushing crowd of devotees had seemed a fit subject for satire. Within, a different spirit dwelt. The shafts of chastened light, stained crimson or purple by the big windows, touched coarse faces to a certain nobility and finer ones to real spirituality. The faint flavor of incense which hung in the air carried her back with a bound to the convent chapel on Sunday afternoons, when the white-veiled girls had sung the "O Salutaris" in concert, bending and swaying at the signal of the altar bell, like a field of lilies, and feeling in their young hearts every throb of the beautiful music.

Mercedes felt her ideas of the pilgrim-

age expand; and when the priest appeared, bearing the gold-shrined relic, the new reporter for the *Daily Record* had faded out of sight, while Miss Mercedes, St. Clement's poet-pupil, was kneeling, wide-eyed and reverent, at the altar rail.

Beside her was a crippled boy, held in place by his mother's hands; and as the relic approached him she felt his slender body tremble violently. Her eyes caught some of the glowing rapture which lighted his face, and to her heart, already soaring high, it seemed only a natural result that he should stagger to his feet and make his way alone through the kneeling crowd, after touching the extended relic with his lips.

Carried onward by an emotion which seemed to uplift her on wings, she followed the crowd that surged around the cripple, whose sharp, inarticulate cries were mingled with loudly uttered prayers.

"Glory to the blessed relic!" his mother was saying, while tears streamed down her cheeks and she made little dabs at his face and hunched shoulders. "But are ye sure, darlin'! Can ye really walk without the crutch? Ye'll not fall, now?"

The little worn crutch was sent spinning into the vestibule in answer.

"I felt it the very minute it touched me!" he cried. "I knew I'd be cured; I knew it!"

"Bless his heart, that he did!" corroborated the mother. "The faith of him made me ashamed of my doubting. Oh, it's a blessed day for us, this day!"

Two red spots glowed in the boy's cheeks, and though Mercedes noted that his thin legs trembled pitifully, he avowed excitedly that he could run if he wanted to.

"St. Vitus' dance he had," his mother told the ring of eager spectators. "He got it in a fire we had, five years ago come Easter, and after the first month he never walked without the crutch. We had him twice at the hospital, but it didn't do a bit of good. The doctors said it was mental—that Jimmy wouldn't make the will effort to get well—as if anybody could make head or tail out of such talk! But last week, when the girl was cured, Jimmy took a turn, and he give me no peace, night nor day, till I brung him. Ah, but it'll be the proud day for Jim Haley when he sees his lad walk again!"

With something of the uplifted impulse of the believing pilgrims, Mercedes



"SHE'S RED-HEADED, AND I NEVER KNEW A RED-HEADED WOMAN YET WHO COULDN'T DO ANYTHING SHE SET OUT TO DO."

lowed in their wake. Some dim remembrance of her reportorial errand prompted her to note street addresses and neighborhoods, but for the most part she moved upon a higher inspiration than comes from business motives. When Jimmy put aside the supporting mss and strutted alone to the door of

his father's shop, she felt herself on the verge of tears. When, with a mighty shout, the big man rushed forth to swing the little one to his shoulder, showering promiscuous invitations to the saloon on the corner, her eyes really brimmed with the emotion swelling her heart.

She thought it over as she rode down-

town. Her reverent awe was disturbed by a dull sense of unworthiness as she remembered the spirit in which she had gone to the church. "Propelled by Petticoats"—the proudly built phrase started forth from her memory to stand before her accusingly, making her cheeks burn with its flippant meaning. She seemed to see St. Anne looking reproachfully at her from the shadows; and then suddenly her wings spread again, for she felt in herself a messenger of that blessed departed one to maimed and suffering mankind.

Mr. Jenkins was not in when she reached the *Record* office, but she did not wait for instructions about her article. Finding an unoccupied desk, she became so absorbed in her work that the rightful owner had not the courage to dispossess her. With fingers inked to the knuckles by the unaccustomed stub, she wrote as she had never written before.

When she laid her pile of manuscript before Jenkins, two hours later, his lips formed themselves into a whistle of dismay. His idea had been to give the story a column, or less, in a corner where it was his habit to place matter of more or less farcical interest. Mentally he cursed the necessity for boiling down the three-column "story" before him, and it was with no gentle hand that he slapped aside the first page. But as he read, his eyebrows went gradually higher until they were lost in the shock of hair overhanging his face. When he finished he flashed one keen glance at Mercedes, who sat near him, nervously awaiting his verdict, then gathered up the heap of closely written pages and took them to the manager's office.

He was gone for some time. When he came out, Mercedes, who had written most of her elation and all of her strength away, approached him timidly.

"It wasn't quite what I wanted," he said a little dryly, as she looked up at him almost piteously; "but I'll fix it up for use."

She hurried out, and home, to weep herself to sleep.

The managing editor, the very Mikado himself, brought out her story about the time the weeping began.

"Redundant, of course," he said to Jenkins; "but full of fire. Cut out the preaching at the end, and it's the best written stuff we've had for some time. Just send that young woman in to me if she calls to-morrow."

Mercedes did call, of course; a little later than usual, downcast and humble

because of the cutting of the "preaching." That had been the peroration of her story, in which she had admonished her fellows according to the ideals of St. Clement's, warning them that mountains of illness and inefficiency—she had been especially proud of that bit—might still be moved by faith.

She was too new to realize the honor of a position on the editorial page, where a judiciously penciled version of "The Miracle at St. Anne's" had been placed. She felt miserably that she had somehow failed to come up to editorial expectations—her fine phrasing being inadequate to replace the humor which had been desired.

She was scarcely reassured by Mr. Jenkins' message that the manager desired to see her, but she went into his office obediently, looking more like a simple schoolgirl than ever.

"What made you write up that St. Anne story as you did?" asked the great man, after a preliminary greeting.

Mercedes' face flamed, but she answered bravely:

"I went with the intention of—sort of making fun of it. Mr. Jenkins told me to touch it up with a little humor, and at first I saw everything in the laughable light; but afterwards, inside, with all those people kneeling, the light shining over their heads and the incense floating up like a cloud of prayer"—it was the St. Clement's Mercedes who was talking now—"I could not see anything but the right—how faith can do anything, no matter what, once we give ourselves up to it."

Mr. Fordham was looking at her intently, but she went on, the rose in her round cheeks deepening: "I felt that I had committed a sin in wanting to ridicule it, and when I wrote I was just writing my own feelings."

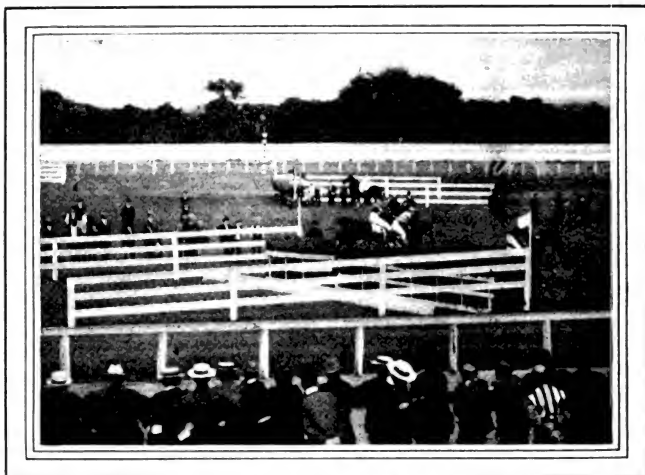
"Well, they do you credit!" was the unexpected and most exalting rejoinder. "There are some places where religion undefiled does a lot of good, and chief of these is a woman's heart. It's a good thing to find some one in earnest occasionally; and if you just keep so, you'll be able to do some good special work for us."

Mercedes clasped her hands rapturously, scarcely able to believe her ears.

"Do you mean it?" she cried happily. "Am I in?"

Mr. Fordham smiled—a more fatherly smile than often found lodgment on his editorial lips.

"You are in," he replied.



OVER A JUMP—A TYPICAL SCENE AT A RACE FOR THE STEEPLECHASE HORSES.

The Thoroughbreds of 1904.

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN MARSTEN.

THE HORSES MOST LIKELY TO BE THE CHAMPIONS OF THE TRACKS DURING THE COMING SUMMER—THE PROSPECT FOR A BANNER YEAR ON THE AMERICAN TURF.

NOWHERE is the American craving for a champion in every branch of sport better illustrated than on the turf. Nowhere does public admiration center with keener enthusiasm than upon the past and present champions of the thoroughbred world.

For the last two decades, each year has brought forward some turf idol which has received its meed of praise from the admiring populace. Some seasons, indeed, have produced several aspirants for championship honors. In this way there has grown up a long list of honor in the thoroughbred world, and hereon are enrolled such classic names as Domino, Tenny, Sir Walter, Racehand, Salvator, Lowlander, Ramapo, Ben Brush, Loantaka, Henry of Navarre, Hamburg, Hastings, Jean Bernard, Pon-

tine, Pessara, Lamplighter, Banquet, and a host of others.

It is the natural desire of every owner of thoroughbreds to possess a champion which will show sufficient prowess to have its name enrolled beside the famous horses of turf history. There are pessimists who decry the racers of to-day, and hark back at every opportunity to the champions of the past. Their opinion, however, does not prevail with horsemen in general.

The present year bids fair to produce a cluster of turf stars. No single horse stood out as the unquestioned champion of 1903. This was in direct contrast to 1902, when Gold Heels was the horse of the year, and no other pressed the son of The Bard and Heel and Toe for the premier honors. Last year, however, it

was impossible to pick a recognized champion, so evenly matched were McChesney, Waterboy, Irish Lad, Africander, and Hermis. In the two-year-old division the task of awarding the blue ribbon was easier, and it was generally admitted that Hamburg Belle and Highball, filly and colt, carried off the honors. It is from the ranks of the older horses, however, that the turf idol is chosen, and not among the two-year-olds, which are only beginning a career.

A BANNER YEAR IN 1904.

Never were the prospects so bright for a banner year on the American turf as in this spring of 1904. The racing associations and jockey clubs are offering richer purses than ever before. In the East, the Suburban Handicap and the Brooklyn Handicap will each have a guaranteed cash value of twenty thousand dollars, while the Harlem National

Handicap, in the West, will be worth fifteen thousand dollars. The value of the American Derby, the great three-year-old classic of the West, will be twenty-five thousand dollars, while for the inaugural running of the Chicago Derby ten thousand dollars is offered.

To compete for these rich prizes some twenty thousand horses will be placed in training. The aggregate value of the thoroughbreds will be more than fifteen million dollars, while the expense of maintaining the various stables will be fully ten millions. The total amount offered in stakes and purses this year in the United States is more than ten millions. From the figures of 1903 it is estimated that the public will pay fifteen millions to see thoroughbreds race during the season, while no less than fifty millions of dollars will change hands between bookmakers and bettors.

These figures, of course, are only ap-



LAND OF CLOVER, THE CHAMPION STEEPLECHASE HORSE OF 1903, WHICH WILL RACE AGAIN THIS YEAR—THE JOCKEY IN THE ENGRAVING IS VETCH.

proximate, but they serve to show what a hold the thoroughbred turf has in America to-day. Some idea of the profits earned by the race-tracks around New York may be gathered from the fact that

St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Memphis, San Francisco, Toronto, Boston, Little Rock, and Louisville.

One of the important events of the year will be the running of the fifty-



MCCHESNEY, THE GREAT WESTERN HORSE THAT WAS A LEADING CLAIMANT OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1903, AND THAT WILL RACE AS A FIVE-YEAR-OLD THIS SUMMER.

one of the prominent associations has paid dividends for the last five years at the rate of fifty per cent per annum. The stockholders of the Metropolitan Jockey Club, which held its inaugural meeting in 1903, received ten per cent the first year.

That the racing fever is contagious, and that the American public wants to see the thoroughbreds compete, may be inferred from the fact that new race-courses are springing up throughout the country. Meetings are scheduled for 1904 at Kansas City, Los Angeles, Hot Springs, and Buffalo, in addition to the regular meetings at New York, Chicago,

thousand-dollar World's Fair Handicap, at St. Louis, in June. It was hoped to attract horses from England, France, Russia, Austria, and Australia to this race, but foreign complications, and the difficulty of shipping horses in training, confined the entries to American-bred animals. The contest, nevertheless, promises to be one of the most interesting of the year, and the winner will probably have a strong claim on the championship of 1904.

The death of William Collins Whitney, the greatest patron of the American turf, came as a heavy blow to all interested in the "sport of kings" in the



HAMBURG BELLE, THE CHAMPION TWO-YEAR-OLD OF 1903, ONE OF THE SPEEDIEST FILLIES SEEN IN RECENT YEARS.

United States, and even in England, but it will not dim the splendor of the present season. The deceased turfman's horses will be campaigned in the colors of his son's partner, Herman B. Duryea, and the immense breeding interests of the lamented master of La Belle Stud will be kept intact and perpetuated.

The loss of the elder Whitney will be most keenly felt at Saratoga. This race-course, often termed the Newmarket of America, was the late millionaire's pride and hobby, and he expended time and money upon it with a lavish hand. It was his desire to make it the equal of the famous English race-tracks, and how well he succeeded those who sojourned at Saratoga during the last racing season know.

THE PROBABLE STARS OF 1904.

It remains to give a brief consideration to the horses which will be seen in public this year, for, after all, it is the horses and not the people or the purses which actually make the sport.

The two-year-olds which will race for

the first time in 1904 need no attention. These are, of necessity, an entirely unknown quantity, and it is useless to speculate about them. Suffice it to say that among them will be the sons and daughters of some of the most famous living sires and brood mares, and doubtless many a coming turf champion will first sport the colors this year.

Of the two-year-olds of 1903, which of course are the three-year-olds of 1904, the best was undoubtedly Hamburg Belle, last year's Futurity winner. Indeed, the daughter of Hamburg is without a doubt one of the speediest fillies seen in recent years. If she can carry out the promise she gave last year, she is sure to win a high place in the annals of the present season.

The rest of last year's two-year-olds were not a lot of world-beaters. Still, there were excellent performers among them. Some of those likely to be heard from during the coming summer are Highball, Magistrate, Broomstick, Audience, Pulsus, Delhi, Palmbearer, Israelite, Conjuror, Dimple, St. Valentine,

Stalwart, Dick Bernard, Adbell, Ort Wells, Ormonde's Right, Beldame, Ocean Tide, Joemud, Baseful, Raglan, Montresor, and Hippocrates.

Some of the richest stakes, including the American Derby, the Chicago Derby, the Lawrence Realization, and the Withers, are for three-year-olds. Moreover, the fact that Irish Lad and Afri-

winning four-year-olds. It will be recalled that Africander, one of the champion three-year-olds of last year, was only an ordinary two-year-old. Irish Lad, on the other hand, was one of the best two-year-olds of his year.

Nor are these uncertainties confined to a racer's second and third years. The same thing applies to the all-aged horses.



AUDIENCE, A LIKELY THREE-YEAR-OLD, AND HER OWNER, CAPTAIN S. S. BROWN, THE WELL-KNOWN PITTSBURG TURFMAN.

cander—two three-year-olds—won the Brooklyn Handicap and the Suburban Handicap last year, defeating in each instance fields made up of the best all-aged handicap horses in training, has induced owners to enter the three-year-olds liberally this year in all-aged events. The progress of the season will test their wisdom in doing so.

In making a forecast for a year of racing, one must remember that the development of a thoroughbred is a most uncertain proposition, and that the horses which will race this summer will all be a twelvemonth older than in 1903. To date there have been no untoward happenings. It does not always follow, however, that the best two-year-olds make the best three-year-olds, or that the speediest three-year-olds develop into

Hermis was the champion three-year-old of 1902, yet he made a sorry showing as a four-year-old in the early part of 1903, and it was not until late in the season that the son of Hermence and Katy of the West showed really good form. Waterboy, which last year divided the four-year-old championship with Me-Chesney, was but an indifferent three-year-old. It is impossible to anticipate the form that a horse will show from year to year.

The four-year-olds which bid fair to be most prominent this year are Africander, Irish Lad, Shorthose, Savable, The Picket, Golden Maxim, Charles Elwood, Hurstbourne, Lord of the Vale, Acefull, Mizzen, Whorler, Reliable, Eugenia Burch, High Chancellor, Injunction, River Pirate, Claude, Meltonian, Grey



WATERBOY, WHICH LAST YEAR, AS A FOUR-YEAR-OLD, WAS MCCLESNEY'S CHIEF RIVAL FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.



MAGISTRATE, OWNED BY AUGUST BELMONT, ONE OF THE BEST TWO-YEAR-OLDS OF 1903.



BROOMSTICK, OWNED BY CAPTAIN S. S. BROWN, A PROMISING HORSE THAT WILL RACE AS A THREE-YEAR-OLD THIS SUMMER.

Friar, Buttons, Stamping Ground, Reservation, and Toboggan. Some of the most likely American horses in training to-day are included in this list, and there is scarcely one which does not stand a chance to become the champion of 1904. Acefull, it may be remembered, was shipped to England to start in last year's Derby. The son of Mirthful, however, failed to make a good showing in the great English classic.

There remains only the all-aged division of horses. The four-year-olds belong by right in this classification, but have already been taken up as a separate class. Waterboy and McChesney—the two champions of 1903—are in the division, as are such well-known performers as Hermis, Heno, Advance Guard, Major Daingerfield, Gunfire, Runnels, Grand Opera, Francesco, Igniter, Hunter Raine, Bonhibert, Herbert, New York, City Bank, Flying Torpedo, and South Trimble, not to name a hundred others.

It is among these horses that the probable winners of the rich spring handicaps are sought. These are the tried campaigners which go lame in the heat of a stirring contest, but walk out of the lameness in less than an hour. These are

the horses which are shipped from one end of the country to the other, and are raced from spring until fall without cessation. These are the bread-winners which race for money as well as glory, and it is from these game old campaigners that the turf idols are usually chosen. Imp, Advance Guard, Banastar, Charentis, Herbert—what names are these to conjure with! How sportsmen love to trust their dollars on the speed and stamina of these equine gladiators!

THE STEEPLECHASE HORSES.

It would be unfair, however, to come to a conclusion without a word bestowed upon the steeplechase division. There are many who care more for a good contest over the jumps than for a dozen races on the flat.

The outlook for the season among the timber-toppers is excellent. There will be no hurdle races, however, for the stewards have decided that this form of sport is too dangerous, as practised in America, and have abolished it. This means that there will be more races through the field, and more money distributed among the 'cross-country performers. The spring meeting of the

Country Club of Brookline, at Clyde Park, near Boston, is always one of the best meets of the year for the steeplechasers. Here the best jumpers in training meet to compete for classic events. The 'cross-country races at Washington are also a great attraction, and the same is true of the events at Morris Park. The

Filon d'Or, Cheval d'Or, The Ragged Cavalier, Mystic Shriner, Rising Sun, Judge Phillips, Zenus, Double Thong, and R. B. Sack.

No American horse has won as much as a hundred thousand dollars in stakes and purses since the time of Sir Walter, a decade ago. There are no less than fif-



IRISH LAD, WINNER OF LAST YEAR'S BROOKLYN HANDICAP, AND ONE OF THE MOST LIKELY FOUR-YEAR-OLDS OF 1904.

fact that gentlemen riders often take the saddle in steeplechases has tended to make these events popular with the hunting clubs, and with society in general.

Land of Clover, a five-year-old gelding, by Flatlands—Lucky Clover, was the champion steeplechase horse of 1903, and won a tidy sum for "Mr. Chamblet." Lavator, the property of J. W. Colt, was a close second; and both these horses will race during the present year. Other steeplechase horses which will be campaigned are Tankard, Adjidaumo, The Virginian, Walter Cleary, Jim Newman,

teen horses this year, however, which have such large "bank accounts" to start the season with as to make it possible that one or more of them will pass that coveted mark. The list includes Africauder, Major Daingerfield, Irish Lad, Advance Guard, Savable, Waterboy, McChesney, Hermis, Gold Heels, Hamburg Belle, Highball, Claude, Mizzen, The Picket, and Shorthose. The amounts which these horses have already won range from eighty-six thousand dollars to the credit of Africauder to thirty-one thousand dollars for Shorthose.

STORIETTES

A Game of Tag.

I.

THE school, Miss Irene declared, was completely demoralized. She demanded the reason for the demoralization as energetically as if she expected the class to rise in a body and chant out its shortcomings mittedly, as the congregation confesses that it has done those things which it ought not to have done. The class looked startled, sheepish or amused, according to its individual proclivities, but made no answer.

"Toby Greenow, you are smiling very knowingly," snipped Miss Irene. "Perhaps you can tell me why none of you are paying any attention to work?"

Toby giggled, and slid down behind his desk as far as was compatible with safety.

"No!" Miss Irene's manner was full of pedagogic acidity. "And can't you, Willie Jones?"

"Please, Miss Irene, I think it's because Toby and Ned——"

"Aw, tell-tale!" "Gabble-gabble-gabble!" "Loose-tongue!" "Can't you be quiet?"

Such were the murmurs that greeted Willie Jones' well-meant efforts to explain the restless, inattentive high spirits of the class. He subsided, red and embarrassed.

Miss Irene, who generally listened to the counselings of wisdom in regard to the management of her difficult class, and seldom faced a direct issue with its members, permitted Willie to keep silence. But she was not lenient toward Toby Greenow.

"Toby Greenow," she said sharply, "you may remain after school. Any other boy whom I catch whispering, nudging, and giggling will also remain after school. I may send him to the principal."

She was determined to be particularly hard on Toby, because her heart, for a conflict of reasons, particularly yearned toward him. The impression prevailed in the class that Toby was "teacher's pet," despite his unlikeness to the customary figure of the teacher's pet. Toby was

round and freckled and ruddy; he had honest, merry, blue eyes and a stubborn young mouth. He had a rough shock of hay-colored hair, one strand of which, at the back of the crown, always waved defiance to the world. Mishap was his daily lot. He tore his clothes and barked his shins; he skinned his knuckles and blacked his eyes, and generally battered himself with a sort of lovable, whole-hearted impetuosity. He was in fact as much like his Uncle Austen Greenow as twelve years old may be like thirty; for Austen was merry and kind and honest, impetuous and hopelessly obstinate.

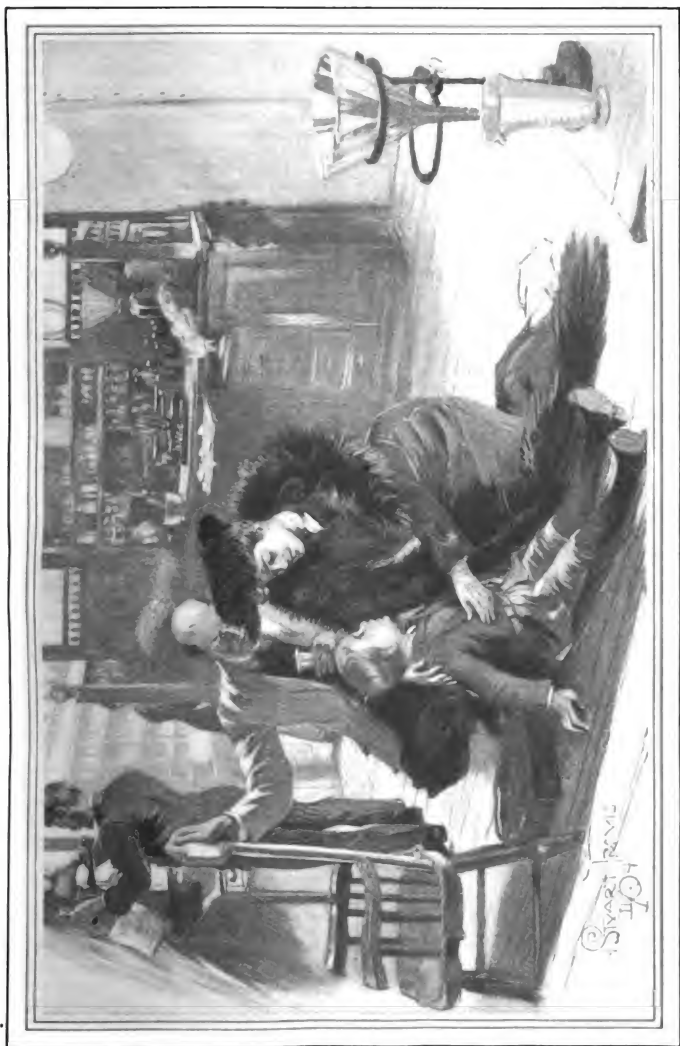
It has been said that among the pupils Toby rested under the suspicion of being teacher's pet. Among the pupils' parents, Austen Greenow's place in Miss Irene's affections was correspondingly fixed.

Miss Irene's work that afternoon proceeded to some such accompaniment as this:

"He will wait for me to come to my senses, will he? He will wait a long time! It isn't a question of what I desire, it's a question of what is right! I waited for an explanation, I am waiting for an explanation. It's only self-respecting that I should wait. No man shall ever think that I cared so much for him as to be willing to sacrifice all womanly pride to my affection. Division A to the blackboard! Division B may read in their geographies. It isn't my fault, and I'll never give in, never! And, oh dear, neither will he! Find the lowest common denominator!"—and so on.

Again and again she reviewed the quarrel with Austen. She revolved in her mind the umts she had been able to fling at him; she took a fatuous pride in their phrasing. But the glow of satisfaction would vanish before the recollection that his retorts had not been without a similar merit. She realized that the original quarrel—her attitude with the new principal, his attitude toward his sister-in-law's guest—was but a trifle in comparison with the mighty structure of offense they had reared upon those slender foundations.

"Thank Heaven for one thing, any way," she said proudly, as the class, with



"LIE STILL, TOBY DEAR. I'M GOING TO TELEPHONE FOR YOUR UNCLE AUSTIN. YOU'D LIKE TO SEE HIM, WOULDN'T YOU?"

the exception of Toby Greenow, filed from the room and began scuffling in the cloak-room. "I am not one of those weak women who are contented to take love on any terms! Either it must be all in all or—Toby, come here and tell me why you were late after recess, and why you and Ned seem to be holding some communication across the aisle."

Toby shuffled to the platform.

"It's this way," he explained, "We've got a game of tag on. He's been tryin' to give me last tag for two days an' he can't! And we were taggin' each other at recess and we didn't hear—that is, we didn't come right along when we heard the bell. And the other boys are watchin', and Ned tries to tag me in school across the aisle, but that ain't allowed. It wouldn't count for a fair tag, I mean."

As usual, Toby's eyes were irresistible to Irene. She relented into a smile.

"Well," she said, "the next time come in when you hear the bell, and don't be noisy in the halls. For this time, I think I'll—"

"Let me go!" caroled Toby. "Oh, goody, Miss Irene! Thank you. If I get out right away, Ned and the fellows will be waitin'."

And like a whirlwind Toby departed, leaving his teacher to make her more measured way to the street.

She picked her path along the sidewalks, hard-packed with snow, with instinctive care. She did not observe the children still lingering about the big school building or dawdling along the homeward road. She was arranging her own future, and she could not give much attention to her immediate present. She would resign in the spring, that was certain! She would accept Aunt Mary's hitherto spurned offer of a position as traveling companion. She would go abroad, study, enlarge her knowledge and her interests, become a brilliant woman of the world, and Aunt Mary's heiress, perhaps. In ten years or so—she could not bear to set an earlier date—she would marry an earl. And then, renowned for learning, wit, presence, beauty—she might as well become a beauty also while she was about it—with wealth and position, she would again visit these United States. And Austen would then realize what his obstinacy had cost him in happiness.

She reached Main Street at this conclusion. Main Street was always crowded, but to-day, with snow-banks in the gutters, delivery wagons and drays dis-

puting the trolley tracks with the cars, it was jammed. There was a clangor of bells and of interchanged courtesies between motormen and drivers. As Irene stood waiting a chance to cross, she heard a shriller clamor in the midst of the hubbub, the "Aw, last tag! Last tag yourself!" of the boys.

She turned to look at them, and Toby Greenow, in a mad effort to elude a pursuer's fingers, dashed against his teacher, sprang blindly over a heap of discolored snow, and came heavily down on the back of his head in the path of an advancing brewery wagon. The sound of a scream was added to the confusion of noises, and then another figure had cleared the snow-drift, had seized the stunned boy, and had dragged him and herself to a spectacular and momentary safety on the fender of a temporarily stalled trolley-car.

When Toby "came to"—behind the prescription counter of the corner drug-store—he blinked for a moment. Then he set his jaw firmly.

"Any way," he announced, "he didn't last-tag me!"

Irene broke into helpless laughter at the boast. She thought of Toby's flying leap, his scattered books, his bumps and bruises, and the doctor alone could say what injuries besides. She saw the great horses of the dray, held back, it seemed, by superhuman strength upon the slippery roadway. Danger had surrounded the child, destruction had poised above him, and this was his vaunt! She laughed hysterically, and one of the clerks hastened to get her aromatic spirits of ammonia. But before he returned she stopped laughing and grew very red. Her mind had cruelly perceived an analogy between Toby and herself—herself, who courted loneliness and the ruin of her hopes that she might make an empty, childish boast!

"Lie still, Toby dear," she whispered. "I'm going to telephone for your Uncle Austen. You'd like to see him, wouldn't you?"

"Yep," said Toby tersely.

II.

Irene resigned that spring, but she did not join Aunt Mary as traveling companion. And Toby, disclosing to a few intimates the events in preparation in his family circle, said:

"You can betcher life I'm glad I'm 'most grown up. If I was a little younger they'd try to make a page outter me, like

they're doin' outer Lionel. They talked about me! And if I'd er been a little older, I'd er had to be best man—Uncle Austen said so. I tell you, I feel I'm comin' out of this right well. A weddin'—wouldn't it make you sick? But I'm goin' campin' with them in August, an' that won't be so bad. Shouldn't think they'd want me, shouldn't you, Ned Waters? That shows all you know about it! I bet you Uncle Austen will be mighty glad to have a man around to talk things over with!"

Katherine Hoffman.

An Idyl of Monterey.

I.

"WILL you send me away like this, Doña Modeste?"

There was an impatient ring in the young man's voice. Had he not pleaded his cause long and earnestly? Was not this his last day? And the Carrillos were never known for their patience.

"Oh, no, Don Bernardo, I would not think of sending you away."

The fringe of dark lashes lifted, and she gave him a mirthful glance.

"But you know I leave at sunrise," he persisted. "I have sold all the horses except the ones we return on, and I have arranged with the agent on the Catalina about the hides and tallow for my uncle. I should have gone three days ago but that I wait your answer."

"Yesterday was a saint's day," she said musingly, as he paused. "Doubtless Don Bernardo was loath to take part in the sports. The foreigners, I heard, knew not which to praise the more for horse-manship, Don Bernardo Carrillo or Don Antonio Feliz." She caught a disdainful look on the listener's gloomy face, and smiled; but she went on, innocently enough: "Don Bernardo, it is extravagance to spoil such a beautiful new sombrero. You will twist it out of shape."

He flung it on the floor of the corridor.

"Tell me," he fiercely demanded, "do you care for that hollow-faced bantam?"

Doña Modeste pulled a thread in the linen she held before answering.

"Don Antonio is a very gallant gentleman," she thoughtfully answered. "His father and mine are very old friends."

Don Bernardo picked up his fine new sombrero and put it on.

"I must be going," he said in a melancholy voice. "I may not come up again to Monterey this year."

But he did not start. Her eyes lifted from her work and rested on the sparkling blue water of the bay spread out before them. They were soft and melting now.

"The sun is getting low," she observed.

His hopes sank again. He followed her glance from under the shade of his broad brim and repeated:

"Yes, it is getting late. I must be going."

Still he did not rise. Doña Modeste snipped her fine threads carefully. He sat moodily silent. A crimson rose gleamed in her dark hair, and he watched the delicate glow in her cheeks deepen and darken under his scrutiny, as if absorbing all the color in the petals above. She put the shining scissors down. It would not do to make mistakes in cutting the threads.

"Doña Modeste," he murmured softly.

She hastily moved her chair away from the plastered wall of the house, and near to the edge of the corridor, where the light was better. Her fingers trembled slightly as she picked up her work.

"You must miss the water when you are at home," she remarked sententiously. "I think I should not like to live where I could not see the ocean."

"We look at the mountains," he answered, "and our canyons are beautiful."

"It must be very quiet," she continued. "We have much going on in Monterey. Don Adam Watson says——"

"I wish he would have nothing to say to you, or you to him!" Don Bernardo broke in irritably. "These foreigners have too much power in our towns!"

"But Don Adam means to settle down here and come into the church——"

"And marry one of our women," the young man fiercely added.

"So he says," she acknowledged. "He gave Father Perato of El Carmelo a new bell for the mission. He is a rich man."

"And so he thinks he can buy his position, his religion, and even a wife from one of our noble families," the jealous lover exclaimed scornfully. "*Señorita*, if I thought——"

Doña Modeste laughed merrily.

"Don Bernardo is very fierce to-day," she gaily cried.

"I must go," he said shortly, rising as he spoke. "I have arrangements to make with my *vaqueros* for an early start."

"Will you not wait until my father returns?" she asked politely.

"I shall doubtless see him at the Presidio as I pass," he answered stiffly.



"TELL ME, DO YOU CARE FOR THAT HOLLOW-FACED BANTAM?"

He had risen, but still he did not go. She carefully folded her work and laid it on the chair he had left vacant.

"Doña Modeste," he entreated, "have

you forgotten the question I asked you? If you will not answer it now before I leave——"

"What will you do?"

He raised his head proudly.

"I shall never ask it again."

She pulled a rose from the bush above them, and held it to her face. The dark eyes were full of tenderness, but he could not see them in the wavering shadow.

"Farewell, *señorita*," he said.

"*Adios*," she murmured.

He flung himself down the adobe steps without one glance behind.

II.

A WEEK passed. After all, Doña Modeste did not find it lively in Monterey. Don Antonio had serenaded her once, playing on his guitar and singing in his high tenor; but Don Antonio's voice was truly bad. Only one new boat had reported at the custom-house, the Mexican brig Fazio, and it would soon leave. If there would only come another saint's day, or a wedding, or—

She looked down the dusty road toward the Presidio. A horseman was approaching. If it were Don Adam Watson she would go inside. He was tiresome, and he spoke the Spanish so poorly. But no! Don Adam could not ride like that. It could not be so soon—and yet it must be—Don Bernardo Carrillo!

She laughed happily as she whispered to herself: "Back, and so soon!"

Don Bernardo tied his horse to the post and walked past the abalone shells straight to the adobe steps.

"You made a quick journey, Don Bernardo," she began.

"Yes," he answered. "I did not expect to return, but I leave to-morrow morning on the Fazio for Mexico. I must go on board at sundown. I stopped to say good-by."

There was a quaver in Doña Modeste's voice when she spoke.

"You go to Mexico?"

"Either that or fight the Indians."

"Is there trouble?"

"Yes, there has been trouble north," he answered. "The governor has given orders for more soldiers, and the general sent out recruiting squads to draft the young men. A friend of mine rode over to warn me of their approach. I hurried back to Monterey, for I knew the Fazio was expected, and she sails to-night."

"It is too bad you must leave California," she said musingly.

"It is no glory to fight Indians," he said stubbornly.

"I know it," she answered. "Is there no other way?"

She knew that there was, and so did he.

"Not for me," he replied.

She looked across at the quiet bay and saw the Fazio at anchor, with its row-boat alongside waiting to come ashore at sunset.

"Is it true?" she began, making a visible effort. "It seems to me I have heard—" She hesitated.

"What?" he asked tensely.

The hot blood dyed her cheeks, and she turned again toward the boat. If the Carrillos were only not quite so proud! If he had not said—all at once she noticed that the small boat was pulling toward the beach. The time was short.

"I have heard my father say," she continued in a low, husky voice, "that they do not draft married men as soldiers."

"It is true," he answered quietly.

She looked out toward the approaching boat with unseeing eyes and waited. Surely she had said enough.

"Doña Modeste," he said softly, for the Carrillos were tender as well as proud, "you know that there is only one condition on which I would dare to stay—or care to."

She did not speak.

"See," he urged gently, "the boat is nearing the beach."

Her head drooped humbly. He bent forward—waiting.

"Stay!" she whispered.

Across the broad bay, gleaming with the colors of the abalone shells, the little boat pulled back toward the sunset.

Elizabeth Griswold Rowe.

Their Girl.

I.

It was a blustering night on snow-clad Broadway, but Ginger McAvoy tramped along with all the leisure of midsummer, because he was incapable of tramping otherwise. A month in a Chicago hospital, and a jolting ride to New York on a freight-car, had loosened Ginger's nerves and sinews. He shivered in his flimsy coat.

"Things is beginning to look tough," he observed.

Then he brightened as he remembered his appointment with Doc Tully at midnight. He had almost forgotten it, for the fever left a queer singing in his head, and his brain played little tricks on him sometimes. Ginger had made Tully's acquaintance on the freight-car, and Tully was going to teach Ginger his business. Therefore Ginger whistled cheerfully in the snow, and wondered if he might not

pick up a quarter from the theater people by scouting cabs out of the long line already in waiting.

McAvoy examined the time-piece in a jeweler's window. He recollected that the theater people were out by eleven o'clock. A policeman jabbed him in the back, and advised him, not unkindly, to move on. He gazed enviously at privileged cabmen, huddled in the shop doors.

A great plow came grinding down the car-tracks, whirring like a supernatural dynamo, tossing about turbulent clouds of snow. The cab-drivers hurried to the heads of their frightened horses. A pair of bays reared viciously, and would have snapped the pole had McAvoy not grabbed the bridle. Their driver stumbled up and mastered them by the reins. Then he addressed Ginger.

"Nice work, young feller," he grunted. Ginger's blue lips twitched. The driver adjusted a buckle. "Waitin' to chase hacks?" he asked.

"Yay-uh," said Ginger. "Kind o' cold!"

"Git in the cab and keep warm," growled the driver.

"Aw, go on!" protested Ginger.

The cabman turned on him fiercely.

"Git in!" he commanded. "What's catin' you? Want to freeze to death?"

McAvoy grinned dubiously, but obeyed. The red-faced driver banged the door and retreated, grumbling.

The carriage was not a private one, but there was a heater in it, and McAvoy became warm and awe-stricken. He had not been in a cab since his wedding-day. The memory caused him to blink moodily at the frost-incrusted window.

"Say, these cushions must be a foot thick!" meditated Ginger, in order to change the current of his thoughts.

He explored with his hand, and found a small leather pocket-book wedged between the cushion and the side of the carriage. Instantly he slid noiselessly out of the door which was farther from the curb, and scurried down the cross-street like a quail. In the glare of an electric lamp he examined his prize. It contained no cards and no money. A name, Paul Cressy Haven, was inked on the flap, and from a compartment Ginger drew out a miniature, wreathed with dusky little jewels.

"Clara!" he gasped.

The exclamation was odd, because the portrait did not resemble Clara in any respect whatever. Clara was the name of Ginger's wife. She had died while Ginger was in the Chicago hospital.

The girl in the miniature had hair of the yellow of the first flush of morning. Her eyes were hazel; her lovely face was amazingly human. Her friendliness tantalized and bewildered.

Ginger secreted the miniature carefully inside his coat. A belated coal-wagon at the corner was discharging its load through an opening in the sidewalk. Ginger dropped the card-case into the hole as he strode over it. As for the jewels, Tully would know how to dispose of them. Ginger was aware of Tully's trade, in which his own apprenticeship was to begin in an hour, and he appreciated the value of personal instruction from the best second-story sneak-thief in the business.

He continued to stare at the picture, and to swing his weight uneasily from one foot to the other. It was as if Clara was looking at him; not the real Clara, who was dead, but Ginger's Clara, who lived only in Ginger's soul. The face reminded him curiously of other women—of a nurse in the hospital, of a teacher at the night-school, of a minister's wife who was good to him once, of his mother. He hoped that the jewels could be removed without injuring the picture. He turned over the frame, and read some tiny letters graven on the back: "V. de V. to P. C. II., 1856."

"Say, she's an old lady by this!" said Ginger.

The saloon door slammed, and a fat, red-bearded man stood on the steps, puffing a cigar ostentatiously. He gave two looks at Ginger, and held out his hand.

"Well, well!" said he. "Ain't seen you for a year. How are they coming?"

"Why, Mr. Ichelberger," mumbled McAvoy bashfully.

"How are they coming?" repeated Ichelberger. "Up against it, eh? You're a pretty good fellow, Ginger. Come down to the joint in the morning and I'll give you a job selling picture-frames. Come down—you remember the number. There's my car;" and he lumbered off through the snow.

"Selling picture frames!" Ginger echoed, caressing the miniature. "A mascot! So help me smoke, a mascot! I'll let Tully rip. I'll stay straight!"

The hazel eyes regarded him approvingly.

II.

POSTED behind a push-cart, Ginger McAvoy sold the goods of Ichelberger. He slept in Ichelberger's stock-room, and

acted strangely by night, brooding over something which he wrapped in a silk handkerchief and showed to nobody. Ichelberger generously ascribed his behavior to his recent illness, lent him an nlster, and warned him against cigarettes.

One morning Peg Davis, who ran the shoe-stand in the rotunda of the courthouse, exhibited to McAvoy a half dollar which one of the judges had given him.

"That's the Carnegie now," said Peg, pointing. "It's Judge Haven."

"Who?" marveled Ginger.

"Judge Paul Cressy Haven. He's the top of the bunch, Paul Cressy is."

Ginger glowered exultantly at the fine old man, whose face and figure reminded him of the statue of Washington in Wall Street. How much would Judge Haven give for the girl who nestled close to Ginger's heart beneath Ichelberger's nlster? Ginger had no intention of ascertaining. The girl was his own. She had told him so.

"Didn't you?" he demanded of the miniature.

To his chagrin Miss Hazel Eyes seemed doubtful. "You swiped me, you know," she suggested; "and the judge, he's had me for nigh onto fifty years. Think it over, Ginger!"

With her assistance Ginger thought it over very carefully. He resented the result of their conference, but at length he yielded, as a gentleman should, and consulted the directory in a drug-store.

III.

ORDINARILY Ginger would have applied at the basement of the house on Madison Avenue, but Ginger with the miniature in his pocket rang the bell of the best door, Cale, the butler, sneered.

"You say I come 'count of a card-case," directed Ginger sternly, and stiffened his wavering knees.

Presently Cale ushered McAvoy into the judge's library, where the judge himself sat by the fire alone. Except for the glow of the coals there was no light in the cavernous apartment. Judge Haven leaned forward in his chair, and one hand played nervously on the carving.

"My servant tells me you are here in response to my advertisement," he said.

"I ain't seen no advertisement, judge, your honor," said Ginger.

"Ah!" The judge leaned back, his fingers drooped between his knees. "Then why——"

"I wants to know, judge, your honor,

begging your respeeckful pardon—I wants to know if you've had a wife," announced the visitor, trying to recall the train of argument he had rehearsed.

Judge Haven arose deliberately, snapped a button in the wainseoting, and examined Ginger in the flood of electric light. He had had a wide experience with the criminal and degenerate classes. To all appearances Ginger was neither drunk nor crazy.

"Yes," said the magistrate quietly. "Mrs. Haven is living. She has been my wife for forty years. Is that all?"

"I reckon that's all," Ginger laid the miniature on the table. "I reckon this is yours, judge, your honor;" and he refolded the silk handkerchief with mechanical precision, corner to corner.

The judge's eyes fastened themselves eagerly on the picture.

"That belongs to me!" he exclaimed. "You are honest, my man. The butler has an envelope for you with the reward." He moved impulsively toward the table. "Yes, that, thank Heaven, belongs to me!" he reiterated, grasping the miniature.

"I don't want no reward," gulped Ginger. "Just give me another look at her, will you, judge, your honor?"

His brain turned tricky, and he reeled. The old gentleman glanced at him sharply.

"What's your name?" said the judge.

"McAvoy," said Ginger.

"Where did you find this?"

"In a card-case outside a theayter in the snow. Your name was——"

"Then you must have kept it a fortnight, knowing it was mine. Why did you do that, McAvoy?"

Ginger was pitifully silent.

"You didn't find it, you pickpocket! You stole it, and now you are frightened or intoxicated, and——"

"What do I care what you say?" cried Ginger thickly. "She knows what's true and what ain't, 'cause she's been my pal, and she knows. She's the one who told me to bring her to you. She talks to me, that picture does. She's my friend. She's talked to me ever since I found her, and she keeps me straight, and brings me luck. She's an angel, and what do I care what you say? What do I——"

He tottered, collapsed sideways, and fell over the armchair. When he awoke he tasted wonderful brandy on his lips, and the judge was bending over him.

"All right!" moaned Ginger. "Lemme out!"

"And the picture—your friend? God

bless my soul, this is a strange story, McAvoy! No—sit down. Try to understand me, my poor fellow. Do you mean that this picture is a real girl to you, that she seems to watch and guide you and speak to you?"

Ginger nodded sheepishly.

"She's my mascot," he murmured.

"What caprice of fate is this?" thought the judge aloud, looking into the coals. "Here is the only person in the world who knows what this picture has been to me for fifty years. She is my guardian, too, McAvoy, my mascot, as well as yours. That is why I must reclaim my girl, whom I have loved so long. I have never been without her until she passed to you."

"But she's alive!" blurted Ginger. "Your wife, this here V. de V., judge, your honor!"

The judge smiled, and reached for a sheet of paper.

"You'll be taken care of in that position, McAvoy, when you're fit to work," said he, writing. "I'll be looking out for you; and so, I fancy, will our girl of the yellow hair and hazel eyes. Cale has an envelope for you, remember."

When McAvoy was at the door, it opened abruptly, and an elderly lady in a gown of jet appeared on the threshold. She frowned at Ginger majestically. The forbidding aspect was heightened by her swarthy complexion and the somber eyes beneath her thick eyebrows.

"Paul?"

"Well, Julia," said the judge, "I'm ready, dear. Before we go let me introduce a good friend of mine. Mr. McAvoy—my wife."

"Wife!" quavered Ginger, aghast at her black hair and dull, heavy face. "Why——"

"Good-night, Mr. McAvoy," said the judge, and smiled again, inscrutably.

Edward Boltwood.

On Thin Ice.

I.

JULIAN sat in his handsomely appointed apartments and glared at the telephone that hung against the wall. And yet it was not all glare in the look he bestowed on the inoffensive instrument in its ebony case capped by the two shining bells. There was longing in the glance, too, and shame, and presently dogged determination as he rose and strode across the room.

"Only to hear her voice!" he mut-

tered. "And what's the harm? It's so easy to do."

He reached out his hand to take the receiver down from its hook, but stayed it midway.

"No!" he said, in a whisper. "I can't be such a cad. She may not know why I call, but I do, and she is his wife!"

He turned quickly away and flung himself on the couch, holding his hands clasped together as if to prevent his yielding to the temptation.

Julian North had never been so hard hit before. Indeed, he told himself that never before had he been in love. He had seen Agnes Carteret but twice, once at the assembly dance and again in her own home, to which that wire just above his head could carry his voice and bring hers back to him in return.

He knew just where she would sit when she talked to him. She had showed him the spot herself. And that was the awful side to the thing, the fact that made it ten times harder for him to conquer his own longings. She had shown so unmistakably that she also cared—not too openly, but there had been none of that holding him off which he might have expected when his eyes, in spite of all he could do, spoke the words his tongue dared not utter. She had told him that she would be at home to-night. They had been speaking of his rooms, into which he had but recently moved, and when he had explained about the position of the telephone, she had suggested—laughingly, to be sure—that if he ever felt what it was to be a lonely bachelor all he had to do was to call up some of his friends at the end of the wire and have a chat.

The thought of all this maddened him now. Resolved to banish it from his mind, he sprang up, and, snatching a magazine from the table, strove to bury himself in the first story to which it opened. But he had read scarcely a page when he flung it from him with a sharp exclamation. It was the tale of a man who was planning to elope with his college chum's fiancée.

Hurrying into his outer garments, Julian left the building and turned into a theater. The curtain was just going up on the second act of some play—he neither knew nor cared what was the name of it—and the heroine was discovered walking grimly about the stage, her mouth set in a firm line, as she packed a handbag with some personal articles preparatory to a journey.

"Mamma, oh, mamma!" came a child's voice, and then the woman broke down

and wept, upset all the things out of the satchel, and, snatching up a man's portrait from the center table, began to shower it with kisses.

Julian waited for no more. Climbing over the person he had just brushed past in coming in, he hurried into the street.

"Is this all that the world is thinking of?" he muttered.

So he went back to his rooms again in sheer desperation. He sat down, his eyes fixed on the telephone again, and began the old battle once more. But suddenly it was interrupted by a sharp whirring sound. The silver bells were pealing forth a summons to him. Instantly his ear was at the receiver, and a tremor ran all through him as he heard *her* voice at the other end of the line.

"Is that you, Mr. North?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered, hoping his heart throbbings would not carry along with his words.

"Do you know who this is?"

"Of course I do. I am awfully glad to see you—I mean to hear you."

"And I should be glad to see you, if you will come up to-morrow night. I am going to be all alone."

A hard look, one of fierce determination, came into his face.

"I will come," he said.

"Oh, how good you are! Good night, then, until to-morrow!"

But it might have been day for all the sleep North got. When he rose the next morning he said to the face that confronted him in the mirror as he shaved:

"You are a villain, and you know it."

Sometimes he felt that he must be a conceited brute, to imagine that a woman as charming in every way as Mrs. Carteret could wreck her life for him. For he realized that that was what it meant. A married woman does not ask a man she has seen but twice to come up and spend the evening with her when her husband is away, unless she cares for him more than she ought to.

By nightfall, Julian scarcely knew himself for the same man. He felt like the villain in a melodrama.

II.

"MRS. CARTERET?" he said briefly to the maid who admitted him to the apartment up-town.

"Mrs. Carteret is not at home, sir," replied the girl, but almost at the same instant a vision of loveliness was framed in the drawing-room doorway and Agnes' voice said:

"Oh, Mr. North, I was afraid you weren't coming, and I was beginning to be terribly nervous. Absurd of me to be so timid, isn't it? But you see I'm not accustomed to New York."

"What an actress she is!" muttered Julian, and his hand almost shook as he held hers for an instant.

"You see Bob and Agnes had this invitation before they knew I was coming," the girl went on, when they were seated, "and as it was a swell, formal affair Agnes couldn't very well ring me in. And I didn't know any other men well enough to ask but you. I don't know you very well, do I? But still, your having been at that dance in Germantown, even though I didn't know it at the time, makes it seem as if we were better acquainted than we really are."

But North's brain had begun to whirl.

"Bob and Agnes?" he repeated. "Who are they? Of course I suppose Bob is your—is Mr. Carteret, but Agnes?"

"My sister-in-law, to be sure—Bob's wife. Why, didn't you know her first name? It's the same as mine. Odd, isn't it?"

Julian wondered if his face expressed the feeling he had of sliding down a precipice, not to destruction, but into a bed of roses, a garden of delectable delights. Everything was clear now; what an ass he had been! In the muddle of introductions he had taken Mrs. Carteret's sister-in-law for herself. "Agnes Carteret" was signed to the invitation she had sent him. And now there wasn't any obstacle, unless she should ever learn in what mood he had come this evening.

"But I am a villain all the same," he told himself. "for it is what a man is willing to do, not what he does, that stamps his character. I've been skating on thin ice, and now it has broken and let me through—into Paradise, I think; a Paradise of which I am not worthy."

Meantime the subject of these thoughts was saying:

"And I'm sure you would be more comfortable, Mr. North, with a cigarette in your mouth. Here, take one of Bob's. It's an awful ordeal for a man who doesn't know a girl very well to feel that he is expected to entertain her for a whole evening, and a smoke will seem to—well, it will break the ice, don't you think?"

Julian took the cigarette she offered him, and breathed a sigh of fervent thanksgiving with the first puff.

Matthew White, Jr.

LITERARY CHAT

MASTER NINE-LIVES.

I am the hero of the tale
That thrills just now the reader's
heart,
And, whether clad in hose or mail,
Right doughtily I do my part.
Six duels every yell I fight
Till shining rapiers clash and bend;
But tremble not; my wounds are slight,
Three hundred pages from the end!

I soon revive, and, single-hand,
I hold a pirate-ridden ship;
Or at a broken door I stand
To smite the red man thigh and hip.
His curdling yell is in mine ear,
The scalp-knife quivers to descend!
You need not feel the slightest fear,
Unless, indeed, you're near the end.

My foe creeps in to take my life,
His bludgeon strikes an empty bed;
I'm poison-proof, I turn the knife,
And, like a witch, I'm safe from lead.
Torch-lit, my cabin walls grow warm,
The fatal clouds of smoke ascend—
Don't give yourself the least alarm,
Three hundred pages from the end!

ENVOY.

Though dead as any herring, I
On restoration still depend;
Could any decent hero die
Three hundred pages from the end?

THE BLINDNESS OF BOSTON—An alternative title for a recent tale of the Hub.

To Anna Farquhar belongs the distinction of having discovered a new Boston, a wonderful city where many strange things happen. Sane and eminently respectable maiden ladies indulge alternately in "tantrums" and in private skirt-dancing to the time of a street organ, with their gray hair hanging about their thin shoulders. Young men moving in the best circles talk about their "vests," and have "k-niption fits" on the stairs of the best houses until buttons fly from those necessary garments. A drunken, spendthrift, convict scion of the English nobility, inordi-

nately proud of his ancestry, inordinately fond of his comfort, which is assured to him by an allowance from his daughter, becomes the leader of a red-flag band of anarchists of various nationalities; and for this band he undertakes to murder a rich leather-merchant. The vengeful, argus-eyed band of anarchists is entirely unaware that the object of their hatred had long ago died comfortably abroad. And meanwhile the English gentleman-anarchist's daughter lives unrecognized in a city where she has been first a restaurant waitress and afterwards the wife of a gentleman of horsey and diamond-wearing tastes.

The volume is called "An Evans of Suffolk"—*Evans* being the "chesty" dipsomania whom the far-sighted red-flag brigade has chosen as a leader. "The Blindness of Boston" would be a more appropriate title, for none of the events chronicled could have occurred in any town where the normal standard of sight prevailed.

DANGERS ABROAD—A novel which shows that the development of "the artistic temperament" is one of these.

Miss Jessica Murney, of the United States of America, had to travel from the White Mountains to Dresden to develop an artistic temperament. She had started out equipped with a glorious voice, an excellent digestion, and a fondness for laughter, for tennis, for weaving flower chaplets, and for other wholesome delights. Under the influence of the people she met in her Dresden *pension* she learns to feel vague yearnings about life and destiny. She travels here and there, and each new *pension* adds to her temperamental verbosity. She "has fits," to speak vulgarly, over the Alps, and the moonlight causes strange manifestations in her.

Mr. Theodore Hughes, of England, for whose society Miss Murney had had a liking in the tennis days, flees to South Africa as her mania develops, feeling, like any sensible man, that Boer bullets were to be preferred to Jessica's new-found soulfulness. Herr Werner, of Germany, remains to add fuel to the

flame of the poor girl's folly. Meantime she is having those musical triumphs which occur with such reassuring frequency in fiction. But by and by, when most of the *pensions* of Europe have been exhausted by *Jessica* and her author, she is allowed a return to sanity and to *Theodore*—in a way not too violently disturbing to temperament.

"The Pensionnaires" is the name of this volume of terrible warning, and Albert R. Carman is its author.

THE CAD AS HERO—This time, for a refreshing change, he is a masculine creation.

Generally it is a woman writer who describes a cad and rests blandly under the impression that she has created an irresistible hero. But occasionally a man succeeds in doing the same thing; as for example in "A Parish of Two," a tale which may be characterized as cheap melodrama worked out through the unusual medium of letters.

Douglas Dayton is the particularly unpleasant "man of the world" in this instance. He is a person who sneers at his own wife, makes a coarse variety of love to another man's, attempts murder—which is a comparatively decent impulse, for him—and relates all these circumstances to his friend *Percy Dashiell*, a disabled clergyman. He is a creature of bilious soul, with a positively feminine mania for self-revelation—a combination which his creator seems to think irresistible. To the average mind he is a vulgar bore, while his friend the clergyman is a sentimental one.

The blame for the book is fortunately not be laid all on one man's shoulders. It had two authors, Henry Goelet McVickar and Percy Collins.

NEW TALES OF THE GHETTO—Bruno Lessing's "Children of Men" a study in the many-sided life of New York's lower East Side.

A good many years ago, when the *New York Journal* was less "yellow" than it is now, it used to print little stories of the various phases of New York existence. Among these were some brief sketches of the Ghetto, written by Rudolph Block.

In their necessarily restricted compass, Mr. Block's sketches were vivid pictures of the seething life of Hester,

Orchard, Rivington, and the other Jewish streets. In them one saw learned Talmudists expending the whole of their erudition to cheapen a piece of fish in the huckster's cart. One saw the virtuous married women in their hideous wigs, and beheld their wagging disapproval of the American-hatted maidens of the quarter. There were hints, too, of the more poignant life of the section, the homesickness of the aliens, the ancient pride of the despised race, the tenderness of home ties, the misery of poverty—glimpses of all that goes to make the life of the poor Jews more dramatic and more picturesque than that of the poor of any other race.

In Bruno Lessing's "Children of Men" all the same things are seen. They are painted on a larger canvas, and with the patient skill and the reserve which people who have never tried to practise those qualities call "a natural gift for writing." They have the same humor as Mr. Block's work, the same underlying sympathy. And the other day the resemblance between the spirit of the new book and that of the ephemeral sketches was explained when it was announced that Bruno Lessing was Rudolph Block.

Mr. Block is a young man, not beyond the early thirties, and he has written "Children of Men" while engaged in all manner of laborious journalistic work, including the editing of a comic Sunday supplement. This gives promise for the accomplishments of his future, should that become less strenuous.

"TEMPERAMENT" IN A HERO—Is not Mr. Howells a traitor to the tribe of little authors in so relentlessly revealing their mental methods?

Mr. Howells is known to all young writers as the kindest critic that ever hated to pain a struggler. He is all that is gentle and helpful; there seems to have been no poison of arrogance or jealousy mixed in his nature. All the faults in his judgment of living writers, especially beginners, are those of too much hope and leniency. Nevertheless, it seems that the veteran novelist has been false at last to the brotherhood of the little wielders of the pen. He has taken one of them as a hero in "Letters Home."

Often a sapient critic advertises his wonder that a woman writer will ruthlessly reveal the tricks and littlenesses of

her sex. In "Letters Home" there is room for speculation whether the author has not been guilty of a somewhat analogous treachery to the "temperamental" writers. Was it fair of Mr. Howells to show the young man in all his copy-seeking fever? Was it kind of Mr. Howells to let the whole world know that every emotion, every grief, every experience, means for the individual who has their particular sort of "temperament" so much more material for "copy"?

In one respect "Letters Home" is a revelation—the way in which the dean of American fiction writers knows the city from which the letters are written. There is no particular show of "color," but the absolute certainty of the descriptive touch, the complete intimacy with all the phases of metropolitan life in which the scenes are laid, might well move the envy of the oldest inhabitant. It is a vile phrase—and one of which Mr. Howells' hero might have been guilty in his early career—but Mr. Howells "knows his New York."

ELIZABETH AGAIN—She grows more self-satisfied than ever with the passing years.

It seems ungrateful as well as ungracious to say it, but *Elizabeth*, *Elizabeth* of the German garden, mother of the April baby and the other babies—*Elizabeth* is capable of being tiresome. One has suspected her of a certain degree of complacent self-satisfaction as she has revealed herself in her successive tales, and in the latest there is no doubt about it. "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen" prove it.

They are amusing, after the mild fashion of *Elizabeth's* adventures. She has not lost her sense of humor. Her coachman, *August*, is a character; her maid, *Gertrud*, would be one if her sprightly, self-approving mistress would give her a chance. But *Elizabeth* is so thoroughly alive to her own charms, to her wit, to her humorous reasonableness, to her prettiness and the prettiness of her way of living, to her piquancy and her philosophical gaiety, that she will not spare the space for much delineation of others, unless they will throw her own disposition and circumstances into rosy relief. *Cousin Charlotte* does that in the "Adventures," so that *Cousin Charlotte* has a good deal of attention. The poor thing was married to a German savant of sixty, had six children in rapid succession, lost

them, and tried to fill out her empty life with the interests and work that appealed to her, much to the scorn and distaste of the comfortably placed *Elizabeth*.

If the very clever writer of these Elizabethan tales would give that slightly snobbish, entirely complacent lady a rest, and draw for us, if she can, a woman who is capable of some passion, of some humility, we shall be her debtors. As for *Elizabeth*—her ease and grace of manner are saved by only a slim margin from absolute smugness.

"MY FRIEND PROSPERO"—Henry Harland's new novel is a story of the Dresden china sort.

It would be interesting to follow the mental steps that have brought Henry Harland from the stern fatalism of "As It Was Written" and "The Yoke of the Thorah" to the Dresden china prettiness of his recent books. The latest of these, "My Friend Prospero," is more aptly described by that overworked adjective "dainty" than by any other word in the language.

The thread of the story is of the slenderest. It concerns a young Englishman, heir to a title, lodging with a priest near an old palace in Lombardy, in a wing of which is staying the sister of the Austrian prince who owns it. The Englishman and the princess fall in love, each believing the other to be of inferior rank, but everything ends happily.

There is so little plot to "My Friend Prospero" that the interest of the book is largely dependent upon its atmosphere and the way in which the characters are handled. Mr. Harland makes us feel the beauty of the Italian landscape, the heat of the Italian sun, the charm of the Italian character. This last is exemplified by *Annunziata*, the priest's eleven-year-old niece, who is a delightful child, a mixture of sagacity and simplicity as charming in her way as Mrs. Wiggins' *Rebecca*. *Annunziata* is peasant-born, and for that reason a welcome relief from the aristocratic personages who surround her; for, to tell the truth, the social atmosphere of the book is "classy" to a somewhat trying degree.

Lady Blanchemain, the *deus ex machina* of the story, is the kind of woman described in the pages of "smart" books as "essentially *grande dame au bout des ongles*." The hero is possessed of "manifest good breeding," and is also "very much a man of the world." The heroine,

being a serene highness, is of course all that is desirable; and even the one American introduced is a baronet, though he does not use the title, and a lineal descendant of Alfred the Great.

Owing to the hero's poverty and his fear of being refused by the heroine, he conducts his love-making in a tentative manner, and always in the third person—which, exasperating as it is to the reader, must have been doubly so to the girl. A timely settlement of two thousand pounds a year upon him by his uncle, and a further allowance from *Lady Blanchemain*, enable him to look the whole world in the face, and he leads off the serene highness in triumph, she wisely considering that a prospective English peerage is equal to sixteen Austrian quarterings.

"My Friend Prospero" has charm and atmosphere, and can be read from cover to cover in three hours, but its author has reached the limit as regards tenuity of plot.

A STYLE TRANSFERRED—In her new book the Baroness Von Hutten tries covering large canvases with the miniaturist's tools.

There was a charming flavor about "Our Lady of the Beeches." The indeterminate final tragedy belonged so essentially to the school of polite comedy that it wrung no reader's heart, while the graceful badinage, the sublimated flirtation, which had led to it were delightful. In "Violett" the same style is transferred to another circle of society and of thought, and the result is as inharmonious as if the ambitious lady had attempted to do a battle-piece with the delicate tools of the miniaturist.

Violett was the son of a man who had been hanged, and the people whom he meets in childhood and later give him small chance to forget the fact. His native shyness and plaintiveness are, of course, intensified by the mental isolation in which he is forced to live. When he comes to London, at eighteen, he casts in his lot with people of the sort he has already known—stars of the 'alls, trapeze performers, musical prodigies, and the like. He is a very sensitive plant indeed. When he hears the theatrical lady whose plump and powdered advances he had felt obliged to repulse telling that his father was hanged—she says "hung"—he is wounded. Still more bitterly does he feel the situation when the

young woman whom he was going to marry throws him over because of the undignified mode of his father's death, and marries the stage villain instead.

Violett goes away and has London bridge adventures, being rescued from starvation and perhaps suicide by a young woman whose character is summed up in the fact that she had black eyes and a gay hat. Afterwards he falls in with a musical genius who trains him, and later he meets his old love again. The stage villain having lived up to his rôle in private life, she is quite willing to forget that *Violett's* father was hanged.

But *Violett* has studied music to some purpose. He wants to abide in "harmony." So he kisses his old love's hand reverently, which isn't "at all what the lady meant," as Mr. Kipling says, and advised her to remain harmonically with the villain. Then he goes down to the sea and lives in meditative calm until he dies saving the life of the villain, who naturally turns up very drunk in a leaky boat.

A sad jumble of incoherencies the book is, though told with the delicate, artificial distinction of style which made the earlier story delightful—which is as sad and wasteful and "inharmonious" as if the author were to treat a worthy cabbage to mushroom cookery.

THE CHILD REFORMER—Clara Louise Burnham portrays a nine-year-old Christian Scientist.

Thanks to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the child reformer bids fair to become a permanent feature in our literature, but, it is only fair to say, in a form which is a great improvement upon its early prototype.

The child reformer of thirty years ago was a young person distressingly prone to ask the casual visitor if she were saved, and to lecture her elders on the sinfulness of wearing feathers. Her views on the proper observance of the Sabbath obtained undue prominence, and through her pious insistence wine and tobacco were eliminated from the home. All this has been changed. The up-to-date child reformer does her work more unobtrusively, but none the less effectively.

The most recent of these young heroines is *Jewel*, a full-fledged Christian Scientist at the age of nine, and yet as childlike and lovable as if she had never heard of the formulas which sound

doubly curious on such young lips. *Jewel* is deposited with her grandfather, whom she has never seen, to spend six weeks while her parents are abroad. Her grandfather is a rich broker living in one of the suburbs of New York, and caring more for his horses than anything else, for his life has been embittered by the wayward conduct of his sons. A grasping daughter-in-law and her daughter have quartered themselves upon him, and it is to a household composed of such conflicting elements that *Jewel* comes, with her sunny disposition and her innocent belief that she is welcome.

When the housekeeper tells her that candy is indigestible, *Jewel* replies:

"How do you suppose your stomach knows what you put into it?"

When *Dr. Ballard* is called in to prescribe for *Jewel's* cold, she declines to take medicine, because "Jesus Christ would have used drugs if they had been right." She also contends that she wouldn't have been sick if she hadn't believed in a lie instead of denying it.

Despite the fact that there is no such thing as sickness, *Jewel* has some success as a "healer." She cures her grandfather's horse of a sudden attack of colic, and, what is far more wonderful, her grandfather's coachman of a taste for whisky. She converts her cousin *Eloise* to the truths of Christian Science, and wins her way—a more difficult task—to the heart of the housekeeper, a disciplinarian of severe demeanor; all of which is a pretty good record for six weeks.

But whatever may be thought of *Jewel's* religious beliefs, she herself is a delightful child.

"SANCTUARY"—The strength and the weakness of Edith Wharton's latest book.

In "Sanctuary," which is a study in psychology rather than a novel, Mrs. Edith Wharton treats, with her accustomed skill and power to charm, of a young man's hereditary weaknesses overcome by his mother's watchful devotion.

Kate Orme discovers in *Denis Peyton*, her fiancé, an unsuspected weakness of character, and an obliquity of moral vision, that fill her with dismay, and bring her almost to the point of breaking the engagement. Then there comes to her the feeling that *Denis*, if released, is likely to marry some one to whom he would not confess his failings as he has

confessed them to her, and that with this deception between himself and his wife, their children would be born to an inheritance of moral weakness and lack of fiber. She resolves to save *Denis'* unborn progeny from this taint, and consents to the marriage.

The second part of the book finds *Mrs. Peyton*, now a widow, settled in New York with her son *Dick*, who, after a course at the Beaux Arts, has come home to practise his profession of architecture. Talented and successful as a student, his ability has met with no immediate recognition in New York, and his mother is waiting anxiously to see if he can stand the test of failure.

He has entered a competition for a design for a Museum of Sculpture, and feels that his future career depends upon the result. What also hangs upon it is his engagement to *Clemence Verney*, an ambitious young woman who has given him to understand that if he is successful she will marry him. A very talented friend of *Dick's*, *Darrow* by name, has also entered the competition, but dies suddenly a week before the entries are closed, leaving a letter for *Dick*, in which he tells him to use his plans if he can get any good out of them. *Dick* shows this letter to his mother, who thus becomes aware of the temptation to which he is exposed, for *Darrow's* plans are better than her son's.

The rest of the story is given over to the struggle in *Dick's* mind, and to a description of the intense feeling with which his mother awaits the result, wondering if her sacrifice, made years before, is to prove of no avail.

Mrs. Wharton treats the subject with her accustomed skill, though the lessening degree of humor in her recent books is to be regretted. Her deftness in characterization remains unchanged, and the cleverness of touch which with a few words places a personality clearly before the reader's eye is shown in her description of *Clemence Verney*, a girl of to-day, clever, ambitious, and as hard as she is brilliant.

Unfortunately, the incident upon which the development of the story depends is its one weak point. Self-sacrifice for the sake of the living commands our admiration; for the sake of the dead, our respect; but the sacrifice of the living is almost too Quixotic to stir the average reader's enthusiasm. Feeling as she did, *Kate Orme's* reasons for marrying *Denis Peyton* came perilously near absurdity.

The Capture of Atbarac.

A ROMANCE OF WAR TIME IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY GEORGE OWEN.

I.

THE town of Atbarac lay somnolent in the morning light of a dry season day. As it was on the west coast, the sun had not yet risen above the mountain behind it, but the clear air of the Philippines showed up every object on the shore with wonderful distinctness.

Aguinardo's banner floated over the small so-called fort that commanded the entrance to the harbor with a single gun, while outside a little forty-ton gunboat, the *Basco*, rolled slowly on the oily swell.

As the sun topped the mountain and shot its first beams direct to the gunboat, the quartermaster on the bridge, the only living being in sight, looked carefully around the horizon. Then, with a sigh of resignation at his failure to see anything but water and sky, he walked over and struck six bells.

A young naval officer's head came into view above the coaming of the after hatch.

"Anything in sight, Williams?" he called.

"Nothing, sir," replied the quartermaster.

A frown of disappointment settled for a moment over the officer's face as he stepped up on deck and threw himself into the steamer-chair that occupied most of the combined quarter deck and poop.

Ensign Walters fell to pondering over the reasons for his orders not to make a serious attack on Atbarac. Other gunboats had captured just as important ports as this one, and it hurt his pride not a little that he had been forbidden to undertake what officers no older than himself had successfully accomplished. His spirits sank lower and lower until his thoughts turned, as they always did, to the Girl. His spare time was largely spent in this pleasant mental exercise, its sameness being relieved by the fact that he had to conjure up her face from his remembrance, as he had no picture of her.

His memory dwelt most often on the night of his graduation ball—that night

when, after the last glorious waltz, he had had the words on his lips, but his heart had failed him.

Next day there had come the unexpected orders to the Philippines. Two and a half years had gone by. In his letters he had told her of his hopes and plans, of his successes and failures, of his promotion, of all the details of his life; and at last he thought he saw in her letters some encouragement for his hitherto unspoken question.

One day, when he was looking at a photograph of her, she had told him that there was no other like it, and had added, half laughing, half serious, that she intended to give it to her future fiancé. Three months ago he had written to ask her to send him that picture.

His pleasant thoughts were interrupted by a call of "Sail ho!" from the quartermaster.

"Where away?" he answered, springing to his feet and picking up his binoculars.

"On the starboard beam," was the reply.

From the northward a large *banca* was approaching rapidly, her sail set to receive the greatest advantage from the fresh northeast trade-wind.

The gunboat woke to life in a moment. With a clang of the engine-room gong, she turned and headed inshore. With her crew at quarters, she took up a position before the entrance to the harbor.

The *banca* swept down toward them, and at a short distance rounded to and took in her sail. A young officer in the natty white uniform of a new arrival from the States stood up and hailed the *Basco*. Upon being answered, he informed the ensign, and incidentally the crew, that he had orders to report as "second in command," and that he had mail for them. These formalities over, he called:

"Well, Walt, how do you find it?"

"Hello, Billy! Hurry alongside with that mail. How did you happen to get caught for this packet?" replied Walters, also unbending at the end of the formal report.

"Asked for it," said Pickens, the most famous guard of his time at the Naval Academy. He hoisted himself on board with one sweep of his powerful arms, and the classmates clasped hands. "I couldn't let you have all the glory."

"Rot!" said Walters, glancing dismally at the town. "Don't try to run me, or I'll call away the crew and have you heaved overboard, since I can't do it alone!"

"I'm not running you. It's the real thing. I happened to hear that you were cut out for a good job, so I volunteered to assist."

"How very kind of you! What is it?"

"Well, if everything had gone right, you might be giving the *presidente* of Atbarac the water cure before noon today. But I'll start at the beginning, and let you have all of it. You know, I didn't leave the States till six weeks ago, so I didn't get to the Bemington till last Monday. The day I joined the ship I heard that she was to cover the landing of Wheaton's column, about forty miles up the coast, and that a big scrap was expected. Wheaton hasn't as many men as he ought to have, and Rical, the insurgent leader, has 'em to throw away. The place selected for the landing is very easily defended, so a foxy scheme was evolved to call off part of Rical's forces to this place."

"What, here to Atbarac?" queried Walters.

"That's it," Pickens continued; "and the plan would have succeeded beautifully if I hadn't happened to come along then, unassigned, and ready for the first mooccupied billet. You see, I was supposed to arrive the day before yesterday, but when I hit the northern end of this island I thought that it was that bunch of greens that lies up here to the northwest, and started down the east coast. After I discovered my mistake, it took me until to-day to work back and get down here. You were to make false attacks on the town here, and push them fairly hard, so that Rical would be led to believe that this is to be the point of attack and send a lot of his men here. This morning you were to go in and capture the place, if you could; at any rate, to keep them so busy that he wouldn't be able to send any of them back when the firing began up the coast. The captain looked rather dubious when I volunteered to come along and let you know about it, and I guess I'll see my finish when he finds how I've mixed things. Did you ever see such luck? Just when every-

body was forgetting about my running that launch on the rocks at Santiago!"

"Well, we can give them a busy morning as soon as we have had breakfast," Walters said. "You say the attack was to be made at eight o'clock? Well, that will make it about right."

The quartermaster had sorted the mail, and upon receiving his, Walters led his friend down below to the tiny cabin.

"There are just two staterooms, so we shall be very comfortably fixed. Take the one on the port side for yours. You'll excuse me a moment, old man, won't you?" said Walters, stepping into his room and hastily running over the little bundle of papers, letters, and advertising pamphlets that he had received.

With a sense of bitter disappointment he failed to find the coveted photograph. There was but one letter from the Girl; and in it, Walters thought with a jealous twinge, she seemed to have much to say in praise of Billy Pickens, and how nice he had been to her during the two months he had spent at Annapolis—and that was about all. It was not a very satisfactory letter, and Walters' spirits fell.

The breakfast was not as appetizing or as happy as the ensign had anticipated. As his disappointment was still fresh, and he did not care to talk about it, he did not ask Pickens about the Girl. The meal passed without her name being mentioned. Pickens rattled on at a great rate over what would befall Atbarac when he got turned loose, occasionally rallying Walters upon his lack of spirits.

At last the meal ended, and they went up on deck to make arrangements for the attack.

II.

At eight o'clock, the Basco steamed slowly into the entrance of the harbor. From the bridge of the gunboat the natives could be seen running to their defenses. The gun-crews were on deck, lounging against the rail near their guns, and idly speculating on what sort of a fight the "gugus" would put up. The position of the insurgent gun had been changed, and Walters and Pickens searched the shore with their glasses to find it.

As the Basco rounded the point and stood in straight for the town, a report came from the shore, and with a shrill whine a one-pounder shell passed over her foremast. A slight brownish haze hung for a moment at the foot of a great mango tree at the left of the town, and

then disappeared. Both officers picked it up with their glasses.

"At that mango tree at the left of the town—fifteen hundred yards—commence firing!" and the one-pounder on the Basco's bow barked back its message of death.

The gun on the beach sent another and another shell closer to the vessel, and then its fire suddenly ceased. It had jammed, or the crew had deserted it.

The Basco swung in toward the big tree and began to feel her way closer and closer to the beach, a boat's crew lowering a boat on the protected side.

"This looks a little too easy," said Walters, anxiously scanning the beach. "They have too many men there to give up like this. We'll probably hear from them in a few minutes."

As the gunboat steamed slowly in, lessening the distance to the tree, Pickens, who had come up on the bridge to receive his instructions about landing, watched the scene for a few minutes, and then his thoughts strayed lightly to other things.

"Say, Walt, while I was waiting up in Manila for a chance to join the Bennington, I met the prettiest little *mentizo* you ever looked at. By Jove, that reminds me;" and he reached into the front of his blouse, turning towards Walters with a smile.

With the words he suddenly turned, and, lurching sidewise, fell without a sound. At the same instant the quartermaster, heaving the lead at the other end of the bridge, straightened up from the swing he was about to make; the lead line slipped through his fingers, and with a strangled cry he pitched headforemost into the bay.

"Hard aport! Bring her broadside to the beach so the Colt gun will bear!" shouted Walters to the man at the wheel, and then, amid the rising sounds of the fight, he bent anxiously over the silent body of his comrade.

The shell had plowed a furrow across Pickens' left breast, and, breaking his left arm, had passed on over the gunboat. Walters saw all this at a glance—and more. In Pickens' right hand was a crumpled envelope, and beside him lay a picture, face up, one corner of it shot away. It was the photograph of the Girl. Walters stood for a moment.

Mechanically he noticed that the artery in Pickens' left arm was cut, and he began to count the heart-beats as the blood jetted, rapidly dyeing the bridge with its ruddy hue.

He turned and looked at the man at the wheel; the sailor's attention was absorbed in watching the progress of the fight. Pickens would be dead in a few minutes if—if—

Walters turned and looked down at the prostrate form, and then his gaze traveled to the picture of the Girl. The questioning look he read there brought him to himself, and with the cry of one awakening from a horrible dream he sprang forward and knelt beside the form of his friend.

A tourniquet on Pickens' wounded arm and a bandage on his breast stopped the bleeding. Placing him in as comfortable a position as possible, the young officer turned and picked up the photograph. The smiling eyes looked up into his with a faith and purity of spirit that nearly unmanned him. Hastily replacing it in the envelope, he returned it to the torn pocket of the coat which he had rolled up to form a pillow for Pickens' head.

He turned his attention to the fight, which, though it seemed to him to have already lasted for hours, was really but beginning.

The gunboat lay broadside to the beach at a distance of about nine hundred yards, the tide slowly sweeping her closer in. On the forecastle lay a silent figure; at the gun two more men fought grimly on, unmindful of the pain of Mauser rifle wounds. From the stern came a rattle which told the ensign that the Colt gun was in action.

As the gunboat passed the large tree, with its evergreen leaves forming an immense screen, he saw why the resistance had been so fierce. The gunboat had passed the end of the line of defenses, and could take them in reverse. The steep side of the mountain precluded escape in that direction; the rice field in front of the trenches formed a barrier, while the open plaza in the rear could not be crossed while the gunboat stood across the path to safety. He had the enemy in a trap.

And presently a white flag rose and fell, to be followed by a dozen—shirts, handkerchiefs, anything, to let the Americans know that another insurgent force had turned *amigo*.

An hour later, General Rical and six hundred of his men were encamped on the Plaza under the guns of the Basco, their arms secure under guard in the basement of the convent.

Pickens was tenderly carried to the house of the *presidente*, and placed in the best bed the house afforded. All that day

and late into the night he raved in a delirium in which he fought over his old football battles or told of his love affairs; but, much to Walters' surprise, the name of the Girl was unmentioned.

At eleven o'clock the wounded man suddenly became conscious. His mind immediately reverted to the subject that had been in his thoughts at the moment when he was stricken down.

"Did I lose that photograph?" he said feebly.

"I guess this is it," Walters answered, drawing it from the blouse that hung on the wall.

"I thought I had it in my hand when I was hit," the other went on. "I'm glad I didn't lose it. It belongs to you, old man. I was—pretty badly gone, and meant to ask her a question—the day before—I came away—but she told me—about you—and I asked her—if there was anything—I could take to you—and she gave me that and—a letter. I promised to deliver them, but when I saw you—I forgot them for a while in our—"

The wounded man's strength was failing him, and with a few more whispered words that his comrade could not catch, he relapsed into unconsciousness.

III.

TREMBLING all over, Ensign Walters took the letter from the pocket of his

friend's blouse. It was written in the hand he knew so well, and he read it slowly. One sentence stood out clearly from the others:

I only hope that you will be able to find mirrored in this picture some of the love I have for you; the true faith I have in your goodness, manliness, and courage.

He walked unsteadily over to the door, and, throwing it open, looked out into the quiet night.

The shaft of yellow light streaming through the open door was reflected, unseen by Walters, in the cruel eyes of a little brown man dressed in white linen, crouched behind the bushes in the *presidente's* garden. The Filipino raised the Mauser pistol in his hand, and covered the silent figure in the doorway. As he hesitated, he saw the young officer raise a broken bit of pasteboard to his lips and kiss it with something that sounded like a sob.

The pistol wavered for a moment; then, thrusting it back into his belt, Rical slipped back into the sheltering darkness, straightened up, and, without a backward glance, took the trail that led over the mountain.

The light from the door suddenly ceased as Ensign Walters stepped back into the *presidente's* house, and the tropical night resumed its sway, spreading its velvety mantle of blackness and silence over the captured town.

TRUANT LOVE.

Love has gone a-truanting
Down the aiseways of the spring—
Down the aiseways dense and dim;
He has ta'en my heart with him.
"Oh, return!" to him I cry;
Not a word he makes reply;
"For my loss requite me, pray!"
Is it echo answers "Nay"?

Love has gone a-truanting,
Left me only sorrow's sting,
And the longing and the ache
Lovers know for Love's dear sake;
Though I follow, lithe and fleet,
Ever Love hath nimbler feet;
Who is there that wotteth of
Aught that will avail with Love?

Love has gone a-truanting!
Yet I dream some magic thing—
Something subtler than the sense
Grasps, will yield a recompense;
Hope will whisper, while I yearn,
That the wanderer may return;
Ah, the bliss, the ecstasy,
Should but Love come back to me!

Clinton Scollard.

CITY PLAYGROUNDS.

BY BERTHA H. SMITH.

HOW THE OLD-FASHIONED IDEA OF A PARK HAS BEEN MODIFIED IN THE INTEREST OF THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR—THE PUBLIC PLAYGROUND MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK AND OTHER AMERICAN CITIES, AND IN EUROPE.

AN acre of boys, big and little, running races, swarming over the apparatus of an outdoor gymnasium; an acre of girls of the varying ages between pig-tail and pompadour, swinging, playing games, or hanging in a deep fringe about "teacher"; and in a corner, apart from the others, in a big box roofed for protection from the sun, some scores of tiny tikes whose single slip of a garment leaves one to guess at their sex—this is Seward Park, New York's big East Side playground.

All day, every day during the school vacation, and every afternoon and all day Saturday during the school term, the picture is the same.

In the gymnasium boys are flying through the air on swinging rings, suspended often by arms that look scarcely equal to the task; other boys are learning to chin the horizontal bar, to do a hock swing or some of the more difficult turns, or to bring themselves to a hand-stand on the parallels. For want of room on the apparatus, others are left to look on with more or less envy and admiration while they wait for their turn.

At one side, on a well-packed cinder track, pairs of boys are matching lungs and legs in a seventy-five or hundred-yard dash; and in the space between the gymnasium apparatus and the track games of basket-ball, hustle-ball, or hand-ball are going on.

How noses, eyes, and arms are kept intact in such a crowd is the secret of that particular divinity which is reckless childhood's own. Of course there are hurts now and then, honestly come by, giving a fellow the chance to show of what stuff he is made. There are hurts, too, less honestly dealt; for fighting is by no means a lost art among the boys of the tenements; the millennium is too far off. But one accident a day is a fair average. That it is not more is due to the watchfulness of the instructors,

two for the boys and two for the girls, who, together with a park policeman and a park guard, have their hands full with such a wholesale ebullition of animal spirits.

As for the girls, there are the same swarms, the same restless energy, the same insatiate hunger for play as with the boys. If there were nothing but rows and rows of swings in the girls' yard, most of them would be content, for swinging is their dearest delight. The swings are never idle, and there are always long lines of girls waiting to be next.

It is at the swings that boys and girls part company in the graduation of play. They begin together in the sand-box; and in the baby swings, with straps like those of a high chair to hold the little ones in, together they tick away the time of their babyhood. Beyond this the paths diverge, the boys passing on to gymnastics and athletics, the girls to swings without straps, then games, and still more games. But ever and always the girl will turn from her game for a chance to swing; and of a Saturday afternoon in summer, when factory girls have a half holiday, it is a common thing to see young women of eighteen in the playground, taking turns with their small sisters.

A NEW IDEA—THE CHILDREN'S PARK.

The picture that Seward Park presents may be found, on a smaller scale, in nine other places in Greater New York, for the public playground is now a part of the city's municipal policy. During the past year there have been dedicated to this purpose a half hundred acres cut here and there from the heart of the tenement districts, where whole cityfuls of people are squeezed into a space that the poorest of Kansas farmers would not consider big enough for a cow lot. Some of the playgrounds are tucked away in

corners of small parks, as it is only by degrees that the old idea of what a park should be is being revised to fit the needs of overcrowded cities.

A decade or two ago the only thought was to preserve "bits of nature" at the outer edges of a city for those who had the leisure and the means to enjoy them. The new spirit demands the preservation of the bits of human nature, the teeming millions of them whose only idea of outdoors is a narrow strip of cobbles underfoot and a thin streak of sky overhead—even at a sacrifice of trees and shrubs and grass.

Seward Park is the best example of the new idea. It is only by looking hard that one finds the narrow border of grass which justifies the name of park. The rest is playground—to the horror and disgust, it may be added, of many worthy persons who know child nature about as well as if they had sprung full-grown into a childless world.

"What a pity," say these well-meaning theorists, "to mar such a spot with unsightly swings and poles and ropes and iron bars, when these children of the poor might learn something of the beautiful if God's trees and flowers and grass were planted here!"

If it were worth while to answer such critics, they should be led from Seward Park to Mulberry Bend Park, a few squares away. Mulberry Bend was the first victory of those who led in the fight for small parks in New York's tenement districts. According to Jacob Riis, its opening wiped out murder in one of New York's wickedest quarters. It has served its purpose, and so have the other small parks thrown open to give light and air and to scatter the miasma of the slum.

But these small parks are for grown-ups. Children do not gather there to play on the cement walks or sit on benches and look at trees and grass fenced off and spiked with the eleventh commandment. They prefer the street; hence the need of the park playground, where prohibited grass gives way to bare ground, flower-beds to the sand-box, and trees to gymnasium poles or uprights and cross-beams for swings.

It is not that the advocates of playgrounds love nature less, but that they love human nature more. They have awakened to the fact that cities, with their greed of space, rob the child of his natural playground, the home lawn and the vacant lot; that the child, robbed of his playground, ceases to play; and when he ceases to play, he has lost, according

to Froebel, his normal occupation, the one through which he first perceives moral relations. Something, then, is due the city child, and the debt is now being paid. Already it has cost the city of New York something like ten million dollars to tear down tenements and build playgrounds, and the work is only fairly begun. The debt might have accumulated longer if society had not come to the point of fearing for its own future if the account ran on.

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAYGROUND MOVEMENT.

Berlin claims the parentage of the playground idea. The German capital began long ago by putting piles of sand in the public parks for children, both rich and poor; but it went no further than sand-piles.

As early as 1886, Boston, taking up the Berlin idea, put three piles of sand in the yards of the Children's Mission; and as a result of the experiment, the next year ten heaps of sand were distributed in the courts of tenement houses, and one in a school-yard kept open during vacation. Later, in connection with the vacation schools, the playground idea was enlarged upon, the school-yards being used for the purpose, but only during the summer months. In 1898, by an act of the Legislature, ten playgrounds were acquired by the city, giving Boston a total of twenty-four such spaces, most of which are as yet practically unimproved, but are an earnest of the future.

Meanwhile, as early as 1890, the Outdoor Recreation League of New York opened what was probably the first real children's playground in this country or elsewhere. It was only an acre of ground, to be sure; but it was a beginning. From that day the league has fathered the movement in the metropolis, and has worked without ceasing in the interest of public playgrounds, yielding place, but not losing interest, when the city came to a tardy recognition of its duty not only to the children of the tenements but to itself.

Four playgrounds have already been allotted to the densely packed population of the lower East Side, and others are scattered along the river fronts where the poor are huddled. If they were apportioned on the ground of poverty alone, perhaps the lower East Side would be entitled to less than it has; for as a matter of fact the Jewish immigrant of that section has been thrifty, and the children seen playing there as a rule are well enough clad and show no signs of

actual want. It is not that they are poor, but in the parents' absorption in money-making the children are neglected and left to pick up gradually the lessons of the street, which fasten themselves more readily on boys and girls cut off from the wholesome influence of normal, healthy pastime.

In 1893 two summer playgrounds were started by Philadelphia philanthropists, and two years later the city opened the school-yards. One by one other large American cities came into line, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Baltimore, Minneapolis, San Francisco, and many more. In some places the movement was urged along by the work of women's clubs, notably so in San Francisco, where the opening of the first public playground entirely separate from vacation schools was due to the efforts of the leading women's club of the California city.

Back across the Atlantic the tide swept, and London began to convert its abandoned cemeteries into small parks and playgrounds. The number of these in the great British metropolis has now reached something like three hundred. While in the matter of small parks London took its lesson from this side of the ocean, it could teach one in the law providing that every school shall have a playground with an allowance of thirty square feet for each child, a law complied with even in the most crowded sections.

But in London, as in many cities in the United States, it has been thought sufficient merely to level off the ground and turn the children loose in a barren space with nothing more than sand-piles to



AN EVERY-DAY SCENE IN HAMILTON FISH PARK, IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S TENEMENT DISTRICT—THE PLAYGROUND IN THIS PARK HAS BOTH AN INDOOR AND AN OUTDOOR GYMNASIUM, AND COST MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

play with, thus throwing those above the sand age upon their own resources. Barrenness and emptiness do not appeal to children, and such unequipped playgrounds have not even the advantages of the vacant lot, whose rubbish heaps and sign-boards are aids to a game of hide-and-seek, or at least supply fuel for a bonfire, and instruments for a tin can drum corps.

In the matter of equipment, Seward Park stands out as the ideal playground, Hamilton Fish Park, Tompkins Square, and DeWitt Clinton Park have up-to-date appliances so far as they go,

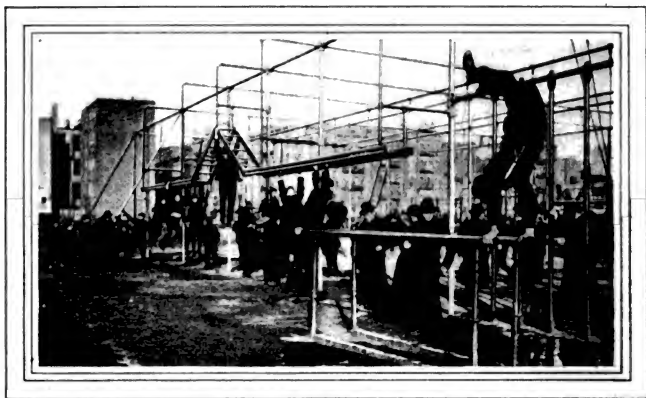
the weather is too cold for regular gymnasium work, a good substitute is found in snow-balling, sliding, and sledding on an ice rink formed by flooding the ground.

Chicago and New York are the only cities that have their playgrounds open both morning and afternoon during the school vacation. In Boston they are open for three hours only, which is the rule that prevails in most American cities.

THE GOOD DONE BY THE PLAYGROUNDS.

And what is the good of it all?

If it had no result beyond the one that



A WINTER DAY IN ONE OF THE CITY PLAYGROUNDS OF NEW YORK—GYMNASIUM APPARATUS FOR THE OLDER BOYS.

and some of the others have made a beginning in this direction, while still others are without gymnasium apparatus and offer only space for games and running.

Chicago and St. Louis, perhaps because of their large German population, have given particular attention to gymnastics in the playgrounds. St. Louis and St. Paul have baths in connection with theirs, a feature which New York has been slow in inaugurating, but for which provision is being made in at least two places.

One feature in which New York differs from all other cities is in having its playgrounds open the year round, with the exception of those on the water front, which are closed for a month or two during the depth of winter. When

a small boy pointed out, the people who have given years of time and thought and work to the cause would be satisfied. Said the boy to his father, who had asked why he went to the playground when they taught him nothing there:

"But they do teach me something. I learn to take my turn."

Indeed, a prominent educator of New York voiced the sentiments of many when he said recently:

"These public playgrounds are teaching the children who go there what is of more value to them than all they learn in the public schools. They are learning to respect the rights of others, and to have a sense of fair play."

These are lessons that come hard to the children of the New York streets. Most of them are of foreign parentage.



IN THE WILLIAM H. SEWARD PARK, NEW YORK, ON A WINTER AFTERNOON—LITTLE GIRLS ENJOYING A GAME OF "RING TOSS."

and as the feeling among these alien immigrants is that they are always struggling against odds, individualism is developed in them to the last degree. The father at his pushcart coaxes the customer from the next stand, vilifies his rival, and decries the other's wares; nor

would he step out of his way to let a person staggering under a burden pass him on the pavement. The child in the playground, left to himself, would push a playmate away to reach a swing or a vaulting-horse first, and, having secured it, would monopolize it to the exclusion



BABY SWINGS IN A PUBLIC PLAYGROUND ON THE EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK—HERE THE YOUNGEST CHILDREN, BOYS AND GIRLS, SHARE A PASTIME THAT NEVER SEEMS TO LOSE ITS CHARM.

of all others. Only by a system of time limits are games ever relinquished in favor of those in the waiting lines.

To aid in the development of a spirit of fair play, arrangements were made last fall for a series of inter-park games, the contests to take place at different parks. The first tournament had developments that were somewhat surprising to its promoters. It was held in Seward Park, with picked teams from the other playgrounds entered in what was meant to be friendly competition.

As the visitors began to play, they were greeted by a loud chorus of jeers from the home players and their supporters, and addressed by every unpleasant name in the ample catalogue of street vernacular. Under the circumstances, defeat for the visiting boys was almost a certainty.

But the sting of defeat was not the only one they carried away with them. Their hosts, not satisfied with victory, escorted them down the street toward the car, and by way of parting salute hurled after them as they went whatever missiles the garbage-cans on the sidewalk offered.

What ought to be a wholesome rivalry is thus carried to a point of offensive antagonism. Nor is this feeling less marked among the Jewish children when they are pitted against one another than when they meet children from parks where the Irish or the Germans predominate. And, what is still more surprising, it is as strong among the girls as among the boys. Only a short time ago, during a match game of tether-ball between the girls of Seward and Hamilton Fish Parks, both of which are in the Jewish quarter, the Seward Park champion was met with cries of derision and sneering jests from the friends of her opponent, who had the advantage of being on home ground, with the result that she played very badly, lost, and at the end of the game fainted away in her teacher's arms.

Perhaps there was a gleam of hope in what happened when the return game was played. There were still hard names and sly jeers for the visitor, and defeat; but her opponent confided afterwards to her teacher:

"Yis, ma'am, teacher, I had a pity on her. I like to make her have one game."

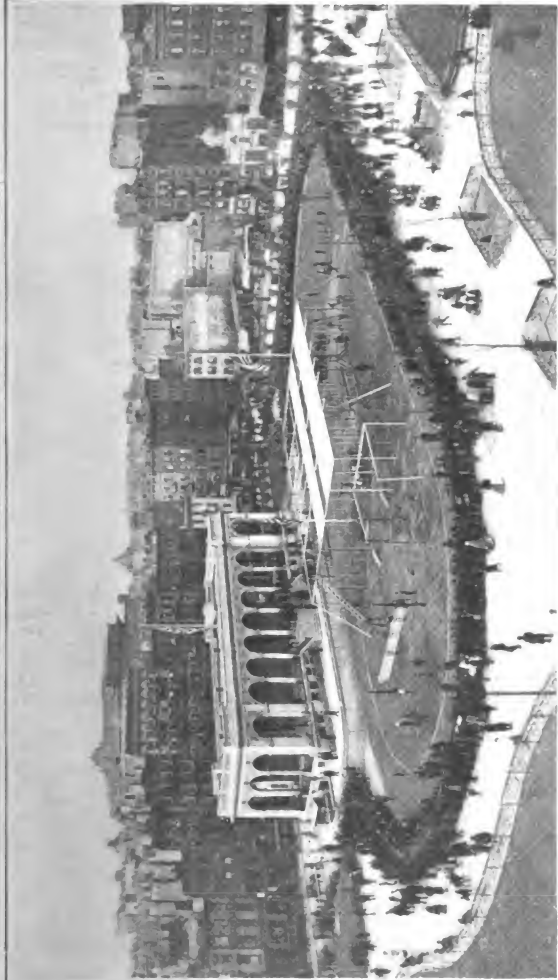


THE TEETER—A PASTIME THAT AFFORDS HEALTHFUL EXERCISE FOR THE LITTLE ONES OF THE NEW YORK TENEMENTS.

CHILDREN WHO DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY.

Public playgrounds have revealed the curious fact that there are hundreds of thousands of New York children who do not know how to play. When playgrounds were opened in Boston, it was found that the children's amusement consisted in playing "house" and "funeral." Aside from these two rather joyless pastimes they knew nothing of rational, healthful play. In the metropolis, the children had not even this miserable repertoire.

A fact of some significance is that the championships of all the playgrounds are held by the younger boys. Many big boys come there, but they take part in the games and exercises in a rather indifferent way, and with no particular desire to excel. Many of them were members of

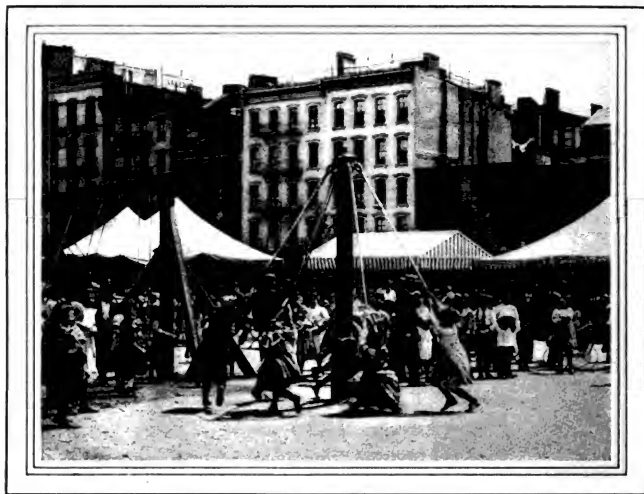


THE WILLIAM H. SEWARD PARK PLAYGROUND, AT CANAL STREET AND EAST BROADWAY, NEW YORK—IT IS CLAIMED THAT THIS PUBLIC PLAYGROUND, WHICH COST TWO MILLION DOLLARS, IS THE BEST-EQUIPPED IN THE WORLD.

"de gang" in the old days of the Five Points, and some of them are still practising the lessons learned then. No one claims that the playgrounds will reform these young ruffians, but it is something to lessen the number of recruits to their ranks; and the boys who have play in its

vented, to try to square things with children hustled into a world not over eager to give them a fair chance.

Wherever there is a neighborhood playground, there is a growing demand for soap, more combs are used, and ragged clothes are mended in some sort



A SUMMER DAY IN HAMILTON FISH PARK, NEW YORK, SHOWING THE GIRLS' PLAYGROUND, WITH THE COVERED SAND-BOXES FOR THE SMALLER CHILDREN IN THE REAR.

proper place will be more ready and willing to work when the time comes.

Any one who goes to the playgrounds to find the typical and aboriginal gamin of the New York slums will be disappointed. That type is fast disappearing, and the playground is doing its share, together with the play piers and public baths, the band concerts in parks and on school roofs, and all the other means that busy-brained humanitarians have in-

of fashion. The truant officer has less to do, for the playground instructors keep an eye on the children who ought to be in school, and the juvenile courts have a shorter docket, even in summertime, when law-breaking among children is said to increase.

All this has come to pass since it was discovered, toward the end of the nineteenth century, that the proper study of mankind is children.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

LIFE is a shard of flint. We never feel
How strong the youth and courage that inspire,
Till quick misfortune, like a tinder steel,
Has struck the blow that lights it into fire!

Aloysius Coll.

THE STAGE

BLOSSOM, ROSS, AND "THE YANKEE CONSUL."

"Yes, 'Checkers' was hawked about among some fifteen managers before it

was finally accepted," said the author, Henry Blossom, Jr., to the writer. "And even then," he added, "my troubles were



GERTRUDE COGHAN, THE LATE CHARLES COGHAN'S DAUGHTER, WHO HAS BEEN STARRING IN "ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES."

From her latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.



IDA GREELEY SMITH, GRANDDAUGHTER OF
HORACE GREELEY, APPEARING IN "THE
OTHER GIRL."

*From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company,
New York.*

not yet over. One manager had in mind for the chief part a certain actor whom I did not consider at all suited to it. Anxious as I was for my work to smell footlights—it would be the first of mine to get there—I had the courage of my convictions, and said 'No' very emphatically. You know it was Willie Collier who first suggested that I should turn my novel into a play, but he was one of the fifteen who could see nothing in it for him. Then, when the piece was finally landed, we tried to get Fritz Williams for the part, but he was not at liberty, and for a while we were at a standstill. One day I went to Mr. La Shelle, all enthusiasm.

"I have the man for *Checkers* at last!" I exclaimed.

"Who is it?" anxiously inquired the manager.

"Thomas W. Ross," I replied.

"Who is he?" cried Mr. La Shelle

promptly. 'I'm not in the business of making stars.'

"This was before the days of D'Orsay in 'The Earl of Pawtucket' and Dustin Farnum in 'The Virginian'; and he must have forgotten Eleanor Robson.

"I told him," continued Mr. Blossom, "that Ross was a Boston fellow who used to be in the Museum stock, that he had



MAURICE PARKOA, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF THE
FRENCHMAN IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

*From his latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio,
New York.*



LUCILLE ST. CLAIR, A DUCHESS IN "MOTHER GOOSE."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

lately been doing *Ted Langham* in 'Soldiers of Fortune' with Edeson, that he had taken Collier's place in the road tour of 'On the Quiet,' and that he was the man of men for 'Checkers.'

"Well, Mr. La Shelle gave in, we engaged Ross, and the result everybody knows. Ross has made himself and made my play, and they are talking of giving

Jansen, who appears to have dropped out of sight.

But to return to Mr. Blossom and his adventures in marketing stage wares. He had quite an opposite experience with his "Yankee Consul," which has proved another of the ten-strikes made by Henry W. Savage. When the opera was finished, he wrote to three managers in-



ARNOLD DALY, WHO HAS MADE A HIT WITH HIS PRODUCTION OF THE GEORGE BERNARD SHAW PLAY, "CANDIDA."

From his latest photograph by McIntosh, New York.



THOMAS W. ROSS, WHO HAS BECOME A STAR THROUGH HIS SUCCESS WITH THE TITLE RÔLE IN "CHECKERS."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

it another big New York production next season. Personally, I would rather have it in a smaller theater. I don't want any horses in that race scene. If they were a novelty on the stage, it would be different; but as it is, I feel that if *Checkers* cannot hold the attention of the house with his own excitement in that supreme moment of the race, the episode goes for nothing, and all the four-legged animals in the world wouldn't save it."

Mr. Ross, by the way, is a brother of the Hope Ross who used to play *Caroline Milford* with William Gillette in "Secret Service," both here and in London. Her first appearance was made just ten years ago, at about the time of her brother's debut, she taking the part of *Jessie* in "Delmonico's at Six" with Marie

forming them of the fact, and asking if they cared to hear it. One made an appointment and broke it; another delayed to reply; Mr. Savage answered that he would give Mr. Blossom and his composer half an hour. He kept his date to the minute, stayed three hours to listen to the piece, and then said:

"Come to my office about the contract to-morrow."

It may be added that later on Mr. Blossom heard from both the other managers, and it goes without saying that one of the most pleasing tasks in which he ever engaged was writing to tell them that the rights to his "Yankee Consul" had already been disposed of.

The title first chosen for the piece was "The Lieutenant-Commander," suggested, of course, by the rôle sung so neatly



HENRIETTA CROSMAN AS SHE APPEARS IN "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



RUTH VINCENT, THE ENGLISH PRIMA DONNA IN "THE MEDAL AND THE MAID."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

by Harry Fairleigh. Fairleigh is a young Englishman who came over here some three years ago for the revival of "The Casino Girl" at the Knickerbocker and who, like so many of his countrymen, has remained here.

Speaking of names, all the successes in the Savage list bear the title of some male office-holder or dignitary. Note them as follows: "King Dodo," "The Sultan of Sulu," "The Prince of Pilsen,"

"The County Chairman," and the new George Ade opera, now nearly ready, "The Sho-Gun." The exception is Ade's "Peggy from Paris," a comparative failure in New York.

Just as the story of "The Sultan of Sulu" came to Mr. Ade after a trip to Manila, so the scheme of "The Yankee Consul" was suggested to Mr. Blossom by his experiences with the official representatives of the United States whom

he has met in his many travels. He went to a fellow Missourian, Alfred G. Robyn, to supply the music. Mr. Robyn is the

A noteworthy fact in connection with this piece is that it is the first success in many moons without a single inter-



MAUD GIFFORD, WHO IS MRS. DOW IN "THE VIRGINIAN."

From a photograph by Lewis, Toledo.

organist of a big St. Louis church, and a thorough musician in every sense of the word. Here and there in the score of "The Yankee Consul" one may note that its composer had to put a check on his aspirations in order to keep the work in the "light" instead of the "grand" school of opera.

polated song, all the lyrics and their music being supplied by Messrs. Blossom and Robyn themselves. So commonly has it been the case that the most catchy tunes in musical comedy are eleventh hour purchases from outside that no doubt many people take "My San Domingo Maid" and "In the Days of Old"

be wandering ballads that have at last found shelter and fame in the fold of *The Yankee Consul*."

It is a pity, though, that more of Mr. Gosson's words cannot be caught by

comedian of the Castle Square forces, is the star in "*The Yankee Consul*." Both in looks and voice he fills the bill, and his innate sense of humor adds a unique touch of spontaneity. Probably we shall



DOROTHY GILBERT, WITH GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD IN "*RED FEATHER*."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

ie audience. For instance, the text to *The Mosquito and the Midge* tells a faintly humorous little tale in capital rhyme, which mostly fails to carry over in footlights.

Raymond Hitchcock, the old stand-by

see no slackening of the musical output in the light opera field until the Savage shows begin to fail. As long as they succeed, other managers will fancy that they have an equally good chance to win the prizes in the game.

Mr. Savage, by the way, has at last determined to venture his wares across the water, having held out against London inducements longer than perhaps any other man could have withstood them. "The Prince of Pilsen" is the first of the series to be submitted to West End criticism, and it will be interesting to note whether another "Belle of New York" success will be achieved. That wonderful London hit has been followed by a dismal procession of failures from this side.

Next winter Mr. Savage will be the manager of a New York house, having leased the Garden. The big buff building of which this theater forms part has sheltered other white elephants, for it is the home of the annual circus, but none bigger and whiter than the hitherto unlucky playhouse.

AS TO "THE VIRGINIAN."

Our portrait of Maude Gifford shows the *Mrs. Dow* of "The Virginian"—the lady who, according to her husband's oft reiterated assertion, is "down sick." Miss Gifford broke away from whatever



WRIGHT LORIMER, STARRING AS DAVID IN "THE SHEPHERD KING."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



AMELIA ROSS, A MEMBER OF THE HACKETT COMPANY.

From a photograph by Savony, New York.

fascination society may hold to go on the stage, first supporting Creston Clarke in "Hamlet," "The Bells," and "Riche-lieu" in the season of 1901-'02. Last year she played with that veteran favorite, J. H. Stoddart, in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," and next winter she may have a leading child's part in a New York production.

She comes from Toledo, Ohio, which city is acquiring quite a reputation for supplying our stage with clever people. Junie McCree, the comedian with Virginia Earl in "Sergeant Kitty," was born there, as was also a young woman



ROBERT HILLIARD, THE STAR IN "THAT MAN AND I."

From his latest photograph by the Studio Grand, Cincinnati.

now in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," who has the temperament and general appearance of Mrs. Leslie Carter, and on whom, it is understood, Mr. Belasco has already cast a keenly critical eye with a view to future possibilities.

Apropos of "The Virginian," the piece has made such a hit at the Manhattan Theater that it will finish out the season at the house. Whether this is due to the

reduction in the price of seats to a dollar and a half, or to the immense pulling power of the play irrespective of prices, it is not possible to say until after another piece has been tried there under the new rates. In any case, the work has exercised a strong fascination over all who have seen it, and Dustin Farnum, who fills the nameless name part, has fully demonstrated his right to be a star.

He was playing *Lieutenant Denton* in "Arizona" when he read "The Virginian," and suggested to his manager, Kirke La Shelle, that the book ought to make a good play.

Every effort has been put forth to have the production as realistic as possible. For instance, after the Cowboy Night at the Manhattan, suggestions were asked for. One of the real cowboys who had been in attendance explained that out on the plains he and his pals would not play cards on the stump of a tree, but directly on the ground, a change which was at once put into effect.

YOUTH THIS ACTOR'S ASSET.

If Thomas Ross and Dustin Farnum have risen to heights occupied by Hackett and Sothern in a single season, Wright Lorimer sees no reason why he cannot do likewise. By the time these lines are read, it will be known whether or not he has succeeded.

Mr. Lorimer is a young actor who up to Easter time of the present year was practically unknown in New York, even as was Dustin Farnum before New Year's. But Mr. Lorimer set himself a task more difficult than Farnum's, who was assisted in his plea for attention by the title of a widely read novel. Lorimer, on the other hand, relied on a brand-new play which he had to advertise as loudly as himself. To be sure, the play was based on a book known to more people than any other volume—the Bible. Still, no one could tell this from the title—"The Shepherd King."

The well-known Scripture characters employed in the piece, in addition to King David, shown first as the shepherd lad, are Saul, the mad king; his daughters Michael and Merab; Jonathan, David's chum; Samuel, the prophet; the witch of Endor, and Goliath, the giant. As will be at once apparent, provided the material be well handled, the subject may have a strong popular appeal. "Ben Hur," "The Sign of the Cross," and "Quo Vadis" have sufficiently demonstrated that the possible profits of religious drama are enormous.

Notwithstanding this fact, Mr. Lorimer does not claim that "The Shepherd King," which he wrote himself in collaboration with a friend, Arnold Reeves, is a religious play. He prefers to have it known simply as romantic drama, provided with a Scriptural background. He has been on the stage seven years, having begun his career in the Dearborn stock, of Chicago, which has now quite a

reputation as a training-school. He admits that he is attempting an exceedingly ambitious feat in striving to make room for himself in the metropolis at a single bound; but youth, he will remind you, is one of the actor's strong cards, and one whose value is by no means strengthened by delay. So he has determined to play it now, no matter how hazardous the throw.

THE MUSICAL COMEDY TIDE STILL FLOODING.

Among our portraits this month are two of people figuring in imported English musical comedies, which, combined with the home-made article, continue to form a majority of current offerings. Maurice Farkoa, a Frenchman, plays his original rôle—a member of the French embassy—in "Three Little Maids." His first visit here was about eight years ago in a somewhat similar part in "An Artist's Model." Ruth Vincent, an English girl, has been very successful here with the chief character in "The Medal and the Maid," created by her in London, where, however, the piece had more success than in New York.

Apropos of musical shows across the Atlantic, their number is increasing at a rate to alarm the sticklers for the legitimate, more especially as the quality is said to be steadily deteriorating. The Savoy, built as the home of those little classics in light music, the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, has just been rebuilt and reopened with a musical comedy, "The Love Birds," the plot of which appears to be almost identical with that of "The Girl from Kay's." The east is headed by two Americans—George Fuller Golden and Blanche Ring. Still another American, Mabelle Gilman, has been appearing in another musical piece, "Amorelle," following her failure there with "Dolly Varden."

But the most important item in musical comedy news of London is the recent production of "A Country Girl's" successor at Daly's. For the past five years these shows at the London Daly's have each run for something like twenty-two months; but "The Cingalee, or Sunny Ceylon," is said to overtop them all in beauty of production. A striking feature of the second act, laid in a Buddhist temple, is the transition from the dimness of a single light, the sacred flame, from which the worshippers all obtain fire, thus gradually transforming the scene into a blaze of illumination. The first act represents a Ceylon tea plantation, with real buildings instead

of canvas structures, and a display of artificial flowers said to have cost more than two thousand dollars.

ARNOLD DALY ON "CANDIDA."

What's one man's meat is another's poison, and *vice versa*. The present season, disastrous as it has been for the managers in a monetary sense, has proved a halcyon one for the lover of the drama in its higher walks. The failure of so many ventures that were mediocre has made room on our stages for an unusual number of Shakespearian offerings, including a *Hamlet* (that of Forbes Robertson) which, in artistic value, has been almost unanimously ranked next to that of Edwin Booth himself. Had "The Light That Failed" not failed, it is doubtful if we should have been permitted to see this splendid creation of the English player. And the collapse of a comedy with music made it possible to extend the New York season of Edith Wynne Matthison in a series of classical presentations that included "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," and "Everyman." In the same way the metropolis has enjoyed this season two engagements of Richard Mansfield, who added to his *Karl Heinrich* in "Old Heidelberg" another creation, in striking contrast, that of the doddering Russian tyrant, *Ivan the Terrible*.

Then there is "Candida." Had "The Girl from Dixie" made the hit that was hoped for, it is quite likely that Arnold Daly, who was in the east, would not have been moved to put his George Bernard Shaw play into the evening bill. As it was, he foresaw that he might soon be without an engagement, and as "Candida" had drawn favorable notices at the matinée trial, he decided to venture his all on a test. And the peculiar little play has won out in a fashion that is the most gratifying of all ways of making a hit—by a slow but steady increase in the size of its audiences.

Early in the autumn Arnold Daly put some fine work into the part of Major André's faithful servant in the Clyde Fitch play of that name, which failed to serve Arthur Byron for long. Last season he was the reckless young scapegrace in another luckless Fitch offering, "The Bird in the Cage." Less than ten years ago he was an office-boy for Charles Frohman.

"Just what is the history of your connection with 'Candida'?" the writer asked Mr. Daly.

"It began about five years ago," was

the reply, "when I was playing the mad lover with Julia Marlowe in 'Barbara Frietchie.' Some half dozen of us, all creating parts in New York, were talking, talking, and one night I said: 'Fellows, here we sit and talk about the drama and what it ought to be. Why don't we do something? Suppose we form a little club and give matinée performances of plays that are worth while, but which the managers, for commercial reasons, are afraid to touch.' I had 'Candida' in mind then.

"Well, the crowd thought well of the idea, so I secured the rights for production from Mr. Shaw, and Hilda Spong was to be the *Candida*, Alison Skipworth the *Prossy*, and young Will Courtenay the curate. I won't mention the name of the man who was cast for *Morell*. He and I are good friends now, but then—well, he kept persistently away from the rehearsals, and finally Miss Spong grew nervous over the thing.

"Dan Frohman, who was to be known as manager of the affair, came to me.

"Look here, Daly," he said, "Miss Spong is worrying so over these 'Candida' rehearsals that it is affecting her work at night in 'Wheels Within Wheels.' I can't have that, you know."

"So I threw overboard the other chap and tried to get Charlie Richman, who was then appearing in 'Miss Hobbs,' for *Morell*. He was about to get married, and so all his spare time was taken up. Then Miss Spong resigned, and I had two vacant places to fill. I tried next to get Annie Russell for *Candida*. She was wild to play it, but her manager didn't think it wise to risk her making a failure at a matinée when she was having such success with her evening bill. The result was that the thing fell through.

"But 'Candida' was ever in my mind. The next time I attempted it, however, I determined not to go into the thing on the communistic basis. I resolved to hire the players and pay them their price. But that next time did not arrive until late last autumn, a pretty long while to wait for the fruitage of a hope."

THE STAR IN "SWEET KITTY."

"The Kitties appear to be carrying everything before them in the dramatic line this winter," some one remarked after "Sergeant Kitty," Virginia Earl's opera, had added itself to the series of hits inaugurated by Marie Tempest with "The Marriage of Kitty," and continued by Henrietta Crosman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

The last-named play, founded on Egerton Castle's "Bath Comedy," started its New York career at the Belasco on the 9th of December, and will run out the season there, with a revival in September at the same house, where it is to stay until the production of the new Irish play, now being written for himself by Brandon Tynan.

Miss Crosman must take a special and personal interest in being the chief feature in a regimental drama such as "Sweet Kitty," for she comes of a family of fighters. Her grandfather, Major-General George H. Crosman, won spurs in the Civil War, in which one of her uncles was killed. Another uncle, Alexander Crosman, graduated from Annapolis in the same class with Admiral Dewey and became a commander in the navy. She had no relatives on the stage, but yet another of her uncles was Stephen C. Foster, author of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" and "The Old Kentucky Home."

Miss Crosman got her first opportunity to tread the boards through the efforts of the late John W. Ellsler, and her ability soon attracted the attention of the star, Robert Downing, who engaged her to play leads. Then she appeared for a time at Daly's, enacting *Celia* in "As You Like It" to Ada Rehan's *Rosalind*. Afterwards she passed into the stock at the Lyceum, taking the next important rôle to Miss Cayvan's in "The Wife." This was in the first season of the Dan Frohman troupe, 1887-'88.

Next Charles Frohman engaged her for one of the widows in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," an adapted farce by William Gillette, which ran all winter in the early nineties at Proctor's Twenty-Third Street Theater, where Mr. Frohman had recently been started on his notable career by the hit of "Shenandoah." Louise Thorndike Boucicault was the other widow; but in her next engagement Miss Crosman had all the laurels to herself as *Gloriana* in the comedy of that name, which Mr. Frohman brought out at what is now the Princess Theater. Unfortunately, she was able to appear only thrice, as she fell ill and was obliged to leave the stage entirely for a time. When she recovered, it was not possible to find another opening in New York, so she drifted West, and for several years remained out of the ken of playgoers on the Atlantic seaboard. In the season of 1899-1900 she starred on the road in

Bronson Howard's "One of Our Girls," and later brought out "Mistress Nell," a comedy which she had accepted from an unknown Philadelphia lawyer.

This went so well on tour that Miss Crosman's husband and manager, Mr. Maurice Campbell, determined to try it in New York. But perhaps "try" is not just the word, for, as Mr. Campbell said to the writer: "I knew I had a winner. The thing was to make the managers of New York theaters know it, too."

After many efforts, the failure of a comedy at the Bijou left that house dark some weeks preceeding May Irwin's annual advent. The opening date was set for Monday, October 8. No fewer than four other new offerings were scheduled for the same evening. There was Mrs. Le Moyné just across the street at Wallack's in "The Greatest Thing in the World"; Blanche Walsh at the Broadway in "Marcelle"; E. M. Holland and Fritz Williams at the Madison Square in a French farce, "Self and Lady"; and the inauguration of the Savoy with Josephine Hall in "The Military Maid."

Mr. Campbell knew very well what would happen if his first performance had to compete with all these more conspicuous ones. The newspapers would send cub reporters to "cover" it, critics who, even if they thought it excellent, would be afraid to say much in praise of it on their own responsibility. So the start was postponed until Tuesday, and of the five openings in that week, Miss Crosman's was the only success, "Marcelle" and "The Military Maid" were out-and-out failures, to be speedily withdrawn; "The Greatest Thing in the World" made only a lukewarm impression on its audience; and "Self and Lady" dragged out a brief and miserable existence. Miss Crosman, who had been practically forgotten by New York playgoers in the years of her absence, leaped at a single bound into the front rank, where she has remained ever since. She played "Mistress Nell" at the Bijou until May Irwin was due to open there, and then the comedy was transferred to the Savoy, finishing its New York run in the spring at Wallack's.

It was at this latter theater that Miss Crosman was seen again, two years later, in "The Sword of the King," a piece which gave the star an opportunity to swagger about in man's attire as she did so neatly in "Mistress Nell." It was a distinctly inferior bit of work, however. The next spring she appeared at

the Republic in "Joan o' the Shoals," an Isle of Shoals drama by Mrs. Sutherland, who dramatized "Beaucaire" for Mansfield. The play failed to score, and after a revival of "Mistress Nell," Miss Crosman came forth as *Rosalind*, making a pronounced success, and giving the Shakespeare comedy a run such as it had probably never before enjoyed in the metropolis. It was this production that closed the career of the house as the Republic, as the theater came into possession of Mr. Belasco on May 1, 1902.

Last autumn Miss Crosman played a brief engagement at the Manhattan as *Rosalind*. It was understood that she was to present a new play during the present season. Then came the announcement of her engagement under the Belasco régime. Oddly enough the deal was brought about by an unfounded report, the spring previous, that such a coalition was to be formed. In denying it the respective managers were brought to see the advantages of such a union of forces, and a combination was entered into which resulted in one of the substantial successes of the season.

THE CAREER OF ROBERT HILLIARD.

In an interview which Charles Frohman recently gave a London newspaper man, he declared that the day of the problem play in America was over. He ought to know, for he made money with pieces of the sort when they were in their heyday of triumph in the time of "The Masqueraders," "Sowing the Wind," and "The Conquerors." Robert Hilliard has found out that Mr. Frohman is right. Provided with a part giving him an opportunity for the strongest work of his career, he has been forced to lay it aside because the public no longer cares to go to the theater to see unpleasant plays. "That Man and I," founded on Mrs. Burnett's story, "Concerning the De Willoughby Claim," and offering some of the most impressive dramatic situations of the season, closed its brief tour in March. Across the shelf on which it now reposes may be read the verdict sending it thither: "Too somber in theme."

It was the late Matilda Heron, the first *Camille* in America, who encouraged Hilliard to become an actor. She met him when he was a boy, and declared that if he only had curls on his forehead he would be the picture of Wilkes Booth. She arranged that he should appear as *Fluttermore* with her daughter Bijou, now Mrs. Henry Miller, in "The Little

Treasure," and she herself coached him for the rôle. But this was all amateur work. After he grew up he went into Wall Street, and in four years was twenty-five thousand dollars ahead of the game. At least, this is what he told a *Dramatic Mirror* reporter. On the latter's naturally inquiring why he left such a lucrative field, Mr. Hilliard replied: "Because I would rather make a dollar on the stage than ten dollars in business."

While he was in the stock-brokerage calling, he joined the Kemble and Amaranth amateur dramatic clubs of Brooklyn, and often acted with Edith Kingdon, now Mrs. George Gould, before she too determined to become a professional. It was in 1887 that he finally made up his mind that he could resist the fascination of the footlights no longer, but his start was attended by many discouraging circumstances. He appeared with George Cayvan at what is now the Manhattan Theater (then the Standard) in "A Daughter of Ireland," and both play and acting were voted outrageously bad. But Hilliard stuck to it, and a little later made something of a hit as a gambler with Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in "The Golden Giant." After that he was juvenile with Mrs. Langtry in "As In a Looking Glass," meantime having appeared with Nat Goodwin in "Turned Up."

It remained for the saw-mill melodrama, "Blue Jeans," to fix Bob Hilliard firmly in the affections of New York playgoers. The piece was put on at the Fourteenth Street Theater, and Hilliard was cast for *Perry Bascom*, with an impressive love-making scene under a tree laden with property apple blossoms, and a hair-raising episode later, where he was bound in front of the advancing saw. Hilliard played this part for two seasons, and after that it was not difficult to get some one to back him in a starring venture, for which he used a comedy, "Lost—Twenty Four Hours" and the Richard Harding Davis curtain raiser, "The Littlest Girl." After that he was to have appeared as Mr. Davis' hero *Van Bibber*, but for some reason or other the deal was never consummated. Meantime he made a hit as the bouncer in the Carton play, "Wheels Within Wheels."

The portrait of Maude Adams in the March *MUNSEY* was credited by mistake to Ernest Haskell, instead of Blendon R. Campbell, by whom it was drawn.

PRIZE TOPICAL POEMS

The Result of the Competition for May

A POSE FOR EVERY ONE.

(First Prize Poem.)

ADAGES and axioms all are out of date.
 Better late than never? Yes—but better never late;
 One may early go to bed, and also early rise—
 That alone will never make him wealthier and wise;
 Bees may buzz and ants may labor at their little hills—
 Neither useful insect's method helps to pay your bills;
 Only one sure rule to win against your friends and foes—
 Let the ten commandments go, and get a little pose!
 Make it mental science, or a thought that's labeled new;
 Advertise it—about it—till the air around is blue!
 Socialistic theories are now considered smart;
 It's so very easy to take up the workman's part!
 Talk it at your dinner-table; push it everywhere;
 Never stop the whoop-la that'll make the vulgar stare.
 Take it with you everywhere, for that's the thing that goes;
 Love your neighbor as yourself, but don't forget your pose!
 Maybe in society you'd like to cut a shine;
 Keep before the public, if it's only just a line!
 Send it to the papers, if you only stub your toe—
 Accidents are very interesting, don't you know!
 Tumble from your motor-wagon; give a monkey lunch;
 Get your name in all the lists with the exclusive bunch,
 Have it whispered that you really wear hand-painted hose;
 That's one way to cultivate the truly social pose!
 Literature is now quite classy. Write a little book;
 Make it weird, mysterious; the heroine a spook;
 Let her love some earthly chap who cannot understand
 When she talks of psychic things and love in lotus-land.
 Weave in ripping little pipe-dreams; never mind the plot,
 If it's sad and symbolistic, unconventional and hot;
 Dedicate it subtly to a "Somebody that Knows";
 This is quite the stunninggiat—the literary pose!
 You can live quite nicely without money nowadays.
 Visit friends the whole year through, and work your winning ways;
 Practise bridge, and learn just when to make your bets;
 Always bear in mind that only he that hooketh, gets;
 Never drop your chosen hobby; ventilate your fad;
 Literature—society—religion—have it bad!
 Really you can manage without character or clothes,
 But you mustn't try to get along without your pose!

Kate Masterson.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

(Second Prize Poem.)

I'm a happy-hearted fellow, and I lead a merry life;
 I've a house up in the Fifties, I've a pretty little wife;
 I've a yacht and automobile, so my life is gay, you see,
 Of course it might be better, but—it's good enough for me!
 I've just been out to dinner. The oysters were all right,
 The sweetbreads and the terrapin were simply out of sight,
 There was hock, champagne, and Burgundy, Tokay and eau-de-vie;
 Of course it might be better, but—'twas good enough for me!
 I've a tolerable handsome face, they say, with good, square chin;
 Two useful eyes of hazel and a ruddy, healthy skin;
 A mouth well shaped and mobile, and a nose—that's as you see—
 Of course it might be better, but—it's good enough for me!
 I had a dear old chum who died and left in my fond care
 His lovely orphan daughter, a maiden young and fair.
 Her fortune is enormous, and I am sole trustee;
 Of course it might be better, but—it's good enough for me!
 Last night I met some fellows, we had a little game;
 Although I've not much luck at cards, I got there just the same.
 For in my hand at last I held two kings and aces three—
 Of course it might be better, but—'twas good enough for me!
 I am a politician in a quiet sort of way,
 I've accepted a position that's a good one, so they say.
 The salary's not very large, but—now and then—a fee—
 Of course it might be better, but—it's good enough for me!
 I've been to many cities, London, Paris, and Berlin;
 But New York's the very best one of all that I have seen,
 Although just now its streets appear like Hades on a spree;
 Of course it might be better, but—it's good enough for me!

Carolyn Wells.

MERELY MARY ANN.

(Third Prize Poem.)

We'd been looking for a housemaid for a month or rather more ;

And although the different registries had several in store,

What with those who didn't suit us and the ones we didn't suit.

The question of the housemaid was becoming quite acute.

Then we started advertising in the *Daily What's its name* ;

Its circulation's huge, and so an answer quickly came From a missionary living in the middle of Japan, Who thought he could oblige us with a girl called Mary Ann.

And her name was Mary Ann ;

It was merely Mary Ann ;

She had gone out as a housemaid to the mission in Japan ;

And the missionary wrote

Quite a charming little note,

In which he said he'd never known a girl like Mary Ann !

Why she left this situation wasn't made exactly clear,

Though from sundry hints let fall by Mary Ann it would appear

That they parted with their treasure with obtrusive signs of woe ;

I gathered that they actually wept to see her go. She'd been "higher educated," and she knew an awful lot ;

She had mastered conic sections, and spoke French and Hottentot ;

She read fluently in Latin, and could get along in Greek,

But she happily admitted that her chemistry was weak.

And her name was Mary Ann ;

It was merely Mary Ann ;

But she brought her goods and chattels in a house-removal van.

In a rather off-hand manner

She produced a grand "pianner,"

Which we hadn't quite expected when engaging Mary Ann.

She'd been brought up at a high school till the age of seventeen ;

Then she'd gone abroad to broaden her ideas by change of scene,

Now, her education finished, she'd be glad to settle down

As a housemaid in a fashionable quarter of the town.

She was truly nice about it, and made very little fuss In consenting to take service with such quiet folk as us ;

But we felt the obligation—till we found to our dismay

That things were getting broken in a most mysterious way.

But it wasn't Mary Ann ;

No, it wasn't Mary Ann !

The vases simply smashed themselves as only vases can ;

And the plates, when being racked,

Automatically cracked,

And we couldn't put the blame for what they did on Mary Ann !

We didn't like to speak for fear of hurting Mary's pride,

Though the china took a mania for committing suicide ;

And when you passed a table top you simply felt you must

Stop and draw a little picture with your finger in the dust.

Then she didn't often call us, for she liked to get up late ;

Said she hoped that if she *must* get up, it wouldn't be till eight ;

And this we bore with meekness, but we had to change our tone

When we found that her "At home" day coincided with our own.

She had cards with "Mary Ann"—

"Quite at home," the legend ran—

But I told her I regretted I must really place a ban On her giving her soirées

On our own reception days,

For it led us to confuse our guests with those of Mary Ann !

Well, after that we parted. Now we're looking for a girl

Who isn't always thinking if her hair is out of curl ; She needn't talk in German or the language of the Turk,

And music is dispensed with ; it will do if she can work.

We'd rather like to have a girl who hasn't learned a lot ; If she's not been to a high school we'll engage her on the spot ;

For we want a girl who's trained upon a different sort of plan

To the one that was adopted in the case of Mary Ann.

Oh, her name was Mary Ann ;

It was merely Mary Ann ;

And she went about her housework with an eye-glass and a fan.

You may say we're stony-hearted,

And it's true when she departed

That we didn't cry our eyes out at the loss of Mary Ann !

H. C. Hamilton.

EDITORIAL COMMENT—The competition announced last month, and closed on April 14, will be the last of the present series. We have now had six of these topical verse contests. They have aroused a great deal of interest, something like five thousand people in the United States, Canada, Great-Britain, and other countries having tried for the prizes. We have been disappointed, however, in the quality of most of the poems received, and in the fact that comparatively few of them have been really topical in character.

We may take up the idea again a little later, very possibly varying the form of the competition.

Of the successful poems of this month, the first came from New York ; the second from Rahway, New Jersey ; the third from Hexham, England. It is worth noting that among more than a thousand contributors who entered the contest the two chief prize-winners should be women.

Milady of the Mercenaries.*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

XXIX.

THE coffee *estancia* of Señor Rojas lies well up on the slopes of the purple sierras. It is a magnificent estate, with an annual yield of many thousands of quintals, yet its owner has never lived upon it, nor has any of his family. The necessity of maintaining an establishment in Guayana, so that his wife might have amusements and his children education—this, with his other business interests at San Diego, and with his political aspirations, has never permitted Señor Rojas to spend much of his time on the *estancia*.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that the house which adorns the plantation has nothing of the modern; it is much the same old-fashioned Spanish *hacienda*, with walls of white adobe three feet in thickness and a sloping roof of red tiles, as may be found plentifully scattered throughout the republics of Latin America. Like its neighbors, it has endured for many generations, and will probably exist for many more; earthquakes make no impression on those massive, mud-baked walls; and, inasmuch as it serves its purpose as a residence for his manager, Señor Rojas is not likely to replace it with a dwelling less primitive in design.

Entrance may be had through the iron-barred doorway in the front to a passageway leading to the inevitable *patio*. On either side of this passageway are the living-rooms, and about the *patio* runs a covered gallery upon which the sleeping cells open. In the rear of the building are the kitchen, the laundry, the bath, and so on. Outer windows it has but two, one on either side of the entrance, and these firmly barred.

This description is perhaps necessary that you may understand what happened upon that dawn in whose prismatic glow four men—Curtice, Daniel, and Captain Hendry, with their guide—rode wearily up the burro-path to the *estancia*.

Their journey through the night had

been long and hard. It had told upon them all, but the more greatly upon Daniel Haigh, in his enfeebled condition.

In their bearing one might read their weariness, as in the drooping heads of the fagged horses. Dejectedly enough they rode, their chins upon their chests, each lost in dreary conjecture; not even the *mozo's* statement that they neared the end of their way had served to rouse them from their gloom.

Curtice, for one, was obsessed by a presentiment—quite groundless, but such as at times will come to shadow the minds of the cheeriest of men—that their quest would be fruitless. Captain Hendry, as ever, mourned the loss of his vessel, nor would he be comforted. Haigh struggled with his great bodily weakness.

To these dark moods, be sure that the news from Guayana brought nothing of comfort. For although they had left the city long before the first shot was fired in the Plaza de la Reforma, the news of the downfall of the government and of the assumption of the dictatorship by Rojas had come to them right speedily, flying by word of mouth—as news will in those lands—more quickly yet than the telegraph would have brought it. A peon whom they had met in the foothills, riding an absurdly under-sized burro, had told them with a wealth of detail all that had occurred in the city during the past night. And they were too well acquainted with the land to have any doubts about the man's truthfulness.

Fresh, cool water, which they procured from a wayside hut in lieu of coffee, did something to lighten their gloom. Haigh said that he felt "considerable perked up."

"It's not far now, Jimmy," he told Curtice with a wan smile, "or so the *mozo* says. Brace up, my son; 'journeys end,' you know."

"I'm afraid," Jimmy admitted frankly. "I don't know why, but I'm shying at shadows now; seems to me

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that every time we get things fixed to our satisfaction—or think we've got them—some one comes up and bats us over the head with a club. I'm morally certain——"

"You're immorally uncertain," Daniel broke in, bantering. "You haven't any right to side-step at your own misgivings. Come, man, brace up, I tell you! I say"—he turned the subject—"is this gun of yours all right?"

"It was when I gave it to you, Dan, but nobody knows——"

"What I may have done to put it on the bum? That's just it." Haigh produced the weapon and handled it gingerly. "It's a funny thing," he confessed with a laugh, "that I, for an educated person of some civilization, should know so precious little about the handling of firearms. And as for the shooting end of the game, I don't believe I could hit—well, say your friend General Lazard, if he was more than a yard away; and I'd rather plug him a good one than ever smoke Turkish tobacco again!"

"Tisn't likely you'll have the chance," said Curtice. "Last I heard of him he was raising trouble in the northern provinces. We'll interview that pup Fetter, though, and some natives."

"That'll do—Fetter'll suit me, if I can only hit him. And that's another queer thing, when you come to think of it. Naturally, I'll go a mile out of my way to avoid trouble, but this air down here seems to fill me with an aching desire to stalk in the awful hell of battle. 'For Cap'n Kidd, whatever he did, was a Sunday-school scholar to me!'" he hummed lightly.

"Well, here's your opportunity, says the *mozo*," granted the captain.

For some time they had been following a well-worn burro-path—there are few roads in the interior of Anahuac—which meandered aimlessly between great groves of banana-trees and of the sycamore-like bucnara, beneath which nestled the coffee-trees, for protection from the glare and heat of the sun. And now they rounded a small grove, coming suddenly in sight of the adobe *casa*.

At the same instant Curtice caught a glimpse of two men running as swiftly as they might across the fields toward the *casa*; one dark of skin, the second the sallow Fetter. And then he saw that the door of the *hacienda* was open, and that the men were shouting, evidently ordering the *peons* to close it quickly. The three spurred on their animals; but as yet they were too far away to inter-

cept the two runners. Curtice, realizing this, reined in and took a pot shot at the fugitives—though with little hope of winging either at the distance.

Haigh gave a little shout of aboriginal joy; he was quite boldly savage in his desires; his experience had left in him small pity for men such as Fetter and his associates. So that he was very joyful to see Fetter come to a halt, jerkily clutching at his breast. The man stood thus swaying for a moment in the brilliant sunlight, and then his companion turned to him and caught him in his arms. Fetter evidently objected, for the native let him down gently upon the ground, and again ran toward the house, yelling.

But the lucky shot had saved the hour for the Americans. Haigh had not stopped when Curtice did, and now his horse had carried him to a position which made it impossible for the runner to reach the entrance before him. Through it Daniel could see a *peon* hastening to close the door. The little man's arm swung up mechanically, and the revolver spoke almost before he knew that he had fired. At this the *peon* lunged forward and fell prone.

"Bully!" cried Daniel. "I did hit something, for once!"

As he swung from his horse and darted through the door, he had no thought of Norah, curiously enough; his mind was completely occupied with a wonder as to whether the *peon* had hurt his face in falling. He did not stop to see, but ran on through the dark passageway into the *patio*, where he stopped and gazed stupidly about.

Possibly he had expected to find Norah waiting him there; but he did not. The place seemed deserted; but before long he heard the firing of a revolver, and a spurt of dust kicked up near his feet. Then he became aware that some one was popping away at him from one of the bedrooms across the courtyard. He replied, emptying his gun at the window, at the same time stepping behind one of the gallery pillars for shelter—shelter which, it seemed, he was not to need; for the man in the bedroom gave a cry and did not fire again.

"That makes three in two days," Daniel muttered, his mind reverting to the chance shot in the *bodega*, which had brought down an enemy. "I seem to improve with practise."

"You're doing pretty well for a little fat man!"

It was Curtice who spoke, and Daniel turned to find him at his elbow.

"The cap'n and the *mozo* are taking care of the other fellow," continued Curtice. "Come along, let's see——"

He did not finish, because a fear that they might find no one whom they sought was gripping his heart. Nor did Daniel make reply, he having something of the same thought. So the two friends ran along the gallery to the rear of the house, where they found a frightened woman servant, too terrified to answer Curtice's frantic questions.

They ran back again, stopping to try the doors. In one room they found naught but a cot, and in another they turned from the staring eyes of a dead man, who had a little hole drilled in the middle of his forehead. But further along, on the other side of the gallery, they came to a door which was locked. Here Curtice called aloud a name which fell haltingly from his lips.

When he got an answer from within, his heart choked in his throat for very joy. He put a shoulder to that door, and it crashed in as if it had been manufactured of thin paper, rather than good, hard wood; which shows what some men can do when they love and the loved one is in peril.

Daniel, too, heard that answering call. He waited until he saw the girl come out through the broken door; but when he saw the light that was in her eyes—not for him—she went away very softly, back to the passageway. There was a sharp pain in his breast.

The captain was just entering, with the *mozo*.

"Isn't she there?" he demanded, as Daniel rather precipitately barred his way.

"She is."

"But why, then——"

"You're an unmitigated idiot," said Daniel severely, "and a dodgasted old fool, and——"

"Oh!" said the captain. "Why in thunder didn't you say so, if that's the case?"

"Maybe I didn't know it myself," replied Daniel. "Help a fellow to carry this out, will you?" He indicated the body of the dead *peon*, but nevertheless he sat down suddenly, winking hard.

"Here, little man!" cried the captain. "What's the matter?"

Daniel turned upon him a hard, dry eye. "I was meditating," he said with firmness, "on the strangeness of things, and considering what a bad man I'm turning out to be. Here I've gone and killed two total strangers——"

"Wouldn't let that worry you. I plugged the greaser out there; and Curtice has done for Fetter."

"So much the better. There'll be a hot old time down below when the victims of this little engagement begin to straggle in!"

XXX.

As for Norah, she went directly to the arms of Jimmy Curtice, as if that were the most natural thing in the world. So strangely are affairs ordered in the human heart, that it never occurred to her to doubt whether it was quite right and proper for her to go to him, especially in view of the fact that his arms opened to receive her the very minute he saw her face. And apparently she did not find their haven distasteful.

At any rate, it was some time before she realized what she had done; and then she drew away from him.

"You must pardon me, *señor*," she murmured, turning away so that he might see her flushed cheek and nothing more. A hand arranged a lock of disordered hair, and she furtively mopped at her eyes—though why she might be weeping Curtice could not conceive. For himself, he had forgotten everything save this woman whom he loved, and he was radiantly happy. I venture to guess that such happiness may have caused her tears.

"Pardon you?" he echoed, amazed. "And why?"

"That I should so far forget myself, *señor*. But indeed it has been so long since I have seen a friendly face——"

Curtice felt something slipping from his grasp—something that he desired most earnestly.

"I had ventured to hope," he said dismally, "that another emotion brought you——"

"*Señor!*"

Now he could see no more than one small, red ear—a very tiny and altogether adorable ear.

"To my arms," he continued obdurately; "and I had hoped that that was what made you——"

"*Señor!*"

"Kiss me!" he contended. "You did, and——"

"Oh, but I did not——"

"Well, then, but you will, won't you?" He snatched at her hand. It evaded him, but presently grew tired; after which he possessed himself of it. "Because I love you!" he persisted. The hand allowed

itself to be kissed, although its owner gasped as if for breath. "Because I love you, and—I thought you knew it and—and didn't mind, you know. That's why I thought you—let me kiss you!" he finished with a rush.

"But, *señor*, I did not!"

However, she did.

It was Hendry who insisted on interrupting them—insisted very wisely, though against the protest of Daniel Haigh.

"Maybe it is foolish," the little man admitted, "and I'm prepared to concede that I'm a sentimental idiot, but don't you think that, under the circumstances——"

"No," said the captain, "I don't think that——"

"Give 'em five minutes more," Daniel pleaded. "They've only had ten, you know."

"I can't help it. I'm glad enough that they've found out they love each other, and all that, and I don't know any girl who's more to be congratulated. But you know as well as me, Mr. Haigh, that this here's no time at all for lallygaggin'. That she-devil down there in Guayana will be sending a troop of cavalry after us. The only wonder is that she hasn't done so already."

"She didn't know we were coming," said Daniel.

"Well," said the captain grimly, eying the result of the morning's raid, "she won't be long finding out. Anyhow, you'll admit that it's up to us to keep out of her clutches; and the best way to do that is to make tracks for the coast."

"That's so, cap'n." Daniel stared at him blankly. "But we can't go back to Guayana, can we?"

"Not very well."

"What part of the coast do you figure to make for?"

"The *mozo* here"—and the captain indicated the native guide—"says he knows a road—it won't be that, of course—down by the banks of the Río de Manoa. It's little used, and I calculate we can make the trip in three or four days. It'll bring us out on a little bay, at a village called Santo Guillo, where there may be a ship. An' again, there may not. But it's our only chance."

"It would be suicide to try for San Diego, for sure," said Daniel. "All right, cap'n; you go tell 'em. I wouldn't have the heart," he added, with a sentimental sigh.

It was a part of the great generosity

in the breast of Daniel Haigh, and I think it should be set down and insisted upon to his credit that, loving Norah as greatly as he did, he could bear to think of her as in the embrace of his friend. Nay, he was glad that she was with the man she loved in preference to himself, and he hesitated to disturb them. Few could have attained to such a perfection of self-sacrifice.

By the advice of the *mozo*, backed by Curtice, who knew something of the country, they exchanged their wearied horses for burros from the stables of the *estancia*. They also helped themselves to some provisions which they might need. Thus equipped, and armed only with their revolvers, they plunged into a wilderness well-nigh trackless.

For what the *mozo* had misnamed a road resembled one in no degree, as Captain Hendry had feared. Originally, perhaps, an Indian trail by the river's edge, it had of recent years been so seldom traveled that in some places no recognizable trace of a path could be found. Even the *mozo*, who had professed to know the route, was more often at a loss than not; and the journey, which the captain had rashly estimated as occupying four days, stretched out over the better part of two weeks.

To avoid the worst of the heat and the drenching daily showers, they traveled by night for the most part. For the first seven nights there was a moon, by whose rays they were able to see plainly, save in the denser parts of the tropical jungle; and during that time they made some progress. But thereafter the moon deserted them. Part of the remaining nights they were dependent for illumination upon the torches cut by the *mozo* from the living wood of a tree which he called *la carapa*; the strips of light wood burned excellently well, somewhat like a candle, although they sputtered continually. At other times they had to take up their journey only in the early morning and the late evening.

But in the end they won through. It was providential that none of them sickened with malaria, or with the fevers which lurked in the dark mists that cloaked the river's bank and its surface at night. Daniel, it is true, was in no condition to undertake such an adventure; and daily he wasted and grew more pale and thin, so that it wrung the heart of Norah and Curtice to see the appeal that gleamed from his eyes, giving the lie to the brave words with which he strove to cheer them.

But the health of the others held, and there came a morning, still and hot and clear, when they emerged from the tropical forest and stood out upon a little hill from which they could glimpse the sea and get whiffs of its salt air. Below them lay a yellow adobe village, which was Santo Guillo, on the shore of a small bay near the mouth of the Río de Ma-noah. In the bay, riding at anchor, was a vessel. It was very far away from them, but Captain Hendry sat down, wept unreservedly, and prayed the little that he could; for he said that the ship was his own, the Miranda J.

So the party went down to Santo Guillo, rejoicing. They were by no means assured that they were come to the end of their troubles, but at least they were finally done with that pestilential jungle. In the village there would surely be a *padre* who would have quinine, with which they could dose Daniel; and if the luck held, Curtice bethought him that he would get a shave. He had grown, in those two weeks, a short, scrubby, and stubbly beard, to which some one objected. Curtice didn't like it, himself.

So far had they come with no sight of men other than themselves, and the dirty, lazy, peaceable Indians in whose huts they had rested at times, that the squat, small hamlet of Santo Guillo seemed very like home. They could have loved it for all its stinks and smells; and doubtless they do to-day hold it in no unkind memory, in spite of the fact that it must ever remain associated in their minds with the final tragedy of the hazardous train of misadventures which had brought them into contact with the woman, Mrs. Lorrimer.

For, as they hurried through the dusty, narrow, unpaved streets, gaily urging the burros to a greater speed that they might the more quickly come to the beach, they blundered, laughing with joy, out into the little plaza of the village, and directly into the arms of a company of soldiery in the uniforms of the republic.

Curtice's first intimation of their danger came when he heard a cry of "¡Halt! Hands up!" and a bullet incontinently pinged by his ear. The party obeyed upon the instant. Curtice, both hands in the air, was not three yards from the muzzle of a revolver, in the barrel of which he read death; for above the sight he saw the evil, sneering, snake-like eye of General Lazard. Lazard sat astride a horse; and by his side, also mounted, was Mr. Arthur.

"Hold on, Jose," Curtice heard the latter say; "I'm not ready to shoot 'em yet. I want to talk to these very reckless young people!"

XXXI.

THE mercenary snarled cruelly; he was lusting for the blood of Curtice, and he liked it ill that he should be denied for long.

"All right," he told the woman. "But be quick!"

"I'm likely to take my time," she answered insolently. "I think we've settled the question as to who commands here."

"There is one which you may not settle, *señora*," he said, meeting her eyes without giving an inch; "and that is concerning the death of this man, Señor Curtice. Upon that I am determined, and you may as well swallow it. Captain"—he turned to the commander of the company—"seize those men and bind them securely. Put them up against the church-wall yonder. Station a file of men ready to shoot them, and—well, then you may permit the *señora* to converse with them for a little space."

The woman bit her lip, controlling herself with some exertion. She was dressed as of old, when she had been the dominant influence aboard the Miranda J., in the character of Mr. Arthur. The yellow wig was gone, and the rouge wherewith she had dabbled her cheeks to the undoing of Malone was missing; her shallow eyes were as inscrutable as ever, and her glance as unashamed. Curtice thought her masculine attire the more fitting to her; she seemed to him a sort of sexless creature, having little of the tenderness of woman or the quality of mercy that is in most men.

And this was the woman who had humbled herself to his feet, begging for his love! As the native soldiers bound his arms behind his back and squared his shoulders against the saffron wall whose pitted surface told that it had served before as a place of execution, he caught himself wondering what manner of love was hers to give. The man who, within the last few days, had come to know what a gracious gift was the heart of a pure woman, and how unworthy of her he must ever be, could not comprehend what fashion of loving might belong to this woman of blood and iron and double-dealing.

He met her gaze for a moment with his puzzled stare; at which she dropped

her heavy lids, and the blood rose slowly to her cheeks. For the first time, perhaps, in her life, she stood abashed before the eyes of a man. And for some reason Curtice, too, felt impelled to look away from her. It would be his last picture of this world to carry into the next; he would drink his fill of it, sordid and mean and commonplace as was the scene. For all that, it was a part of the world, and he had learned to love the world with a wide catholicity; it went rather hard that he must leave it just at this time, at the dawn of—but he dared not think of that, even as he dared not look at her, his sweetheart. He knew that she stood apart, a private holding either arm, out of the range of the firing-line; and he could feel the dull, hopeless agony of her expression. He knew that her dear eyes would not leave his face until—

But he must think of the world; if his thoughts went to her, he would become unnerved, and fail to face his death like a man.

The sky, he observed, was deeply blue and unfleeced, with the great sun hanging high in its midst, like a shield of blazing brass—a sun pitiless as Lazard! The heat devils were dancing above the plaza, and the shadows were purplish-blue and hot. There were chickens scratching in the dust, and some of the inhabitants were clustered, languidly watching. One little black pickaninny stared at him with open mouth and wide, wondering, vacant eyes. Then there was the sea, so softly blue.

The Injian Ocean sets and smiles,
So soft, so bright, so bloomin' blue—

And there was the cap'n's ship. It seemed a pity that they couldn't let the old man go back to his vessel!

Hello, some one was coming ashore in the dingy; looked like the engineer, Hentz—coming to be in at the death, he supposed. Oh, confound it all, why couldn't they get down to business? Was the woman going to torture him, keeping him waiting thus?

He heard the woman's voice now, breaking harshly upon his thoughts. What was she saying? That she supposed he was satisfied?

"I don't know that it makes much difference whether I am or not," he heard himself answer.

"Do you understand that you are to die very shortly?"

She was speaking in English; evidently saying something that she didn't want the troops to hear. He could guess what that might be. He nodded.

"And that you've brought your fate on your own head?"

He nodded again.

"With some assistance from you, milady, and your jackal there," he added as an afterthought.

"Are you sorry?"

"Oh, I don't want to die, if that's what you're after."

"And you could have saved yourself all this!" she snapped scornfully.

"Look here, milady," he broke out impatiently, "if you're going to shoot us, have done with it, for the love of God! It does me no good, nor can it help you, to sit up there making a show of yourself. Why don't you let me be? Up to this time you've pretty generally kept up the dignity of the heavy villain—"

"That will do!" She cut him short. "I but wanted you to understand that you brought your fate upon your own head. Twice you struck me; once on the month, and once you hurt my pride."

"I know it." He shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "A lot of satisfaction it will be to you, I trust. Are you quite done? All right. Turn loose your jackal."

"Good-by, Jim!"

Curtice recognized Haigh's voice, and turned to exchange a glance that was more a hand-clasp than a meeting of the eyes. It seemed a shame that he dared not look again at Norah. He loved her so! But it would take all the nerve from him, and he wanted to make a good showing.

"And you, *señor*," said Lazard, "are the man who promised to kill me so soon as we landed in Anahuac."

"Never got the chance, dog! Coward-like, you dodged."

"You enjoy calling me by such titles, do you not, *señor*? Are there any more that you wish to relieve yourself of?"

"I cannot think of any low enough to fit you, Lazard. Go on with your murder."

"Because, if you are quite done, there's one thing more that I would have you know before you die. This girl yonder"—the mercenary paused maliciously, waiting for Curtice to give him full attention—"this girl whom you love, I believe—"

Curtice began to strain at his bonds.

"She would be a dainty morsel for me, after you are gone, *ch, señor*?"

"You cur! You—"

His bonds were too stout; they held him tightly, but he strained until his wrists bled raw.

"That is all, I think," continued the

mercenary. "That's just a promise to you, Señor Curtice! Good-day, señors. Ready there? Load! Aim——"

Curtice faced the row of leveled Mausers, wondering vaguely from which would come the pellet that would cut him from the world. He shut his eyes and waited.

"Ah, one moment, señor. I have just had an excellent thought. The men will aim at your face, that your love may remember you the better for the sight! Men ready, captain? Well, then——"

Curtice waited expectant. Instead, he heard but one short, sharp report. What was the trouble? Had the Mausers been unloaded?

Jimmy opened his eyes to see; they fell upon a most unaccountable sight. The row of menacing muzzles was gone; the men, lacking every element of discipline, had lowered them, and now stood agape at that same thing which Curtice by no means could understand.

General Lazard was swaying in his saddle, apparently as mystified as were the men. He put his hand up stupidly to his temple, and felt of it. Curtice noted that there was a small, blue hole in the flesh, just above the cheek-bone; a little dirty blood was welling slowly from it.

The lips of the mercenary moved without sound. Then he fell out of his saddle and sprawled in the hot dust—a heap of bright-colored rags, very still.

Jimmy looked at the woman—this strange woman who had prevented murder by committing murder. She was smiling serenely. In her hand she held a revolver, from the mouth of which a tiny stream of vapor was ascending vertically in the still air. She ejected the empty cartridge, inserting a fresh one. Then she nodded to Curtice with an air of superior nonchalance.

"He was going a bit too far with the farce, Señor Curtice—a little too far. I think he meant to kill you, actually. And I suppose you really thought I intended to take a revenge upon you!" She flamed into harsh anger, a patch of vivid scarlet appearing on either cheek. "You fool! You vapid fool! You imagined that I would lower myself to kill a puerile weakling such as you? I think I'm above warring on children! Once I thought you had the making of a man in you; had you proved such, I might have let you be shot! Go now—go, with your milk-and-water *señorita* who wants to marry you so badly. Go!"

By her orders the soldiers unbound them. Curtice, still not comprehending fully what had happened, gave her a brief word of thanks.

"Thanks!" she flashed. "And what do I want of your thanks? You've done your best, but you were fools to think of fighting me! Go, I tell you! There's the captain's ship, and here comes his engineer—the crew has deserted, but you ought to be able to manage to get to Curaçoa, where you will find the honorable father of your future wife. And when you find him, *señorita*," she continued in a softer tone, "tell him we shall be obliged for the return of our navy, when he is quite done with it. Go, will you? Go, before I repent!"

She followed them to the water's edge, storming each into silence when they would have given her words of thanks. Mr. Hentz was waiting there with the dingey; he greeted them as those risen from the dead. With some difficulty they all crowded into the little boat and gained the Miranda J.

As for milady, she watched them safe aboard, and then turned and went about her businesses—sobbing, I think.

THE END.

A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

LIFE brought two blossoms for her choosing—one

A fair white lily fresh with morning dew;

And one a rose nurtured in fuller sun,

Fiery of scent and hue.

"The lily choose," said Life, "and like a dream

Thy days shall glide beneath a peaceful spell;

But choose the rose, thou shalt have pain supreme

And bliss no tongue can tell!"

The lily or the rose? Ah, must she miss

Passion or peace? Sighing, she raised her head,

And took from Life love's flower of pain and bliss.

"Give me the rose!" she said.

Blanche Trennor Heath.

ETCHINGS

WHEN PEARY FINDS THE POLE.

WHEN Peary with his sledges
Shall reach the magic spot
Which men have sought for ages long—
But yet have found it not;
Where mercury is frozen
And icebergs pitch and roll—
Oh, wondrous things will happen
When Peary finds the Pole!

Some enterprising Yankee
Will gobble up the land,
And in his bold advertisements
"Pole City" will sound grand;
He'll build a summer hostelry
And lay golf link and hole—
Oh, this is sure to happen
When Peary finds the Pole!

Then Vanderbilt or Morgan
Will start a steamboat line
Up toward the arctic circle—
'Twill be a golden mine—
For all the hosts of swelldom
Must seek the new health goal,
Where no disease-germ braves the frost—
When Peary finds the Pole.

Newport will lose her standing,
Bar Harbor sink apace,
And staid Atlantic City
Be nowhere in the race;
For fashion will desert them
For realms where icebergs roll,
And travel's tide will northward turn,
When Peary finds the Pole!

Charles Henry Chesley.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

'Twill sober boards, girth thick, page
large,
With plain, square text and generous
marge,
And cherished plates, thrice sacred it!
First, for its wealth of Holy Writ;
Again, for hands that forth it bore
And oped it, to disclose its lore;
Again, for crypt where long have stood
The records of a house and blood.

Oh, peaceful morns! Oh, gentle eves!
When father waked to speech its leaves,
And all the household, gathered round,
Fed on the manna of the sound;

And in a reverent circle there
Upon their knees were joined in prayer—
With quavering age and childhood's
throat
United in one common note.

Close shut within this hallowed tome
We read the story of a home.
Here lined, is told beneath each head
When father, mother, children, wed—
Who came to bless sweet joys—and then,
With trembling and reluctant pen
Slow added, e'en as God decreed,
The roll of those who filled his need.

Dear hands that once its pages turned
Have gained the rest they well had
earned;

Dear forms that once knelt side by side
Have strayed afar, are scattered wide;
The covers show the print of years;
The records yield to time and tears;
But in its majesty of truth
The text preserves eternal youth!

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE GIRL AND THE WOMAN.

WHEN teacher used to line us up
And give us words to spell—
From little ones like "dog" and "cat"
To "pseudo-parallel"—
I never liked to get beside
Of Susan Ellen Brown,
For just as sure as anything
She always turned me down!

She wasn't near as old as me,
Nor nothing like so tall,
And couldn't turn a somersault,
Nor play a game of ball;
But when it come to spelling-books,
Then Susan Ellen Brown
Was twice as big and good as me,
And always turned me down!

In joggrapy she done the same,
And grammar—well, she knowed
Where every noun and adjective
And verb and adverb growed;
No matter what the study was,
When Susan Ellen Brown
Got hold of me in any class
She always turned me down!

But after while we got too old
 To go to school, and then
 We give up books to do the work
 Of women and of men;
 And first of all I fell in love
 With Susan Ellen Brown—
 But this time, when she got the chance,
 She didn't turn me down!

William J. Lampton.

IN A. D. 2004.

If reincarnations were really a fact,
 And men of all stations returned here intact;
 And if, after dying, I'd live here once more,
 I'd greatly like trying Two Thousand and Four.
 In the year Twenty Hundred and Four
 People won't have to toil any more;
 For electrical pencils and radium utensils
 Will work in Two Thousand and Four.

Then cash will be ready, and men will be wise;
 They'll make stocks stay steady, except when they rise;
 And trusts will be trusted and strikes be no more,
 And steel troubles rusted, in Twenty Naught Four.
 In the year Twenty Hundred and Four
 Stocks won't have to fall any more,
 And insurance 'gainst failing will be quite prevailing
 In the glad year Two Thousand and Four.

Motor-cars that are tireless they'll somehow invent,
 And letters by wireless will always be sent,
 And ping pong will never be played any more,
 And bridge lost forever in Twenty Naught Four.
 In the year Twenty Hundred and Four
 Men will never have clubs any more,
 For the ladies' convention will cause their prevention
 In the leap year Two Thousand and Four.

Then Russia's suggestions for peace will be passed,
 The Panama question be settled at last;
 But China'll be broken long ages before
 The year that I've mentioned, Two Thousand and Four.

In the year Twenty Hundred and Four
 Japs and Russians won't fight any more;
 Free trade or protection will need no correction
 In that year of peace Twenty Naught Four.

Then air-ships will hover o'er mountain and sea,
 And men will discover new lands 'neath the sea;
 The sea serpent's capers will then never more
 Appear in the papers of Twenty Naught Four.
 In the year Twenty Hundred and Four
 Trillionaires will be found by the score;
 There'll be thousands worth millions and hundreds with billions,
 So hasten, Two Thousand and Four!

Edward C. Joseph.

THE DETECTIVE STORY.

A MURDER is committed, and that page is full of gore,
 Of smashed and broken furniture, and blood-stains on the floor.
 A livid, ghastly corpse is quite essential to the tale,
 And people standing round with trembling knees and faces pale.
 Now introduce the town police, and ridicule their chief;
 The way they miss the plainest clues is almost past belief.
 Then, when they give the mystery up and start to leave the place,
 Bring in the great detective with the shrewd and kindly face.
 Now arm him with a camera, tape-measure, microscope;
 At once he sees a thumb-print on a near-by cake of soap.
 A speck of human cuticle is found upon the towel;
 And now the great detective knows who did that murder foul!
 Upon the floor he spies a pile of white tobacco ash—
 With microscope in hand he's on his knees there in a flash.
 "Aha!" he says at length. "The villain smoked a Henry Clay!
 This is no common scoundrel, and he isn't far away."

He works with ready camera and piles up evidence,

While all the local force stand by and feel like thirty cents.

He pulls out secret drawers that no one ever dreamed were there,

And probes with needles fine and long the cushions of each chair.

With measure in his hand he crawls along the hard-wood floor,

And measures all the scratches from the chimney to the door.

At last he rises, smiling. "Well, his shoes are B. size eight,

And by the length of stride he's five feet nine when standing straight.

"He wore a black and white checked suit; see, here I find a thread.

A soft slouch hat he had, crushed down upon his curly head.

How can I tell? Why, see this mark upon the dusty stand,

And on the chandelier I found this single curly strand.

"Now, then, we have a picture of the murderer complete,

His hat, his hair, his clothes, his height, and even size of feet.

Now just go to the window and look out—no need to hide—

For there's the man we're hunting walking down the other side!"

ENVOY.

Oh, thanks to British Conan Doyle, to French Gaborian,

And also many thanks to our own Edgar Allan Poe.

To them we owe a debt of gratitude that's hard to pay,

For teaching us to frustrate crime in such an easy way!

Mary Roberts Rinehart.

THE HOMELESS AMERICAN.

There is no one so desolate as that modern Croesus who owns so many palaces that he lacks a home.

—From a recent magazine

A MILLIONAIRE sat lost in thought within his spacious club.

"There's something that I want," quoth he; "but this is just the rub—

That I can't tell what 'tis I need. Now, if I knew, I'd ring

And simply order it at once, for I'm a big trust king.

"My every taste is gratified in science, music, art;

I've auto-cars and horses rare; my yachts are really smart;

And roofs to shelter me? Oh, yes, in truth I've half a score.

'Neath each I yearly spend one month; I have no time for more.

"I plan to leave my house in town soon after New Year's Day,

And to my lodge at Jekyl Isle I speed without delay.

From thence I rush my private car to Palm Beach, for you see

My bungalow awaits me there as cozy as can be.

"A cruise to Nassau on my yacht is surely not half bad,

My villa in St. Augustine has always made me glad;

A fortnight at my Aiken farm gives hunting every day,

And then of course I must depart, and northward take my way.

"I reach New York by Easter morn, since fashion doth decree

That all smart folk upon that date must in this region be,

Then next my Newport cottage calls, so swiftly I obey

And manage to arrive on time the very last of May.

"A house at Lenox—Mount Desert—at Saratoga, too—

A Scottish moor—all these I own; oh, how I wish I knew

What it can be I really need! Now, if I knew I'd ring,

And simply order it at once, for I'm a big trust king."

An organ-grinder paused beneath the stately club-house wall;

It happened that he played right then a tune well known to all;

E'en through the open window swept the old familiar strain.

'Twas what we love—the "Home, Sweet Home"—that haunting, sad refrain.

The rich man sprang up from his chair.

"Ah, woe is me!" he cried;

"Except this gift—this priceless gift—I have all else beside.

Houses galore of course I own"—he groaned as he sank back—

"But just a home—a simple home—'tis this I always lack!"

Margaret Holbrook Smith.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL.

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

A FORMER MEMBER OF THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE PROPOUNDS THE VIEW THAT JAPANESE SUCCESS IN THE WAR WITH RUSSIA MEANS DANGER OF AN ORIENTAL UPRISING AGAINST WESTERN INFLUENCE AND OF THE WHOLESALE EXPULSION OF THE WHITE MAN FROM ASIA.



A CHINESE WAR GOD.

THE western nations—particularly Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, and the Netherlands, which have dependencies in Asia—have more to fear from the victory of Japan than from her defeat in her present war with Russia. Such, at any rate, is the belief of most white men who have resided for any length of time in the Far East, and who have acquired experience of oriental conditions and above all of the oriental character. Real knowledge of these things can never be obtained from printed matter, supplemented by intercourse in America and Europe with yellow or dusky visitors, who are careful to present themselves only in their best light.

It is an extremely significant fact that whereas the rulers of the Christian nations—even of England, which has a treaty of alliance with Japan—have been cordial in their professions of sympathy and good-will to the Czar, not a single attention of this kind has been shown to the Mikado by any of his fellow monarchs since the commencement of hostilities. It may be said, indeed, that while popular sentiment in America and in Europe—even in France—is in favor of the Japanese, there is a very pronounced disposition to regard their victories with alarm on the part of those who have lived in the orient, as well as by the princes and statesmen who shape the policy of the western powers.

This apprehension is attributable to a belief in the existence of the "yellow peril"—though not in the ordinarily accepted sense of that phrase, which



A TYPICAL CHINESE SOLDIER, ONE OF THE MILLIONS THAT THE FLOWERY KINGDOM MIGHT PUT INTO THE FIELD.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

is usually construed as the possibility of another Asiatic invasion of the occident, like those that swept over Europe in the earlier centuries of the Christian era. The "yellow peril" which there is real reason to fear is a different one.

Russia, if she carries the day in her conflict with Japan, would be content, at any rate for a considerable time to come, with monopolizing the trade of Manchuria. Possibly she may not even demand as much as that; for, exhausted

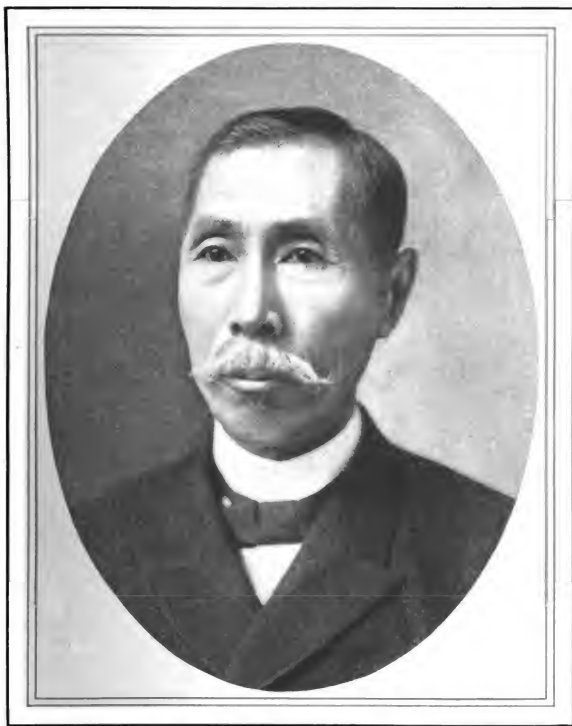


KOREAN SOLDIERS DRILLING IN FRONT OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE AT SEOUL.—KOREA'S ARMY NOW CONSISTS OF ABOUT TWENTY THOUSAND MEN, AND MAY BE INCREASED UNDER JAPANESE AUSPICES.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

It is the realization of the dream of "Asia for the Asiatics," which, first conceived in the land of the Rising Sun, has now fired the imagination of every oriental mind, and aims at the expulsion of the white man's domination—nay, even of his presence—from Asia.

by the conflict, she will be disposed to show herself amenable to suggestions, and unwilling to make further trouble. On the other hand, if Japan is successful, she will not repeat the mistake which she made at the conclusion of her war with China, when she permit-



FIELD-MARSHAL THE MARQUIS YAMAGATA, THE GREAT STRATEGIST AND MILITARY ORGANIZER WHO HAS BEEN CALLED THE MOLTKE OF JAPAN.

ted the European powers to rob her of the fruits of her victory. She may be trusted to take advantage of the popular sentiment in her behalf throughout Asia to carry matters with a high hand.

THE RESULTS OF JAPANESE VICTORY.

To recoup herself for the staggering expenditures of the present campaign, she will be forced in any event to adopt a protective tariff so high as to be well-nigh prohibitive. If she vanquished Russia, she would assuredly extend this not merely to Korea and Manchuria, but to the whole of China.

True, at the outset of the war, when she was anxious for the moral backing of the United States and of Europe, she proclaimed herself the champion of the "open door," and promised that Korea, Manchuria, and the remainder of China should remain entirely free to the trade of America and of the Old World. But experience of the Asiatic character is not conducive to dependence upon such pledges. The morality of the Japanese merchant in the matter of his obligations when dealing with foreigners has long been a by-word throughout the orient, and has repeatedly been de-



GENERAL PRINCE MIN-YUN-HUAN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE KOREAN ARMY.

From a copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

nounced in consular reports and in books of travel. It would be too much to expect from the Japanese government any loftier regard for the sanctity of a promise.

It is extremely doubtful if the western powers would be in a position to enforce their demands upon Japan for the maintenance of the "open door" in China, or to offer any effectual resistance to her attempt to exclude the white man's trade from Chinese markets, in the event of her obtaining the upper hand in her war with Russia. Already, for several years past, the government and people of China have displayed a disposition to confide in the

Japanese, their fellow orientals and fellow heathen, rather than in the Christian foreigner. The possession of common creeds, classics, arts, traditions, customs, ideals, and prejudices has led to the establishment of an understanding between the two yellow empires which no white man could hope to rival. The successes already obtained by Japan in the present conflict have greatly increased her influence and her prestige throughout China, and the latter would submit entirely to her guidance were Russia to prove the loser in the war now raging. Such a result will undoubtedly lead to the further organization of the Chinese millions, under Japanese direction, into a military entity whose power, once aroused and mobilized, would dwarf into insignificance any horde of conquerors that the world has ever seen.

Yesterday Japan was ready to defer, in a measure, to the counsels of the United States, of Great Britain, and of other western powers. To-morrow, if victorious, with all China at her back, and with the knowledge that she has the sympathy and the good-will of all Asia, she will be more inclined to dictate than to defer.

Nor would the occident, in that event, be in a position to resent her attitude. The foreign nations which have the largest interests in China—Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and France—would be obliged to strain every nerve to retain possession of their Asiatic dependencies. Russia's defeat by an oriental power would mean grave danger of a native revolt against the white man's rule in India, in Cochin China, in the Philippines, in the Dutch Indies, and in Germany's colony of Kiaochau. Throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan, the native newspapers are now extolling the successes obtained by the Japanese over the Russians. Should victory ultimately rest with Japan, the prestige of the western powers—that prestige upon which the entire system of their rule in Asia is based—would be broken and disappear.

It is prestige alone that enables Great Britain, with a white army of about sixty thousand men, to keep under subjection a fanatic population of three

hundred millions; that permits France to control the twenty-five million turbulent inhabitants of her Indo-Chinese possessions with a handful of fifteen thousand white troops; that allows the United States, with about half that number of soldiers, to maintain order among the eight million Filipinos, who during the centuries of Spanish rule

were in a continual state of insurrection. Once that prestige gone, once the Asiatic convinced that even a small oriental power, such as Japan, can not merely hold its own, but even defeat so mighty a western empire as Russia, and the Asiatic will feel that a new era has dawned. He will believe that the oppression of the white man is about to



THE MARQUIS ITO, THE BISMARCK OF JAPAN, FORMERLY PRIME MINISTER AND NOW PRESIDENT OF THE ELDER STATESMEN, OR PRIVY COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE.

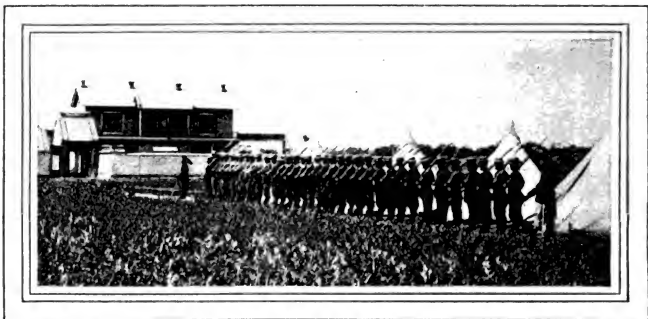
From a photograph by Downey, London.

be destroyed at last, and all the smoldering enmity with which the native regards his foreign master will burst into flames.

THE GULF BETWEEN WEST AND EAST.

For let there be no mistake, try as we may to win the affection of the Asiatic, we can never succeed. It may suit his

most important factor in the present situation. So astute and clever a people as the Japanese are sure to take full advantage of it. They may use it either to bring the war to a more speedy close, or to counteract any attempt on the part of the European powers to rob the Mikado of the fruits of his victories once more, as in 1895. Confronted by



A COMPANY OF CHINESE SOLDIERS, THE GUARD OF GOVERNOR YUAN, PROTECTING THE HOUSE OF AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY DURING THE BOXER TROUBLES.

purposes for a time to affect friendship and loyalty; but at heart he loathes us with an intensity which can be appreciated only by those who have lived long in the east. I refer to such authorities as Sir Robert Hart, for nearly half a century chief of the imperial customs service of China; Sir Ernest Satow, the erudite British envoy at Peking; Captain Brinkley, who has spent his whole life in Japan; and Baron von Brandt, whose long diplomatic career was passed as the representative of Germany in China and at Tokio. These men, and others equally experienced, have been forced time and again to affirm that the longer they remain in the orient, the more profoundly do they become convinced of their inability to fathom the character of the native, and to win his sympathy or friendship in any true sense of the words.

This more or less latent hatred of the oriental for the white man—an animosity which has, until now, been kept under control by belief in the military superiority of the western powers—is a

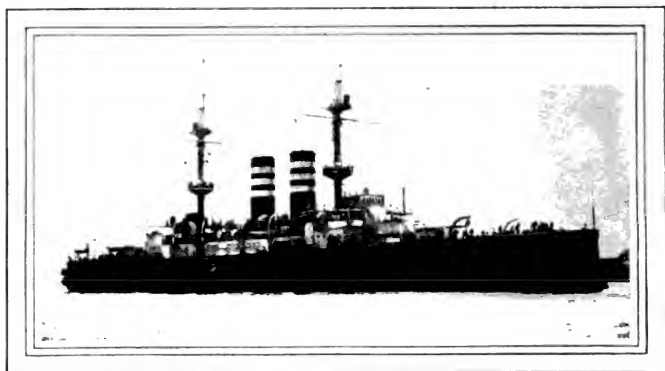
the danger of native risings fomented by the Japanese in India, Indo-China, the Philippines, and Shantung, Great Britain, France, the United States, and Germany will hesitate either to intervene in behalf of Russia, or to attempt to dictate to the government of Dai Nippon—Great Japan.

Indeed, their chief preoccupation will be to preserve their present holdings. The program of "Asia for the Asiatics" means not merely the closing of China to western trade, but the exclusion of England from Hindustan, the Malay Peninsula, Hongkong, and Thibet; of America, from the Philippines; of France, from Indo-China; of Germany, from Shantung; and of Russia, from Siberia and all her central Asian dependencies.

The great issue involved in the present war is not the control of Korea and Manchuria, nor even of China, but the question whether the white man is to dominate Asia as heretofore, or submit to the native. It is an issue of an importance so vast as to be without par-



"NATIONS OF EUROPE, GUARD YOUR MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSIONS!"—THE GERMAN KAISER'S CARTOON ON THE YELLOW PERIL, REPRESENTING THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL, WARNING THE WESTERN POWERS AGAINST THE THREATENED ORIENTAL INVASION, TYPIFIED BY THE IMAGE OF BUDDHA.



A TYPE OF JAPAN'S SEA POWER—THE MIKASA, HER HEAVIEST BATTLESHIP, A VESSEL OF 15,200 TONS, 16,000 HORSEPOWER, AND CARRYING FOUR TWELVE-INCH GUNS, WITH A BROADSIDE FIRE OF 4,225 POUNDS.

allel in modern history. It must be a subject for regret that this fact is not more generally appreciated by press and people on both sides of the Atlantic. There would be less satisfaction displayed over every Japanese success, were it to be realized that each victory for the Mikado's forces is another nail in the coffin of foreign commercial and political influence in the orient.

THREE GREAT MEN OF JAPAN.

The three most commanding figures in the recent history of the island empire are those of Ito, the Bismarck of Japan, of Field-Marshal Yamagata, who may be described as her Moltke, and of the Mikado himself, who by the manner in which he has chosen, trusted, and supported these two men presents many points of resemblance to the old Emperor William.

During the twelve years preceding the long-projected war with France, which was to unite Germany into a powerful empire, Bismarck spent much time in Paris, London, and other capitals, in order to obtain the correct measure of foreign statesmen and conditions in so far as they could affect the projects which he had in view. Similarly, during the last decade, the Marquis Ito has visited England, Rus-

sia, Germany, France, and the United States, making himself acquainted with the rulers and political leaders of the western countries, and impressing them all with a sense of his extraordinary shrewdness and strength of character, the while denying that he was entrusted with any mission.

Again, just as Bismarck sounded the hour for the inauguration of the conflict with France in 1870, so is Ito credited with having notified the Mikado that the time had at length arrived for throwing down the gauntlet to Russia. At any rate, it was immediately after a long interview between the emperor and Ito that the despatch breaking off diplomatic relations was sent. And when the moment for action came, Field-Marshal Yamagata, like Moltke thirty-four years ago, had everything in readiness. A wave of the hand, a signature to a paper, and within an hour the mobilization was under way.

Yamagata is a strange-looking man, resembling Moltke not only in character but even in appearance, being much be wrinkled, haggard to the point of emaciation, silent, grave, and tireless. The Japanese army of to-day is his creation and his handiwork. The perfection of its organization and equipment, the facility with which

troops and supplies commenced pouring into Korea within a few days after the commencement of hostilities, and particularly the amazing knowledge of

abroad that rendered Bismarck so powerful, and Yamagata, judged by experts in Europe to be the equal of any modern strategist—belong to the



MUTSUHITO, MIKADO OF JAPAN, THE EMPEROR UNDER WHOSE EXTRAORDINARILY ABLE RULE THE ISLAND EMPIRE HAS RISEN TO A PLACE AMONG THE MILITARY AND NAVAL POWERS OF THE WORLD—THIS IS THE ACCEPTED PORTRAIT OF THE MIKADO, BUT IT IS SAID TO BEAR LITTLE RESEMBLANCE TO HIS PRESENT APPEARANCE.

Russia's forces in eastern Asia displayed by the Japanese staff—all these things serve to enforce the analogy between the oriental Moltke and his German prototype.

These two men—Ito possessed of the statecraft, the force of character, and the knowledge of men and conditions

yellow trinity of which the most impressive figure is the Japanese emperor.

It is quite possible that the appearance which Mutsuhito, Mikado of Japan, presents to American and European eyes may not be majestic or imposing. Indeed, to superficial observers he may seem lamentably lacking in that in-

tellectual quickness and alertness of mind for which his subjects are so distinguished. Yet he is in every sense of the word the most remarkable man in his empire, perhaps in all Asia. He has been the power that has enabled his people to assimilate the best fruits of our two thousand years of progressive Christian civilization. At the same time, he has known how to direct matters so that not even the most advanced teachings of American and European universities have succeeded in impairing the belief of their Japanese graduates in his supernatural attributes.

In conclusion, and in confirmation of

what has been said about the natural animosity of Asiatics toward the white races, I may mention a late piece of news from Japan. I am advised that many of the foreign residents there are so much alarmed by the symptoms of hostility displayed by the natives since the outbreak of the present war that they have taken steps to send their families to Hongkong, Australia, or Europe. As not only cable despatches, but even the private letters of newspaper correspondents are subject to a strict censorship, it is easy to understand why this significant fact has received no mention in the press.

JAPAN'S NAVAL HEROES.

BY SAMUEL EMERSON.

VICE-ADMIRAL TOGO, WHO STRUCK THE FIRST GREAT BLOW AT THE RUSSIAN FLEET OFF PORT ARTHUR ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 8, AND REAR-ADMIRAL URIU, WHO SANK THE VARIAG AT CHEMULPO ON FEBRUARY 9.

NOT many names are more familiar to-day than those of the two Japanese admirals, Togo and Uriu, though a very short time ago few Americans had ever heard of the former, and still fewer of the latter. And of Uriu, at any rate, it is not strange that the world knew nothing, for even in Japan he had not caught the public eye. Before his fight at Chemulpo on February 9 he had never smelled powder; for during the stirring events of the war with China he was stationed in Paris as an attaché of the Japanese legation.

Rear-Admiral Sotokichi Uriu is now forty-seven—that is, young enough to brave perils which might make an older officer pause, and experienced enough not to risk his ships and his men needlessly. In appearance he is more European than oriental. His personality, the

turn of his mustache, his way of wearing his hair, all betoken the American rather than the Japanese. When he speaks English, he talks with scarcely a trace of foreign intonation.

THE CAREER OF ADMIRAL URIU.

Of the man Uriu there is not much to record. Of his ancestry volumes could be written. If blood ever did tell, it has told in the victor of Chemulpo. He is descended from a fighting race, his progenitors being *samurai* (soldiers) of the fief of Daishoji, a scion of the great Kaga.

As a boy, he attracted attention at the Japanese Naval College by his general brightness and by his special proficiency in English. It was his gift for languages that earned for him, when he was eighteen, the distinction of being

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE we print three articles bearing on the war in the East—"The Real Yellow Peril," "Japan's Naval Heroes," and "The Long Feud of Britain and Russia," which last begins on page 375. Mr. Cunliffe-Owen's paper presents one view of a very interesting and important problem—that of the possible results of Japanese success in the present struggle. There is much to be said on both sides of the question, and another article on the subject will appear in a later issue of this magazine.



VICE-ADMIRAL TOGO, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE FLEET IN THE YELLOW SEA.

From a photograph by Maenki, Tokio.

sent to Annapolis. The years he spent at the United States Naval Academy, where he graduated in 1881, fourteenth in a class of a hundred and thirty-six cadets, made him, in some ways, more American than Japanese. Later, he studied for a time at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, one of the British training-schools.

In the Mikado's navy his promotion has been exceptionally rapid. After commanding the cruiser Matsushima and the battleship Yashima, he became a rear-admiral in May, 1900, and was appointed chief of the Japanese naval intelligence bureau. In April of last year he was put in charge of a new squadron to cruise in Chinese and Korean waters. Later, when the Japanese government quietly began to perfect its arrangements for the inevitable conflict with Russia, he was selected to command the so-called Fourth Squadron, a fleet of five fine cruisers. To him was assigned the task of convoying the vanguard of the army ordered to invade Korea; and thus it happened that on the memorable 9th of February, off Chemulpo, he fought one of the two initial engagements of the war. His was the first victory of which news reached home.

Urin's private life is that of a gentleman in every sense of the word. A man of quiet tastes, he enjoys the sweetness of an ideal home atmosphere when ashore—an atmosphere to which his wife and five children lend a charm that every visitor to his house has had occasion to remark.

In 1864 the Japanese government sent to America three little girls of high rank to receive an education of a very different sort from that enjoyed by most Japanese women. The children did not return until they were girls of twenty. All of them are exceptionally brilliant women. The one is Miss Tsuda; another has become the Marchioness Oyama; the third is now Mrs. Urin.

Mrs. Urin, whose maiden name was Miss Nagai, lived for several years in the family of the late John Abbott. She studied music at the Boston Conservatory, and graduated at Vassar. When she came home, she could not

speak a word of Japanese. She and her husband still talk English to each other. At the Uriu home—a picturesque Japanese dwelling in the outskirts of Tokio—foreigners are agreeably surprised to meet servants who understand our language. The house, however, gives no indication of the Americanized tastes of its occupants. Mrs. Uriu wears the *kimono* and *obi*—which, after all, is the most becoming of all costumes to the women of Japan.

Miss Tsuda and Mrs. Uriu have devoted themselves to advance the cause of education among Japanese girls. For many years the latter lady taught the piano in the Tokio Conservatory. Even now she teaches a class in the Girls' Normal School.

THE PERSONALITY OF ADMIRAL TOGO.

Unlike Urin, Vice-Admiral Togo is a man whose achievements have long ago made him a popular idol in Japan. The simplicity and kindness of his character, the charm of his easy manner, have made him one of the most beloved commanders in the Mikado's navy. On shipboard his presence is almost unfelt. He talks little, and in so low a voice that only those who stand very near him can understand his words. But with all his modesty and his silence he is renowned as a man of quick and decisive action. He was one of the fighters to whom all eyes turned when the war clouds were seen to be brewing.

Togo is now a little more than fifty years of age. He comes of the Satsuma clan, and his ancestry, like that of Urin, is distinguished in the annals of his country for brave deeds. As a boy, he spent a year or two on an English naval training-ship; then, at sixteen, he became a midshipman on the Kasuga, one of the little gunboats that formed the first Japanese fleet, and a namesake of the powerful cruiser that recently arrived in Japan from Genoa. He has been in battle more than once. He fought his way through the fierce fight with Enomoto's rebellions squadron in the Restoration War, and attracted the attention of the commander of his vessel, who is now Admiral Inouye of the Yokosuka Admiralty.

He played a prominent part in the



REAR-ADMIRAL SOTOKICHI URIU, COMMANDING THE FOURTH SQUADRON OF THE JAPANESE FLEET
IN THE YELLOW SEA.

From a photograph by Mizuki, Tokio.

conflict with China. It was he who struck the first blow of the war. Having sighted the Chinese transport Kowshing off Phungdo, while others were hesitating what to do he opened fire and sank the ship, which was loaded with soldiers bound for Korea. He had instantly determined to shoulder all the consequences of an action that might be considered a breach of international law. It was like the pathetic resolve of an old *samurai* to commit *harakiri* if he could thereby serve his country. Later, his ship, the Naniwa, did good service in the brief campaign that gave Japan control of the Yellow Sea.

Many a Japanese seaman has expressed the wish to die under the command of Togo—the veteran sailor who still stands as a representative of the vanished *samurai*, the fighting men of old Japan.

THE FIRST MOVES OF THE WAR.

It has been said, in disparagement of the victories won by Togo and Uriu on the 8th and 9th of February, that they were easy triumphs, scored against an unprepared enemy and an inferior fighting force. The criticism is not wholly untrue, but it is nevertheless unjust. If the Russians were caught off their guard, it was their own fault, for in Japan's announcement of the rupture of diplomatic relations they had had ample warning. If the Japanese brought stronger squadrons to bear upon the enemy's divided forces, they deserve all credit for their superior strategy. That, indeed, is the essence of good strategy—"to hit the fustest with the mostest," as Forrest, the brilliant but ungrammatical Southern cavalryman, is said to have phrased it.

Look more closely at the movements of the two Japanese admirals in those eventful February days in which Russian prestige suffered the most damaging blows that it has received in modern times. It will be seen that the work set them to do called for the highest qualities of seamanship, for cool calculation and swift and daring action.

The task that fell to Togo, as commander-in-chief, was first, to convoy an invading force to Korea; and second,

to secure its line of communications with Japan, not merely for the time, but if possible permanently. These two things should naturally have come in reverse order, the troops not being moved until the way was cleared for them; but that was not Togo's business.

Now the admiral's obvious course, or at least his obviously safe course, would have been to mass his whole fleet to protect the transports, and then, after escorting the troop-ships to Chemulpo, to go in search of the enemy. But in order to make the line of communication permanently secure, it was necessary to strike a disabling blow at the enemy; and in order to strike such a blow, swift and sudden action was necessary. If he went to Chemulpo, he would lose time—for that port, as a glance at the map will show, lies off the direct route from Japan to Port Arthur—and his movements would be reported to the Russians. He determined, therefore, to detach a squadron to Chemulpo with the transports, while with his main fleet he moved straight upon the Muscovite stronghold.

On the morning of February 6, Togo assembled his officers on his flagship, the Mikasa, in the Japanese harbor of Sascho, and gave them their sailing orders. At noon on the 7th the entire fleet was rendezvoused off Mokpo, at the southwestern extremity of Korea. There they met the cruiser Akashi, returning from vedette duty. She reported that two of the enemy's ships—the fine American-built cruiser Variag and the gunboat Korietz—were at Chemulpo, the main Russian naval force at Port Arthur.

Upon this news, Togo detached the five cruisers of Uriu's squadron, and some torpedo-boats, to Chemulpo with the transports, while he himself headed directly for Port Arthur. From Mokpo, Chemulpo lies almost due north, nearly two hundred miles away; Port Arthur lies to the northwest at fully twice that distance. Hence if the Russians should have wind of what was afoot, and should advance in force from Port Arthur, they might meet Uriu and the troop-ships and inflict a crushing disaster upon the expedition.

That night and the following day

(February 8) were an anxious time for Togo. The weather was heavy and the sea high. He could not use searchlights at night, nor let his torpedo-boats patrol far afield by day, lest his movement should be discovered. At sunset on the 8th he found himself within sixty miles of Port Arthur. Then he set this signal to his torpedo flotilla:

"Go in and sink the enemy's squadron. Success to you all!"

THE NIGHT ATTACK ON THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

There are few more dangerous tasks than to attack a fleet of armored ships with these egg-shell boats; but the sailors of no navy could undertake it more eagerly than the Japanese. The torpedo vessels steamed forward in two lines, eight of them heading for Talienwan Bay, where it was thought some of the Russians might be found, ten for the entrance to Port Arthur.

As these latter neared the harbor mouth, where Admiral Stark's big ships could now be dimly discerned, they encountered a vessel which was probably on guard duty. It seems that one of the Japanese commanders was on the point of torpedoing her—which would probably have been fatal to any chance of inflicting further damage. Instead of such a betrayal, however, the Russian lookout's hail received a Russian answer, and the assailants held their course uninterrupted.

At about six hundred yards from the enemy the column broke in two, five boats turning to the right and five to the left, so as to form a line before the Muscovite fleet. Another hundred yards, and each launched two Whitehead torpedoes. In another moment all was uproar and confusion. Searchlights flashed, big cannon boomed on shore, and rapid-fire guns rained a shower of shells from Stark's vessels. The Japanese had struck their blow; to attempt further attack was to court destruction, and they wheeled about and slipped away into the darkness.

In the morning (February 9), Togo came up and engaged the Russians with his battleships and cruisers, going in as close as he dared approach their heavily armed land batteries. He had received

no report from his torpedo flotilla, but he saw manifest signs of its destructive work. Indeed, at the time of writing this it is still impossible to tell precisely what damage the Russians suffered in the two attacks. It seems certain that their most powerful vessel, the big *Czarevitch*, the flagship of Admiral Stark, was damaged beyond repair; that another of their battleships, the American-built *Retvizan*, was also permanently put out of action; that several other vessels were seriously injured, and that the general result of the day's work was to give Japan a practically complete control of the sea and to go far toward determining the result of the war.

The damage suffered by the Japanese was insignificant, and Togo reported to his government, after the action, that "the fighting strength of the squadron is unimpaired." His officers are reported to have said that the engagement was much more one-sided than the battle of the Yalu, in which they destroyed the Chinese fleet in 1895.

THE FIGHT OFF CHEMULPO.

What happened at Chemulpo is more fully known. On the afternoon of the 8th *Uriu* entered the harbor, where he found the two Russian ships lying in amazing ignorance of their peril. The commanders of the *Variag* and the *Koriets* had to choose between fight and surrender. A dash for escape during the night might possibly have saved one of them; for the *Variag* was swifter than any of *Uriu's* cruisers, besides being better armed than four of the five. But the Russians did not attempt it. The *Koriets* made a futile trip out of the port on the evening of the 8th, and fired the first shot of the war at the Japanese ships, which lay in waiting outside; then she put back.

On the morning of the 9th the two trapped vessels went out to destruction. Their crews were plucky enough, but their gunnery was so far inferior to that of *Uriu's* men that they were driven back without inflicting any damage. The *Variag*, disabled and on fire, crept into the harbor to sink, and the *Koriets* was blown up to save her from inevitable capture.



HE MIGHT TELL THE MEMBERS THAT HE SYMPATHIZED WITH THEM IN THIS MOST WORTHY EFFORT.
(See story, "By Authority of the Commissioners.")

By Authority of the Commissioners.

THE STORY OF A RECKLESS IMPOSTURE AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

BY ARTHUR H. WARNER.

I.

ON the south side of the street, where Louisiana Avenue comes to the end of its short career in the green-sward of Judiciary Square, stands an unimposing structure of red brick—Washington's greatest scourge is red brick—known as the District Building. Here are located the different offices pertaining to the local government of the national capital, and here may be found the three commissioners who control its affairs.

It is only during warm weather that the group of newspaper men at the District Building can be distinguished from the army of clerks by any infallible sign. No matter how fierce the heat, the office regulations require the employees to wear some semblance of a coat, while the newspaper men, who are their own lawmakers, saunter about the premises through the summer months not only coatless, but cuffless, collarless, and tieless as well.

A certain young lady who stepped from the elevator to the fifth-floor corridor at five minutes to three one Saturday afternoon in the latter part of May did not happen to be aware of this simple earmark. This certain young lady—very uncertain just where she ought to go—marched down the hall straight for the open door of the press room.

There was a tap when she arrived.

"Come in!" bawled out the two molders of public opinion within.

There was another tap. Snyder got up and ambled easily toward the door, stopping to get a drink at the water-cooler on the way.

"Is this—this Commissioner Charlton's office?" asked a feminine voice without.

Now Commissioner Charlton had gone home, as Snyder knew, and the

thought came to him to have a little fun with Cooper.

"Right at that desk," he said, pointing inside.

"I won't be bluffed that way!" muttered Cooper to himself, for he had heard Snyder's words from the door. "I'll fool him by showing that I'm game!"

He shuffled out his copy on the desk before him, bent his head down, and began to write. He heard the swish of a dress draw near. Several seconds passed. Cooper did not so much as glance out of the corner of his eye. Custom decrees that no matter how heavily time may be hanging on his hand, a public official should invariably write half a page, and press a button somewhere, before he looks up. That is to show what a really important man he is.

Cooper knew this. Apparently his visitor did not. Just as he was beginning to think that he had kept her waiting for about the proper time, he heard a voice at his side, which began audibly, but gradually fell away, as if frightened by its own sound.

"Is this—please is this Commissioner Charlton?"

"Yes, madam," said Cooper blandly. "What can I do for you?" This last with the patronizing way assumed by government officers when addressing the mere common people who pay their salaries.

Then he looked up, and his official presence forsook him completely when he saw a young woman, scarcely more than a girl, who glanced frankly at him out of a pair of frightened but courageous brown eyes.

Now feminine visitors at the District Building are the exception rather than the rule, and when they do come they are usually specimens of the aggressive I - have - as - good - a - right - to - vote - as - you type. They stride down the cor-

ridors bearing destruction in their glance, like Medusa of old; and they have no more than got inside the door than everybody on the same floor knows that there's been a dead cat—yes, sir, a dead cat—lying in our alley for three whole days, and it's a disgrace to a civilized community and a burning shame, so it is!

That was the sort of thing Cooper had been expecting when he heard a woman's voice at the door. He blamed himself generously for putting his foot in it with such a fair and unsuspecting visitor.

"I came to ask you something—something about our school. You see, we have just started a little club, and we thought—well, I don't know how you do about those things, but——"

"Oh, yes. Quite so. I see, I see," said Cooper, who was regaining his official attitude, when the speaker paused for breath.

Then she made a new start, and told quite plainly how she had charge of a small private school in Mount Pleasant, and how, in order to interest the children in government and help them to become thoughtful citizens, she had organized a Watch and Work League, the members of which were to keep from strewing litter on the streets, and try to prevent it on the part of others, and to refrain from shooting through the street lamps with their "beanies," or otherwise injuring public or private property. Each member was to wear a badge, and she thought if some sort of official approval or notice—she didn't know just what—could be given the club it would help the plan.

While she was telling him this, Cooper had been paying more attention to her face than to her words, which is not necessarily discourteous in the case of a woman. He realized, however, that the time had come to withdraw himself, and he was public official enough to know how to do it.

"I see, I see," he began. "Your idea seems a most commendable one—most commendable indeed." He was falling into the official lingo beautifully. "Unfortunately, it scarcely comes within my jurisdiction. It would be better to bring it to the attention of Commissioner

Anderson in the form of a written communication. That is the usual procedure of the office, and any digression——"

"But I went to see Commissioner Anderson, and he sent——"

"Commissioner Benton, I should have said," interrupted Cooper quickly. "When you return home make a written application——"

"But I saw Commissioner Benton, too, and both of them advised me to see you," replied the young lady firmly.

"Oh, you did? Well—well, possibly so. You see it's a rather extraordinary request—quite extraordinary. As I said before, you had better make a written statement of the case, and send it by mail addressed to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia. It will then be duly referred through the proper channels, and doubtless——"

"But, dear me," broke out the young woman, "school will be over in a couple of weeks! And we've already got the badges. And we promised the boys they would be distributed on Wednesday. And I've heard"—evidently she had some tolerably accurate ideas about public affairs, after all—"I've heard," she said, smiling slightly, "that it sometimes takes weeks for matters to be decided that way!"

There was a pleading in her eyes that Cooper could never have resisted as a commissioner, much less as an irresponsible usurper in that place. No authority was required for the existence of the club, of course. Why not give it the commissioner's approval?

So he leaned back in his chair and told his auditor that no official notice would be required, but she might tell the members, as coming direct from him, that he sympathized with them in this most worthy effort, and that he should watch the progress of the club with the keenest interest, and a sincere desire for its success.

She thanked him, and, smiling again, withdrew.

II.

On Tuesday afternoon Cooper was again at his desk in the District Building, making up the daily budget of

news. Washington journalism is peculiar. In some directions it is highly metropolitan in its methods; in others it lies on the plane of the country weekly. In addition to the really important news, it was Cooper's pleasant task to compile daily an assortment of short paragraphs, for which he had just made the beginning by pounding out on his typewriter the following gems for the edification of Washington next morning:

The District Commissioners have denied the application of Michael Healey, 506 F Street, Southwest, to erect a bootblack stand at the southeast corner of Ninth and G Streets.

In response to his communication of April 3, a reply has been sent to C. W. Rogers, 3504 P Street, Georgetown, stating that the dead tree of which he complained, at the intersection of P and Congress Streets, will be removed.

While Cooper was looking this over with some amusement, a tall, finely-built man entered the room and walked over to his desk. The man, who was evidently a Southerner by dress as well as by speech, appeared for some reason to be much agitated.

"My name," began the stranger, "is Barnwell. Last Saturday my daughter called on Commissioner Charlton and obtained his official approval for the organization of a club in her school. On returning home it occurred to her that it might not be too much, since the commissioner had expressed such interest in the idea, to ask him to come out on Wednesday morning and distribute the badges in person. So she wrote him to that effect, and what sort of an answer do you suppose she got this morning? Why, she got a letter saying that the commissioner did not recall the occurrence to which she alluded, and regretted his inability to be present. Yes, sir, those are his exact words—did not recall the occurrence to which she alluded. Tell me, sir, what do you think of that?"

"Have you—have you seen the commissioner yet?" interrupted Cooper rather nervously.

"Not yet. That's what I came down for this afternoon, but it seems he is out. I'll be in again to-morrow;" and he set his mouth in a way that looked ominous.

When his visitor had gone, Cooper

reached into the desk and drew out a sheet of official paper with an envelope to match, bearing the customary warning in the left hand corner: "Official Business—Penalty for Private Use, Three Hundred Dollars." In Washington the newspaper men commonly rely upon the government departments for their supply of stationery.

"Yes, I'll do it," said Cooper to himself. "It's a bit risky, but it's the only way out of the scrape now. Hanged if I wouldn't do it just for the sake of seeing her again, anyhow!"

Walking out into the corridor, he dropped the letter down the mail-chute unstamped, like any other missive sent on public business.

Thus it fell out that when Mr. Barnwell returned home that night he was met by his daughter, all smiles once more.

"It's all coming out right, after all," said Mary. "See this letter! I'm so glad you didn't see him to-day, because you might have said something horrid, and here he is just as kind as can be!"

Mr. Barnwell opened the letter and read, half aloud and half to himself, as follows:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
COMMISSIONERS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,
WASHINGTON, May 27.

MISS MARY T. BARNWELL,
Howard Avenue, Mount Pleasant.

DEAR MADAM:

Replying to your favor of the 24th inst., the commissioner directs me to say that a mistake on the part of the clerical force has just been brought to his attention, whereby your communication was confused with another, and a misleading answer sent.

Although it is seldom possible, owing to the great pressure of public affairs, for the commissioner to comply with a request such as the one made, he directs me to say that he will make every effort to be present Wednesday morning and present the badges as requested.

Respectfully,

3150a2

J. C. CHARLTON.

"Now isn't that fine of him?" said Mary. "You should see him, father. He's so agreeable in his ways. And young, too, for a commissioner!"

The next morning Cooper set out for Mount Pleasant. The whole plan seemed absurd and foolhardy to him now, and he would have given anything in the world, but a sight of Mary—yes, even that—to get out of it. He summoned enough of his habitual au-

dacity to see it through, however. With a face that looked like a man going to his own funeral, he began by telling the children how glad he was to be there this morning. How or where he got to the end he never knew. He hurriedly bid Miss Barnwell adieu. She thanked him, and added as he went out:

"You will come and see me—that is, come and visit the school again some time, won't you?"

"Yes, yes," said Cooper. "Good-day!" And as he hurried out he added to himself: "What a fool I was! I'll never dare to go there again as commissioner, and I've blocked the chance of going there as myself!"

III.

IN NEW YORK, a city editor fences himself off from the clamoring world outside by a barricade of gates and doors, guarded with the vigilance of a Cerberus by a small army of office-boys. To pass them, more formality is required than you would look for in the palace of the Shah of Persia. In the office where Cooper worked this would have been deemed bombastic, undemocratic, and expensive—particularly, expensive. There any one was free to come, and many an odd piece from the city's debris found his way in during the long nights to recount some tale of woe, or demonstrate that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, he was really perfectly sober. The great difficulty was that if you did go in, you could seldom get anybody to pay any attention to you.

This was the trouble that an elderly gentleman seemed to be having about eleven o'clock on the night of the day made notable by the dismal appearance of John C. Cooper as Commissioner Charlton in Mount Pleasant. He had already asked twice from the door if this was the city editor's room, but nobody heeded him. Most of the staff had just got in after covering their evening assignments, and were leaning over their desks in their shirt-sleeves, each pounding away at a typewriter. From these machines such a clicking, clacking was going up that nothing else could be heard.

So the man entered the room, and, approaching the nearest desk, inquired:

"Is this the city department?"

"Um!"

"Is the city editor in?"

"Um!" replied the individual addressed, without stopping in his work.

"Which is his desk?"

"Vrare," snapped out the man at the typewriter, in the effort to get through saying "over there" as soon as possible.

The visitor strolled off to the opposite corner.

"Is this the city editor?" he asked with undiminished politeness.

"'Cross yonder," said the young man encountered, making his remarks more intelligible by a wave of his thumb toward the ceiling.

The stranger approached a figure occupying one of several places at a large table, where he had hewn out just enough room for his elbows from a pile of census bulletins, ancient newspapers, undelivered mail, and reports from the Interstate Commerce Commission, which had been accumulating under every city editor since the office was built.

He acknowledged that he was the party sought after with a bob of his chin, and went on counting the letters in a three-bank head which he had just written while the man told his story. He did not ask him to take a seat. This was partly because he feared the caller might stay too long, and partly for the reason that when the reporters were all in at once there weren't enough chairs to go around.

"Commissioner Charlton, you say," mumbled the city editor, without so much as shifting his cigar. "At Mount Pleasant. Cooper—take this story, please!"

As the stranger approached, Cooper recognized his caller of the day before, and wondered if he had appeared to torment him again. He was quickly reassured. Mr. Barnwell explained that since Commissioner Charlton had been so kind as to come, after all, he thought it right that some notice of it should be taken in the paper.

"And what did the commissioner say?" inquired Cooper.

"Well, to tell the truth, I gather

that he didn't say much of anything worth the saying," responded Mr. Barnwell easily.

"Oh, indeed!" remarked Cooper politely.

"At least, my daughter said he seemed to feel about as much at home as a fly in a barrel of molasses, or words to that effect. Of course that's just between you and me, though. I don't mean that he should hear of it, or anything like that should appear in the paper, you know. I thought probably you could make up a little speech for the occasion quite as good as his."

"Very likely I might," said Cooper dryly. "Let's see—you say this was at eleven o'clock?"

"Ye-es—no. Let me see. Was it eleven or ten? Just wait a minute, and I'll ask my daughter. She's waiting just outside in the hall—or, better still, I'll get her to step in."

"Oh, no, no! I wouldn't think of it," called out Cooper, catching his friend by the arm. "It's of no consequence, I assure you. Don't trouble yourself in the least."

"Oh, it's no trouble. I'll ask her to come right in."

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" remonstrated Cooper in consternation. "I haven't time for it, anyhow."

Then, seeing that Mr. Barnwell was already half way across the room, he concluded it would be wiser to go out to his destruction than have it overtake him there before the whole staff. He jumped up and hurried out through the door, dexterously kicking aside the cut of Admiral Dewey that held it open as he went, so that it swung shut with a bang behind him.

IV.

WHEN the afternoon of the next day came, Cooper did not start for the District Building at his usual hour. Instead, he turned his face toward Mount Pleasant to meet Mr. Barnwell, who had had this to say in parting from him the night before:

"You understand, young man, that you will be at my door at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. We will go at once to my daughter's school, where you

will explain the whole matter and apologize to Miss Barnwell for this outrageous piece of conduct. We will do the same before Commissioner Charlton, and then it will be time enough to consider whether or not we can omit an explanation of the affair at your own office."

"Very well," was all that Cooper had said in reply.

He had no intention of participating in any such program, and he believed Mary would, on her own account, be as much opposed to it as he. What he had in mind was that by a further talk on the morrow he might induce Mr. Barnwell to be less insistent about having the affair explained everywhere.

Mr. Barnwell was not at home. In his place there was a note for Cooper saying that he had been called out of town. Cooper took this as a lucky omen, and cheered up. He did not return to the city, but set out for Miss Barnwell's school, timing himself to arrive shortly after the closing hour at three o'clock. Fortunately, she was alone when he entered, correcting a pile of papers on the desk before her. She started a little upon seeing who it was, but kept her eyes on her work, as if she had not observed his entrance. Finally she looked up and inquired stiffly:

"What can I do for you?"

"You can listen to me," said Cooper, "while I tell you how sorry I——"

"Unfortunately," said Miss Barnwell, choosing her words carefully, "that lies entirely beyond my jurisdiction. You had better see my father about it."

"What I have to say concerns you alone. It was a foolish impulse that led me for the moment to impersonate the commissioner, and although everything I have done since was undertaken in the honest hope of saving you annoyance, I seem to have been the victim of fate."

Cooper was very humble now.

"Then your best way would be to make a written statement, and submit it through the mails," returned Miss Barnwell. "That is the usual course, and any digression——"

"If it is the usual course, that is the more reason why I shouldn't take it,"

said Cooper, smiling mirthlessly as he recognized the parody. "I don't owe you a usual apology. I owe you a very unusual one."

"Well, your presence here is surely unusual enough!"

Miss Barnwell was doing her best to be immovable, but found it rather uphill work. She began to gather her effects together preparatory to going home. Cooper stood by silently.

"So there is nothing I can say—nothing I can do? I don't object to all the other consequences, because I deserve them a hundred times over, but I had hoped to have your forgiveness."

"I didn't say you didn't have that," said Mary in an altered tone.

Cooper picked up the key on her desk, and, following her out, locked the door behind them while she continued speaking:

"I sincerely wish that I had never been so silly as to ask what I did." Just the semblance of a sigh escaped her lips. "I only wish, for both of us, that you had been the commissioner!"

The sigh was not lost on Cooper.

"I don't," he said positively.

They were standing in the street now.

"Why not?" she inquired, with a shade of surprise at his emphasis.

"Because he is married," was what Cooper wanted to say. What he did say was: "There goes my car!" and hurried away.

In the evening he was astonished to find a key in his pocket, which he recognized as Mary Barnwell's. He must get it back before the hour for opening in the morning. He would deliver it in person.

Mr. Barnwell himself opened the door.

"I—I was at the school this afternoon," stammered Cooper, "and inadvertently carried off the key."

"Oh, the door-key! I don't believe she has missed it."

Cooper was turning away.

"Oh—er, I suppose you're rather surprised to see me. The fact is, I got back sooner than I had reckoned." The fact was that Mary had set her foot down on her father's plan, and he had not been out of town at all. The note

was a subterfuge. "By the way, it occurs to me to say—well, we Southerners are a little hot-blooded, but we don't mean to be ungenerous. We won't say anything more about that little matter. Will you stop and smoke a cigar?"

Cooper stopped, and when he rose to go it chanced—such happenings are always purely matters of chance, you know—that he met Mary in the hall.

"I have just been enjoying a pleasant chat with your father," he said. "I wonder if you would mind if some time I should fulfil my promise to you?"

"What do you mean?" inquired Mary wonderingly.

"Why, you remember once, a long time ago, when we first knew each other, you asked me to come and see you again, and I gave you my promise to do so. A commissioner, you know, ought always to keep his word. May I keep mine?"

V.

A YEAR later, in the same old ever-youthful month of May, a group of men, coatless, cuffless, collarless, and tieless, sat in the press room of the District Building, while the young wind of early summer blew in through the big windows in front, setting the hands to idling, and the fancy to wandering.

"So he was married this morning at St. Andrew's, was he?" asked one of the figures, teetering back by the window.

"He was," answered Snyder, "and has now begun in earnest the long struggle to live happily ever after."

"It all goes to show how topsyturvily fate acts in this world," said the first speaker reflectively. "Here he cuts up an adventure which ought to have brought his discharge, and instead of that he gets a better position in New York within a month, and a tremendously fine girl into the bargain."

"Well," said the correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, rising and putting on his hat, "in modern journalism one has to be either a freak or a failure. What do you fellows say to stepping down to the Sign of the Twelve Apostles and drinking a stein all around to his prosperity?"

Pandora's Box.

THE STORY OF A TREASURE-CASKET WHOSE LAST GIFT WAS ITS BEST.

BY MAUD APPLETON HARTWELL.

I.

"To be opened on the morning of your last day at sea."

IT was the last of Sallie Barden's steamer letters, and the time had come to satisfy the curiosity of her soul. When she came on board she had found in her stateroom a raffia basket tied with crimson ribbon, without any note or card attached. Opening the basket, she discovered that it contained eight little white packages tied with gilt cord, and beneath them a sealed envelope. On each package, and on the envelope, were typewritten instructions as to the time of opening.

The daily surprise, added to the fact that the unknown friend had shown a good deal of familiarity with her tastes and the needs of a sea voyage, and lent a bit of cheer to an otherwise unhappy week. Sallie's father was taking her to Europe for her health, for the family doctor had looked wise and said "Nerves!" She had yielded with a smile, and had made "nerves" an excuse for keeping very quiet on the voyage and nursing her grief.

She settled back in her steamer-chair, and began watching listlessly the flat, green country that looked as if you could ring water out of it, the low, red-roofed cottages, the absurd trees that remind one of the tails of clipped French poodles, the countless windmills, and the herds of Holsteins grazing in groups that seemed as if they were posed. Holland looks self-conscious, as if waiting for an artist to come along and paint it, she thought.

She felt sorry for the passengers who had allowed their chairs to be stacked just because the steamer was now in the river, and were wandering around in the flurry that characterizes the last few hours of the voyage. She was grateful for having a father and a maid to at-

tend to all the stupid detail, and felt very virtuous at having just done her only duties in writing a cable message for Owen Bryant in New York, and a note for each of the friends who had remembered her with a gift or a steamer letter. The cable message consisted of a single word—"Come," and she had given it to the steward to be sent off as soon as the ship docked.

Now that the question was settled, she felt calmer about her decision to marry Bryant. Throughout the voyage she had fought out with herself this battle between the higher and the lower woman. This morning, in sheer physical exhaustion and spiritual numbness, she had made up her mind to do the conventional thing and marry the agreeable, good-natured, unobjectionable man who had been devoted to her ever since she came out four years ago, and whom every one considered a suitable husband for her. Because she had loved somebody else so much, all capacity for further feeling seemed dead; and although she winced when she compared Bryant with the other man, she kept returning to the question, "Why not?"

The other man had not spoken. Probably he did not care. And yet her thoughts had a way of getting back to him, which, since she had written the cable message, she sternly characterized as disloyal. She pulled out of the bag on the back of her chair a note from him, which she started to tear in two. Then she changed her mind, and opened it. It had been tied to a bunch of violets sent to the steamer. The violets she had worn until they faded; then she had thrown them from the stern into the green-white wake of the ship, with a feeling that her act of burial was symbolic.

MY DEAR MISS BARDEN:

This is just to say good-by, and to wish you a happy holiday and return to health. I am on my way to my Western aerie and hard work. Being a mere clumsy man, I cannot properly thank you and

your father for the hospitality that you have shown me in the last eight months. To you especially I am indebted for my happiest hours in the East. If, before I come to New York next year, you should take a notion to explore the real West, I should like to be at hand to give you a proper introduction to it—the introduction of one that loves it. Come before we get too civilized!

Cordially yours,

PHILIP AMORY.

This simple note of conventional courtesy was all that the other man had to say. Sallie threw the scraps of paper over the rail, and returned to the mysterious unopened letter. She was now to solve the mystery of the giver of the eight gifts.

All of the gifts but one had been inexpensive, and all had been more or less unique. On Thursday she had found in the basket a tiny, green-bound volume of bits of prose and verse on nature and outdoor life, the fly-leaf of which had been turned out. It was a delightful little book that had helped her to pass away many hours; the fact that it showed signs of wear had only added to her interest in it.

Friday had brought a pack of bijou playing-cards; the unknown remembered her fondness for solitaire. On Saturday she found a miniature papier-mâché cribbage-board; she used to play cribbage with her father by the hour. On Sunday she found four short stories cut out of some magazine, the work of an author for whom she had a particular liking. Monday's package contained a box of preserved ginger marked "For the material woman." Preserved ginger was a weakness with Sallie. On Tuesday, the gift was a mechanical puzzle that kept her amused a good part of the day; she was clever at that sort of thing.

On Wednesday, the tiniest of red-bound Italian-English and English-Italian dictionaries met her eyes as she undid her package. It just fitted in her chatelaine bag, and the fly-leaf bore the words, in an unfamiliar handwriting: "In the hope that the way through Italy may be made less thorny." Sallie had laughingly told her friends that her ten Italian phrases might not carry her far in the remote Italian towns.

On Thursday, this very morning, she had found a beautiful scrub set in a pin. "To bring you luck," said the typewrit-

ten words. "I hope you will accept this from one of your most loyal friends. I picked it up in Egypt, and it is declared to be genuine, even to the prayer for health and good fortune on the under side." This message had revealed to her that the donor was a man, but there was no certain clue to his identity.

II.

With a little smile, Sallie tore open the envelope; and her heart gave a great throb at the sight of the clear-cut, individual writing that she knew to be Philip Amory's. The letters danced a little as she read.

I could not resist the play impulse to rouse your curiosity. For some reason or other I feel certain that you are no more above a little childishness than I am. First of all, I want to apologize for sending you my own little green book, but in my hurry I could not discover a copy at any of the stores. Perhaps you will like some of the songs of the open road as much as I. You must—

The letter was written on single sheets, and the first one ended here. The second began:

—very much less clear-headed than I if you think that anything can come of it. You have, my dear Ned, altogether too exalted an idea of my qualifications for winning a woman like Miss Burden.

Sallie suddenly saw it all; he had mixed the sheets of two letters. Without a qualm of conscience she read on.

What you can't get into your loyal old head is that a woman of her wealth, social training, and tastes is as remote from me as the stars. Only in moments of temporary insanity have I dreamed that she could be won by a plain man like me. If I should ask her to share my five thousand a year, or thereabouts, and my prospects in a mine that may or may not pan out, she would laugh in my face. It does not make a particle of difference that my family is as good as her own, that I have a college education like her other men friends, and that I apparently look and behave like any other civilized man. She remembers that I spent my boyhood running wild in a frontier town, put myself through college, and have a different point of view and a different sense of values from those against whom she measures me and finds me wanting. If she is infernally proud, so am I; even if she cared a straw for me, I would not marry her or any other woman who thought that her love for me was condescension, and would not be content to accept the life and the home that I could give her. This is the end of the chapter, old fellow; never ask me for any more. It's gone deep, but I'm a man, not a sentimental schoolboy.

Sallie read no more, as the remainder of the letter was devoted to business.

She drew a long breath of happiness, and put her hand over her eyes with a sob.

"What makes you cry? Do you feel bad?" asked little Bob Prescott, who was playing beside her chair; and he stood on tiptoe until he could lay his fat fingers on her cheek.

"Because I was never so happy in my life," she said with a laugh as she kissed him.

Bob's amazement deepened, but the laugh reassured him about his dear Miss Sallie, and he returned to the serious business of play.

Pulling some note-paper and a fountain pen out of her deck-bag, Sallie hurriedly scribbled a second cable message to Owen Bryant, and a note for Philip Amory; and then she went in search of the steward to whom she had given her letters.

"The trip has done Sallie good," said her father to one of their friends as the girl passed them with a gay little nod.

"She looks like a different creature this morning," the woman replied; "she looks as if she had bloomed."

III.

It was two hours later that a boy handed Owen Bryant a retelegraphed cable message as he sat on the piazza of

a suburban club-house. He opened it calmly, and he went on calmly talking about the merits of golf and tennis, but if his feelings could have been expressed in words they would have been unfit for publication.

It was three weeks later that Philip Amory found his little note buried under a pile of ugly business letters that had been accumulating during a four days' absence from Butte. It began abruptly:

You have probably discovered by now that you sent me some sheets from your letter to Edward Graham.

Amory had not found it out, and he flushed deep red to the roots of his hair.

When I got to the bottom of that delightful basket, I felt as disconsolate as Pandora when she saw all her blessings take flight; but, like her, I found hope still remaining at the bottom. I read the letter shamelessly, and if you are not wholly eaten up by your sinful pride, and will come to me, I will prove to you that I am the sort of woman that can be won by a "plain man" like you. And so you think that I feel it a condescension to love you? Never before did I think you stupid. You thought me ambitious, and so I am—to have just the place in life that your love can give. Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people. I want only you. Some day I shall punish you for putting me in the humiliating position of asking you to marry me.

"I wonder if I could sail a week from Thursday?" said Amory.

JUNE.

ROSES and summer and sun are here ;
The moon is a witch the Loves obey—
This is the mating time o' the year !

Oh, well for maiden and cavalier,
For poet tender and princess gay—
Roses and summer and sun are here !

A lover bold is a prince's peer.
Think you will Bonniel answer "Nay"?
This is the mating time o' the year.

Winter has fled and there's naught to fear,
And every day is a wedding-day—
Roses and summer and sun are here !

The world is young and the skies are clear ;
Sing hey for laughter and roundelay !
This is the mating time o' the year.

Oh, somewhere watches the maid most dear—
Hasten, sir gallant, and say your say.
This is the mating time o' the year ;
Roses and summer and sun are here !

Thcodosia Garrison.

Elizabeth's Situation.

A LOVE STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWESTERN PLAINS.

BY HERMAN WHITAKER.

I.

ILLIMITABLE, enormous, flat, the Dakotas unrolled vast sun-washed spaces under the dying day. Southward, white frame houses dotted the dead level like so many coops in a chicken-yard, and green crops checkered the prairie's infinite yellow; but north and west, over against the Montana line, the plains reeled off their unbroken lengths. As yet man had not scratched his autograph upon them; though a solitary cabin, standing lonely in their midst, told that he had come and gone for reasons that were scrawled upon the door.

As the great red sun heaved down to the flat horizon, a girl reined in her pony in front of the cabin and read the inscription:

A hundred miles from a railroad, seventy from a neighbor, seven miles down to water—God bless our home! Gone East to visit my wife's folks. Make yourself to home.

"Gracious!" the girl gasped, and she glanced meditatively toward some half dozen caved-in wells that emphasized the meaning of the water clause.

She was a pretty girl, lithe and graceful as some young pine, and the slim column of her body was topped with a glory of dark brown hair. In color, her eyes were puzzling, for they seemed blue or gray, according to the varying light. Her face was smoothly olive and delicately tinged with red; her mouth was full, ripe, yet firm, and augured—as had been the case—that Cupid would have some trouble in bending its owner to his sweet will.

"Gracious!" the girl repeated, after a shuddering peep through the window. "I can't stay here."

There was reason for the shudder. In the months which had spun by since the discouraged settler scrawled his dole upon the door, wind and rain had

riddled the sod walls and roof, and wild beasts had made a lodging upon the threshold. And the environment intensified its loneliness. Because of their flatness, the plains seemed to fall in, so that the hut stood as in a vast concavity. Small hub of that great golden world, solitude, desolation, and decay hung thick about it.

Heading her pony back to the trail, the girl rode on till the sun slid under the prairies and twilight deepened to dusk; rode on until, with startling suddenness, a tilted wagon forged out of the gloom ahead.

It was the grub-wagon of the L-Bar outfit, a detachment of which was driving a band of broncos to a Canadian buyer on the Manitoba border. Having just turned out his "wheelers," the cook was getting on a fire to cook supper; and, swinging to avoid the wagon, the girl almost rode him down. Whereupon he arose and expressed himself with a forceful fluency bred of the needs of his trying profession, until a smothered laugh informed him of his visitor's sex.

"Good Lord!" he then ejaculated. "A woman! Are you lost? Where's your party?"

He gasped when she answered "No" to both his questions. To his certain knowledge, no house lay within a hundred miles, and the travel along that trail was of a dubious kind—horse-thieves, runaway "Injuns" from the reservations, and "bad men" seeking a change of climate. So, drawing nearer, he peered up in her face, thinking that she might be a scapegoat of civilization, one of those unfortunates who, on occasion, bear its sins and their own out to the ranges. But under her frank regard his suspicions perished.

"I had intended to camp a few miles further on," she said; "but if I may, I should like to stay by your fire."

If she might? Figuratively speaking, the cook made her a present of the outfit. While she unsaddled and hobbled her beast, he fixed her a comfortable seat by his fire. Further, when a distant yell announced the approach of the band, he deserted his kettles and held up four hungry men a quarter mile from camp while he harangued them upon their sins of profanity, shedding, in the course of his dissertation, much light upon the evolution of their ancestors, both male and female.

"But who is she, Bat?" asked the tallest of the four, whom the cook had addressed as "Boss."

"Dakota girl," the cook answered. "Her folks raise wheat down Fargo way, but what between fall frosts an' spring grasshoppers, it seems they hain't been doin' very well, an' she's been helping out by teaching school. This year somehow she didn't rightly connect with her school trustees—two bachelors an' a widower. Didn't say so, but I suspicion as all three wanted a wife an' pestered her till she quit. Two weeks gone by, she heard of a school in the Territories as was shy a teacher, an' she's goin' up there. Camped out last night all on her lonely."

"Gritty!" the Boss mused. "How does she size on looks?"

Long absence from civilization was doubtless responsible for the latitude the cook permitted himself in his answer. While he trolled out his amazing figures, the cowboys held their breath.

"Plumb wasted on a school," he finished. "'Tain't spanking other folks' kids as she orter be. Pretty? Well, she's so darn nice that you fellows hev got to wash, if it takes the last drop o' water out o' the barrels, an' don't forget your coats when you come to supper."

In consequence of this stern order, four young men, clean and very red as to the face, were presently lined up for introduction to Miss Elizabeth Wilson. Chalky, Bill Williams, Bum Sullivan, the Boss—the girl returned each man's bow with frank sedateness. Of them all, she was the least embarrassed. Indeed, the three first named blushed like girls and squatted in silence, leaving her entertainment to the Boss.

At supper they were equally shy.

Usually they dipped their cups in the coffee-pail, and each man forked his favorite bits from the pot; but feeling that a little more ceremony was due their guest, they hesitated until she took the direction of affairs into her own small hands.

"I shall serve these," she said, annexing the meat and beans. "Hand me your plates, please."

And despite the cook's protest that "'twarn't right to make her work her passage," she did serve them, displaying a remarkable aptitude for gaging a cowboy's appetite. Facing her in a row, the four ate and drank in sober gladness, restraining a desire to laugh when she ordered "Mr. Chalky" to pass his plate for a second helping. Nay, hiding a wicked twinkle, Chalky requested "Mr. Sullivan" to pass the salt; and thereafter they solemnly "mistered" one another as if each was not in the habit of addressing his fellow as a seven-blanked son of a gun.

After supper the cook built up the fire—a frightful extravagance, as their route would not touch timber in a hundred miles—then sneaked off to levy toll on his fellows' blankets and build a couch on the wagon floor. The conventions, as he understood them, were not to be violated in that camp.

While he was gone the Boss laid himself out to entertain the visitor.

"Chalky will sing," he said.

"Chalky will not," the cowboy flatly answered.

But when Elizabeth joined her persuasions, Chalky plunged into an interminable cowboy ballad. Sung in a minor key, with a dolorous refrain of the last line twice repeated at the end of each of half a hundred verses, the song would have been ridiculous and lugubrious in any other place. But it suited the setting. Floating out over the dark prairies, it emphasized the black infinity which loomed beyond the firelight. While its thin minor assailed the silence, the mind could flash out beyond its usual limits and gain some faint knowledge of the meaning of time and space. Trembling a moment beneath the dust of stars, it embodied man's feeble claim for existence, and was emblematic of his fate.

While the melody endured, and for some minutes after it ended, silence held unbroken around the fire. One and all were experiencing the same sensation. Of the cowboys, not one could have put his feeling into words. Perhaps the Boss alone could even have translated it in thought. But usage may not dim the soul's shrieking when it senses infinity; and they remained under the thrall of the vast spaces in which they lived and moved and had their being until Chalky went off to "night-ride" with the band.

And as they sat, staring into the fire with eyes that had something of brooding infinity in them, Elizabeth secretly studied their faces, comparing the Boss with his men. In age, dress, and appointments he was as they; but a certain keen alertness of look, the hallmark of leadership, set him apart from them.

Elizabeth liked his face, though she did not think it handsome. For it was clean, and gentle under its dark strength; the kind of face to which a girl's glance will return with satisfaction. Hers returned to it very often, and she had ample opportunity of studying its varying expression. For after Chalky's departure, conversation degenerated into a dialogue between the two, varied by an occasional remark from the cook, who was preparing the morrow's breakfast. Not being gifted with powers of speech, the other men were content to bathe in the subtle atmosphere of the feminine presence, and allow their ears to drink in the soft woman's voice, until the cook, autocrat of the camp, ordered its owner off to her bed.

"But," Elizabeth protested, "I will not turn you out. I can sleep just as well by the fire."

But the cook stuck by the conventions.

"No, you'll be better in the wagon; the fire will be black at midnight."

After she retired, the two cowboys rolled up in their blankets, but the cook and the Boss still studied the glowing coals. Each man knew that the other's mind was on the same subject; and when a snore came from Sullivan's blankets, the Boss looked up.

"You were about to say?"

"Sam Buller is up in the Territories, hunting a trade."

"He's been gone ten days," the Boss continued, "an' she'll meet him sure. What's more, the Grant boys are supposed to be somewhere along this trail."

Skilful "rustling" had made the men the Boss mentioned exceedingly unpopular on the ranges, where hemp was pickling against their next coming; but the cook did not allow business prejudice to influence his estimate of character.

"I ain't scairt o' them," he said. "They'd give the little girl decent treatment. But Sam Buller ain't fit to chaperon a Nez Perce squaw."

The Boss shuffled uneasily.

"If McGregor wasn't waiting at the border——"

"But he is," the cook interrupted. "Now, I was thinking as we might get along without Chalky."

"No." The Boss shook his head. "There's bad blood between him an' Sam already."

"Sullivan, then?"

"Too hot-headed." He paused, then went on, a little guiltily: "Say, Bat, what's to prevent you from running the band down to the border? I'll give you a note to McGregor, an' he'll pay you the cash."

The cook grinned.

"You ain't no lamb, Bob Thurston; an' I hain't heard that Buller's mentioned you in his prayers since you caught him stickin' his brand on them yearlings. But one thing's certain—that little girl ain't to be allowed to travel another foot of this trail alone. So if you're willing to risk a first-class embezzlement, I don't see that I've got any kick comin'."

"Well, that settles it," the Boss replied, with a sigh of relief. "I don't calculate to lose any sleep over you. Run the outfit to suit yourself, an' I'll meet you here in ten days."

But it did not settle it. Man proposes, woman disposes. Next morning, when the Boss mentioned in an off-hand way that urgent business required his presence in the Territories, the girl listened with ominous quietness.

"Last night," she said, eying him

steadily, "you were heading for Manitoba."

"Well—you see," he stuttered and stammered, reddening under her steady glance, "really, a rancher never knows just where he's going. Something may turn up at any moment."

"Perhaps you received a telegram while I slept," she sarcastically suggested. "And these"—indicating the outfit, which was indulging in surreptitious grins—"does the change include them?"

"No, they keep on to Manitoba. Bat an' I were talking things over last night, an' we thought as we might do some business up there. So he goes on, while I hunt another trade. And as we're both heading the same way, I thought that you might like company along the trail."

"Oh, did you?" Elizabeth's scornful mouth expressed her opinion of his halting tale, and he gained a new impression of her eyes, which darkened almost to black. "Oh, did you?" she repeated, and her accent caused sudden chokings among the outfit. "Well, I prefer to ride alone, and with your permission I will try to find another trail."

Mounting her horse, which the cook had brought round, she shook hands with that functionary, gave a friendly good-by to the outfit, and rode away, leaving the Boss to wrestle with a prodigious sense of injury. The English language was scarcely adequate to express his feelings, though his attempts to bend it to the occasion received the outfit's respectful consideration.

"What's the matter with me, any way?" he demanded, turning on the grinning cook.

"Well," the latter answered, after a deliberate survey of the other's wrathful countenance, "your lineaments ain't out o' plumb any, as I can see. Wherefore I allow as she thought it wasn't quite proper to hitch you to her tandem."

"Now, if you'd been old and fatherly lookin'," Chalky suggested, "like Bat here——"

The cook turned, with venom in his eye.

"Young man," he said, "coil up that

tongue! I ain't so old but that there's women that look with feelings that ain't motherly upon this countenance!"

II.

LOOKING back from afar, Elizabeth saw the cowboys "bunch" the feeding band and get it in motion. Then the grub-wagon rolled off, leaving a single horseman on the site of the camp. It was the Boss, and her conscience pricked her; but while she looked, he turned and rode after his men.

"Ah," she murmured, "then I was right, after all. He had no business to take him this way."

She had not been insincere in saying that she preferred to ride alone. In her blood was a germ of the *wanderlust* which sends men to earth's far and desolate corners. Of Hawaiian birth, she came on her mother's side of the stout missionary stock which planted churches in the blood-red tracks of the buccaneer. Her youth had been one long series of pilgrimages. Through the isles of the Pacific, California, Montana, her father had pressed on the trail of the dollar before he paused, winded, in Dakota. Wherefore it was perfectly natural that she should enjoy her lonely ride over those sun-washed spaces.

Hour after hour they unrolled before her, great monochromes, framed in by the enormous blue of the falling sky. She was a tiny speck of life lost in that tawny ocean. That night she built a fire in the center of its immensity, and curious children of the prairie were drawn by its twinkling spark. Slits of green fire, the eyes of coyotes, blazed in the outer darkness; she heard the padding of stealthy feet. Once the wail of a loon troubled the silence, and she remembered that lost souls are said to be reincarnate in that bird; and again the cry of a lynx, shrill, piercing as the death scream of a tortured child, came from afar. Yet she was unafraid, and neither the loneliness nor her wild company came between her and her sleep.

Next morning the character of the country changed. She rode over rolling prairie, great earth-waves that froze into form at the birth of the world. Clump poplar, willow bluff, and scrub

dotted the rolls, breaking the yellow of the prairies with their greenness. And there was much to see. Springing out from behind a bluff, a herd of deer went scouring down the wind. A lone coyote dropped in on her trail and followed her for miles. She saw a wolverine pounce on a badger, and watched the battle royal which followed. So, in company of unceasing winds and the children of the prairies, she pressed north and west, and camped that night within eighty miles of the Canadian line.

And that night she had company. As she was gathering wood for her fire, there came a thud of hoofs, and a horseman loped out of the gloom. In dress there was little to distinguish him from the cowboys of the L-Bar outfit, but there the resemblance ceased. While their faces were roughly honest, high cheek-bones, narrow eyes, and a salient jaw gave this man a vulgarly animal look. Elizabeth disliked him at first sight.

"You ain't surely alone?" he asked, searching the space behind her with sharp, suspicious glances; and when she replied that she was, he went on: "Well, well, I didn't expect to meet such a pretty young lady on this lonesome trail. I had intended to travel till moonrise, but——"

"There is nothing to prevent you," she interrupted. His fawning smile and insinuating tones were sickening in their oily sweetness. "Go right on!"

"But," he continued unabashed, "I'd jest as lief camp here. It will be real comfortable, don't you think?"

"I do not," she answered, still more disagreeably impressed by his assurance. "I prefer your room to your company."

But he only laughed and went on unsaddling his horse, while she stood with the bundle of sticks in her arms, looking angrily on.

"An' now," he said, slapping his beast on the flank, "give me that wood an' I'll fix up the fire. Your hands are too pretty for sech dirty work."

"Thank you," she coldly answered, "but when I need your help, I will ask for it."

But, laughing in her face, he took the bundle, contriving to squeeze her hand.

He laughed again when she shrank from the contact, and said, pointing to the horses, which were softly rubbing noses:

"You ain't nearly as sociable as your beast. But you'll like me better after a while."

He looked up as he spoke, and his grin increased the salience of his features. It gave the girl a feeling of sickening repulsion. For the first time in her life she was alone with a man to whom the courtesies due her sex were empty forms; but though she partially realized this, she knew nothing of the lengths to which such a one will go. He was between her and the horses, but, white with anger, she made to pass him.

"Don't go," he said, rising. "I should feel terrible bad if you left on my account."

Grimacing, he thrust out a detaining hand; then, as she struck it down, he flung an arm about her waist and tried to kiss her.

Feeling herself superior to the bacclors of the settlements, Elizabeth had always held them at their distance, and had so escaped the rustic love-making, the tumbling and struggles for kisses which teach many a country girl the comparative weakness of her sex. She had, indeed, been proud of her untamed strength, but now she almost fainted as she realized how far short it fell of that of a man. It was a momentary relaxation, however, that served her well; for, following it up with a sudden desperate twist, she broke his grasp and once more placed the fire between them.

He made no attempt to follow, but stood, laughing, enjoying her panting fear.

"Changed your mind, eh? I thought you couldn't leave me. Come now an' sit down, an' we'll halve our grub, share an' share, like good partners. You won't? Oh, well, take your time!"

Unrolling his own blankets, he sprawled at ease and began to eat, while Elizabeth looked on from the other side of the fire as a trapped rabbit might watch a python. She now bitterly repented the foolish independence which caused her to refuse the escort of the Boss; but that, of course,

did not mend her case. She could only watch her captor's every mouthful—dreading that each might be the last—and listen to his running comment.

"Don't think I ever knowed a prettier girl," he said, as he wiped his hands at the close of his meal. "An' ain't it nice to think as there's not a soul but us two within fifty miles! It's jest like a Garden of Eden without the serpent——"

A stick snapped behind him, but as he made to rise a voice rang out on the night:

"Considerable snake about yourself, Sam Buller! Don't move! I've got you covered!"

The cold muzzle of a Winchester pressing against his neck emphasized the command, and Buller sank back, while the girl uttered a small scream.

"Now," said the Boss, "I'll trouble you for that gun, Sam! Thank you. An' now your boots! Thank *you*. Never saw you so obliging. Now, if you'll jest roll up in your blankets, I'll tuck you in." With an evil glance up at his captor, Buller obeyed. "Thank you once more!"

Swathed in blankets, the man was helpless as any Egyptian mummy. Rolling him to one side, out of ear-shot, the Boss wound him from head to foot with his own riata, and tied the end to a stake which he drove in the ground. Then he came back to the fire.

"An' how are you, Miss Elizabeth?"

Distressed, humiliated, ashamed, for a proud maiden she was in rather a bad way, and she could only gasp:

"Oh—how—how—did you happen—to come?"

The explanation was really very simple. His riding after the outfit was simply a bluff, and for two days he had stalked her like some shy deer, keeping her in view on the open land, closing up on the rolling prairies. The night before, he staked his horse out and slept within a hundred yards of her fire; but this present night he had been within fifty yards when Buller rode into her camp.

"Then," she said, hotly blushing, "you saw him—try—try——"

"To kiss you?" he helped out. "Yes, I did."

"And didn't come to my aid?"

"I thought," he replied, with grave good humor, "as a little lesson might cure a certain young lady of an unhealthy independence."

"And you would have permitted——" she flashed out at him. "Oh, it was cowardly! I shall never——" Here she choked, and burst into a passion of tears.

Feeling that she would be the better for a good cry, the Boss considerably turned his back while she sobbed out her fright and shame. As much as his strong masculinity permitted, he entered into her feelings. He knew that she was bruising herself against the barrier of sex limitations, abusing herself for her own weakness. That passion of sobbing was a confession, a surrender of pride. Henceforth she would be less independent and more womanly, sweeter, softer, and less proud. So he waited until her grief abated before offering comfort.

"There, there," he said. "I was up an' coming when you broke his grip. He'd never have reached your lips. An' I know jest how you feel. You'd like to have dropped him yourself, but you can't be both a man an' a woman, you know. What's more, we wouldn't like to have you anything——"

Here his small lecture ended, for she turned upon him with disconcerting suddenness.

"There, you have made it worse. I'll never forgive you. Never!"

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, puzzled. "What have I done now?"

His astonishment was very amusing. She wanted to laugh, but managed to maintain her offended air.

"Don't you know?"

"Blessed if I do."

"Then I shan't tell you!"

Having in this truly feminine manner offered him up as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of his sex, Elizabeth retired under her blankets, arranging them, however, so that she could indulge in surreptitious peeps. For an hour she watched the play of the fire-light on his keen, bright face; then sleep pressed down her eyelids, and its outlines faded. Hours later she awoke, and saw that he was still sitting, rifle

across his knees, guarding her slumber. She felt wicked, but comforted herself with the reflection that she would be nice to him in the morning, and so dropped again to sleep.

Indeed, save once, when Buller complained of the tightness of his bonds, the Boss never moved through that long night. Then he arose and slacked the riata, exercising thereafter a greater vigilance. At gray dawn, while Elizabeth still slept, he arose, loosed his prisoner, and gave him his boots. If she could have heard their conversation, the girl would scarcely have felt pleased; but each had his reasons for not wishing to wake her, and they spoke in guarded mutterings.

"I reckon, Sam," the Boss said as he escorted the other to his horse, "as you can't afford to talk of this."

"Oh, I don't know," the other growled. "I allow to please myself on that. There ain't no harm in stealing a kiss, an' you made a mighty big bluff about nothing."

"It don't help no girl to be kissed by you, Sam; nor to spend five minutes alone in your company. But let that pass. Of course your mouth is your own, but mark me—if I hear that you've even whispered of this business, I'll tell how you missed your kiss an' spent the night trussed up like a Christmas turkey. It would make a fine story for the round-up, Sam. You'd never hear the last of it."

"I'll get even with you for this, Thurston," Buller growled. "Keep an eye on yourself!"

"Same to you," the Boss quietly answered. "Here's your gun. I pulled the charge lest it might go off an' hurt you."

The man was now in the saddle, and he leaned down to give answer.

"It may hurt you next time it goes off, Thurston!"

Then, spurring his beast, he rode off at a gallop.

III.

AN hour thereafter Elizabeth awoke. A fiery effulgence lit the east, and below it the flat horizon split the rising sun in equal halves. The air was crisp, and

laden with a delightful fragrance of hot coffee. Sitting up, she gave the Boss a pleasant "good morning," to which—adhering strictly to a procedure that he had evolved during the night—he returned a curt nod. Resolved to please, she tried him with a pleasant observation on the weather and a compliment on his cooking; but, receiving only monosyllables in reply, she relapsed into dignified silence, which endured throughout breakfast. When, however, he rose to pack and prepare their horses for the trail, her dignity was translated into timorous curiosity.

"What is he going to do now?" she wondered.

She soon found out.

"Your horse is ready, miss," he called out, adding, when she was mounted: "An' now I'll tell you good-by an' a pleasant ride."

He had ridden fifty yards on the back trail before she recovered from her astonishment. Then, becoming suddenly conscious of the change which her night's experience had wrought upon her, she cast a frightened look around the vast sweep of the prairies. She bit her lip and looked after him. He was riding steadily on. The starting tears blurred his image, and, turning, she headed her pony due north. After moving a hundred yards, however, she looked back once more. He was trotting; and, with an exclamation of fearful wrath, she whirled and galloped after.

"Oh, wait! Just a minute! Please!"

He smiled when he heard her calling, but turned as grave as a judge.

"I—thought—that you had business in the Territories?" she faltered.

"So I have, but I'm hunting for the other trail you mentioned the other day."

"I don't think there is one," she hastily returned.

"Then I'll take the prairie an' strike a bee-line. Save ever so much time."

"But there are so many badger-holes," she objected. "Your horse might break a leg."

"I'll keep a sharp eye for them. Good-by!"

"Won't you ride with me?" she tearfully pleaded.



SHE GAVE A FRIENDLY GOOD-BY TO THE OUTFIT, AND RODE AWAY, LEAVING THE BOSS TO WRESTLE WITH A TREMENDOUS SENSE OF FUTILITY.

He ached to tell her that he would ride with her to the lower regions, but, curbing the desire, he soberly answered:

"With pleasure, miss, if it will be any accommodation."

It was very degrading indeed to have to beg thus for his company; but after this one big bluff, which established their proper relations, she found herself rather enjoying the feeling of dependence. And he was a pleasant companion. As they rode along he amused her with stories of the ranges, disclosing in everything he said a shrewd knowledge that chastened her pride in her own purely scholarly attainments. He made her feel that while she was abstracting second, and third, and fourth hand thoughts from books, he had studied at first hand from the great yellow page of the prairies. Where she thought or believed, he *knew*, and his concepts of life were clear and sharp as an etching on steel.

And he was exceedingly careful of and for her. Sighting the house of a married rancher that evening, he sent her on alone to stay the night; then, riding around, he built his lonely fire ten miles beyond. Next morning they crossed the Canadian line, and at noon the following day reined in on a knoll which overlooked the small settlement, the scene of her future labors.

"Now," he said, "I must say good-by, for if I know anything of those folks down there it won't do you any good to be seen with me!"

By this time the girl had completely lost the feeling of superiority which she had had at the beginning of their acquaintance. She realized with dismay how much she had come to depend upon him. Her feeling colored the landscape. Broken here and there with scrub, bluff, and dark coulees, the prairies heaved off and away to the sky-line. Over them a score of cabins had been thrown with a scattering hand. Built of logs, of sod, or of mud plastered with willow wattles, each stood amid patches of "breaking" which seemed like huge earth sores on the yellow expanse. Even at that distance Elizabeth could see the litter of wood, logs, and fences which strewed the yards of the nearest

houses. Everything was new, raw, squalid, most depressing in appearance.

"I'm afraid," the Boss went on, "that you ain't going to be very happy among these folks; they're so different from the people our side of the line. They're mostly so wrapped up in their religion that they pound the dog for barking on Sunday. Nor is generosity their strong point. Thirty per, without board, is about their idea of handsome compensation."

"But I cannot be a burden on the folks at home," she interrupted. "I can at least keep myself, and perhaps send them a little money now and then. And I like teaching."

"Yes, yes, you told me, an' I haven't forgotten. But what you'll save here won't pay the interest on your father's mortgage. I'm not saying this to discourage you," he said, noting her down-cast look. "I wouldn't have mentioned it if I hadn't something else in view. Before I go I want you to know that if this situation don't quite suit, there's another waiting for you."

"Another situation?" she repeated. "Where?"

"On my ranch—now wait! There's not much in wheat-raising, an' never will be, but on the ranges we're making money, an' we're not so overcrowded but that we can make room for your folks. As for teaching? Well, I reckon that me an' the cook an' Chalky an' Bum Sullivan need a sight of polishing. We can keep you busy for a while."

He had taken her hand, and she was looking down upon it nesting there in his big brown paw; but now, glancing up, she read his meaning. Blushing furiously, she tried to disengage her hand, but his strong fingers easily controlled its fluttering.

"Just a minute," he pleaded. "I know this is pretty sudden, an' I don't want your answer now, for it wouldn't be right to force you to a show-down just when you're feeling strange an' lonesome. But with your permission, I'll ride up here in a month or so an' lay before you the superior advantages of the position I have to offer. May I?"

In the last three days she had come to like this big brown fellow better than she had ever liked a man before. She

listened to his pleading with a peculiar mixture of pain and pleasure. So well, indeed, did she like him, that at first she was tempted; but she was not yet prepared for the complete surrender which love demands. She felt sorrow for the pain that she knew her answer would give; but his half grave, half humorous ending of his plea permitted a compromise. Smiling archly, she answered:

"Of course one ought always to take every opportunity to better one's condition, and the prospect of meeting the cook and Mr. Chalky again is most alluring."

"At times their conversation is powerful convincing," he answered with a twinkle. "An' now—good-by!"

IV.

ANOTHER moment, and she was listening to the thud of his departing hoofs. When it died down, and he was hidden in the trough of two earth rolls, she turned and rode toward the nearest patch of "breaking."

Here two youths were "back setting," reploting the rotted sod. Hulking, raw-boned lads, they were "first crop evangelist stock," but as yet the revivalist's sickle had not gathered them in, and their native rudeness lay on top, guiltless of even a religious veneer. Being, too, just at the age when youth delights in crude attempts at wickedness, they exchanged nods and winks as the girl rode up, and spoke in loud asides intended for her ear.

"Pretty girl, ain't she?"

"Yep—Yank, by her seat in the saddle. My, what a mouth! Sweet as candy."

"Like to taste of it?"

"Geewhillikens, yep!"

Ignoring this bcolic persiflage, Elizabeth coldly inquired for the school trustees, and then rode on, anything but prepossessed by this sample of the population, which stared after her, broadly grinning, and continued its remarks.

"Rides purty, don't she?" one said.

"Um!" the other ejaculated. "But say, won't the deacon throw a cat-fit when he sees her?"

"Shore!" Clapping hands to mouth, the first yelled: "Say, miss! Better change that saddle afore you call on Ol' Man Butters!"

Thinking the warning of a piece with their other rudeness, Elizabeth rode on without looking back. In Dakota all girls rode "cross saddle," and it never occurred to her that a sane person could find anything objectionable in the practise—a point on which Deacon Butters presently set her aright.

Riding into his stable-yard, she found the deacon at work on a pair of birch "crooks," which he was shaping into a set of ox collars. These, however, he laid to one side while he delivered an opinion on her riding.

"Nope," he finished, after he had catechized her in the elements of theology, and discovered that she was lazy in her ideas of a personal devil. "Nope," he said, setting his lean jaws. "I don't allow as we could hire a gal that holds to sech loose notions on riding an' religion. But I don't have all the say. You might ride round an' see Brother Thomas—though I don't hold you out no hopes. He ain't quite so free in his notions as I be. He's jest what you might call a little hide-bound. That's his house, son' by east."

Elizabeth suffered during that two-mile ride, and the tears in her voice ought to have moved such a holy man as Brother Thomas to compassion. Unfortunately, a stony land and a breachy yoke of cattle had hardened a heart that was already partially petrified by its owner's drastic views on the doctrine of "immersion," and the deacon simply added a few well chosen words to Mr. Butters' obijuration.

"We don't hire your kind," he snapped. "Besides, we've already got a teacher, a godly youth from the East that's straight on immersion. I should ha' thought as Butters would ha' told you? Howsoever," he went on, noting the girl's working face, "there ain't no cause for distress. My missis is down with inflammatry rheumatiz, an' if you really want to hire, I allow as she'd be willing to go as high as four dollars a month an' board. Of course, it ain't a big salary, but on t'other hand there ain't much to do. Ten cows to milk



A HAND SEIZED THE BRIDLE REIN, A CHEERY VOICE GAVE HER GREETING.

morning and nights, baking, washing, a' brewing for a fambly of ten, an' rare time, of course, you kin fill in by nitting for the winter. Now, what do ou say?"

She did not "say." Turning her back on the deacon and his tempting offer, with added inducements in the way of religious instruction and environment, she rode away, her only

thought to get where she could indulge in a good cry. Thus left to choose its own trail, the horse naturally headed homeward, and jogged steadily along with its mistress huddled down upon its neck.

She was, indeed, most bitterly disappointed. Gaining nothing by her long ride, she had also lost her fearless independence. But though she shuddered as she looked forward to the lonely days and nights which she must spend upon the prairies, her fear was not powerful enough to drive her back among these Northwestern settlers.

But of them she thought little: if at all, it was to compare their prejudiced and petrified humanity with the considerate kindness of her late escort. On him her reflections centered. He had been unable to make her believe that he really had business in the Territories, but now she was able to appraise his sacrifice at its full worth. As she thought of his kindness and delicate consideration, she bowed lower and sobbed out her utter loneliness.

Thus, in tearful oblivion, she journeyed on, over the knoll from which she and the Boss had looked down on the settlement, and through the great earth trough in which she had last seen him. As her beast paced soberly around a poplar bluff, a hand seized the bridle rein, a cheery voice gave her greeting, and, lifting her tear-stained face, Elizabeth found herself looking into his eyes. He was smiling, but his face was full of sympathy and understanding.

Afterward, when she lived that hour over again, Elizabeth would always

blush over her easy surrender. But it seemed so simple. Their horses stood flank by flank, and when his arms opened her head drooped to his shoulder like a bird to its nest. Other things happened, of course, but these concern only themselves. However, at the end of a sweet half hour, she looked up and said:

"You always seem to turn up at the right moment!"

He laughed.

"Bless your innocence, did you think I'd go very far away till I'd seen you placed? I know them Hard Shells, an' I haven't much use for 'em; but do you suppose as they can rake up a preacher among 'em?"

"I should imagine so," she shyly answered, "if one might judge by the ruling sentiment."

A week later the grub-wagon of the L-Bar outfit raised smoke on the old Dakota trail. This was early in the afternoon, but the smoke came from under the flat horizon, and it was dark before the wagon drew up at the Boss' fire. All along the cook had been framing a salutation of unusual strength wherewith to meet the Boss; but, recognizing the second of two persons who sat by the fire, he exchanged it for an expression of intense but polite astonishment.

"Sugar! If it ain't Miss Elizabeth!"

"Mrs. Thurston, if you please," the Boss corrected. "This lady has taken a situation with the outfit."

And the coyotes hastily deserted those parts, wondering, as they ran, what all the shooting was about.

THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT.

I know a garden called Delight,

Wherein are woven shade and shine—
Sunshine by day, starshine by night,
And shadows blue and beryline.

I know a garden called Delight,

Wherein are golden-bordered streams,
And braided blossoms red and white,
And birds like winged sunset dreams.

I know a garden called Delight;

But none of the delights thereof
Is so enrapturing to the sight
As is the dawn-fair face of Love!

The Great Labor Unions and Their Leaders.

BY GUY WARFIELD.

THE MEN AT THE HEAD OF ORGANIZATIONS THAT REPRESENT AT LEAST TWO MILLION WORKERS IN THE UNITED STATES—AN AUTHORIZED ANSWER TO THE IMPORTANT QUESTION, "WHAT HAVE THE UNIONS DONE FOR THEIR MEMBERS?"

AT fourteen years of age, Samuel Gompers, a New York cigar-maker's apprentice, became a member of the Cigar-Makers' Union, then recently formed. This was in 1864, seventeen years before the birth of the American Federation of Labor. At that time, labor unionists in America affiliated closely with two organizations known as the Knights of Labor and the National Labor Union. In time political conditions, the rise of new industries, and a general and growing unrest among wage-earners inspired the most prominent labor unions to strike for independence. In consequence, the power of Knights and Nationalists gradually waned. To-day these two orders have lost much of their old significance in labor unionism.

The growth and spread of independent trade unions brought Samuel Gompers into prominence as an organizer and an arbiter, who thus early earnestly advocated a policy of federation. In 1881 Mr. Gompers saw his ambition realized in the organization of the American Federation of Labor, to the presidency of which he was elected in the following year. With the intermission of a single twelvemonth, he has held that office for more than twenty years.

The task of federating the thousand and one labor orders in the United States, Canada, and Mexico was as great an achievement, in its way, as the work of J. Pierpont Morgan and his associates in the building of giant corporations. Mr. Morgan planned to federate capital; Mr. Gompers, labor. Mr. Morgan has had to deal mainly with dollars and figures; Mr. Gompers, with great

numbers of men holding conflicting views.

To-day, while Mr. Morgan has his hand upon the pendulum of gigantic financial and commercial enterprises, Mr. Gompers has knit together his equally gigantic organization with wires that connect directly and sympathetically with the organized rank and file of every class of workmen. With headquarters planted at the seat of our national government, these wires go out, as it were, to every city in the map of the northern half of the Western Hemisphere. They reach your baker in his shop, your butcher in his, your barber, your tailor; they speak to the miner in his "chamber," the steel-worker on his "turn," the machinist at his "bench," the mason and carpenter who build your house, the plumber who pipes it, even the domestic servant who keeps it in order. Thus effectively has the work of federating the interests of labor progressed under the generalship of Mr. Gompers, with the aid of a score or more of able lieutenants.

THE BOTTLE-BLOWERS AND THEIR CHIEF.

I have asked this question of many prominent labor leaders:

"What are you doing for the men you represent?"

I find that much notable work has been accomplished. Take the record of President Dennis Hayes, of the Glass-Bottle-Blowers' Association. Numerically, this is one of the smallest in the group of international associations. From a wage viewpoint, however, the craft is one of the highest. Called into existence by controversies over the "company store" and cash payment of

wages, the organization thrived until about 1890, when a spirit of non-unionism threatened it with demoralization.

Dennis Hayes now came into the

tion, which now numbers eight thousand, has received an increase of fifteen per cent. Saturday night work has been abolished, and a satisfactory system of



SAMUEL GOMPERS (A CIGAR-MAKER BY TRADE), PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR, AN ORGANIZATION WITH AN AGGREGATE MEMBERSHIP OF ABOUT TWO MILLION WORKERS.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

lime-light with a plan of education. The word suggests tracts, lectures, conventions, and conferences. In three years, from 1896 to 1899, Mr. Hayes practically reorganized his order. He made union shops of twelve of the most important bottle-blowing plants in the country, employing more than fourteen hundred journeymen, for whom a wage increase of fifty per cent was secured. The whole membership of the associa-

arbitration has been established between the union and the manufacturers.

In the organization, an established treasury fund of a quarter of a million dollars provides for an insurance department, from which the family of every deceased member receives a benefit of five hundred dollars. Under Mr. Hayes' régime, such a standard of living has been reached by the bottle-blowers that their thousands of children, for-



DENNIS HAYES, OF PHILADELPHIA, PRESIDENT OF THE GLASS BOTTLE-BLOWERS' ASSOCIATION, AND SIXTH VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

From a photograph by Knebler, Philadelphia.



JAMES O'CONNELL, OF WASHINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINISTS, AND THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

From a photograph by Ruft, Washington.

merly obliged to work in factories to contribute to the support of impoverished households, now are free to attend the public schools.

THE LEADER OF THE MACHINISTS.

Mr. Hayes is a member of the executive council of the American Federation of labor. Another member is James O'Connell, president of the International Association of Machinists. In 1888, several hundred machinists employed in the railway service in Southern cities founded the nucleus of this order. Within a few years it acquired a membership of more than ten thousand, extending North, East, and West. The panic of 1893, however, reduced this number to about four thousand. Indeed, but for the efforts of President O'Connell, the union might have been completely exterminated. Mr. O'Connell, however, with no means of raising funds except by assessment, refounded

the order, gained the recognition of machine-shop operators, and got fifty thousand names upon his rolls.

With this strong membership, Mr. O'Connell proceeded to found a financial system, with funeral benefits similar to those of the bottle-blowers, and to agitate for a shortening of the hours of labor. At that time machinists everywhere were working ten hours a day. In May, 1901, after a long diplomatic campaign, Mr. O'Connell induced the National Metal Trades Association to agree to a nine-hour day. But the employers refused to accept the other half of the union demand—that the wage rate should be the same as for ten hours. All negotiations failed, and a general strike was ordered. The result of the strike was to secure the shorter work-day not only for about a hundred thousand machinists, but for perhaps an equal number of other metal-workers associated with the industry. To-day



GEORGE PRESTON, OF WASHINGTON, SECRETARY
OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF
MACHINISTS.

From a photograph by Buck, Washington.



JAMES M. LYNCH, OF INDIANAPOLIS, PRESIDENT
OF THE INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL
UNION.

From a photograph by Dinturff, Syracuse.

seven hundred local unions hold agreements with an equal number of shops and prominent railroads in the United States and Canada, while relations between employer and employee were never more satisfactory.

THOMAS KIDD AND THE WOOD-WORKERS.

Nearly every prominent labor order has at some time in its career had a "big" strike. An interesting case is that of Thomas Kidd and the Oshkosh affair, in 1898. Mr. Kidd is fifth vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, and general secretary of the Amalgamated Wood-Workers' International Union of America. In 1896, when the union combined with the International Furniture-Workers, skilled mechanics in this industry were employed for as little as ten cents an hour; sometimes even less was paid. In that year, Mr. Kidd's first step was to establish a minimum wage and hour rate. In 1897 he reached his first agree-

ment with the manufacturers; its terms were fixed at fifteen cents an hour, ten hours daily.

The following year, Mr. Kidd organized about eighteen hundred wood-workers in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, whose employers refused to pay them more than ninety cents per day. In the strike that followed, rioting occurred, State troops were called out, and Mr. Kidd was arrested on a charge of conspiracy, besides being made defendant in a civil suit for ten thousand dollars' damages by one of the large lumber firms involved. The acquittal of Mr. Kidd materially helped the cause in which he labored. To-day, throughout the country, where organized wood-workers are employed, the wage rate is twenty-eight cents an hour and the work-day is of nine hours.

THE STRENGTH OF THE IRON-WORKERS.

When the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers lost their il-

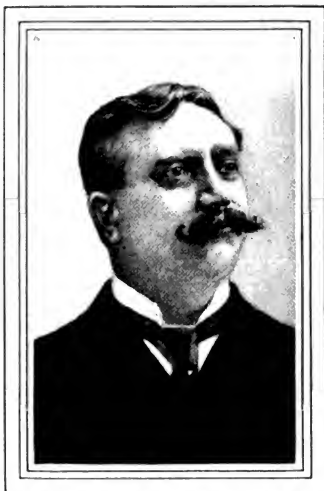
advised and disastrous strike at Homestead in 1892, the association was said to have received a death-blow. This was the strike which resulted in the Carnegie Steel Company driving unionism out of its mills. A few years ago, however, when the iron business was on the boom, Theodore J. Shaffer, having quietly gathered the tin-workers into the order, actually instituted a strike at the big tube works in McKeesport, Pennsylvania. What was more, he succeeded in arranging a more favorable wage-scale for ten thousand workmen.

His display of strength brought him into national prominence, in labor circles, as one man who could cope with Mr. Charles M. Schwab, then at the height of his career as the Napoleon of the steel industry. To-day the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin-Workers is on a strong financial and organic level, while social and economic conditions throughout the "steel country" are probably better than ever before.

THE GRANITE-CUTTERS, THE PRINTERS, AND THE LONGSHOREMEN.

Recently the writer received a letter from James Duncan, national secretary of the Granite-Cutters' National Union. On the heading I found this printed inscription: "Eight Hours Constitute a Working Day in Our Trade."

For a century or more, granite-cutters have had different forms of local organizations, which have lived or died, according to the conditions of the trade. Until 1877, the individual bodies had



JAMES DUNCAN, OF WASHINGTON, SECRETARY OF THE GRANITE-CUTTERS' NATIONAL UNION, AND FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

little connection with one another. In consequence, according to the central theory of the trades union movement, craft advancement was slow. In 1877 Mr. Duncan federated a national organization. At this time the journeymen worked at least ten hours daily, with no regular date of payment, and with wages as low as two dollars a day. To-day, ninety-seven per cent of all granite-cutters are union men, the so-called union shop prevailing from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The eight-hour work-day is universal; in many parts of

the country, forty-four hours constitute a week's work, ending at Saturday noon. The minimum wage rate is three dollars a day; in some localities as much as six dollars is paid. Weekly or semi-monthly pay-days are now the rule, strikes and lock-outs are seldom heard of, and first-class working and arbitrating agreements exist in all shops. Visit the granite-cutting communities, and you will find a high degree of intelligence manifested in domestic, social, civil, and religious life.

The eight-hour day is almost universal in the newspaper field, owing, in great measure, to the efforts of James M. Lynch, president of the International Typographical Union. Practically all the leading newspapers of the continent recognize this union, which is made up of about a thousand local orders, with a total membership of fifty thousand.

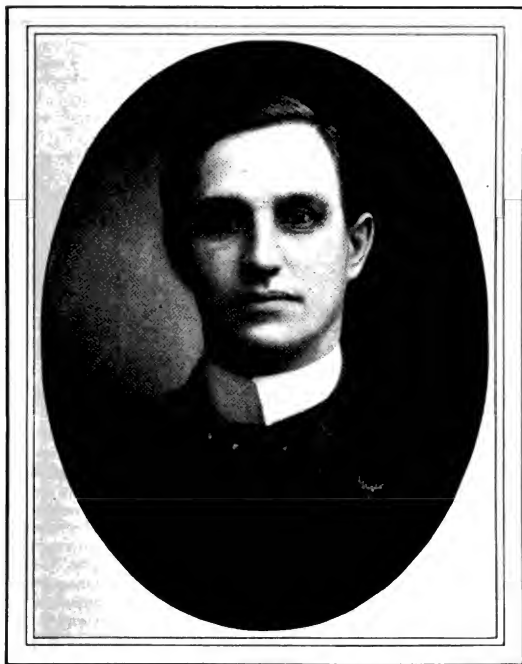
A labor leader who must not be passed over is D. J. Keefe, the president of the International Longshoremen,

Marine, and Transport-Workers' Association. This union, one of the least known but most interesting in the United States, is composed of men of varied nationalities—a fact that has often been found to be a fertile cause

acter of the workmen, and more comfort in their homes.

THE FOREMOST LABOR LEADER OF THE DAY.

Thus far nothing has been said of John Mitchell, the most prominent of



JOHN MITCHELL, OF INDIANAPOLIS, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA, AND SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

From a photograph by Ponder, Indianapolis.

of industrial trouble. Yet it is noteworthy that during Mr. Keefe's period in office less friction has existed between the dock managers and their employees than at any previous time. In my journeys about the country, and especially on the Great Lakes, I find, within the last few years, a perceptible improvement in the intellectual char-

acter of the workmen, and more comfort in their homes. Mr. Mitchell did not organize the United Mine Workers of America, but he has made this order the most significant in the labor field. He first gained prominence during the coal strike of 1897, when he succeeded in bringing about the system of "joint conference" which is at present in vogue between miners and oper-

ators in Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, and western Pennsylvania.

Under that agreement, the "soft coal" miners and operators of the four States meet in joint conference annually. Every representative presents a statement of the changes in the existing contract which he believes would tend to make a more satisfactory basis of operations. Such statements are turned over to a committee, whose final conclusions are presented to the joint convention, which votes for or against, as the case might be. In making this joint conference final, Mr. Mitchell's purpose was to avoid costly and disastrous strikes.

Seven years ago this union of the miners of bituminous coal numbered forty-three thousand members. The present figure is three hundred thousand. But with all its great strength, and with ample funds in its treasury, its policy is one of intelligent conservatism. Although the eve of a Presidential election has always been regarded as a peculiarly opportune time for a great strike, it recently accepted a reduction of wages equivalent to about four cents per ton.

In the memorable anthracite troubles of 1902, Mr. Mitchell was for peace. In the anthracite field, however, the operators do not officially recognize the union, and there is no conference to regulate the industry. In consequence, the influence of the great mass of miners predominates; and as most of them are foreigners of radical temperament, they literally force their leaders to an aggressive policy. In this strike,

Mr. Mitchell was obliged not only to fight the coal corporations, but also to battle against the conflicting opinions of his own people. All the world knows how his businesslike methods, his open sincerity, his indomitable purpose, attracted the attention of President Roosevelt and enlisted the sympathy of the country at large.

As a result of the strike the miners received ten per cent advance in wages, with the time of their working-day con-

siderably shortened, while an arbitration board composed of three miners and three operators has been established for the settlement of all disputes. In Mr. Mitchell's opinion, this board is a step toward the realization of his ultimate ambition, the joint conference.

A GREAT RAILROAD ASSOCIATION.

Not strictly speaking a trade union, although its members come from the train service of the steam railroads, but literally a protective labor and fraternal insurance association, is the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, organized in New York

State in 1883, of which P. H. Morrissey of Cleveland, Ohio, is the grand master. Formed in the belief that there was need of an organization for the benefit of the men in the service, but that there was no reason for serious differences between employer and employee, the brotherhood can claim that it has never falsified its declaration of purposes. Contracts have been secured covering wages and conditions of employment on all the leading railway lines in the United States and Canada.



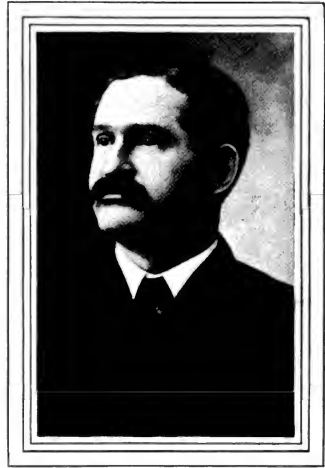
FRANK MORRISON (A PRINTER BY TRADE), SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit



P. H. MORRISSEY, OF CLEVELAND, GRAND MASTER OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF RAILROAD TRAINMEN.

From a photograph by Brand, Chicago.



MAX MORRIS, OF DENVER, SECRETARY OF THE RETAIL CLERKS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, AND FOURTH VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.

the average increase in the rate of payment being about fifty per cent, taking into account the reduction of hours. This advance has been shared by all employees in the service, whether they are members of the brotherhood or not.

Unlike most labor organizations, the brotherhood has the direct encouragement of the management of the various roads. Strikes are the rare exception; sympathetic strikes it does not tolerate. Regardless of the wishes of any other labor orders, it stands by every contract it makes.

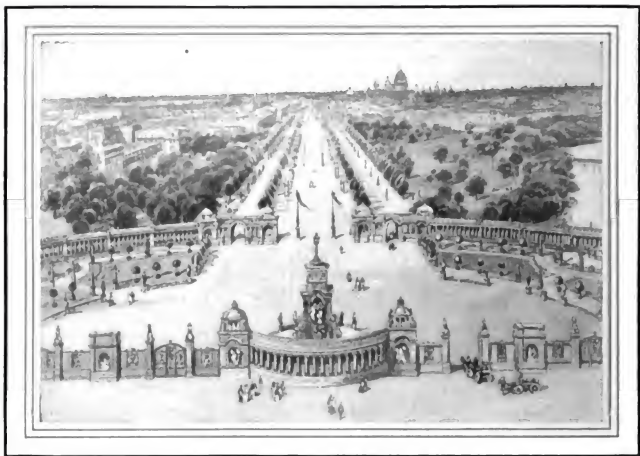
Its membership numbers sixty-nine thousand, an increase of fourteen thousand within the last year. Up to January 1, 1904, it has paid nine million dollars in claims, with insurance in force of more than seventy-seven millions. The insurance feature of the organization is notable in that it protects a class of railway employees otherwise without safeguard. The department is operated from the fund raised for general business, and every dollar received on the insurance assessments is returned to the members in the payment of claims.

THE TRUE EXPRESSION.

ABOVE all great minds active 'neath the sun,
The mind of Plato took what God did give it,
And strove to voice it. Yet, when all was done,
He could not speak the thought, but only live it.

Thou who wouldst play the cynic looker-on,
Damning the scheme of taking, using, giving—
Remember, life must needs be undergone,
And cannot be expressed save in the living.

H. Arthur Powell,



THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED, LOOKING EASTWARD FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WITH ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN THE DISTANCE.

The Great Queen's Monument.

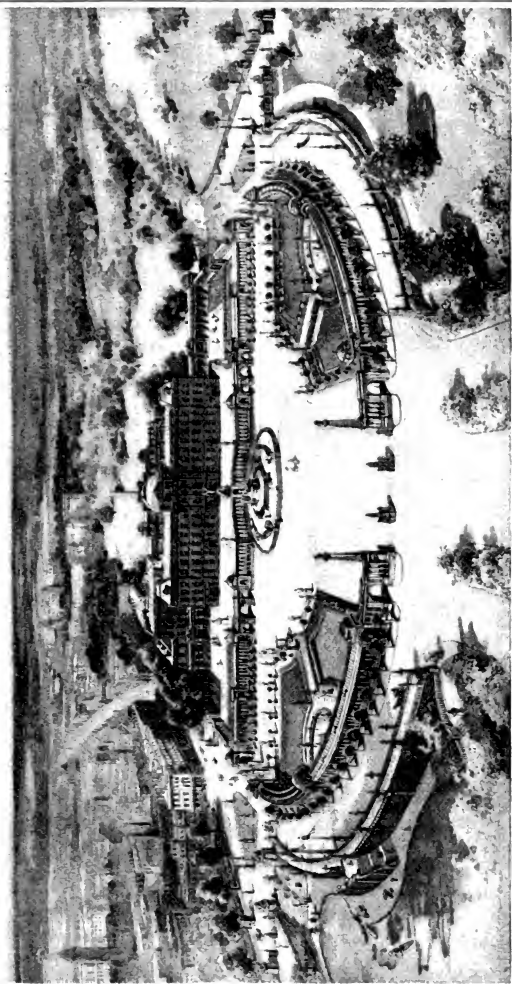
BY JOHN VANDERCOOK.

THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL NOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION IN FRONT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE—A COMBINATION OF SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE WHICH WILL ADD A NEW LANDMARK TO LONDON, AND WILL FORM ONE OF THE MOST COSTLY AND ELABORATE MONUMENTS EVER ERECTED.

THE problem of erecting a fitting monument to Queen Victoria in London was a difficult one. In any city it is hard to find commanding sites for great statues or columns, but in London, where the prevalent irregularity of the streets makes long vistas a rarity, the task is greater than in most other capitals. The best site of all, in Trafalgar Square, where the Strand, Whitehall, and Northumberland Avenue may be said to join, was occupied by the great Nelson column, one of the most notable memorials in the world. In the open area about the Houses of Parliament there are already a dozen statues

of famous men, standing at equal distances like sentinels. It was decided that the space in front of Buckingham Palace, at the head of the Mall, was the most available site for a worthy memorial to the great queen.

In some respects the site is not ideal. The proximity of Buckingham Palace made it necessary that the new memorial should be of such a character that it will not dwarf the London residence of Britain's kings. Moreover, the façade of the palace, while dignified, is very simple, and its surroundings must be in harmony. No gorgeous wedding-cake effect, like that of the memorial to the



THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED, WITH BUCKINGHAM PALACE BEHIND IT—THIS IS THE VIEW LOOKING WESTWARD FROM ST. JAMES' PARK.

Prince Consort in Kensington Gardens, would be possible.

MESSRS. WEBB AND BROCK'S DESIGN.

With these conditions prescribed, the leading British architects were invited to submit sketches and suggestions. The accepted design was that offered by Aston Webb, R. A., incorporating a heroic statue of the late queen by Thomas Brock, R. A. It involved some elaborate landscape gardening, the erection of colonnades and gateways, the laying out of paths, the planting of trees and shrubs, and even the digging of two small ponds. Indeed, it has been criticized on account of its superabundance of detail, though the general opinion is that its effect will be highly decorative and not inappropriate.

The design replaces the iron fence in front of Buckingham Palace with a stone colonnade, and extends the open space outside, enclosing it with another colonnade of semicircular form. Beyond this again, there sweeps a public roadway, crossing the west end of St. James' Park. Mr. Webb was the only competing architect who hit upon the happy idea of carrying traffic around outside the entire enclosure. The roadway will be lined with trees and ornamented at intervals with small obelisks.

In the center of the semicircle, in front of the main façade of the palace, and looking directly down the wide and shaded Mall toward the heart of London, will stand the imposing statue of Victoria. Mr. Brock, the sculptor, has explained that his idea is to represent the great queen amid the personification of the qualities that made her great. She sits in her robes of state; on her right hand is Justice, on her left hand Truth. At the back is a group representing Maternity; above, the eagle of empire. On the lofty superstructure of her throne stand Courage and Constancy; and the whole is dominated by a winged figure of Victory. Around the base are four ships' prows, fighting vessels and merchantmen alternately, denoting Britain's sea-power and world-wide commerce.

The monument will be of Carrara marble up to the three topmost figures, which are to be of bronze gilt. The

seated statue of the queen will be thirteen feet high, and the entire structure, from the base to the tip of Victory's wings, will measure seventy-five feet. Mr. Brock has now practically finished his working models. With a wise prudence, he determined to complete them before putting a single touch upon the monument itself. This prevents the misfortune that has overtaken not a few important works of the sort—as, for instance, the Sherman memorial recently unveiled in Washington—which, owing to the death of their designer, have been turned over to some other artist who had no means of knowing the details of the original sculptor's plans.

THE COST OF THE WORK.

The construction of the architectural part of the memorial is now well under way, and the whole scheme is taking definite shape. Such a work is, of course, extremely costly. The subscriptions already received amount to about four hundred thousand pounds, or two million dollars, but a good deal more will be needed. Contributions have come from all over the British Empire, and it is interesting to note that seventy-five thousand dollars was raised by an American committee.

It is rather curious that the chief memorial of Queen Victoria should be so closely connected with Buckingham Palace; for the late queen strongly disliked her London residence, and spent as little time there as she could. King Edward, on the other hand, seems to be very much at home there—greatly to the delight of Londoners, whose sincere affection for his mother did not entirely stifle their complaints about her neglect of them. Plain and unpretentious in exterior, the palace is both richly decorated and comfortably equipped within, especially since the present sovereign added such modern conveniences as elevators, of which Queen Victoria did not approve.

There are already many monuments of Britain's greatest and most lamented queen, and their number is steadily growing. Indeed, nearly every important city in the empire over which she ruled will probably honor her memory in one way or another.

A Modern Knight-Errant.

THE WOULD-BE REDRESSER OF WRONGS, AND THE REWARD HE REAPED.

BY UNA HUDSON.

I.

THIS narrative is set forth in no spirit of boasting or of vain-glorious pride, nor yet from an unworthy desire to let my left hand know the good my right has done, but as both a warning and a moral lesson to others.

The story begins, as most stories do and all stories should begin, with a girl. She was a remarkably pretty girl, too. Had she been of unprepossessing appearance, there would probably have been no story.

I sent more than one furtive glance of admiration in her direction as we waited on the same corner for a car. When it developed that we were waiting for the same car, I felt that I was indeed blessed beyond my deserts. But when, in getting on, she dropped her handkerchief, and I had the happiness of returning it to her, I felt myself sink in bliss clear up to my eyes.

She thanked me with a slight inclination of her pretty head and a smile of precisely the right degree of warmth. A small, dapper fellow with a heavy foot—I know, for he trod upon my pet corn—gave her his seat, and him I hated with a deadly hatred that later bore bitter fruit for him and for me.

I half forgave him for his luck in having a seat to offer her when he was obliged to step along to the far end of the car, while I was so fortunate as to secure a strap that made it possible for me to obtain an unobstructed view of the charming profile under the modish hat. But as people left the car, the dapper little man, whom I had classified in my mind as a drummer, began to edge down nearer us. Presently I saw with increasing wrath that he was openly ogling the pretty girl, to her

very evident embarrassment. It wasn't many minutes before he began to smile at her in the most insulting manner.

I felt myself growing hot and red with anger. Without stopping to think of possible consequences, I clinched my fist and landed a good, heavy blow right over the fellow's eye.

"That for insulting ladies!" I said, in the lordly manner of the hero of a historical novel.

Then one would have thought that pandemonium had been let loose in that car. Women screamed. The conductor bustled forward to see what the row was about. Worst of all, the pretty girl whom I was doing my best to defend shrank away from me, crying and murmuring some unintelligible words from the depths of her handkerchief.

The fellow I had chastised, with one eye rapidly swelling shut, glared angrily at me with the other, and threatened to "have the law" on me. I offered to fight him man to man right then and there, if he wished, but somebody yelled derisively:

"Aw, take a man yer own size!"

The tide of public opinion seemed to be setting against me. Before I could make any fitting rejoinder the conductor hustled forward a policeman, whom he had unearthed somewhere in the rear end of the car. I am big, but the policeman was bigger; and partly for that reason, partly because I did not wish to have "resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty" added to the other misdemeanors with which they would probably have me charged, I went with him when he stopped the car and ordered me off.

I should have objected when he consigned me to the bull-pen, and I learned that it was the intention of those in authority to detain me there all night;

but the strong arm of the law was against me, and I very soon found that protests were worse than useless.

II.

It's not the pleasantest sensation in the world to be obliged to present oneself before a police magistrate, fresh from a night spent in the bull-pen, unwashed, unshaven, and with a generally disreputable air, to answer to some absurd charge. I think "assault and battery" was entered against me, though it might have been "assault with intent to kill." Whatever it was, I pleaded "not guilty," leaving it to my ingenious lawyer to set forth the "extenuating circumstances."

But it developed that there were none. My victim of the day before—who, by the way, rejoiced in the name of Fordyce—appeared with a very symmetrical plaster over one eye, and made a statement which, in point of clearness, left nothing to be desired.

"Your honor," said he, "yesterday afternoon, while riding in a street-car, I noticed an advertisement which I thought would interest my wife. I endeavored to call her attention to it, when this—this——"

"Say it," said his honor kindly, "if it will be a relief to your feelings. There are no ladies present."

But Mr. Fordyce heroically refrained. "This *gentleman*," said he, with scathing sarcasm, "smashed me over the eye."

That was all, and it was quite enough. I bitterly regretted that nature had not endowed me with the perspicacity of a Sherlock Holmes, which would have enabled me to discern at a glance the married state of the lady whom I had so disastrously mistaken for a spinster.

But the mischief was done, and could not be undone. There remained but for me to withdraw my plea of "not guilty" and take what the law allowed and the judge willed. But first I apologized to Mr. Fordyce as sincerely and as humbly as a man may.

He was a good fellow, and received my apology like the gentleman he was, even going to the length of interceding for me with the judge, who was inclined

to be severe, and had said something that sounded uncomfortably like "thirty days and costs."

At Mr. Fordyce's request, he substituted for the thirty days the minimum fine for the offense with which I had been charged, and added a neat little lecture setting forth the evils liable to result from a too hasty judgment. All of which I took meekly enough, for I felt that I was getting no more than I deserved; but when his manner became almost paternal, and he made allusion to my "extreme youth," I confess to being a bit nettled. However, I suppose his misapprehension as to my age was natural enough, for my peculiarly child-like cast of countenance, coupled with my inability to grow a mustache, have misled people more than once.

Of course the reporters got hold of the story, and variously garbled versions of the affair came out in all the papers. It was very trying, but it was all part of my medicine.

I made a solemn vow that never again would I interfere with even the most offensive "masher" that ever happened. As champion of damsels in distress, I certainly couldn't count myself a conspicuous success; but I was far from being discouraged, and determined to try again should opportunity offer. Only, the next time I would do it in a less spectacular manner.

So I kept my eyes open, and one bitter day—the adjective referring in part, but not entirely, to the weather—when the thermometer was dropping steadily and the air was powdered with intermittent snowflakes, I came upon a girl unmistakably in need of aid.

She was a little thing, and she made a most pathetic picture as she sat on an up-turned box with her head bent slightly forward and her eyes fixed on the tin cup that she held in her lap. Because of her attitude, I was unable to get a good view of her face, but she seemed pinched and worn, and the tip of her nose was blue with cold.

Her cloak was of the thinnest, and her other garments were of the heterogeneous sort affected by the very poor. She shivered in the cutting wind, and I saw a tear roll unromantically down

the bridge of her nose and splash into the tin cup.

That tear quite finished me. I covered it with a bill, of a larger denomination, probably, than any she had ever seen before. I felt myself suffused with quite a glow of gratitude toward the all-wise Providence that had endowed me with so liberal a share of this world's goods that I could give thus generously.

"My good girl," I said, "buy yourself a warm cloak, and—er—any other little things you may fancy."

I walked away quickly, without waiting for her incoherent expressions of gratitude. And all day I carried with me the pleasant remembrance of a good deed nobly done.

III.

It was the next week, if my memory does not fail me, that Marcia asked me to dinner. In a way, Marcia is a relative: to be exact, she married my mother's second cousin. This relationship, distant though it is, Marcia regards as giving her the right to call upon me at the eleventh hour whenever she needs a man to fill up her dinner-table.

I always go, because Marcia's dinners are feasts to dream of, and because she has much to commend her aside from her viands. She is an awfully good sort, doesn't mind if a fellow leaves directly the meal is over, and spares him a promiscuous lot of introductions.

I was a trifle late, and when I arrived the guests were just lining up to go out to dinner. Marcia hurriedly led me up to a saucy little girl dressed in a pink frock that was fearfully and wonderfully made, being ruffled and shirred, tucked and plaited and puffed, quite beyond the masculine powers of description, and murmured a few words over us. I didn't catch the girl's name properly, but I decided to call her "Forsyth." She answered readily enough to this, and we went in to dinner in a state of great content.

I unfolded my napkin, and began a leisurely survey of my fellow guests. There was Mrs. Carroll, who is a perfect encyclopedia of information in the matter of children's diseases, and who

cheerfully tells you all she knows on the slightest provocation. I was glad that she sat next our host, and that I was out of earshot of the harrowing details to which he would presently be subjected.

Next to Mrs. Carroll was Ellerton, one of my best friends. He really deserved better of Marcia. Still, he hadn't fared so badly, after all, for he had been permitted to take in Gertie Funshaw. I had fancied myself in love with Gertie at one time; but I discovered that she was fond of onions, and that ended it.

Gertie, who rather fancies having two strings to her bow, was smiling alternately at Ellerton and at the man on her other side, who plainly would have preferred to devote himself to the girl he had taken in. She was as pretty as a picture, and her face seemed strangely familiar, though I couldn't recall ever having met her. I stared at her hard for perhaps half a minute; then I ducked behind the imposing centerpiece of roses and maidenhair ferns, and was strongly tempted to crawl under the table and effect an inconspicuous exit from the room on hands and knees, if necessary, for I had recognized—Mrs. Fordyce!

I hoped that she wouldn't remember me, but reflected gloomily that she probably would, and stared surreptitiously around to see if her husband was also present. He was, but he was placed on my side of the table, and I decided that, by sitting well back in my chair, I could keep out of his range of vision. I began to cudgel my brains for an excuse that would enable me to leave when the ladies withdrew.

It was too bad, for Miss Forsyth was quite the prettiest girl present, and seemed inclined to be friendly. I always am more or less of a duffer when it comes to conversation, but now I found myself barely able to respond to her lively sallies with an idiotic "yes" or "no." I was afraid she would think herself well rid of me when the dinner should have ended.

Altogether, I thought myself as unhappy as a man may well be, but that was because I didn't know what more was in store for me.

Marcia began it.

"And so you were in that awful fire at the Ellmore, Mrs. Fordyce," she said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fordyce, with a shudder of recollection; "we barely escaped with our lives. If Mrs. Carroll had not taken us in, and clothed and fed and housed us, I'm sure I don't know what we should have done."

Mrs. Carroll left Bobby right in the midst of his recent attack of measles to put in her conversational oar.

"It was at night, you know," said she, "and they came to me in bedroom slippers and blankets."

"If you only knew," retorted Mrs. Fordyce, "how very thankful we were for the blankets!"

"And I'm sure," said Fordyce, from his side of the table, "the blankets couldn't have looked worse than the suit of clothes I borrowed from the long-suffering Carroll."

Which was probably true, for Mr. Carroll would easily have made two of Mr. Fordyce.

"I think," said Mrs. Fordyce, "that Edith had the worst of it. She is so small, poor dear, and so very short-waisted, that all we could find for her to wear was a last year's jacket of Ella's"—Ella is Mrs. Carroll's fourteen-year-old daughter—"that fitted her in some places and didn't in others, and a skirt of the parlor maid's. The combination made her look like the heroine of a melodrama who returns to the shelter of the paternal roof in a raging snow-storm. I wonder why she *always* comes back in a snow-storm!"

I plucked up courage, and made a remark of at least a dozen words to Miss Forsyth. Surely, I thought, Mrs. Fordyce hadn't recognized me, else she could never go on at such a rate with her inconsequent chatter.

"If I live to be a hundred," Mrs. Fordyce resumed, "I shall never forgive myself for not going with Edith when she went shopping in Ella's jacket and the parlor-maid's skirt. I wouldn't for anything in the world have missed seeing the kind gentleman put a fifty-dollar bill in her tin cup. He probably thought he was giving her a five, and what a shock it must have been when he discovered his mistake!"

That's the way of it in this benighted world. When one is conspicuously generous people invariably think it happened by accident. But Mrs. Fordyce went on:

"My good girl," said he—fancy calling Edith 'My good girl'!—"my good girl, buy yourself a warm cloak and any other little things you may fancy."

That entire tableful of hitherto decorous people became on the instant a set of hysterical imbeciles. They shouted and shrieked their enjoyment, and vociferously demanded:

"Tell us the story; tell it to us!"

It would never do to be behind the others in appreciation of so ludicrous an incident. They might identify me as the "kind gentleman," and from that Heaven defend me! This was worse, a thousand times worse, than to have chastised Fordyce for flirting with his own wife. I chuckled merrily, and cackled:

"Yes, tell it, do!"

Mrs. Fordyce leaned across the table and spoke to the girl at my side.

"Edith," she said, "tell it; I fear I cannot do it justice."

So my neighbor's name was *Fordyce*, not *Forsyth*! Oh, Marcia, Marcia! My gleeful laugh caught in my throat, where it somehow changed and issued from my lips in a hoarse groan of despair. I caught up my glass and drained it at a gulp. A waiter offered me an entrée at that inauspicious moment, and I served myself with a lavishness that sent him hurrying kitchenward for a second supply. But I heard Miss Fordyce saying sweetly:

"If it must be told, Nan, I think you had best tell it. Only I think you do not give the gentleman sufficient credit; I'm very certain he made no mistake about the size of the bill."

I could have gone down on my knees and kissed the toes of her little slippers out of pure gratitude, and when she dropped her voice and whispered to me I became her abject slave forever.

"Don't take it so to heart," she said. "It might be infinitely worse."

"For you, perhaps it might," I admitted, "but not for me. Remember, I am the benefactor, while you are only the beneficiary."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," she quoted comfortingly.

"Not in this case," I muttered gloomily.

"Hush!" she warned me. "You must listen to Nan. Do as the others do, and no one need know it was you."

"Heaven bless you!" I said fervently; and I caught her hand and pressed it warmly under cover of the table-cloth.

Mrs. Fordyce's story lost nothing in the telling. When she had finished I saw Marcia's butler, who ordinarily is as solemn as an undertaker, retire precipitately to the pantry, a broad grin distorting his features.

"But what did you do with the money?" half a dozen voices hurled at Miss Fordyce.

It was her sister-in-law who answered.

"The conscienceless wretch spent it for an opera-cloak! I told her she really ought to devote it to charity—they do perfectly awful things sometimes to people for obtaining money under false pretenses. But she said the man gave it to her to buy herself a warm cloak, and her conscience wouldn't permit her to do otherwise."

"It was all a scheme of Edith's," said Mrs. Carroll placidly. "She has had her eye on that opera-cloak for a month. It's imported, a perfect love, and they let it go for a song, because it was so small that only Edith could wear it. I knew she was wild to have it, but I really didn't think she would go to the length of sitting on the street corner with a tin cup held out for pennies."

"But, Paula," murmured Miss Fordyce, "it was the tin cup that was so misleading, and it was your tin cup."

"I'd just like to know," said Mrs. Carroll argumentatively, "why, if it wasn't a plot to cajole money from an unwitting public, the cup wasn't wrapped?"

"Because," said Miss Fordyce, with chilling dignity, "I was freezing to death in that miserable little jacket, and I wouldn't wait to have it wrapped."

"You certainly did look cold," I said, with indiscreet sympathy. "The end of your nose was positively blue."

It was as if I had exploded a bomb in

their midst. They shrieked with laughter, and flung a dozen questions at me all in a breath.

"How do you know?" they cried excitedly. "Were you there?" Then all together they vociferated: "Explain!"

"Good people," I said, when I could make myself heard, "the explanation is very simple. I was the 'kind gentleman.'"

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted Ellerton gleefully. Gertie Fanshaw, who inclines to slang, broke off a bit of the cake she was eating and tossed it to me.

I bowed my thanks, and gravely ate the cake.

"It was not," said I, in extenuation of my misdirected charity, "Miss Fordyce's tin cup that fetched me, nor yet her blue nose, nor the thinness of her jacket, but the tears she shed."

"Good Heavens, Edith," exclaimed her sister-in-law, "how did you manage? Was it an onion?"

"It was," said Miss Fordyce, "but it wasn't my onion. Did you notice," she went on, turning to me, "the fat man who was standing beside me? And did you see that he held a brown bag? That bag contained onions. One of them must have been cut, I think, and the wind was in my direction, and—well, my eyes never could stand onions."

Mr. Fordyce affected a fine disbelief.

"That does to tell," said he, "but it's my private belief that Edith is fast becoming an unprincipled beggar. We all know she's horribly extravagant, and invariably spends her allowance before she gets it. For the sake of her morals, it's a thousand pities that her first attempt should have been so conspicuously successful."

"Oh, Dick is easy," said Marcia, suddenly coming out of a brown study, and into the conversation. "He's always getting into the most unheard of scrapes. Why, a little while back—you don't mind my telling, do you, Dick? It's ancient history now. A little while back he swatted—that is the technical term, is it not?—a man in a street-car for trying to speak to his own wife."

"Swatted" is the correct term, Mrs. Blake," said Fordyce. "I know, because I am he who was 'swatted.' I recognized Mr. Davenport at once when he

came in this evening, and I hope you have all observed how exemplary my conduct has been. I haven't winked at Nan once; and as for the rest of the ladies, I haven't dared so much as to glance in their direction."

Marcia grew as red as her gown.

"Oh," she cried, "I beg your pardon! Dick didn't tell me, of course; but it was most unpardonably stupid of me, just the same."

"Not at all," I said. "For my part, I'm glad you alluded to the matter. When I happen to be out late, alone and unprotected, I've been in mortal terror lest Mr. Fordyce should be lying in wait for me with a sand-bag. Now I have an opportunity to ask him the nature of his favorite weapon. It's well to be prepared, you know."

"The right hand of good fellowship," said Fordyce unhesitatingly.

And we promptly rose and solemnly shook hands. You may do little things like that at Marcia's dinner-table, if you want to. She is no stickler for formality, which is probably one reason for her popularity as a hostess.

"You heap coals of fire on my head," said I to Mr. Fordyce. "And they burn, I can assure you."

IV.

BUT in my heart of hearts I cared far more for Miss Fordyce's forgiveness than for that of her brother. In the drawing-room after dinner, metaphorically, I crawled at her feet.

"I'm such a fool," I said, "a regular out-and-out idiot. And I haven't the faintest idea what I should do to earn your forgiveness."

"I hope," said Miss Fordyce demurely, "that you are not contemplating asking me to give up my opera-coat. It wouldn't fit you, really, and it wouldn't be becoming to your style of beauty even if it fitted. And I fear it's quite impossible for me to pay back the fifty, because, as Bob said, I'm frightfully extravagant, and just now I haven't a cent to my name. But it's not just the thing, is it, for a girl to let a man who isn't even a relative pay for her clothes? Really, it's very awkward."

"It's perfectly proper," I said brilliantly, "for a relative by marriage to pay for a girl's clothes."

"I'm afraid," said Miss Fordyce, "I don't quite understand."

"Though I have had as yet no experience," I said, "yet I believe it is customary for a husband to pay for his wife's clothes. If, now, you would accept me in the capacity mentioned——"

Miss Fordyce's eyes were bright and searching.

"Are you in earnest?" said she.

"Entirely so," I assured her gravely.

"But it's so precipitate! We've only just met; why, we hardly know each other."

"Love at first sight," said I, "is the only real love. A man may live for years and years, meeting women and forgetting them. Then, one day, he sees a face, perhaps for an instant only, but in a flash he knows that he has looked into the eyes of his soul's mate. The moment of meeting may be also the moment of parting, but though half a continent lie between them, though mountains rise to divide them and an ocean separate them, yet will he follow, and, in the end, find his heart's love. And so it is with me, Edith. I have looked into your eyes, and I know that for me you are the one woman in all the world!"

"But you have seen me twice," Edith objected. "Would you mind telling me—was it the beggar girl you fell in love with, or Edith Fordyce?"

"Dear heart," I said, "it would have been the beggar girl had I seen her face, but I saw only the tip of her little blue nose and the tear that ran down it. Your head was bent, you remember."

"But I saw you after you had passed, quite distinctly. And I thought how kind you were, and how big and strong, and I hoped I'd meet you again!"

"Dear," I said, grown suddenly bold, "then with you, too, it was——"

"Love at first sight," she finished softly, and oh, how sweetly!

I'm afraid it wasn't at all a seemingly thing to do, but a big Japanese screen stood conveniently near, and I drew Edith behind it, and kissed her in its friendly shelter.

The Long Feud of Britain and Russia.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

RUSSIA'S AGE-LONG AMBITION TO REACH THE OPEN SEA, AND HOW ENGLAND HAS BARRED HER PATH—THE HOSTILE RELATIONS OF THESE TWO GREAT WORLD-POWERS MAY BE PROFOUNDLY AFFECTED BY THE ISSUE OF THE PRESENT WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

FOUR years ago, when the British troops in South Africa had suffered serious reverses, and continental critics were predicting still more serious disasters for them, there was open rejoicing in Russia. To-day, Britain is jubilant at the telling blows that Japan has dealt against the Muscovite power and prestige.

A leading St. Petersburg paper, the *Grashdanin*, owned by Prince Mesthersky, and regarded as an exponent of the ideas held by the most influential class of Russian society, recently published the following passage:

All the impudent and vile acts which England has perpetrated during the past months against Russia are too manifest to every one of Russia's many millions of people to need recording in any blue book, and Russians of all ages, even children, and of all conditions, are permeated with hatred against the English and with the thirst of revenge. Voices have long since made themselves heard in Moscow, crying:

"We are giving millions for the war against the Japanese, but we will give whole milliards for a war against England, if only the Czar will say the word."

And these words are repeated by the entire Russian Empire, by every city, every hamlet, every soldier, every Russian man. Animated with this sentiment, let the whole Russian Press speak out, and then, perhaps, our diplomatists will be inspired to talk with the English ministers in the language of English cynicism, of English impudence, and at every sound of such language all Russia will stand up breast to breast as one man for our adored monarch, and will not recoil from any sacrifice when the struggle longed for by all Russia has begun against her one secular enemy.

What is the reason for this intense and ominous bitterness between two great nations? It is a long story.

ENGLAND'S FIRST CONTACT WITH RUSSIA.

In the days when Edward VI was the Boy King of England, an expedition was fitted out to seek a way to China and India round the North Cape and along

the arctic shores of Russia. It was but a tiny fleet of three ships, and its captains, Willoughby and Chancellor, knew as little of their destination and of the route thither as did Columbus when he crossed the bar of Palos sixty-one years before.

Poor Willoughby and the crews of two of his vessels were frozen to death ere they had well crossed the threshold of the Arctic Ocean. Chancellor was more fortunate, and succeeded in making the White Sea. From its shores he journeyed to the court of the Czar, and was favorably received by Ivan the Terrible, the reigning emperor. This was in 1553, and it was the first intercourse between England and Russia.

Ivan was at war with the Swedes, and was in much fear of his own subjects, so that he welcomed the self-appointed ambassador of the English. To Chancellor he granted great trading privileges, and invited the English to come to his dominions and there to build factories and to establish markets. The English, ever expansive, took him at his word, and much of Russia's commerce passed under the control of the men of the Thames and the Tyne.

Ivan, some few years later, sought to secure from Queen Elizabeth some return for his generosity, and wrote to her suggesting that "the queen's majesty and he might be to all their enemies joynd as one, and that England and Russland might be in all manners as one." But the wary sovereign was well content with her commercial privileges in Russia, and had no ambition to assume the responsibilities of Ivan's quarrelings. Her reply was diplomatic and non-committal.

Three years later, Ivan, being in one

of his fits of madness, wrote an abject letter to Elizabeth, begging that she would accord him a safe retreat should he be driven out from his empire.

It was in one of these desperate attempts to secure an alliance with England that Ivan instructed his envoy to secure for him an English wife. His seventh had just died, and, like Henry VIII of England, he was always lonely without a consort. The young and beautiful daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon offered herself as a prospective Czarina. The ambassador sent his imperial master glowing reports of her eligibility, and Ivan the Terrible despatched his royal offer of marriage. Unfortunately, gossip had traveled from Moscow to London, and the youthful Lady of Huntingdon shrank from the matrimonial extravagances of her suitor. She declined the proposal to be his eighth wife, and the possibility of a permanent alliance faded out of practical politics.

THE EASTWARD EXPANSION OF RUSSIA.

Not only were the prospective politics of Ivan's reign of interest to Englishmen, but the actualities were of grave moment to Great Britain. Ivan cast off forever the Mongol yoke; conquered Novgorod, putting sixty thousand of its people to death; added Livonia, Esthonia, and Astrakhan to his empire; and, with the aid of the Cossack freebooter Ermak, secured western Siberia. England had then no footing in India, or she might have striven harder to benefit by the overtures she received from this strenuous prince.

In the next reign—that of the feeble Feodor—Boris Godounof laid a firm hand on the new Siberian provinces, built Tobolsk in 1587, and founded Russia's Asiatic empire. A year later, the Spanish Armada dashed itself to pieces on the rocky shores of Scotland and Ireland; and England, for the first time, took rank as the leading maritime power of Europe.

The Cossacks found the Siberias a vast vacuum, desolate, bare. In fifty years they penetrated, without once encountering a formidable foe, to the icy shores of the northernmost Pacific. Early in the seventeenth century they

had established themselves upon the Amur, the great river that forms the northern boundary of Manchuria, and there they abode until the Manchu emperors expelled them in 1688. All this Russia accomplished without serious opposition. And England as yet had no Indian Empire.

In 1600 Queen Elizabeth granted a concession to certain London merchants, securing to them the monopoly of trade between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn for fifteen years. In this way the East India Company gained control of the commerce of the Indian and Pacific Oceans—a control it retained, in modified form, until the outbreak of the Indian mutiny in 1857.

In 1662 Charles II of England gave the company permission to "make war and peace with the native princes." By the close of the seventeenth century the East India Company had stations at Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay. Other nations possessing footholds in India were the Venetians, the Genoese, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and, a little later, the French. So that, until the end of the eighteenth century, England owned but an inconsiderable part of India. Even then her sovereignty was but that of a trading company, up to the time of the Sepoy rebellion in 1858. It was not until the other day—on January 1, 1877—that India became an empire dependent upon Great Britain, and Queen Victoria was proclaimed Kaiser-i-Hind.

RUSSIA'S MARCH TOWARD THE SEA.

Already, centuries ago, Russia had set out on her great march to the sea. Peter, afterward called the Great, became ruler of Russia in 1689. His country had never fully recovered from the effects of the Mongol invasion four hundred years before. It had lost whatever of culture it might boast in the pre-Mongolian days, and it was centuries behind contemporary states in civilization. Such industries and manufactures as it had were exploited by Englishmen and other aliens. Peter realized the necessity of seeking open ports, of hursting a way to the sea, of dispersing the darkness of his land-bound empire.

A man of originality and enterprise, Peter chose a novel and an energetic method of raising his countrymen to the western standard. He encouraged his younger nobles to visit Holland and Italy, to study ship-building, to gain western polish, and to disconnect themselves from the old traditions of Russia. Eager himself to take part in the great reform, he journeyed, in the guise of an inferior officer of an embassy, to the three Baltic provinces, to Prussia, to Hanover, and to Amsterdam. At Amsterdam and at Saardam he worked as a shipwright, gulping down information concerning everything he saw around him. On the invitation of William III he next traveled to London, and in the yards of Deptford wrought once more as a ship-building journeyman.

From England he returned to Russia in April, 1698, carrying with him more than five hundred English engineers, mechanics, surgeons, artisans, and artillerymen. His commander-in-chief was Patrick Gordon, a Scotsman of Aberdeenshire, a soldier of fortune who had served under Alexis and Feodor, Peter's father and elder brother.

All this time British and Russian interests had never clashed. Russia's enemies were the powers that stood between her and the open sea. In the Baltic, Sweden and Poland interposed themselves—and the Sweden of 1690 possessed Finland, Ingria, in which St. Petersburg now stands, and the Baltic provinces. On the Black Sea, Turkey owned all of the northern, western, and southern shores. The Caspian Sea was commanded by Persia. Peter had the White Sea, with its summer opening to the Arctic Ocean, as his only gateway to the world, and Archangel as his only port.

His first war, then, was against Turkey, with a view to securing the passage of the Black Sea. From the Sublime Porte he wrested the city of Azov, at the mouth of the Don, in 1696. In 1700 he entered into alliances with Poland and Denmark, and sought to tear from the infant Charles XII of Sweden his provinces of Ingria and Carolia. But the hardy Swedes routed his raw levies at Narva, and Peter was tempo-

rarily balked of his design to secure an opening to the Baltic.

Three years later, however, when Charles was busy making kings in Poland, Peter seized a portion of Ingria and at once founded there his capital, St. Petersburg. On July 8, 1709, at Pultowa, he wiped out the disgrace of Narva, defeated Charles, and added the whole of the Baltic provinces and part of Finland to his empire. In 1722 he went to war with Persia, and gained from the Shah his three Caspian provinces, with the towns of Derbend and Baku. All the policy of this strongest Czar of Russia was to force pathways to the sea.

RUSSIA'S FIRST MOVE TOWARD INDIA.

Meanwhile, Peter was not ignorant of the prodigious wealth of India. In 1713, Hodja Nefes, a Turcoman chief, came to him in St. Petersburg with a tale of a great river of gold that once had flowed direct from the Pamirs to the Caspian Sea. According to Hodja Nefes, this river had been turned out of its original bed by the Khivans, and diverted into the Aral Sea, south of the Kirghiz steppes. Peter, ever alive to the value of navigable waters, determined to test the truth of this traveler's tale, to send a mission to the Khan of Khiva, to survey the old and the new beds of the river, and to investigate how far it might be practicable to penetrate to India by water.

Peter entrusted the expedition to Prince Bekovitch Cherkaski, of his body-guard. In a preliminary reconnaissance Prince Bekovitch found that the wonderful river was the Oxus, and he succeeded in mapping a portion of its ancient course where it had fallen into the Caspian Sea at Krasnovodsk. With Prince Bekovitch marched four thousand regular infantry, two thousand Cossacks, and a hundred dragoons—as escort to his peaceful mission!

The prince was instructed, after he had secured the submission of the Khan of Khiva, to despatch two trade caravans—one to the Khan of Bokhara, the other to the great Mogul of India. The envoy to the Mogul received his instructions direct from Peter, and they are interesting enough to justify quotation:

You will go, when the brigadier, Prince Cherkaski, shall be able to dispense with you, by water as far up the Amu-Daria (Oxus) as possible, or by such other streams as may fall into it, to India, in the guise of a merchant, the real business being the discovery of a waterway to India. You will inquire secretly about the river, in case progress by water be forbidden. You will return, if possible, by the same route, unless it be ascertained that there is another and more convenient way by water; the waterway, as well as the land route, to be carefully observed and described in writing, and to be mapped. You will notice the merchandise, particularly aromatic herbs and other articles that are exported from India. You will examine into and write an account of all other matters which, though not mentioned here, may concern the interests of the empire.

In addition to its six thousand troops, the expedition carried two hundred sailors with boats and all the necessary paraphernalia for the ascent of the Oxus and the crossing of such rivers as it might meet in its way.

Bekovitch hurried his men across the burning steppes as best he might until, on August 15, 1717, he halted within a hundred miles of Khiva. There the Khivans, dubious of his assurances of friendship, attacked him. The Russians easily drove off the enemy, and the Khan once more became blind to the military aspects of the case. He invited Prince Bekovitch to meet him at a point outside Khiva, entertained him at dinner—the meal being “enlivened by the strains of the Russian military band”—and proffered eternal friendship. Prince Bekovitch, eager to secure his entry to Khiva and to reach the point at which he should seize the Khan and his capital, accepted these overtures with joy.

The next day the Khan, with the prince and his principal officers, marched, a harmonious company, to Khiva. The Khan regretted the inability of his capital to quarter so many troops, and begged Prince Bekovitch to divide his army into small companies for entertainment at the surrounding villages. The prince consented, the Russian force was broken up, and the Khan's diplomacy was successful. He killed Bekovitch, and forwarded his head as a gift to the Khan of Bokhara; he massacred the scattered bodies of Russians; he stripped the officers naked and hacked them leisurely to pieces; and then he rode in triumph into Khiva,

preceded by the hay-stuffed heads of two Russian princes belonging to Prince Bekovitch's escort.

So ended Russia's first attempt to penetrate to India. It gave the Muscovite peasant a new saying—“to perish like Bekovitch”—but it brought the empire nothing more material than a wholesome respect for the strategy of the Turcoman in his native wilds.

BRITAIN STANDS IN RUSSIA'S PATH.

In view of later expeditions, it is necessary to observe that Russia was as anxious to break through to India at a time when Britain was but one of many proprietors as she has been—or has been supposed to be—since the whole Hindustan peninsula has become part of the British Empire. Russia desires free seaboard and an outlet to markets. All her policy can be read in the light of these two national aspirations. That Great Britain should find herself opposed to both propositions is as much an accident of geography as that Germany should rub shoulders with Russia from Memel to the Carpathians. The consequent antagonism is identical in both cases.

Russia might reach the Mediterranean through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles; but to secure that exit she must dispossess Turkey. She might break out to the Indian and Pacific Oceans through the Persian Gulf; but to attain that she must hold Persia. She can run her goods from St. Petersburg to the Yellow Sea; but to preserve that route she must own Manchuria.

Britain, on the other hand, has always been feverishly anxious to maintain—both in the old days of the overland passage and in the present times of the Suez Canal—her road across the Isthmus of Suez to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. To permit the Czar to hold Constantinople and the free passage of the Dardanelles were to let Russia command her own gate to the east, and to force her to reach India only after rounding the Cape of Good Hope. To grant Russia a road to the sea through Persia were to destroy the buffer state that most effectively protects India. As to Manchuria, Lord Salisbury has said:

"Her British majesty's government has never entertained any objection to the existence of an outlet for Russian commerce upon the open waters of the China seas, by agreement, of course, with China."

Count Muravieff recently observed that "British and Russian interests cannot be seriously antagonistic in China." Nevertheless, Britain's sympathy is with Japan and against the Muscovites, and her material interests lie on the same side of the quarrel.

Therein lie the causes of Anglo-Russian enmity. The antagonism of the two nations has been a matter of slow growth, the result of the geographical expansion of both. In the reign of Peter the Great there was no rivalry. England had not then dreamed of an Indian Empire, and Russia was well content with her newly acquired seaports on the Baltic. In her wars with Poland, Britain took no part. In the bloody Seven Years' War, it is true, Britain found herself allied with Prussia against Russia, Austria, and France; but the combinations on both sides were artificial. Pitt was forced to fight in defense of Hanover, threatened by France. The Czarina Catharine II withdrew her army from the war, and in her expeditions against Turkey, Sweden, and Poland many British tars lent her navy efficient aid.

THE CZAR PAUL'S ANTI-BRITISH POLICY.

It was not until Paul became Czar, in 1796, that the opposition of Russia to Great Britain became a settled policy. At first Paul joined with the Austrians and British against France. A weak and flighty monarch, he was easily induced by Pitt to seize the opportunity for an introduction into the politics of Europe. Defeated in Switzerland, he withdrew from the coalition in disgust. To him came Napoleon, who, understanding the man, played upon his vanity, and he declared war on Britain. Lord Nelson was on his way to engage the Russian fleet when news reached him of the assassination of Paul. Peace with the new Czar, Alexander I, was speedily concluded.

Paul was the first Russian emperor who projected an attack upon India

solely because it belonged to Britain. Formerly, Russian expeditions in that direction had been attracted merely by the possibility of trade. Paul invited Napoleon to cooperate with him, and the alliance might have been effected but for affairs in Egypt which tied Napoleon's hands. As it was, Paul instructed General Orloff to march from Orenburg with twenty-two thousand Cossacks, forty-four thousand horses, and two companies of horse artillery, against the English settlements on the Indus. His instructions were both definite and comprehensive:

The English are preparing to attack me and my allies, the Swedes and Danes, by sea and by land. I am ready to receive them. But it is necessary also to attack them where the blow will be most felt and where it is least expected. You will therefore proceed to India.

Orloff had marched as far as the heights of Irigiz, to the north of the Sea of Aral, when news of Paul's assassination ended the expedition.

ALEXANDER I AND THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Alexander I, having seen his army destroyed at Austerlitz, and having been, as he thought, basely deserted by the allies at Friedland, sought a meeting with Napoleon at Tilsit. The two emperors met on a raft in the middle of the Niemen, on July 7, 1807, and Alexander opened the conversation abruptly by saying:

"I hate the English as you do."

Napoleon looked across at his old enemy and said:

"Then peace is made."

A few days earlier the same Czar had written to George III of England:

There can be no salvation for myself or for Europe but by interminable resistance to Buonaparte!

Yet the peace lasted five years, and Alexander and Napoleon had the pleasure of dividing in fancy the kingdoms of Europe between them.

No sooner was peace in the west insured by the battle of Waterloo than Alexander despatched General Yermoloff, Captain Muravieff, of the general staff, and Major Ponomareff, to attempt once more to deal with the Khan of Khiva. The Khan, however, threw Muravieff into prison and kept him there forty-eight days. Russian diplomacy was balked again.

Alexander I, however, had forced Russia into a leading place in the councils of the powers. By the Treaty of Paris, Britain had secured to herself the Cape of Good Hope, which she purchased from Holland, and Mauritius, captured from the French, so that India was well guarded from the south. Malta guaranteed her influence in the Mediterranean. But Russia had become so arrogant in the concert of Europe that at the Congress of Vienna Britain joined with France and Austria in an agreement to oppose her wishes regarding Poland. In almost all of the great congresses since then, Britain has found herself in complete antagonism to Russia.

Alexander, as the head of the Holy Alliance, thought he might act as the divinely appointed arbiter of Europe. With the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, he sought, in the name of Christianity, to impose upon the nations the permanency of the existing dynasties. Against this doctrine George Canning, the British foreign minister, actively interposed. Alexander, with his imperial brothers of the Alliance, was seeking to govern Europe by congresses; Canning demonstrated the essential independence of Great Britain, and gave his country a policy which she has never abandoned. On the continent there are triple alliances and dual alliances; Great Britain stands alone in self-sufficient isolation, preserving the balance of power and the peace of Europe.

A CENTURY OF MUTUAL ENMITY.

At times this policy has forced her into false positions. She has had to support the Sick Man of Turkey against the noble attempts of Greece to regain her independence. She has had to remain deaf to the cries of suffering Christians in the Balkans lest the powers should seize upon her interference as excuse to partition Turkey, and so give Russia Constantinople. She has had to fight the Crimean War and to sacrifice thirty thousand men to prevent Russia from assuming the right to protect members of the Greek Church in Turkey; she ineffectually sought, at the Conference of Constantinople in

1876, to force Turkey to respect the rights of the Bulgarian Christians; and when Russia went to their relief in 1877, Britain opposed that power's demands at the conclusion of the war, and narrowly escaped once more embroiling herself in a costly war. Eventually, at the Congress of Berlin, Great Britain succeeded, with the support of the powers, in building up a barricade of independent states that are to-day the hotbed of intrigue in Europe.

All this was to prevent Russia's reaching Constantinople, to secure Britain's road to India. The men who have fought hardest to preserve that route for Britain are George Canning, Lord Palmerston, Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery. With them also has lain the necessity of preserving between Russia and Britain that "peace with honor" which, at all times difficult, has sometimes been well-nigh impossible.

THE CENTRAL ASIAN BORDERLAND.

In central Asia, a constant war of intrigue between British and Russians has been maintained ever since the abortive mission of Prince Bekovitch in 1717. For long the British penetrated more easily to the various khanates than did the Russians. This seriously alarmed the Muscovite government, which dreaded the supply of the Khivans and Turcomans with arms and ammunition by the East India Company, and the menacing of its own Asiatic frontier.

Consequently, in 1839, General Perofski was despatched with five thousand men to make one more attack upon the Khan of Khiva and "to prevent the influence of the East India Company, so dangerous to Russia, from taking root in central Asia." He sought to cross the cruel steppes in winter, lost nearly all his camels, one-third of his men, and practically the whole of his provisions. He was forced to abandon his expedition; and Khiva remained unmolested until General Ignatieff made his attempt against it in 1858.

In the interim, the attempt to form a neutral zone was urged by both powers. Russia agreed to "leave the khanates of central Asia as a neutral zone interposed between the two empires, so as

to preserve them from dangerous contact." Unfortunately, the agents of neither power observed the neutrality, and intrigue progressed as merrily as ever. In the sixties and seventies, the Russians swarmed over Turkestan, swallowing up in their advance Khokand, Samarkand, Kliwa, and Merv. In 1885 a joint commission was appointed to delimit the frontier between Afghanistan and Turkestan. The diplomatic negotiations came very near to a disastrous ending, and for a time the war-cloud hung very low over London. A battle was actually fought between the Russians and the Afghans; but ultimately a frontier line was agreed upon, and Afghanistan was left as a buffer state, with a Russian military railway leading from the Caspian to its northern border.

As Lord Roberts has stated in the British House of Lords:

British expansion in northern India is an endeavor to extend British influence over, and to establish law and order in, that part of the Indian border where anarchy, murder, and robbery now reign supreme. It is necessary that we should obtain the allegiance of the turbulent tribes of the border, lest Russia forestall us. We must control the Khyber and the other passes over the great Hindu Kush—that barrier Russia must never be allowed to cross.

So says the British champion. To him replies General Khruleff:

The important question of shaking the rule of the English to its foundations, and of inciting the subject races to an attempt to gain their freedom, may be determined by the despatch of a corps of thirty thousand men to Kandahar. The essential conditions, however, are the perfect neutrality of Persia and the cooperation of Afghanistan in the war.

We may make compromises with our other foes; but England's bearing towards us, which tends to the weakening of our power, does not justify us in leaving her at peace. We must free the people who are the sources of her wealth, and prove to the world the might of the Russian Czar.

Here is the recorded opinion of the great Russian soldier Skobelev:

With adequate resolution and with timely preparation it is possible not only to strike an effective blow at England in India, but to crush her in Europe. Our maxim must be: "Waste no words where one may use force."

In Persia, Russia has taken milder means. Three years ago it was my privilege to learn from his highness the Sadr-Azan—the keeper of the Shah's conscience, the grand vizier—something of the movements of British and Russian diplomacy at Teheran. Russia displays always the velvet glove, the soft tongue. Britain has been brusque and overbearing. Russia has advanced a loan to Persia that was refused her by Britain, and has received concessions of railways and trade in return.

There is a proverb that one can cut off a Persian's head with a piece of rice-paper, and his brother will salaam in gratitude; but behead him with a sword, and his brother will arise and smite. Russia has learned the application, and by soft words and specious deeds uninterruptedly plots Persia's destruction. Britain, eager to maintain the Shah's decrepit kingdom as an independent state between herself and Russia, has failed to read the Persian character, and, for the lack of a rose or a compliment, is likely to invite issue with the Muscovite.

A year ago, few of the political prophets thought that Britain could much longer keep back the Russian advance on the Bosphorus, the Persian Gulf, and the Yellow Sea. To-day, the sudden revelation of a strong military and naval power in contact with the easternmost frontier of the Czar's empire has profoundly modified the situation, to the disadvantage of Russia. Tremendous issues hang on the result of the present war between the Muscovites and the gallant Japanese.

AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

WITHIN an ancient mummy-case were found
The shriveled fragments of an unknown queen;
A mystery profound as silent sphinx
In fragrant linen, fold on fold, was wound.

Above the heart appeared a turquoise stone,
A scarab, with these mystic words engraved:
"Kind Angel of the Balance, weigh my heart.
"And find it worthy of the Great Unknown!"

Mary Elton.

A Fairy Godfather.

THE STORY OF BARBARA PAGE'S EVENTFUL SUMMER AT WHITE SULPHUR.

BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP.

I.

OLD Colonel Syme had chosen that particular room because the one adjoining it seemed too small for a summer girl and her trunks, though it might perhaps accommodate a mere man. He was dismayed, therefore, to see two women enter it; and a moment later he was annoyed to find that every word of their conversation reached his ears. The cause of this, he saw at a glance, was that a door which had once opened between his room and theirs was slightly sprung at the top. He would have it attended to in the morning; in the mean time, he could not help being an unwilling eavesdropper.

The elder woman seemed to be assisting at her daughter's toilet.

"Don't touch your hair again, Barbara, it is lovely. Let me tie that bow. But you haven't your usual color, and I'm afraid your white dress won't be becoming."

"I'm so scared!" said a young voice, with an unmistakable quiver. "Weren't you frightened at your first White Sulphur dance, mother?"

"Perhaps I was," admitted the other, "just at first; but I had such a beautiful time afterwards." She sighed a little wistfully as she recalled the glories of that long-ago ball. "I hope you'll have just as happy an evening as I had here, twenty-two years ago! I am so glad I wrote Mrs. Meade that we were coming. It was nice of her son to make an engagement for your first dance. You will meet everybody to-night, and after that—I never saw you look as pale!" she broke off anxiously. "I wish you had some flowers to give you a touch of color. Do you think we could afford a few roses?"

"No, dearest, you and father are so good to let me have the summer here; you mustn't be too extravagant."

"Oh for a fairy godmother!"

"I'd rather have a fairy godfather," said the girl; "a beautiful old, white-haired gentleman, with pink cheeks and twinkling blue eyes, and out of his pumpkin should grow roses instead of a golden coach!"

Syme glanced at the shaggy brows and wrinkled, yellow face that his mirror portrayed.

"That description fits me to perfection," he chuckled. "I believe I'll play fairy godfather!"

He went down-stairs. When no one chanced to be near, he stopped at the florist's stall in the lower floor of the hotel.

"Haven't you anything prettier than these?" Syme asked, indicating the carnations.

"Yes, sir; I have five dozen magnificent American Beauties, just come in, on the ice now."

"Send them up to Room Twenty-Eight. There's no card, and you're not to tell who sent them—understand?"

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir," answered the man respectfully, thinking that there's no fool like an old fool.

The colonel was in the ball-room when Barbara Page entered on young Meade's arm. Her mother no longer had cause to bewail the lack of color. Barbara's cheeks were pink with excitement, and the deep, exquisite roses, tied with broad ribbons of the same shade, seemed to lend their glow to the girl's pretty face. She was a slip of a creature, and the flowers, with stems a yard long, were a weight for her to carry.

"Where is that rose-garden carrying that child?" somebody asked.

Most Southern men are as poor as they are charming, and Barbara was the only débutante of that season who had made her bow with sixty dollars' worth of flowers in her hands. It attracted attention—men asked to be introduced—

and that was really all that was needed to insure a successful evening, for she was dainty, sweet, and high-bred, and dancing was her *métier*.

As for Peyton Meade, he was realizing the truth of the axiom about virtue. He had made the dance engagement at his mother's request, and when he was introduced to Barbara, just after she arrived, he resigned himself to—well, to the sort of evening that may be expected by partners of timid *débutantes*.

It was a transformed Barbara whom he met at the foot of the stairs, her blue eyes shining with pleasure and anticipation. When she saw Meade, who she thought must have sent the flowers, her eyes dropped in spite of herself, and a flush swept over her face.

"Gracious, how pretty she is! I wish she would do that again," thought Meade.

When she looked up and caught the admiration in his eyes, his wish was promptly gratified.

The next morning Syme was awakened by the chatter in the adjoining room. It was very pretty chatter, but it was not intended for him, and he was glad he had remembered to give the order about the door. Barbara was telling her mother all the tiniest details of her triumphant "first night," and the mother was asking eager, girlish questions.

"I didn't know girls nowadays confided in their mothers," thought Syme. "These two seem to be regular chums!"

Presently he heard Barbara say regretfully:

"Isn't there a single one of the roses that is fresh?"

"I put them in water, but they look drooping. Perhaps these three might do," said her mother.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Syme to himself. "All that the silly girl gained by the roses last night she will lose by wearing faded ones to-day! It will make her look like remnant stock. Williams!" His valet came from the communicating room. "Hand me a bit of paper and a pencil. Take this down to the florist."

Syme rolled over in bed and waited. Presently there came the expected knock at Room Twenty-Eight.

He heard Mrs. Page say excitedly:

"It's for you—quick, cut the string! Oh, Barbara!"

Then came the sweetest sound in the world—a ripple of girlish laughter, a little laugh of pure delight that bubbled up because her heart was overcharged with happiness.

"Oh, mother, what lovely, lovely white buds!"

"Don't squeeze the breath out of me, baby mine," gasped the mother.

Very girlish and sweet Barbara looked when she entered the dining-room. She wore a simple blue and white cotton gown, and the dewy white buds emphasized the freshness that was her charm.

As for the fairy godfather, the utter joyousness of that laugh had penetrated a corner of one of the kindest old hearts that was ever hidden under a rather forbidding exterior.

Colonel Syme's physicians had ordered him to the White Sulphur to drink the mineral water, and for a week he had been a bored and unwilling victim. A plan by which he could give the little girl pleasure, and could entertain himself as well, rapidly took shape, and he sent his man for the florist.

It was arranged that every day flowers were to be sent to Miss Page, the selection being left to the florist. The man was an artist in his way, and he carried out the order faithfully. He studied Barbara Page's delicate coloring, he noticed her clothes, and he ordered accordingly. He eschewed violets and carnations; one was too grave for her, the other too old. He sent buds oftener than roses, lilies of the valley, all the soft, faint tints of sweet peas. At one dance, Barbara wore a white organdie and carried a huge bunch of *mignonette*. The man looked up as she passed his stall, and beamed with pleasure at the realization of the pretty picture he had anticipated.

An important item, and one that Syme never dreamed of, was the help he gave Barbara's slender wardrobe. Each bouquet was accompanied by its ribbon, and what wonders Mrs. Page's clever fingers worked with that supply! It was a "ribbon summer," and fresh sashes and bows in plenty made all the

imaginable difference in Barbara's frocks, keeping them fresh through the season's wear and tear.

II.

It was Syme's chief interest throughout the tedious summer to watch the sure evolving of Barbara's bellehood.

"It would have happened any way, just as soon as the youngsters realized what a nice little girl she is," he thought. "But perhaps I hastened their discovery."

He had done more than that. The balances of a young girl's mind change at a feather-weight; and if Barbara had felt neglected and slighted at her first ball, she might have become self-conscious, instead of blossoming into unaffected, joyous girlhood.

Only once did Syme offer her flowers in person. As he grew stronger, he was able to take brief constitutionals, and one morning he gathered a small bunch of daisies.

"This is the first nosegay I've gathered in many a day," he said, with a stiff, old-fashioned bow.

"For me?" exclaimed Barbara. "Did you really take the trouble to pick them for me?" She unpinned the sweet peas at her belt, and handed them to him. "This isn't a fair exchange, for my flowers can't give you the pleasure that yours do me!"

She looked into his face, lined with age, responsibility, and physical pain. Her young vitality throbbed with pity for him.

"It was so sweet in you to think of me. The world is so full of kindness—it is nice to live, isn't it? I shall wear your daisies all day, and—what are your initials?"

"J. W. S.," he answered, mystified.

"When the flowers are quite withered," she confided, "I shall put them in an envelope and mark it with your initials. I have a box in which I'm keeping souvenirs of the summer—german ribbons and favors, ball-cards, photographs, and the like; but only your flowers and one other's will be there."

"Who is my rival?" the old man demanded with mock fierceness.

The girl hollowed her pink palms into a speaking-tube, and whispered in his ear:

"The next-to-you nicest man at the White!"

Laughing merrily, she sped over the lawn to a group of girls who were beckoning her.

With the height of the season had come elaborate entertaining by individuals—*bals poudrés*, favor Germans, fancy balls. Sometimes these were given by parents or chaperons to their charges; sometimes a young man chose that means to honor some girl. It was a compliment to which every girl aspired.

Syme scanned the personnel of Barbara Page's "rush line," as some one had dubbed her cavaliers. Meade was head over ears in love. Equally devoted were a student and an instructor from the university law school; but there was not one in the lot who could afford to give her a German except Hollis, and he never would.

Hollis was assiduous in his attentions to Miss Page at the White for exactly the same reason that would have made him devoted to Miss Taylor at Alleghany Spring, or Miss Bruce at Old Point Comfort. He liked to attach himself to the belle of the place; he liked to feel "in the swim," though he wished to be there with the least possible expenditure. Syme saw that Hollis would be an easy tool to handle.

Moreover, he was the only one of Barbara's friends with whom Syme was personally acquainted. That the colonel was a financial power in the distant State from which he hailed meant nothing to the people with whom he was thrown for the summer; but to Hollis, who studied Bradstreet and rated individuals accordingly, the rich man was surrounded with a nebular glory. He had cultivated an acquaintanceship, having unearthed a mutual liking for cribbage.

As they were playing a rubber that night, Syme drawled out:

"Well, I have you beat again!"

"I think not, sir," answered Hollis confidently.

"I bet you one of these dances you young bucks are so fond of giving that I'll have this rubber!"



"OH, DEAR, DEAR COLONEL SYME!" BARBARA CRIED IMPULSIVELY.

"Very well," said Hollis, with a quiver of excitement, thinking it was an accident that the old man had failed to state what Hollis should forfeit if he lost.

Hollis played his best, but so excitedly that he did not notice a slight bungle that Syme made at a critical point.

"That's the rubber, sir! Two to your one!"

"All right! I guess I shall have to face the music. Have your blow-out, with all your frills, and send the bills to me!"

Hollis' little eyes looked red and keen.

"Suppose we just close off the bet with a check for five hundred? The german would cost three times that."

"Oh, I guess not," said Syme stolidly. "But if it does, I'll have to stand it."

He pushed back his chair, showing that the question was settled.

So it was that Hollis' cotillion, complimentary to Miss Page, was the most ambitious affair of the season. No expense was spared, for Hollis felt that he would be losing money if he did not make the bills as large as possible. The decorations, favors, flowers, souvenirs, music, and the supper afterwards, were all as elaborate as possible.

To Barbara, the evening was the culmination of all the enchanted summer, and the best and happiest part of it came just at the end. She was saying good-night to Peyton Meade at the foot of the stairs. Unable to keep back the pent-up emotion that seemed bursting his heart, he caught her slim hand for a moment.

"Barbara, I can't offer you luxuries as Hollis can, but I can ask you to share a name that has come to me unsullied, and that—please God—I am going to keep clean; and I can love and serve and worship you to the uttermost hour of my life!"

"Hurry, Barbara!" called her mother, half way up the stairs.

Obediently, Barbara followed.

"If you won't answer me now, I will follow you to your home and stay there until you do answer," came a determined voice from the bottom step.

Barbara climbed a stair or two, and then glanced back over her shoulder.

"I think we shall go home next week," she said softly.

Syme had watched the festivities at which he was the unsuspected host. He was nearly at the top of the winding stairs when Barbara passed him, with so radiant a face that he smiled responsively. Leaning over, he caught sight of Meade looking upward to catch a last fleeting glimpse of his divinity.

"At length I've discovered who is the nicest man in the hotel, next to me! I congratulate you on your discernment, Miss Barbara. That young fellow has as fine and honest a face as I've ever seen."

Barbara, too glad in the first glory of love's young dream to think of any concealment, caught Colonel Syme's wrinkled hand between her soft palms.

"Oh, dear, dear Colonel Syme!" she cried impulsively.

"It was well worth it," thought the old man, when he reached his room. "I've almost enjoyed the long summer, watching that child's pleasure. No one will ever suspect that Hollis didn't pay for his german. He'll be slipping out of social obligations for the next year on the plea of his heavy expenses this summer!"

The german decided Meade that it was Hollis who had sent Barbara the flowers that had come anonymously all summer, especially as none had ever come with Hollis' card.

Mrs. Page, who was somewhat sentimental, was of another opinion.

"Opposite our table sat a young man who was an invalid. He was not—well, not an F. F. V., you know, and Barbara never was introduced to him, but I noticed the longing, pathetic way in which he gazed at her."

So he did, but the poor young dyspeptic was looking with painful envy at the sweet stuffs and hot breads which Miss Page ate with impunity.

So it chanced, as Syme had hoped it might, that no one suspected that he had any part in little Barbara Page's enchanted summer. For we are older and wiser than the folks in Cinderella's day, and we no longer believe in the good offices of a fairy sponsor!



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ALEXANDER P. STEWART, THE RANKING SURVIVOR OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

From a photograph by Judd, Chattanooga.

The Last of the Confederate Generals.

BY ZELLA ARMSTRONG.

OF ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED OFFICERS WHO HELD COMMISSIONS AS GENERALS IN THE ARMY OF THE CONFEDERACY, BARELY A QUARTER SURVIVE TO-DAY—THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF THE SOUTHERN VETERANS, AND THE HIGH PLACES THEY HOLD IN THE NATIONAL LIFE OF THE UNITED STATES.

IT is a singular fact that we have no entirely apt name for the greatest war ever fought on the American continent. The Civil War—there have been count-

less other civil wars. The War of the Rebellion is an official title, but one to which the South has valid objections. The "late war" served orator and



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER, GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY FROM 1887 TO 1891, AND VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE IN 1896.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

scribbler for thirty-three years, until the phrase was nullified by our brief trial of strength with the Spaniards.

The actors in the memorable four-year drama are rapidly passing. In the South the grand figure of Gordon, the battle-scarred, lies beneath a fresh-made mound. Longstreet, who had been the ranking officer of the Confederate survivors for ten years, passed away just seven days earlier. The veterans who are still with us wear crowns of silver strands as well as of laurels.

The last of the Southern generals, in the strict military sense of the term, were Beauregard and Kirby Smith, who died respectively in February and March, 1893. The rank of lieutenant-general was conferred, during the war, upon nineteen officers of the Confeder-

acy; of these, since the passing of Early, Wade Hampton, Longstreet, and Gordon, only four survive—Alexander P. Stewart, Stephen D. Lee, Simon Bolivar Buckner, and Joseph Wheeler. All four were West Point men, and all four hold prominent places in national life.

THE RANKING CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

Lieutenant-General Stewart, who is to-day the ranking veteran of the gallant host that wore the gray, is resident commissioner of the Chickamauga - Chattanooga Park. He wears his years, which number two more than four-score, as lightly as his honors—and those began early in life, for he graduated high in his class at the Point, and within a year was invited to return to the Military Academy as a member of the faculty. Before his State—Tennessee—seceded, General Stewart offered his services to the South, and his first rank under the Stars and Bars was that of major of artillery.

Soldiers are quick to recognize the personal characteristics of their leaders, and an army sobriquet is often more highly valued than any title bestowed by vested authority. General Stewart's rigid uprightness in all things gained him the quaint appellation of "Old Straight." Loyal followers still tell of his ministrations among his men. He was general in the field and chaplain in the camp whenever necessity arose. Not Stonewall Jackson himself was more widely known as a Christian soldier.

Save during the years spent in active military service, General Stewart has been closely identified with educational interests. Before the war he was a professor at Cumberland and Nashville Universities, and after it he served for a dozen years as chancellor of the University of Mississippi. He is an LL.D.

of Cumberland University, and a fellow of the Royal Historical Society.

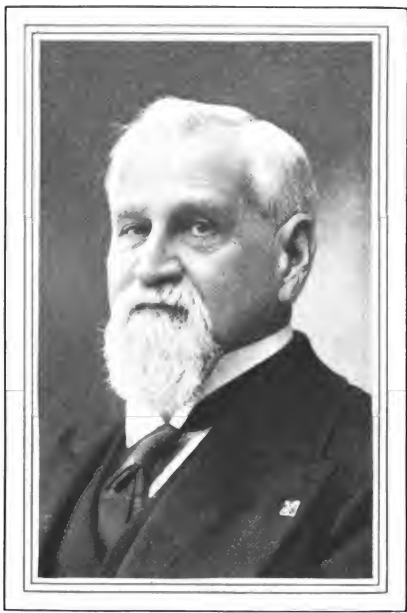
**LIEUTENANT-GENERAL
BUCKNER.**

Another veteran of more than four-score years is Lieutenant-General Simon Bolivar Buckner, whose name recalls a South American patriot. An instructor at West Point after his graduation in 1844, at the outbreak of hostilities with Mexico, two years later, he sought and received special permission to go to the front. He gained distinction there, and had an established reputation as a soldier in 1861, when he was living quietly in Kentucky. A son of the Blue-Grass State, the border-ground, he threw in his fortunes with the South, though President Lincoln, himself a born Kentuckian, offered him a brigadier's commission. He was at once commissioned with the same rank in the provisional army of the Confederacy.

Civil and political as well as military honors have been heaped upon General Buckner. He has served for four years as chief magistrate of Kentucky, and with the late General Palmer, a distinguished Union veteran, made the race for national laurels in 1896. In the serene and quiet dignity of his old age, he is the pride of his State.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL S. D. LEE.

Lieutenant-General Stephen Dill Lee is second in rank of the Confederate survivors. He went to West Point from South Carolina, and graduated seven years before the Civil War began. In 1861 he was a first lieutenant in the Fourth United States Artillery. He resigned to become a captain in the Southern army. As an aid to General Beauregard, Captain Lee, with one other, bore the summons for the surrender of Fort Sumter, and subse-



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL STEPHEN DILL LEE, COMMISSIONER OF THE VICKSBURG NATIONAL MILITARY PARK, AND COMMANDER OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

From a photograph by Blanks, Vicksburg.

quently gave notice of the opening of the bombardment. Throughout the war, the young artilleryman's career was brilliant and his promotion rapid. His handling of the reserve batteries in the battle of Manassas did much to decide the day. At the early age of thirty-one he was a lieutenant-general and had the command of an army corps.

When peace was declared, General Lee settled down as a planter in Mississippi and devoted himself heart and soul to the restoration of his beloved Southland to her ancient happiness and prosperity. He was active in the formation of the United Confederate Veterans, which association he now commands. In 1880 he became president of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, a position which he



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS MARION COCKRELL,
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSOURI
SINCE 1875.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

resigned a few years ago to take up an appointment as commissioner of the Vicksburg National Park.

"JOE" WHEELER, C. S. A. AND U. S. A.

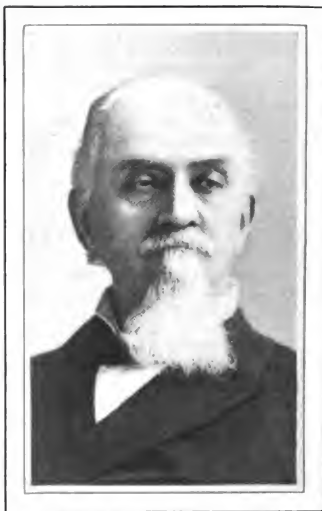
A still more youthful lieutenant-general was Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, who had just passed his twenty-eighth birthday when he received his commission and was thanked by the Confederate Congress for his efficient service. "Joe" Wheeler and his cavalry command were the inspiration of the Southern armies. No task was too difficult for him to undertake, no danger too great to incur. In four years he was thrice wounded and had sixteen horses shot under him, while staff officers innumerable fell at his side. His stroke against the enemy's flank or rear was like lightning, and like it he had disappeared before the enemy could retaliate.

In 1898, after serving for eighteen years as a Congressman from Alabama, General Wheeler offered his sword to

President McKinley for the campaign against the Spaniards. As a major-general of volunteers, he became one of the most talked-of men in the United States. Both in Cuba and subsequently in the Philippines he was as fond of getting on the firing-line as he had been thirty-five years before. When the Filipino insurrection was suppressed, and the volunteers were disbanded, he was commissioned a brigadier-general in the regular army. With that rank he retired in September, 1900.

MAJOR-GENERAL BATE, OF TENNESSEE.

The list of Confederate major-generals and brigadiers is, of course, longer than the scanty roll of lieutenant-generals. In all, about four hundred and seventy men were commissioned in these lower grades during the war; and about one quarter of the number still survive. Many of them have reached high places in civil life since they laid down the sword. For instance, there are



BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDMUND WINSTON PETTUS,
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ALABAMA
SINCE 1897.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

four in the United States Senate; and the House of Representatives has always had a group of Southern officers among its membership.

Senator William Brinage Bate, of

At the opening of the Civil War he had already declined to be a congressional candidate, though his election was practically assured; and again he volunteered as a private. His gallantry in



LIUTENANT-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, CONGRESSMAN FROM ALABAMA FROM 1881 TO 1899, WHO SERVED IN CUBA DURING THE SPANISH WAR, AND LATER IN THE PHILIPPINES, AS MAJOR-GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS, AND WHO IS NOW A RETIRED BRIGADIER-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

Tennessee, is Major-General Bate of the Confederate war records. His first experience as a soldier was gained as a private in the Mexican War. Returning to his native State, his political entrée was made in the Legislature, and from that beginning he has been promoted to hold every gift in the power of the people of Tennessee.

action quickly won him high rank. He was wounded again and again. In a desperate charge at Shiloh a minie ball broke his leg, and the honor of a brigadier's commission was probably but poor balm for the enforced inactivity that followed. At Chickamauga, where his brigade opened and closed the battle, he had three horses shot under him.

In 1863, in a historic telegram, he refused to occupy the Governor's chair while Tennessee needed her soldier sons. After the war, however, he was twice elected to it, and passed from it to a seat in the United States Senate. He



MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA FROM 1886 TO 1890, UNITED STATES CONSUL AT HAVANA FROM 1893 TO 1898, MAJOR-GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS DURING THE SPANISH WAR, AND NOW A RETIRED BRIGADIER-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

is now serving his third term at Washington, and will in all probability be returned so long as he cares for office.

MANY VETERANS IN THE SENATE.

Senator and Brigadier-General John T. Morgan, of Alabama, who has fought almost as hard for the Nicaragua Canal as he once did for the Confederacy, entered the Southern army as a private without any military training, but his unusual ability was speedily recognized and rewarded. He is one of the grand old men of the Senate, in which he has

sat for twenty-seven years. Though General Morgan is a citizen of Alabama, Tennessee, the mother of generals, claims him, too, for he was born on her soil just eighty years ago on the 20th of June.

Alabama, "the cradle and the grave of the Confederacy," has conferred many of her highest tributes on the men who bore her banner from 1861 to 1865. Edmund Winston Pettus, junior Senator from the State—though he is the oldest man in the Senate, General Morgan's senior by three years—also wore the stars of a Confederate brigadier. He had seen service in the Mexican War, but was practising law at Selma, Alabama, when he went into the Southern army, being elected major of his newly organized regiment.

Like Senator Morgan, Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri, entered the army as a private, rose to be a brigadier, and now has more than a quarter-century of Senatorial service to his credit. Senator Cockrell, too, left the law to fight for the Confederacy, and like several of these Southern veterans, he no doubt has a life tenure of his seat in the Senate. It is characteristic of his modesty that there is no mention of his military career in the brief biography he supplies to the "Congressional Directory."

One of the most eloquent speakers in the Senate, John Warwick Daniel of Virginia, was a Confederate officer, but not a general. He was only twenty-one years old, and was serving on Early's staff, with the rank of major, when he was crippled by a Federal bullet during the desperate fighting in the Wilderness, in May, 1864. When he recovered from his wound, which cost him a limb, he became a law-student at the University of Virginia. In spite of his crutches, he quickly made his way to the front in his profession and in public life. He has now been at Washington, at first as a Representative and later as a Senator, for nearly twenty years.

North Carolina was long represented in the Senate by two major-generals of the Confederacy, Mathew Ransom and Matthew C. Butler; but a younger political generation has arisen in the Old North State, and the two veterans are now in retirement. General Butler,

though he too was crippled in the Civil War, volunteered for service against Spain in 1898, and President McKinley appointed him a major-general of United States volunteers.

Another retired Senatorial veteran is Brigadier-General Eppa Hunton, who has represented Virginia in both houses of Congress.

OTHER PROMINENT CONFEDERATES.

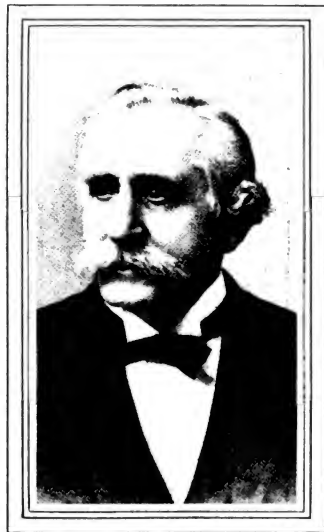
There is no name more closely woven into the web of the nation's history than that of Lee. From the time of Light-Horse Harry, the Lees have ever been striking and picturesque figures. Major-General Fitzhugh Lee of the Confederate Army achieved a remarkable record while he wore the yellow and gray of the cavalry service. He was in no sense overshadowed by the fact that—unlike General Stephen Lee—he was closely related to the idol of the South, the immortal Robert E. Lee.

A graduate of West Point, "Fitz" Lee became a lieutenant in the regular army. In 1859, in a fight with the Comanche Indians, he received a severe wound, of a sort very unusual in modern warfare, being shot through the lungs by an arrow. Since the war, he has been prominent in public life. After he had been Governor of Virginia for four years, President Cleveland sent him to Cuba as consul-general at Havana. His services in this important post at a trying time were approved by President McKinley, who kept him in the office until the increasing friction with the Spanish government finally resulted in hostilities. General Lee was then appointed a major-general of volunteers, and placed in command of a corps. Later he became governor of Havana and a brigadier in the regular army, with which rank he retired in 1901.

Brigadier-General Marcus J. Wright is another Tennessean whose military abilities were discovered early in the war between the States. Since 1878 he has been engaged by the United States government as agent for the collection of the Confederate war records. Associated with him in this colossal task of compilation is Major-General Launsford Lindsay Lomax, a West Point man and a distinguished Confeder-

ate officer. General Lomax is a Virginian, so it is quite natural that he should have won his laurels in the cavalry service.

There are several other surviving Confederate generals of whom more



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM BRIMAGE TATE, GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE FROM 1883 TO 1886, AND UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE SINCE 1887.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

than a mere mention should be made if space permitted. Among the most prominent are Major-General George Washington Custis Lee, who in 1871 succeeded his father, the great Robert E. Lee, as president of Washington and Lee University, and who is now president emeritus; Brigadier-General Francis T. Nicholls, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana; Brigadier-General Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, compiler of the monumental "Confederate Military History"; and Brigadier-General Roger A. Pryor, who recently retired from the Supreme Court of New York.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A Centenarian Senator.

In 1867, when the Canadian provinces were united to form the Dominion, one of the men selected for the upper house of the federal legislature was David Wark, of New Brunswick.

Mr. Wark was not among the younger members, for he was already well past sixty; but he is to-day one of the last two survivors of the Senators who received their commission by royal proclamation thirty-seven years ago. He is probably the oldest lawmaker in the



THE GRAND OLD MAN OF CANADA, AND THE OLDEST LEGISLATOR IN THE WORLD—SENATOR WARK, OF NEW BRUNSWICK, WHO CELEBRATED THE ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH ON FEBRUARY 19 LAST.

From a recent photograph.



WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL, THE NEW YORK LAWYER WHO NEGOTIATED THE SALE OF THE UNFINISHED PANAMA CANAL TO THE UNITED STATES, AND WHO IS SAID TO HAVE RECEIVED A FEE OF A MILLION DOLLARS FOR HIS SERVICES.

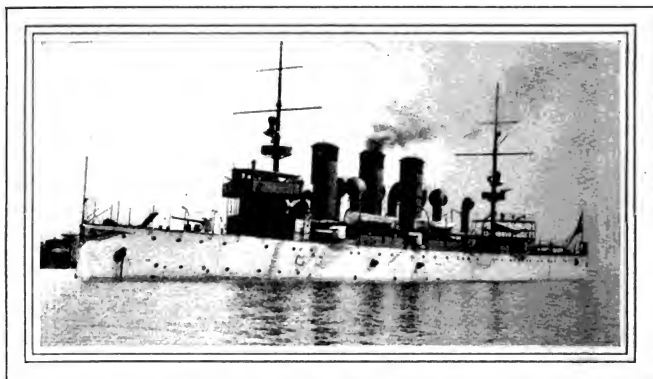
From a photograph by Dutont, New York.

world, almost undoubtedly the oldest who is still actually in the harness. And there can be very few to rival him in length of service, for he has been a legislator, first for his province and later for the Dominion, for an uninterrupted term of sixty-two years.

There is always a certain amount of risk in using the present tense when writing several weeks ahead of publication; but if no unforeseen mishap intervenes, Mr. Wark will, when this is

read, be at his desk at Ottawa as usual. His once massive frame is greatly shrunken, and he suffers from deafness; but his sight is good and his mind as active as ever. In the session of 1902 he made a speech of more than an hour's length, vigorous and clear throughout.

About three years ago the Nestor of the Canadian Parliament rose in his place and bitterly rebuked his colleagues for their laziness. Why didn't



THE CRUISER MEDJIDIE, BUILT IN AN AMERICAN SHIPYARD FOR THE SULTAN OF TURKEY, WHICH LEFT NEWPORT NEWS FOR THE DARDANELLES EARLY IN MARCH, FLYING THE TURKISH FLAG.

From a copyrighted photograph by Rusk, Newport News, Va.

the Senate display some energy and initiative, he asked, instead of contenting itself with a sleepy acceptance of the bills sent up from the lower house? He would never willingly consent to be a mere figurehead in the service of the state, and to draw his allowances for three months of dignified indolence.

The Senator is a Presbyterian in religion, a Liberal in politics, and a stalwart in everything. He stoutly opposed the confederation of the Canadian provinces, and still believes that it worked to the detriment of New Brunswick; but contemplation of its larger advantages has made him a strong advocate of a similar movement upon a much grander scale—the consolidation of the British Empire.

Thomas Jefferson was serving his first term as President of the United States when Mr. Wark was born on a farm five miles from Londonderry, in the north of Ireland. Emigrating to New Brunswick at twenty-one, the future Senator made his living as a pedler, a clerk in a country store, and a schoolteacher. Then he went into the lumber trade, amassed a competence, and retired from business to enter public life.

Last February, when Mr. Wark celebrated the centenary of his birth at his

home in Fredericton, New Brunswick, one of the congratulatory messages that came to him was a telegram from King Edward. The tactful head of the British Empire wished prosperity to the veteran Senator as an ideal representative of Canadian vigor.

A School of Journalism.

It is a common remark that the newspapers are to-day the greatest educators of the people. Yet a large majority of American editors are men without special training, who drifted by chance into the printing-office, and got their education in that exceedingly hard though practical workshop.

So rapid has been the development of journalism in the United States that we have only just begun to classify it as a distinct profession, necessitating peculiar preparation. Now, however, specialized education is the demand of the day. The activities of modern life are too complex for the handy man, the jack of all trades. Occupations formerly regarded as being merely skilled labor have become intellectual professions—such as mining, engineering, electrical science, and even farming. And newspaper work now has its turn.

The recent foundation of a school of

journalism at Columbia University by Joseph Pulitzer is an important event both for newspaper men and for the mass of the people who derive their

The founder's idea is not to establish a mere manual training-school to teach the routine of the mechanical and reportorial side of newspaper work,



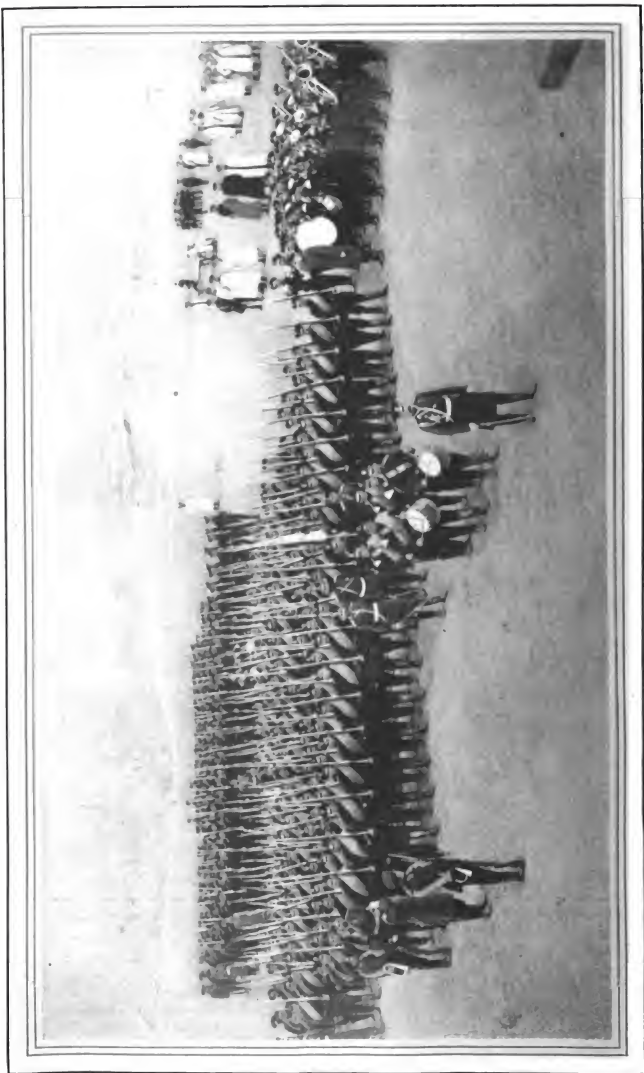
JOSEPH PULITZER, PROPRIETOR OF THE NEW YORK WORLD, WHO RECENTLY GAVE A MILLION DOLLARS TO FOUND A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

From the recently painted portrait by Léon Bonnat.

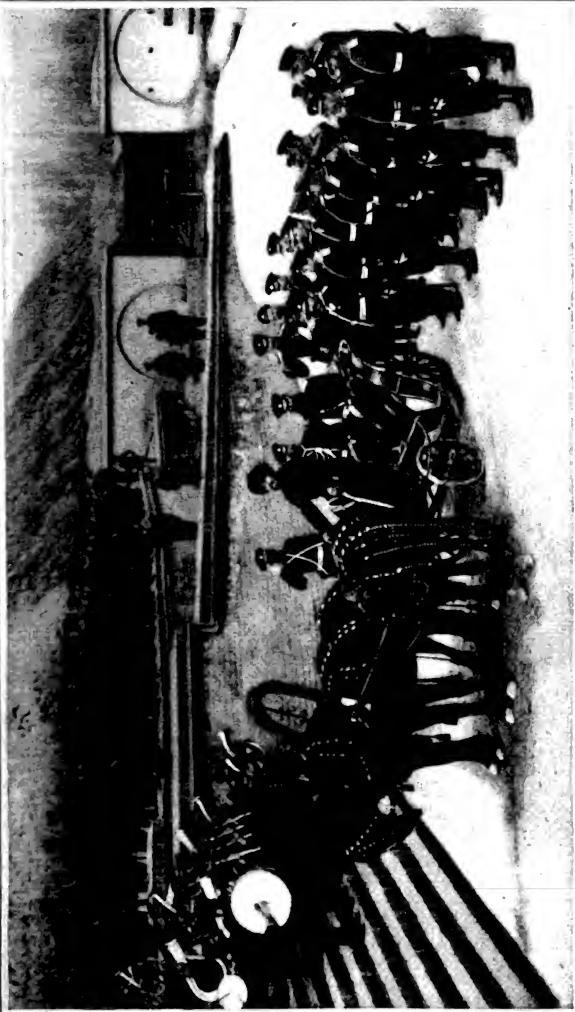
mental guidance from the papers. Mr. Pulitzer has given a million dollars to start the school, with promise of another million within a short time. Indeed, if the experiment proves a success it will never want for funds.

which beginners can easily learn by practical experience in an office.

"I wish to have them taught to think, think, think," he has said. "Taught to have principles; to develop moral consciences; to recognize readily



RUSSIAN INFANTRY—A TYPICAL BATTALION OF THE MANCHURIAN ARMY DRAWN UP IN PARADE ORDER.



THE RUSSIAN GARRISON OF VLADIVOSTOK—THE GOVERNOR OF THE CITY INSPECTING A FORT ON THE GOLDEN HORSE, THE PENINSULA COMMANDING THE HARBOR.

right and wrong; to know the public opinion when the people are carried away by excitement. Their profession; to elevate it level of a mere trade for gain. Twenty years ago Mr. Pulitzer



AMERON FORBES, RECENTLY APPOINTED A MEMBER OF THE PHILIPPINES COMMISSION, WITH THE OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND POLICE—MR. FORBES IS A BOSTONIAN. A GRANDSON OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, AND AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY ENGINEER.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

men to study, to read, to think; how to think rightly, clearly; to do right; to lead public not to follow it; even to resist bought the moribund New York World from Jay Gould, and by his energy and genius made it one of the most successful and influential newspapers in

the country. For nearly fifteen years he has been blind and an invalid, but his physical infirmities seem only to have increased his mental force. He never goes to the office of his newspaper, and he spends little time in New York, but his personality still speaks through the men whom he has trained to represent him.

Mr. Pulitzer was born in Hungary fifty-eight years ago, and came to New York in 1864, a penniless young man not even knowing the English language. The story is told that after a night spent on the benches of City Hall Park he went into French's Hotel to get warm, and was put out by the "bouncer." On the site of that hotel now stands the World Building.

The young immigrant served a year as a private in the First New York Cavalry, and after the Civil War drifted to St. Louis, where he did many kinds of menial work until he finally secured a humble position on a small German newspaper. That was the beginning of an uninterrupted career of success, but success was gained only at the cost of health and eyesight sacrificed to constant study and work.

The School of Journalism is his pride, and he hopes that not only will it help newspaper men over the hard places that cost him so much, but that it will elevate and dignify their work into a profession, honored and respected as an educator and a force for public good.

An Unhappy Emperor.

We are prone to think of Korea as a new country, because it was the latest of the oriental lands to open its gates to the influences of our western civilization. As a matter of fact, the Hermit Kingdom is one of the oldest among the world's nations, her earliest annals antedating those of Greece and Rome.

During most of her long history she seems to have been a distressful country, torn by frequent civil war, and a parade-ground for Chinese and Japanese armies. China, from whose ancient suzerainty she was finally freed nine years ago, seems likely to trouble her

no more; but the Russian irruption into Manchuria brought a much more dangerous neighbor to her western frontier. Her present position is both unpleasant and anomalous, with her territory occupied by an alien army of which she is neither the enemy nor the fighting ally. And however the war now raging may end, the destiny of Korea does not promise to be one of tranquil security. Russia will still be on one side of her, Japan on the other; and the situation of a buffer state between two strong and bitterly hostile powers is by no means enviable.

Her reigning dynasty has held the crown for a little more than five centuries, but probably no sovereign of all the line has rested more uneasily than Yi Hevi, whose forty years on the throne have been a period of disorder at home and of troubles from without. More than once he has had to flee from his palace, which was destroyed by fire a few weeks ago. For months together he has been in hiding, and has dared to eat no food save that prepared for him by some foreigner whom he could trust. In October, 1895, his wife—his leading wife, that is, for there were others—was murdered. Once before that her death was announced, but she reappeared, having escaped from her would-be assassins, who killed another woman by mistake.

The Empress Om, the successor of the murdered lady, is a young American woman who has had a strange career. She was Miss Emily Brown, fifteen years old, the daughter of a missionary at Seoul, when Yi Hevi heard of her singing in the mission chapel, and of her beauty. He offered her a position in his household—which was respectfully declined. Then he asked her to become one of his wives, and promised that she should rank second only to the queen. The proposal—a somewhat embarrassing one to an American girl, one would think—was accepted. Emily Brown entered the palace, and on the tragic death of the Empress Min she was acknowledged as the sovereign's chief consort. Her coronation, which took place only a few months ago, is described as having been a gorgeous affair.

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

M. DE VLAYE thinks to better his fortunes by embracing an opportunity which presents itself to seize the young Countess of Rochechouart, while she is traveling with a small escort, and compel her to wed him, despite the fact that he is already betrothed to Odette de Villeneuve, the Abbess of Vlaye. But the little countess escapes and takes refuge in the château of Odette's father, the Vicomte de Villeneuve, an impoverished old nobleman who is living in seclusion with his son Roger, who is slightly hump-backed, and his other daughter, Bonne, both of whom he despises and derides. His other son, Charles, whom he has driven from home by his taunts, has incurred the old man's dire hatred by joining and becoming one of the leaders of a band of rebellious peasants known as the Crocans.

Vlaye follows the countess to the château, accompanied by Odette, who does not suspect his real purpose; and, after making a prisoner of Charles, whom he finds on the estate, he insists on removing the countess to what he terms a place of greater safety. He is finally prevailed upon to leave her there till the following day, and goes away, stationing, however, some of his men on guard. The two young girls and Roger look forward with much apprehension to the morrow, their only hope of succor being from "M. des Vœux," a stranger who has recently visited the château. The latter is really Des Ageaux, the Lieutenant-Governor of Périgord, who, it seems, has been bidden by his master, King Henry IV of France, to put down the peasant uprising in the neighborhood and restore order within six weeks or suffer degradation in rank.

VIII (Continued).

IN contrast with the vicomte's drooping figure, seated amid the shadows of the room where two generations of Villeneuves had lorded it royally, the scene without struck with an appalling sense of virility. The lusty troopers lolling in the hot blaze of the bonfire—on which one or another was constantly flinging fresh wood—and now roaring out some gutter-stave, now flinging coarse badinage hither and thither, were such as years of license and cruel campaigning had made them; men such as it took a Vlaye or a Montluc to curb. And had Roger, who watched them with burning eyes and a beating heart, lacked one jot of the perfect courage, he had as soon thought of pitting himself against them as of raising dead bones to life.

But he had that thought; and even planned and plotted cunningly, as he watched them.

"Where is Odette?" he asked in a whisper. He had Bonne's hand in his; her other arm held the countess to her. "They may be afraid of her. I should not wonder. If she spoke to the officer, he might listen to her."

"She will not believe," Bonne answered with something like a sob. "She will not hear a word. I began to explain

about the countess, and she flew into a passion. She has shut herself up, and says that we are all mad, stark mad from living alone, and afraid of our shadows. She and her women have shut themselves up in her chamber. I have been to the door twice, but she will hear nothing!"

"She will hear too much by and by!" Roger muttered.

Then a thing happened. The light cast by the bonfire embraced the whole of the courtyard. The men, confident in their strength, had left the gate open. As Roger ceased to speak, a single horseman emerged, silent as a specter, from the gateway, and, advancing three or four paces, drew rein and gazed in astonishment at the scene of hilarity presented to him.

The three at the window were the first to see him. Roger's hand closed on his sister's; hers, so cold a moment before, grew on a sudden hot.

"Who is it?" Roger muttered. "Who is it?"

The court, which sloped a little from the house, was wide; but it might have been narrow, and still he had asked, for the stranger wore—it was no uncommon fashion in those days—a mask, a slender thing, hiding only the upper part of the face.

"Who is it?" Roger repeated.

*Copyright, 1903, by Stanley J. Weyman.—This story began in the March issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

"M. des Vœux!" Bonne answered involuntarily.

In their excitement the three rose to their feet. Whether it were M. des Vœux or not, the masked man seemed in two minds about advancing. He had even wheeled his horse about, as if he would go out again, when some of the revelers espied him. On the instant a silence, broken only by the crackling of the logs, and as striking as the previous din, proclaimed the fact.

The change seemed to encourage the stranger to advance. As he paced nearer, the men who sat on the house side of the fire, and for that reason could not see him, rose, and stood gaping. He moved nearer to the outer ring.

"Who lives here, my good people?" he asked in a voice peculiarly sweet and clear; his tone was even a little womanish.

One of the men stifled a drunken guffaw. Another turned, and, after winking at his neighbors—who passed the joke round—advanced a pace or two, uncovered elaborately, and bowed with ceremony to match. "M. de Villeneuve, if it please you, my lord—I should say, your excellency!" he replied, with another low bow.

"Curse on it!" the stranger exclaimed quite clearly.

The men's spokesman stared an instant, taken aback by the unexpected rejoinder. Then, aware that his reputation among his fellows was at stake, he recovered himself.

"Did your excellency, my lord duke?"—another delighted guffaw among the men—"please to speak?"

"Go and tell M. de Villeneuve I am here," the masked man answered, disregarding their horse-play; and he released his feet from the stirrups. The window of the dining-hall was open, and the three at it could mark him well and hear every word of the dialogue.

"If your excellency would enter?" the man rejoined, with the travesty of politeness. "The *vicomte* would not wish you to await his coming."

"Very good! And do you, fellow, tell M. de Villeneuve that I crave the favor of a night's lodging; that I am alone, and my—but the rest I will tell him myself."

The troopers nudged one another.

"Go, Jasper," said the spokesman, "and carry his excellency's commands to *monsieur le vicomte*. Your horse, my lord duke, shall be taken care of! This way, if it please you, my lord duke! And do some of you"—turning and making,

unseen by the stranger, the motion of turning a key—"bring lights! Lights to the west tower, do you hear?"

The faces of the three within the window were pressed against the panes.

"Who can he be?" Bonne muttered. "They call him——"

"They are fooling him!" Roger replied in generous wrath. "They know no more who he is than we do! He is not Des Vœux. He has not his height, and not half his width. But what are they doing now? Where are they taking him? Why, they are taking him to the old tower!"

It was true.

Instead of conducting the guest over the bridge which led to the inhabited part of the house, the trooper, attended by four or five of his half-drunken comrades, was ushering him with ceremony to the lesser bridge which led to the western tower; the ground floor of which, a cold, damp, dungeon-like place, was used as a wood-store. It had been opened a few hours before, that fagots might be taken from it; and this circumstance it was that had suggested the joke to the prime conspirator.

"Lights are coming, my lord duke!" he said, taking a flaring brand from one of his comrades and holding it aloft. He was chuckling inwardly at the folly of the stranger in swallowing his egregious titles without demur. "The *vicomte* shall be told. Beware of the step, my lord!" he went on, lowering his light that the other might see it. They were on the threshold now, and he pushed open the door, which already stood ajar. "The step is somewhat awkward, your excellency! We have to go through the—it is somewhat old-fashioned, but craving your excellency's pardon for bringing you this way—yah!"

With the word a sudden shove thrust the stranger forward. Involuntarily he stumbled, and with a cry of rage found himself on his hands and knees among the fagots. Before he could rise the door clanged on him, the key grated in the lock, he was in darkness, a prisoner!

The men, reckless and half drunk, roared with delight at the jest.

"Welcome, my lord duke!" the ring-leader cried, bowing to the ground before the thick oaken door. "Welcome to Villeneuve!"

"Welcome!" cried the others, waving their lights, and clutching one another in fits of laughter. "A good night to you! An appetite to your supper, my lord duke!"

So they giped a while, then turned, and, still shaking with laughter, found Roger before them, his eyes glittering with excitement. The lad had not been able to look on and see the trick played on a guest; partly, perhaps, because he saw in that guest—small promise of valor as the man's womanish accent afforded—one solitary, feeble hope of help. The troopers might still be sober enough to listen; at any rate, he would try. Much against their wills, he had broken away from the girls. He was here.

"Open that door!" he said.

The man to whom he spoke, the ring-leader, looked almost as much astonished as in fact he was. The others ceased to laugh, and waited to see what would happen.

"That door?" the man concerned answered slowly, as soon as he could bring his thoughts to bear on the emergency.

"Yes, that door!" Roger cried imperiously, all the Villeneuve in him rising to the surface. "And instantly, fellow!"

"So be it, if you will have it so," the man replied, shrugging his shoulders. "But it was only a jest, and—"

"There is enough of the jest, and too much!" Roger retorted. He spoke so bravely that not a man remembered his crooked shoulders. "Open, I say!"

"Well, you can do it if you please," the man replied. "But I am M. de Vlaye's man, and take orders nowhere else."

With an insolent gesture he flung the key on the ground. To punish him for his impudence, when they were a score to one, was impossible. Roger took up the key, set it in the lock, turned, opened, and—tricked in his turn, plunged head-first into the darkness, impelled by a treacherous thrust from behind. Crash! The door was shut on him.

But he knew naught of that. As he fell forward, a savage blow from the front hurled him breathless against a pile of fagots, while a voice cried in his ear:

"There is one is spent, *Deo laus!*"

A foot was set hard against him, and something wrenched his clothes away.

"Why," said the same voice a second later, in a tone of surprise—the darkness was almost complete—"did I not run the rascal through?"

"No!" Roger said; and as the other's sword, which had only passed through his clothes, was dragged clear, he nimbly shifted his place. "And I beg you will not," he continued hurriedly. "I was coming to your aid, and those treacherous dogs played the same trick on me!"

"Then who are you?"

"Roger de Villeneuve."

"Then it is Villeneuve, this place! They did not lie in that?"

"No, it is Villeneuve, but these scoundrels are Vlaye's people," Roger answered. He was in the depths of despair, for the girls were alone now and unprotected. "They are in possession here," he continued. "M. de Vlaye—"

"The Captain of Vlaye, do you mean?"

"Yes. He tried to seize the Countess of Rochecouart as she passed by yesterday. She took refuge here, and he did not dare to drag her away; so he left these men to guard her, as he said, but really to carry her off, as soon as they shall be drunk enough to venture on it."

Poor Roger's voice shook. Oh, his folly, his dreadful folly, in leaving the women!

The stranger took the news, as was natural, after a different fashion, and one strange enough. First he swore with a delicate fluency that shocked the country lad; and then he laughed with a light-hearted joyousness that was still more alien from the circumstances.

"Well, it is an adventure!" he cried. "It is an adventure! And for what did I come? To the fool, his folly! And one fool makes many! But do you think, my friend," he continued, speaking in a different strain, "that they may perchance carry off the countess while we lie here?"

Roger, raging in the dark, had no other thought.

"Why not?" he cried. "Why not? And there are other women in the house!"

"Young?"

"Yes, yes."

"And one of them lovely?" There was amusement in the stranger's tone.

"One of them is my sister," Roger retorted fiercely; and for an instant the other was silent.

"With what attendance?" he asked finally. "Whom have they with them?"

"The countess' steward, and one old man; and my father, but he is old also."

"Phew!" the stranger whistled. "An adventure indeed!" From the sound of the fagots it seemed that he was moving.

"We must out of this!" he said. "And to the rescue. But how? Is there no other door than the one by which we entered?"

"There is one, but the key is lost, and it has not been opened for years."

"Then we must go out as we came in," the stranger answered gaily. "But how?"

But how? Let me think! Let me think, lad!"

The smell of damp earth mingled with rotting wood gave substance, as it were, to the darkness in which they stood. They could not see each other, but at a certain height from the ground a shaft of reddish light pierced the gloom and disclosed about a foot of the cobwebbed vault above them. This light entered through an arrow-slit which looked toward the bonfire; and apparently it suggested a plan, for presently the stranger could be heard stumbling and groping toward it.

"You cannot go out that way!" Roger said.

"No, but I can get them in!" the other answered dryly.

From noises which came to his ear Roger judged that the man was piling wood under the opening that he might climb to it. He succeeded by and by; his head and shoulders became darkly visible at the window—if window that could be called which was but a span wide.

"There is some one in command?" he asked. "Who is it? His name, my friend!" And when Roger, who fortunately remembered, had told him, he went on: "Do you pile wood behind the door, so that it cannot be opened to the full or too quickly. It is only to give us time to arrive at the punctilios."

Roger hoped—but with doubt—that the man was not mad. He supposed that out in the world men were of these odd and surprising kinds. The lieutenant had impressed him; this strange man, who jested after coming within an ace of killing him, who laughed and blasphemed in a breath, and who was no sooner down than he was up, impressed him more vividly, though differently. And was to impress him still more; for when he had set the wood behind the door, the unknown rose on his pile of fagots, thrust his face into the opening of the arrow-slit, and in a shrill voice began to pour on the ill-starred Ampoule a stream of the grossest and most injurious abuse.

Amid stinging gibes and scalding epithets, and words that blistered, the name rang out at intervals, only to sink again under the torrent of vile charges and outrageous insinuations. The lad's ears burned as he reflected that the girls might be within hearing. As for the men at the fire, twenty seconds saw them silent with amazement. Their very laughter died out under that steady stream of epithets, for any one of which

a man of honor must have cut his fellow's throat. A moment or two passed in this stark surprise; still the voice went on, ever attaining lower depths of abuse.

At length, whether some one told him, or he heard it of himself, the troopers' commander came out, and, flushed with drink, listened for a while incredulous. But when he caught his name, undoubtedly his name, "Ampoule! Ampoule!" again and again, and the tale was told him, and he began to comprehend that in the tower was a man who dared to say of him, Vlaye's right hand in many a dark adventure—to say of him the things he heard—he stood an instant in the blaze of the fire, and bellowed like a bull.

"His own sister, fifteen years old," the pitiless voice repeated. "Sold her to a Spanish Jew and divided the money with his mother!"

Ampoule's mouth opened wide, but this time breath failed him. He gasped.

"And being charged with it at Font-arabie," continued the voice, "as he returned, he showed the white feather before four men at the inn, who took him and dipped him in a dye vat."

"Son of a dog!" Ampoule shrieked, getting his voice at last. "This is too much! This is——"

"He never bullies when he is by himself!" his tormentor went on. "A craven he has always been when put to it! If he be not, let him say it now, and face me in a ring!"

The exasperated man ground his teeth and flung out his arms.

"Face you!" he roared. "You! You! Face me, and I will cut out your heart!"

"Fine talk! Fine talk! So you have said many a time, and run! Meet me in a ring, foot to foot and fairly, in your shirt!"

"I'll meet you!" Ampoule answered passionately. "I'll meet you, fool of the world! Little you know whom you have bearded! You must be mad, but, mad or not, say your prayers, for 'twill be the last time!"

There was a momentary pause. Then: "Promise me a ring and fair play," cried the high, delicate voice, "and a clear way of escape, if I kill you!"

"Aye, aye! That will I! And much good may it do you!"

"Nay, but swear it," the stranger persisted, "by our Lady of Rocamadour!"

"I swear it! I swear it!"

"Then," the stranger replied with a sneer, "it is for you to open. I've no

key!" And he leaped lightly from his pile of fagots to the floor.

IX.

As he groped his way toward the door, he came into contact with Roger, who was also making for it. Roger gripped him and tried to hold him.

"Is there no other way?" muttered the lad, startled and appalled. "No other way? You are no match for him!"

"That we shall see!" the stranger retorted curtly.

"Then I shall help you!" the lad declared.

"Would you take on another of them?" the stranger answered eagerly. "But no, you are over-young for it!" Then, as the key grated in the lock: "Stand at my back, if you will," he continued, "and if they would play me foul, it may serve. But I shall give him brief occasion! You will see a pretty thing, my lad."

Crash! The door was forced open, letting a flood of smoky light into the dark place. He who had opened the door, Ampoule himself, strode back, when he had done, over the wooden bridge, and, flinging a hoarse taunt, "Come if you dare!" over his shoulder, swaggered to the farther end of the hollow space which the men had formed by ranging themselves roughly in three lines; the bridge and moat forming the fourth. One in every four or five held up a blazing fire-brand, plucked from the flames; the light of which falling on the intervening space rendered it as clear as in the day.

The stranger, a little to Roger's surprise, but less perhaps to the surprise of Ampoule's comrades, did not obey the summons with much alacrity. He waited in the doorway, accustoming his eyes to the light; and the lad, whose heart overflowed with pity and apprehension—for he could not think his ally a match for Ampoule's skill and strength—had time to mark the weird mingling of glare and shadow, and to wonder if this lurid space were indeed the peaceful courtyard which he had known from childhood. Meanwhile Ampoule waited disdainfully at the other end of the lists. As one who but half expected his adversary to appear, he made his blade whistle in the air; or, to show how lightly he held the situation, he aimed playful thrusts at the legs of the man who stood nearest, and who skipped to escape them.

"Must we fetch you out, rogue?" he cried, after a minute of this. "Or——"

"Oh, *tace! Tace!*" the stranger answered in a peevish tone. He showed himself on the drawbridge, and with an air of great caution began to cross it. He still wore his mask. "You are more anxious than most to reach the end of your life," he continued in the same querulous tone. "You are ready?"

"Ready, when you please!" Ampoule retorted, fuming. "It is not I——"

"Who hang back?" the stranger answered. As he spoke he stepped from the end of the bridge like a man stepping into cold water; he seemed to hold himself ready to flee at a sign, if attacked too suddenly. "But you are sure you are ready now?" he queried. "Quite ready? Do not let me"—with a backward glance—"take you by surprise."

Ampoule began to think that it would not be without trouble he would draw his adversary within reach. The duels of those days, be it remembered, were little formal. Often men fought without seconds; sometimes in full armor, sometimes in their shirts. Advantages that would now be deemed dishonorable were taken constantly by the most punctilious. So, to lure on his man and show his own contempt for the affair, Ampoule tossed up his sword and caught it again by the hilt.

"I'm ready!" he said, came forward three paces, and, again tossing up his sword, recovered it.

But the masked man seemed to be unwilling to quit the shelter of the drawbridge; so unwilling that Roger, who had taken up his position on the bridge behind him, felt his cheek grow hot. His ally had proved himself such a master of tongue-fence as he had never imagined. Ready as he had been to provoke the quarrel, was he of those who blench when the time comes to make good the taunt?

It seemed so. For the stranger still hung undecided, a foot as it were either way.

"You are sure that I should not now take you by surprise?" he babbled, venturing at length a couple of paces in the direction of the foe—but glancing behind between his steps.

"I am quite sure," Ampoule answered scornfully, "that I see before me a poltroon and a coward!"

The word was still on his lips when, like a tiger-cat, like that which in all the world is most swift to move, like, if you will, the wild boar that will charge an army—but at the same time with an incredible lightness—the mask darted

rather than ran upon his opponent. Before Ampoule could place himself in the best posture, before he could bring his sword-point to the level, or deal one of those famous *estramaçons* which he had been wasting on the empty air, the other was within his guard, they were at close quarters, and the advantage of the bigger man's length of arm was gone.

How it went after that; who struck, who parried, not the most experienced eye could see. So quick on one another, so furious, so passionate, were the half dozen blows the masked man dealt, that the clearest vision failed to follow them. It was as if a wildcat, having itself nine lives, had launched itself at Ampoule's throat, and gripped and stabbed and struck and in ten seconds borne him to the ground!

Falling itself with him, too; but whereas in one second the masked man was up again and on his guard, Ampoule rose not. A few twitches of the limbs, a stifled groan, an arm flung wide, a gasp, and as he had seen many another pass, through the gate by which he had sent not a few, Ampoule passed himself.

Of so thin a texture is the web of life; and so slight the thing that suffices to tear it! Had the masked stranger ridden another road that night, had he been a little later, had he been a little sooner, had the trooper refrained from his jest or the men from the wine-pot, had Roger kept his distance, or the arrow-slit looked another way—had any one of these chance occasions fallen other than it fell, Ampoule had lived, and others, perchance, had died by his hand!

All passed, it has been said, with incredible swiftness; the attack was furious, the end a lightning-stroke. Roger on the bridge awoke from a doubt of his ally's courage to see a whirl, a blow, a fall; and then on the ground, in the midst of all, ill-lighted and indistinct—for half the men had dropped their lights in their excitement—a grim picture; a man dying, and another crouching low a pace from him, waiting with shortened point and bent knees for a possible uprising.

But none came; Ampoule was dead.

Presently, still watching cautiously, the mask raised himself and dropped his point. A shiver, a groan passed round the square. A single man swore aloud. Finally three or four, shaking off the stupor of amazement, moved forward, and with their eyes assured themselves that their officer was dead.

Roger, still looking on as one fascinated, shook himself awake at that, in

fear for his principal. He expected that an attack would be made on the masked man. None came, no one raised hand or voice. But as the lad moved toward him, to support him were it needful, the unexpected happened. The unknown tottered a pace or two, leaned a moment on his sword-point, swayed, and then slowly sank down on the ground.

With a cry of despair, Roger sprang forward. By the gloomy light of the three brands which still remained ablaze, he saw that blood was welling fast from a wound in the mask's shoulder. Ampoule had passed, but not without his toll.

Roger knelt, following his instinct, and took the fainting man's head on his shoulder. But he was helpless in his ignorance; he knew not how to aid him. And it was one of the troopers, late his enemies, who, kneeling beside him, quickly and deftly cut away the breast of the injured man's shirt, and with a piece of linen, doubled and redoubled, stanching the flow of blood. The others stood about, one or two lending a light, their fellows looking on in silence.

Roger, even in his distress, wondered at their attitude. It would not have surprised him if the men had fallen on the stranger and killed him out of hand. Instead, they bent over the wounded man with looks of curiosity; with looks gloomy, indeed, but in which awe and admiration had their part. Presently, at his back, a man muttered:

"The devil or a Joyeuse! No other, I'll be sworn!"

No one answered, but the man who was dressing the wound lifted the unknown's hand and silently showed a ring set with stones which even by that flickering and doubtful light dazzled the eye. They were stones such as Roger had never seen, and he fancied that they must be of inestimable value.

"Aye, aye!" the man who had spoken muttered. "I thought it was so when I saw him join! I mind his brother, the day he died, taking two of his own men so, and—pouf! I saw him drown an hour after, and he took the water just so, cursing and swearing; but the Tarn was too strong for him."

"That was Duke Antony?" another whispered.

"Antony Scipio."

"I never saw him," the second speaker answered softly. "Duke Anne at Coutras—I saw him die; and Des Ageaux, that is now governor of Périgord, got just such a wound as that in trying to save him."

"Pouf! All the world knew *him*!" he who had first spoken rejoined with the scorn of superior knowledge. "But"—to the man who was binding up the hurt, and who had all but finished his task—"you had better look and make sure that we shall not have our trouble for nothing."

The trooper nodded, and began to feel for the fastening of the mask; which was of strong silk on a stiff frame. Roger raised his hand to prevent him, but as quickly repressed the impulse. The men meant no harm. They were saving the man's life, and had a right to learn who he was. Besides, sooner or later the thing must come off.

Its removal was not so easy; but at length the man found the catch, it gave way, and the morsel of black fell, disclosing the pale, handsome face of an effeminate, fair-haired man of about thirty-five.

"Aye, it is he! It is he, sure enough!" went round the circle, with here and there an oath of astonishment.

"Has any one a mouthful of Armagnac?" the impromptu surgeon asked. "No, not wine. There, gently between his lips! When he has swallowed a little we must lift him into the house. He will do well, I think."

"But," Roger asked, after vainly interrogating their faces with his eyes, "who is it? Who is it, if you please? You know him?"

"Aye, we know him," the trooper answered sententiously; and, rising to his feet, he looked about him. "Best close that gate!" he said, raising his voice. "If his people be on his track, as is likely, and come on us before we can make it clear, it may be awkward! See to it, some of you. And do you, Jasper, take horse, tell the captain, and get his orders."

Two or three of the men, whom the event had most sobered, strode across the court to do his bidding. Roger looked from one to another of those who remained.

"But who is he?" he asked.

His curiosity was piqued, the more sharply as it was evident that the presence of this man, who lay before him wounded and unconscious, had somehow altered the whole position.

"Who is he?" the former spokesman answered roughly. "Father Angel, to be sure! You have heard of him, I suppose, young sir?"

"Father Angel?" Roger repeated incredulously. "A priest? Impossible!"

"Well, a monk."

"A monk?"

"Aye, and a marshal, for the matter of that!" the trooper rejoined impatiently. "Here, lift him, you! Gently, gently! Man, it is the Duke of Joyeuse," he continued, addressing Roger. "You have heard of him, I take it? Now, step together, men, and you won't shake him. We must lay him in the dining-hall. He will do well there." And again to Roger, who walked with him behind the bearers: "If you don't believe me, see here," he said. "'Tis plain enough still!"

Taking a burning splinter of wood from one of the others, he held it so that the light fell on the crown of the wounded man's head. There, faintly discernible amid the long, fair hair was the pale shadow of a tonsure.

"Father Angel?" Roger repeated in wonder as the men, bearing their burden, stepped slowly and warily upon the bridge.

"Aye, no other! And riding on what mad errand all by himself, God knows! It was an unlucky one for Ampoule. But they are all mad in that house! Coutras saw the end of one brother, Villemar of another; there are but this one and the cardinal left. Look your fill," he continued, as the men under his direction carried their burden up the three or four steps that led from the outer hall—where the fire Ampoule had knocked together still burned brightly on the dogs—to the dining-hall. "Monk and marshal, duke and Capuchin, angel and devil, you'll never see the like again!"

Probably his words were not far from the mark in this. Anne, the eldest of the four brothers, by whom and by whose interest with King Henry III the house had risen from mediocrity to greatness, from respectability to fame, had fallen at Coutras, encircled by the old nobility whom he had led to defeat. His brother, Antony Scipio, young as he was, had none the less taken charge for the League in Languedoc, had pitted himself against the experience of Montmorency, and for a time had carried it; but his minor successes had ended in a crushing defeat at Villemar, on the Tarn, and he had drowned his chagrin in its icy waters, cursing and swearing, says the old chronicler, to the last.

That event had drawn from his monastery the singular man on whom Roger now looked, Henry, third of the brothers, third duke of the name, the fame of whose piety within the cloister was only surpassed by that of his excesses in the

world; who added to an emotional temperament, and its sister gift of eloquence, the feverish energy and headlong courage of his race. Snatching up the sword fallen from his brother's hands, in five and twenty months he had used it with such effect as to win from the king the baton of a marshal as the price of his obedience.

"Good heavens!" Roger muttered, as he watched them lay the unconscious man on an improvised couch in the corner of the room. "M. de Joyeuse? It seems incredible!"

"There is nothing credible about them," the man answered darkly. "The old fool who keeps the gate here would try the belief of most with his fables; but he'll never put the handle to their hatchet," with a nod of meaning. "Yet to listen to him, Charlemagne and the twelve were not on a level with his master—once! But where are you going, young sir?" in an altered tone.

"To tell the *vicomte* what has occurred," Roger answered, his hand on the latch of the inner door—the door that led to the stairs and the upper apartments.

"By your leave!"

"I don't understand."

"By your leave, I say!" the trooper answered more sharply, and in a twinkling he had intervened, turned the key in the lock and withdrawn it. "I am sorry, young sir," he continued, coolly facing about again, "but until we know what is to do, and what the captain's orders are—he has a trump card in his hand now, or I am mistaken—I must keep you here, by your leave."

"Against my leave!"

"As you please for that."

"I should have thought that you had had enough of keeping people!" Roger retorted angrily.

"Maybe Ampoule has," the man answered with a faint sneer. "I'll see if I have not better luck. Come, young sir," he continued good-humoredly, "you cannot say that I have been aught but gentle so far. You've fared better with me, aye, a mort better, than you'd have fared if the captain had been here. But I don't want to have to hurt you, if it comes to push up-stairs. You are safer here looking after the duke. And trust me, you'll thank me, some day."

Roger glared at him in speechless resentment. He felt that he who lay helpless in the corner would have known how to deal with the man and the situation; but he did not. To attempt force was out

of the question; and the trooper had withdrawn and closed the door behind him, leaving Roger alone with the patient, before the idea of bribing him occurred to the lad.

It was as well, perhaps; for what was there at Villeneuve, what had they in that poverty-stricken home, of such a value as to outweigh the wrath of Vlaye? Or to corrupt men who had seen, without daring to touch, a ring worth a king's ransom? Nothing, that was certain, which it was in Roger's power to give.

Moreover, the situation, though full of peril, was less desperate. The duke's act, if it had done nothing else, had sobered the men; and his presence, wounded as he was, was a factor Roger could not estimate. The respect with which the troopers treated him when at their mercy, and their care to do the best for him, to say nothing of the feelings of mingled awe and admiration in which they held him—all these things promised well. The question was, how would this strange addition to the party affect M. de Vlaye, and his pursuit of the countess?

Roger could not have a notion. The possession of the person of a powerful prince, who ruled a great part of Langue-doc, might touch the Captain of Vlaye—a minnow by comparison, but in his own water—in a number of ways. It might strengthen him in his present design, or it might turn him from it, by opening some new prospect to his ambition.

Again, M. de Vlaye might treat the duke in one of several different ways—as an enemy; as a friend; as a hostage. He might use the occasion well or ill. He might work on fears or gratitude. All to Roger was dark and uncertain; as dark as the courtyard, where the flames of the huge fire had sunk low, and by the dull glow of the red embers men were removing in a cloak the body of the unfortunate Ampoule. Aye, and as uncertain as the breathing of the wounded man in the corner, which now seemed to stop, and now hurried weakly on.

Roger paced the room. He did not know for certain what had become of the countess, or of his sister, or of his father. He took it for granted, however, that after he rushed to the stranger's rescue they had sought the greater safety of the upper rooms. Earlier in the evening, he himself had suggested that if the worst threatened, they might retreat to the tower chamber, and there defend themselves; but the *vicomte* had pooh-poohed the suggestion, and though Bonne, who

persisted in expecting help from outside, had timidly supported it, the plan had been given up. Still, they were gone, and they could have retired no other way.

He listened at the locked door, hoping to hear feet on the stairs, for they must be anxious about him; but all was still. His sister, the countess, the *vicomte*, might have melted into the air, as far as he was concerned; and this, anxious as he was for them, vexed him.

He had failed! The long silence that had brooded over the decaying house, the dull life against which he and his brother had fretted, were come to an end with a vengeance. But what use had he made of the opportunity? When he should have been playing the hero up-stairs, when he should have been the head and front of the defense, he lay here in a locked room like a naughty child who must be shielded from harm.

A movement on the part of the sick man cut short his thoughts. The duke was making futile attempts to raise himself on his elbow.

"Ageaux! Ageaux!" he muttered. "You are satisfied now! I struck him fairly."

Roger hurried to him and leaned over him.

"Lie still, and do not speak," he said, hoping to soothe him.

"We are quits now!" the duke whispered plaintively. "We are quits now. Say so, man!" he continued querulously. "I tell you I struck him fairly in the throat. Vlaye will trouble you no more."

"Yes, yes," Roger replied. It was evident that the duke was rambling in his mind, and took him for some one else. "We are quits now."

"Quits now," the wounded man muttered, as if he found some magic in the words; and he drowsed off again into the half-sleep, half-swoon of exhaustion.

Roger could make nothing of it, except that the duke had Vlaye in his mind, and fancied that it was the captain whom he had killed. But Ageaux, whom he fancied he was addressing? Roger knew that he was governor of Périgord, a man of name and position beyond his rank. But how came he in this galley? Or yes, he remembered now. His name had been mentioned in connection with the death of the eldest Joyeuse.

Roger snuffed the candles, and, mixing a little wine with water, put it by the duke's side. Then he wandered to the locked door, where he listened fruitlessly; thence, for he could not rest, to the window, where he pressed his fore-

head against the cool glass. The fire had sunk lower; it was now no more than an angry eye glowing in the darkness. He could discern little by its light. No one moved, the courtyard seemed as vacant and deserted as the house.

Then, in the direction of the gate, he caught the glint of a lantern, and the movement of several figures, revealed for an instant and as suddenly obscured. He continued to watch the place where the light had vanished, and presently out of the obscurity grew a black mass which, a second later, took form as a number of men crossing the court toward him in a silent body five or six abreast. The tramp of their feet, inaudible on the soil, rumbled hollowly as they mounted the bridge, which creaked beneath them. He caught the gleam of weapons, heard a low order given, and fell back from the window. He had little doubt what they were about to do.

He was right. The heavy, noisy entry into the outer hall had scarcely prepared him before the door was thrown open, and they filed into the room in which he stood.

What could he do? Resistance was out of the question.

"What is it?" he asked, making a show of confronting them.

"No matter, young sir," the man who had before taken charge answered gruffly. "Stand you on one side, and no harm will happen to you."

"But—"

"Stand back! Stand back!" the man answered sternly. "We are on no boy's errand! Bring the lights," he continued to his party, and, advancing to the inner door, he unlocked it. "Who has the hammer? Good, do you come first with me. And let the last two stand here and keep the door."

He went through without more, and disappeared up the staircase, followed by his men in single file. The two last remained on guard at the door, and they and Roger waited in the semi-darkness listening to the lumbering tread of the men as they stumbled up the wooden stairs, their weapons now and again clanging against the wall. Roger clenched his hands hard, vowing vengeance; but what could he do?

The sound of the men's feet on the stairs had ceased; he guessed that they were searching the rooms overhead. A moment later their movements made this clear. He heard their returning footsteps and their raised voices in the upper passage. They seemed to confer, and to

be undecided for a minute or so. Finally a door, doubtless the one which led to the roof, was tried, and tried again, but in vain, for the next moment a voice cried harshly, "Open! Open!" and after an interval a crash twice repeated proclaimed that the hammer was being brought into play.

A scrambling of hasty feet followed, and then silence—doubtless they were crossing the roof—and then a pistol shot! One pistol shot!

Roger glared at the men who had been left on guard. They opened the door more widely, and, stepping through, seemed to listen. For a moment the wild notion of locking the door on them, of locking the door on them all, occurred to Roger, only to be discarded.

X.

THE elder of the Villeneuve brothers was less happy than Roger, in that to him the *vicomte* had passed a portion of his crabbed nature. Something of the bitterness, something of the hardness of the father lurked in the son; who in the like unfortunate circumstances might have grown to be such another as his sire, but with more happy surroundings and a better fate still had it in him to become a generous and kindly gentleman.

It was this darker heritage that had kept the injustice of his lot ever in Charles de Villeneuve's mind. Roger bore lightly with his heavier burden; and only the patient sweetness of his eyes told tales. Bonne was almost content; if she fretted it was for others, and if she dreamed of the ancient glories of the house, it was not for the stiff brocades and jeweled stomacher of her grandam that she pined.

But with Charles it was otherwise. The honor of the family was more to him, for he was the heir. Its dignity and welfare were his in a particular sense; and had he been of the most easy disposition, he must still have found it hard to see all passing; to see the end, and to stand by with folded arms. But when to the misery of inaction and the hopelessness of the outlook were added the *vicomte's* daily and hourly taunts, and all fell on a nature that had in it the seeds of unhappiness, what wonder that the young man broke away, and sought in action, however desperate, a remedy for his pains?

It was a step which he would now have given the world to undo. As he rode, a prisoner, along the familiar track that he had trodden a thousand times in freedom

and safety, the iron entered into his soul. The sun shone, the glades were green, in a hundred brakes the birds sang in shady dells, and under oaks the dew sparkled; but he rode, his feet fastened under his horse's belly, his face set toward Vlaye. In an hour the dungeon door would close on him. He would give the world, had it been his, to undo the step.

Not that he feared the dungeon so much, or even death; though the thought of death, amid the woodland beauty of this warm June day, carried a chill all its own; and death comes cold to him who awaits it with tied hands. But he could have faced death cheerfully—or he thought so—had he fallen into a stranger's power; had the victory not been so immediately, so easily, so completely with Vlaye, whom he hated. To be dragged thus before his foe, to read in that sneering face the contempt which events had justified, to lie at the mercy of one who had treated him consistently as a silly, clownish lad, to be subjected, perhaps, to some degrading punishment—this was a prospect worse than death, a prospect maddening, insupportable! Therefore he looked on the woodland as he rode with eyes of despair; and now and again in fits of revolt, had much ado not to fight with his bonds, or hurl foolish, unmanly insults at his captors.

They, for their part, took little heed of him. They had left his hands free, but had tied the reins of his horse to one of their saddles; and, satisfied with this precaution, they left him to his reflections. By and by those reflections turned, as the thoughts of all who have lost their liberty turn, to the chance of escape; and he marked that the men—they numbered five—seemed to be occupied with something which interested them more than their prisoner. What it was, of what nature or kind, he had no notion; but he observed that as surely as they recalled their duty and drew round him, so surely did the lapse of two or three minutes find them dispersed again in pairs—it might be behind, it might be before him.

When this happened, they talked low, but with gestures so animated, and absorption so entire, that once he saw a man jam his knee against a sapling which he had failed to see though it stood in his path; and once a man's hat was struck from his head by a bough which he might have avoided by stooping.

Naturally, the trooper to whose saddle he was attached had no part in these conferences; and by and by this man, a grizzled, thick-set fellow with small eyes,

grew impatient, and even, as it seemed, suspicious. For a time he vented his dissatisfaction in grunts and looks; but at last, when the four others had got together and were colloquing with heads so close that a saddle-cloth might have covered them, he could bear it no longer.

"Come, enough of that!" he cried surlily. "One of you take him, and let me hear what you have settled. I'd like my say as well as another."

"Aye, aye, Baptiste," one of the four answered. "In a minute, my lad."

Baptiste swore under his breath, but waited; and by and by one of the men came grudgingly back, took over the prisoner, and suffered Baptiste to join the council. But Villeneuve, whose attention was now roused, noted that he also, after an interval, became restless. He watched his comrades with jealous eyes; and from time to time he pressed nearer, as if he would fain surprise their talk.

Things were in this position when the party arrived at a brook bordered on either side by willow beds and rushes, and crossed by a tiny ford. Beyond the brook the hill rose suddenly and steeply. Charles knew the place as he knew his hand, and that from the brook the track wound up through the brushwood to a nick in the summit of the hill, whence Vlaye could be seen a league below.

The four troopers paused at the ford, and, letting their horses drink, permitted the prisoner and his guard to come up. The man they called Baptiste approached the latter.

"If you will wait here," he said, with a look of meaning, "we'll look to the—you know what."

"No, cursed if I do!" the man answered plumply, his swarthy face growing dark. "I'm not a fool!"

"Then how in the devil's name are we to do it?" Baptiste retorted with irritation.

"Stay yourself and take care of him!"

"And let you find the stuff!" with an ugly look. "A nice reckoning I should get afterwards."

"Well, I won't stay, that's flat!"

The men looked at one another, and their lowering glances disclosed their embarrassment. Their prisoner could make no guess at the subject of discussion, but he saw that they were verging on a quarrel, and his heart beat fast. Given the slightest chance, he was resolved to take it; but that his thoughts might not be read, he kept his eyes on the ground, and feigned a sullenness which he no longer felt.

"Tie him to a tree!" muttered one of the men, with a sidelong look at him.

"And leave him?"

"Aye, why not?"

"Why not?" Baptiste, the eldest of the men, rejoined with an oath. "Because, if harm happen to him, it will be I will pay for it, and not you! That is why not!"

"Tie him well, and what can happen?" the other retorted. And then: "Must risk something, Baptiste," he added with a grin, which showed that he saw his advantage, "since you are in charge."

The truth was that the men had got wind that morning of a saddle and saddle-bags—and a dead horse, but that counted for nothing—which in the search after the attack on the countess' party had been overlooked in the thick scrub. Detached to guard the prisoner to Vlaye, they had grinned at the chance of forestalling their comrades and gaining what there was to gain, which fancy, ever sanguine, painted in the richest colors.

But the five could neither trust one another nor their prisoner; since Charles might inform Vlaye, and in that case they would not only lose the spoil, but taste the strapado—the Captain of Vlaye permitting but one robber in his band. Hence they stood in the position of the ass between two bundles of hay. They dared not leave their prisoner, nor would they leave the spoil.

At length, after some debate, made up in the main of oaths, one suggested:

"Draw lots who stays!"

"We have no cards."

"There are other ways."

"Well," said he who had charge of the prisoner, "whose horse stops drinking first—let him stay!"

"Oh, yes!" retorted Baptiste. "And we have watered our horses, and you have not!"

The man grinned feebly; the others laughed.

"Well," he said, "do you hit on something, then! You think yourself clever."

Villeneuve bethought him of the prince who set his guards to race, and when their horses were spent, galloped away laughing. But he dared not suggest that, though he tingled with anxiety.

"Who sees a heron first," said one.

"Pooh, we are all liars!" put an end to that.

"Well," said Baptiste sulkily, "if we stay here awhile longer we shall have the captain upon us, and shall all go empty."

Thus spurred, a man had an idea that seemed fair.

"We've no two horses alike," he said.

"Let us pluck a hair from the tail of each. He"—pointing to Charles—"shall draw one with his eyes shut, and whoever is drawn shall stay on guard."

They agreed to this, and Charles, applied to, consented with a sulky air. The hairs were plucked, a gray, a chestnut, a bay, a black, and a sorrel; and the prisoner, foreseeing that he would be left with a single trooper, and determined in that case to essay escape, shut his eyes, felt the five hair, and selected one.

The man drawn was the man who had last had him in charge, and to whose saddle his reins were still attached. The unlucky trooper cursed his ill-fortune; the others laughed.

"All the same," he cried, "if you play me false, you'll laugh on the other side of your face!"

"Tut, tut, Martin!" they jeered in answer. "Have no fear!" They scarce made a secret of their intention of cheating him.

The four vanished amid the undergrowth which clothed the hill, but their course could be traced by the snapping of dry sticks, the scramble of a horse on a steep place, or the scared notes of blackbirds, fleeing low among the bushes. Slowly Martin's eyes followed their progress along the hill; and as his eyes moved, he moved also foot by foot through the brook, glaring, listening, and now and then muttering threats in his beard.

Had he glanced round once, however impatiently, and seen the grim face and feverish eyes at his elbow, he had taken the alarm. Charles knew that the thing must be done now or not at all, and that there must be one critical moment. If nerve failed him then, or the man turned, or aught happened to thwart his purpose midway, he had far better have left the thing untried.

Now or not at all! He glanced stealthily over his shoulder and saw the sun shining on the flat, rushy plat beside the ford, which the horses' feet had fouled, while their riders debated. He saw no sign of Vlaye coming up, nor anything to alarm him. The road was clear were he once free. And then—Martin's horse had stepped from the water, his own was in act to follow, his guard sat therefore a little higher—in a flash he stooped, caught the other's boot with his hand, and with a desperate heave flung him over on the off side.

As the man fell, Charles clutched at the reins; they were life or death to him. But though the fellow let them slip, the frightened horse sprang aside, and swung

them beyond his reach. There remained but one thing he could do. He struck his own horse about the head, in the hope it would run away and drag the other with it.

But the other, rearing and plunging, backed from him, and the two, pulling in different directions, held their ground until the trooper was up and had run to his horse's head and caught the reins.

"Curse you!" he panted, with a pale scowl—the fall had shaken him. "I'll have your blood for this! Quiet, beast, quiet!"

In his passion he struck the horse on the head; a foolish act which carried its punishment. The beast backed violently and dragged him, still clinging to the reins, after it into the brook. In a moment the two horses were plunging about in the water, and he, following them, was knee-deep. Unfortunately, Villeneuve was helpless. All he could do was to strike his horse, and excite it farther. Still the man would not let go, and the horses, fastened together, circled round each other until the trooper, notwithstanding their movements, managed to shorten the reins, and at last got his horse by the bit.

"Curse you!" he said again. "Now I've got you! And in a minute, my lad, I'll make you pay for this!"

But Villeneuve, seeing defeat stare him in the face, had made use of the last few seconds. He had loosened the stirrup leather from the trooper's saddle, and as the fellow, thinking the struggle over, grinned at him, he swung the heavy iron in the air and brought it down on the beast's withers. It leaped forward, maddened by pain, dashed the man to the ground, and, dragging Villeneuve's horse with it, whether it would or no, in a moment was clear of the brook and plunging along the bank.

Villeneuve struck the horses again, to urge them forward; but alas, he discovered that which he should have recognized before—that to escape on a horse fastened to a second, over difficult ground and through a wood, was not possible. Half maddened, half bewildered, they bore him into a mass of thorns and bushes. It was all he could do to guard his eyes and head, more than they could do to keep their feet. A moment, and a sapling intervened, the rein which joined them snapped, and his horse, giving to the tug at its mouth, fell on its near shoulder.

Bound to his saddle, he could not save himself; but fortunately the soil was

soft, the leg that was under the horse was not broken, and for a moment the animal made no effort to rise. Villeneuve, despair in his heart, and the sweat running down his face, had no power to escape; nor could it have availed him, for before he could have gone a dozen paces through the tangle of thorns the troopers, some on horseback and some on foot, were on him.

The man from whom he had escaped was a couple of paces in front of the others. He had snatched up a stick, and, black with rage, raised it to strike the prostrate horse. Had the blow fallen, and the horse struggled to his feet, Villeneuve must have been in no small peril. Fortunately, Baptiste was in time to catch the man's arm and stay the blow.

"Fool!" he said. "Do you want to kill the man?"

"Aye, by heaven!" the fellow shrieked. "He nearly killed me!"

"Well, you'll not do it!" Baptiste retorted; and he pushed him back. "Do you hear? I have no mind to account for his loss to the captain, if you have."

"Do you think that I am going to be pitched on my head by a Jack-a-dandy like that?" the fellow snarled. "And do naught? And where is my share?"

The grizzled man stooped, and, while one of his comrades held down the horse's head, untied Villeneuve's feet and drew him from under the beast.

"Share?" he answered as he rose. "What time had we to find the thing?"

"You have not found it?"

"No, thanks to you! What kind of a guard do you call yourself?" Baptiste continued ferociously. "By this time, had you done your part, we had done ours. If there is to be any accounting, you'll account to us!"

"Aye," the others cried. "Baptiste is right, my lad!"

The man, seeing himself outnumbered, cast a devilish look at them, and turned on his heel.

"Very good," he said over his shoulder, when he had gone a couple of paces, "but when I get you alone——"

"You!" Baptiste roared; and took three strides towards him. "You, when you get me alone! Stand to me now, then, and let them see what you will do!"

But the malcontent, with the same look of hate, continued to retreat. Baptiste jeered.

"That is better!" he said. "But we knew what you were before! Now, lads! To horse! We've lost time enough!"

Flinging a mocking laugh after the craven, the men turned and, lo, by the horses' heads stood a strange man.

"I arrest all here!" he said quietly—he had nothing but a riding switch in his hand, and Villeneuve's eyes opened wide as he recognized in him the guest of the tower chamber. "In the king's name, lay down your arms!"

They stared at him as if he had fallen from the skies. Even Baptiste lost the golden moment, and in place of flinging himself upon the stranger repeated:

"Lay down our arms! Who, in the name of thunder, are you?"

"No matter!" the other answered. "You are surrounded, my man. See! And see!" He pointed in two directions with his switch.

Baptiste glared through the bushes, and saw eight or ten horsemen posted along the hillside above him. He looked across the brook, and there were two or three stalwart figures, seated motionless in their saddles.

"Understand," he said, with uneasy defiance, "you will answer for this. We are M. de Vlaze's men!"

"I know naught of M. de Vlaze," was the stern reply. "Surrender, and your lives shall be spared. Resist, and your blood be on your own hands!"

Baptiste counted heads rapidly, and saw that he was hopelessly outnumbered. He gave the word, and after one fashion or another, some recklessly, some stolidly, the men threw down their arms.

"Only—you will answer for this!" Baptiste repeated.

"I shall answer for it," Des Ageaux replied gravely. "In the mean time I desire a word with your prisoner. M. de Villeneuve, this way, if you please."

He was proceeding to lead Charles a little apart; but his back had not been turned three seconds when a thing happened. The man who had slunk away before Baptiste's challenge had got to horse, unnoticed. At a little distance from the others, he had not surrendered his arms. Whether he could not see the horsemen who guarded the further side of the brook—and so thought escape in that direction open—or could not resist the temptation to wreak his spite on Baptiste at all risks, he chose this moment to ride up behind him, draw a pistol from the holster, and fire it into the unfortunate man's back. Then, with a yell that echoed his victim's death-cry, he crashed through the undergrowth in the direction of the brook.

(To be continued.)

The Match She Made.

EUNICE HALLIDAY'S SUCCESS AS A PROMOTER OF MATRIMONY.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

WHEN the second Casselberry girl married Andy Riggs, the steel wire man, people in general said, "Good for little Isabel!" A few knowing ones said, "Good for Eunice Halliday!" It was in fact Miss Halliday who had made the match, and she, as was her undeniable right, was even more radiant over it than the previously demonetized Casselberrys.

Her radiance was purely selfish. She was satisfied, not for altruistic reasons, but because, at the occasionally useless age of thirty-two, she had discovered her usefulness. She decided that she was designed for a match-maker. Her *métier* was to be a fairy godmother to the matrimonially inclined. With this in view she made careful and systematic selection of her godchildren.

Eunice thought that she was endowed with unsentimental and uncommon sense. Her course was the result of logical reasoning. From her vantage-point of deliberative and passionless years, she perceived that an overwhelming majority of her friends were happier married than unmarried. If husbands and wives were not properly happy, it was due to some remediable defect. Therefore she seized the young Jimmie Brainerds, as everybody knows, upon the very threshold of a South Dakota court-room, and remedied them, and all the Brainerds arose and called her blessed.

This mission to which Eunice had devoted herself was not suspected—a fact which no doubt contributed largely to her success. One naturally suspects of match-making a married woman whose immediate environment does not engage her entire attention; but why should a still eligible spinster take up the hazardous business. Miss Halliday was handsome and rich. No man, she boasted in secret, had ever touched her heart; several, to their cost, had tried, and had failed notoriously and impressively. That she must die some time was not more clear to Eunice than that she would die unwed. She owned a place in the Berkshires

called Windygates, where she lived for eight months of the year with Mrs. Chapple, who was her aunt, and comfortably dull.

II.

AFTER the Brainerd affair, Miss Halliday selected Julia Westall for her next *coup*. She had heard that Julia was hovering on the brink of an engagement with young Clinton Sherard, whom Eunice knew intimately. So she asked the Westall girl to Windygates. At breakfast Eunice tapped one of her letters with an orange-spoon, and looked at her guest across the damask.

"Here is a note from the Sherard boy," she said. "He's coming here. What are you dimpling for, Julia? I know already that your dimples are fetching. Don't waste them on me."

"I'm laughing because you call Clinton a boy. He's over thirty. He told me so himself."

"I suppose thirty seems senile to you, Julia."

"Well," said Julia, "I shall be glad to see him."

"You ought to be," emphasized Eunice. "Now shall we call on Omar Khayyam? I always go to the kennels after breakfast."

Julia Westall was a pink and pretty girl in the primary stage of chubbiness. As they crossed the lawn she contrasted well with Eunice, who was tall, dark, and a little like a cathedral window. Windygates was perched on the slope of an ambitious hill overlooking the Honsatonic valley, and, except for the Ross place, Miss Halliday's low stone house had no neighbors within a mile. It was a crisp, sunny morning. The placid mountains displayed a bewildering mixture of green and blue. In the character of the squire inspecting his estate, Eunice carried an ostentatious cane, and she waved the stick expressively at the horizon.

"Yes, I know," responded Miss Westall. "It is beautiful, but——"

"But what?"

"But you must be so lonely here, Eunice, and I think loneliness is——"

Julia gave a little shudder which delighted her match-making hostess.

"An old maid must expect loneliness," said Miss Halliday sententially. "Shake hands with Omar, Julia."

Omar Khayyam, a philosophical mastiff, presented a huge paw, and solemnly muddled Miss Westall's duck skirt.

"I must show you everything," said Eunice. "The piggery comes next."

Her guest looked dubiously at the slate-colored drive.

"Oh, who is that?" she asked, pointing at a big, broad-shouldered man who was striding toward them.

"It is only Ben Ross," said Miss Halliday; "my next-door neighbor."

Mr. Ross appeared to be indeed neighborly and informal, for he wore neither hat nor coat, and he waved his arm vigorously by way of greeting. Faintly grayish hair and a closely cropped mustache set off the amiable redness of his round face.

"Hello, Eunice!" he bawled, and then, seeing her visitor: "Oh—ah—good-morning, Miss—ah—good—"

"Nonsense!" said Miss Halliday. "You have never met Julia, as you know quite well;" and she presented him.

Mr. Ross was slightly flustered.

"I came for some of that liniment," he said. "The terrier you gave me has just had—"

"Speak to Henderson," interrupted Eunice. "When you get through, Ben, you'll find us, if you like, among the pigs. Now, Julia."

"Is he one of the Long Island Rosses?" Julia inquired, as the two ladies moved away.

"Yes, Carlotta's brother."

"Queer I never saw him!"

"Oh, he lives up here the year round."

"I like him. He seems nice," said Miss Westall tentatively.

"He is," asserted Eunice. "Ben is the type technically known as a nice old thing."

At the stable door she ordered a trap in which to drive Sherard from the station. She resolved that Julia should not accompany her. The campaign was to begin with a few confidential hints intended for Clinton's ear alone.

Ben Ross stayed for luncheon, and they all had coffee on the piazza—all except Mrs. Chapple, who sought the library, where she might be seen with a volume of "Half Hours with the Best Authors" gliding gradually from her lap. Miss Halliday's groom drove to the steps in the runabout.

"Benjamin, mind you talk becomingly," directed Eunice. "I won't be long. Get on, Shandygaff!"

"I wish she wouldn't take out that horse without a man," said Mr. Ross.

Then he devoted his ordinarily sparse conversational energies to Miss Westall, with a success which surprised himself as well as Julia, who, after an hour, half-regretfully remarked the return of Shandygaff and the runabout. Sherard was driving, although Miss Halliday still occupied the whip seat. She dismounted with accentuated briskness, untwining a handkerchief from her wrist.

"How do you do, Miss Westall?" said young Sherard. "How do you do, Ben?"

Ross glared impolitely at the handkerchief.

"Oh, Shandygaff behaved like a fool," explained Eunice. "Don't tell Aunt Caroline. After dinner, Clint shall have his medal for gallantry."

Sherard, a slight, blond fellow, laughed and inspected Miss Halliday's forearm as if he owned it. At least, the inspection so impressed Ross.

"Better get it into cold water," Sherard advised. "I wonder you drive that brute by yourself."

"I've offered to take Aunt Caroline, but—"

"But Mrs. Chapple, you see," put in Julia, "isn't always complete companionship at Windygates."

Miss Halliday smiled; after all, it was just as well that the campaign should open with an object lesson of the unprotected, companionless state, even if she were the object.

III.

At dinner, however, Miss Halliday in no respect suggested an object, being one of those who are supreme in evening gowns. When Sherard was left to the tray of cigars, he sipped an excellent liqueur thoughtfully.

Sherard was a rather dense young man, possessing enough perception to get him into trouble and not always enough to get him out. Eunice had realized this fact since their spindle-legged days; and, measuring his obtuseness, she had made the preliminary matrimonial lecture in the runabout direct and unmistakable—in her own estimation.

"Has the pretty Westall girl been putting notions into Eunice's head?" demanded Sherard of the cigar-lighter. "What was it she said about 'complete companionship at Windygates'? And



"OH, EUNICE, IF I COULD SEE YOU AND CLINTON SHEARD—HAPPY TOGETHER FOR ALWAYS!"

what was it Eunice said on the road about the loneliness of thirty years? Lord, I'm thirty-three!"

His cigar was only a quarter smoked when he laid it down and emerged into the drawing-room.

Julia Westall was interlacing non-committal harmonies on the piano beneath a spreading crimson lamp-shade, than which, as all shrewd Julias know, few operations are more becoming. Outside the open French window Sherard caught the shimmer of a white dress, and he sauntered toward it slowly.

"I want my medal, Eunice," said he.

Miss Halliday leaned against the balustrade. There was no moon. The Westall girl suddenly decided upon a Liszt rhapsody.

"What shall I inscribe on the medal?" asked Eunice idly.

"Oh, some of the things you said this afternoon on the way from the station," he replied, and sat down on the end of a steamer-chair.

The promoter of connubial bliss smiled exultantly behind a spray of woodbine. Her pupil, then, had taken the bait.

"We may as well be frank, don't you think?" he continued gently.

"I should hope so. After all these years!"

"I know how many. Thirty——"

"The number doesn't matter a mite, Clinton."

"But you told me in the trap about thirty—and loneliness?"

"I told you one must look out, or it would pounce on one before he's ready—before he realizes things."

"And loneliness makes one realize things, Eunice, doesn't it?"

"I suppose it does."

"Hear the impudent crickets!"

"Clint! I love crickets. Why are they impudent?"

"Oh, to be making a noise in a lonely solitude like this. But if you love them—mayn't I have a cigarette?"

"Of course."

Miss Halliday again smiled contentedly at her pupil when Sherard's fusce flared and discovered each in the act of looking into the other's eyes. This is the usual trick of fuses on a nocturnal piazza, and it is disconcerting.

"You have started my thoughts," said the man, "or I have started my thoughts, in a new channel, for me."

"I wonder how it will end, Clinton—the channel, I mean."

"Do you care?"

"I care a great deal," and Eunice paused with a tender suggestion of sympathy. "I care a great deal," repeated Miss Halliday quietly, "and so, and a great deal more so, does—well, Julia! Do come out!"

The rhapsody had been concluded before either Eunice or Sherard was quite aware of it.

"Isn't it chilly?" queried Miss Westall at the window.

"Not a bit—I'll hunt you a wrap;" and Eunice retreated in triumph over the absurdly obvious situation in which she was leaving her two subjects.

Miss Halliday hunted the wrap by means of prolonged interviews with Aunt Caroline and with the butler, cook, and coachman. Then she wrote letters on the library table. Finally she heard the piano again. Julia had forsaken List and was playing a Dutch lullaby.

"Please forgive me," Eunice apologized. "There was so much housekeeping to do that I forgot it."

"Forgot what?" drawled Julia. "Oh, the shawl? Never mind, Eunice."

Sherard was turning her music. They both were subdued almost to the point of melancholy. In Miss Halliday's expert diagnosis, this was a favorable symptom.

IV.

THE next morning Eunice considered her patients as deliberately as a physician. Deeming Sherard's treatment sufficient, she despatched the young man to play tennis with Benjamin Ross, while she carried off Miss Westall to see the waterfall. Between Windygates and the Ross place a brook ran through a rocky ravine, and at one point the modest tumble of the stream had been dignified by Eunice with the appellation of a cascade. Here she had erected a futile bridge of logs, and on the bridge was a rustic bench. The ladies sat on the bench, and Julia, who had been preoccupied all the forenoon, gazed at the water.

"What shall we talk about, Julia?" although in Miss Halliday's mind, of course, the topic was soundly settled.

"I should like to talk about Clinton Sherard," said the other.

Eunice was startled; the affair was coming off so easily that there was no fun in it.

"About Clinton?" she echoed.

"Yes, about him—and you," amended Miss Westall, tearing a strip of bark in some confusion. "He and I are such pals, Eunice, and I don't know how to make you see. He—well, he quite opened his heart to me last night, on the piazza." Julia laid a timid hand on Miss Halliday's knee. "He asked my advice. Don't laugh. Don't think it horrid of me to speak out like this. But you—and he—are such pals of mine."

"You've said that once before, you dear little goose. I'm glad that you had a good talk with him, Julia."

"I want you to feel how anxious I am that"—Miss Westall hesitated, then concluded in absurd haste—"that it shall all turn out for the best."

"And so it shall," returned the mistress of Windygates, patting Julia's hand affectionately. "There is only one best where Clinton is concerned."

"I'm awfully gratified to hear you say that, Eunice. You can't imagine how much it means to him."

Miss Halliday smiled outright at the girl's artless pride.

"I can easily imagine how much it means to him!" she laughed. "And how much, oh, innocent Julia, does it mean to you?"

"It means a great, great deal. Oh, Eunice, if I could see you and Clinton Sherard—happy together for always!"

Miss Halliday's hand drew away from Julia's.

"Julia!" she cried. "What are you chattering about?"

"I told Clinton I'd make a botch of it," choked Miss Westall.

"Told Clinton?"

"We talked it all over. You've said things to both of us that made us think you've changed your mind about getting married. And if you're so fond of him—why, he has some obligations to you, although he didn't say so, and—"

"Obligations!" gasped Miss Halliday. All the blood in her body shot up into her face and in a moment down again. "Obligations! Oh, the conceited fool!"

Miss Westall blinked at her helplessly.

"Please forgive my impertinence, Eunice," she faltered.



EUNICE AND BEN ROSS VENTURED INTO THE OPEN, WALKING CLOSE TOGETHER FOR SPIRITUAL SUPPORT.

"Yes, I'll forgive you," said Eunice. "I'll forgive you on one condition—that you don't say another word to me until I've spoken to Clinton. Oh, the idiot!"

The horrified maker of matches sprang to her feet, and Julia watched her as she disappeared down the path toward the Rosses' tennis-court.

"Well, I wouldn't advise Sherard to propose to-day," sighed Miss Westall, and strolled back to the house soberly perplexed.

Perplexity, however, would be a term of milk and water to apply to the tumult which raged in the mind of the discomfited lady of Windygates. With terrifying distinctness she recalled the matrimonial arguments with which she had belabored her guests. Her cheeks blazed at the recollection; Eunice had never endured such ignominy. She flew along the path.

Suddenly she stopped short. Knowing what he thought of her, could she face this dull-witted Sherard? He had misunderstood her once, with his ludicrously cruel stupidity. Would he misunderstand her again? How could she face him, knowing that he thought that she—oh, the vulgar shame of it!—was setting her cap for him? The loathsome idea positively sickened Eunice; she leaned against a tree on the edge of the grove as if physically exhausted.

"I can't do it," moaned Eunice abjectly.

"Forty love!" yelled Benjamin Ross in the distance.

A flash of glorified determination illuminated Miss Halliday's eyes like sunlight.

V.

Ross' game of tennis was deceptive. He played well, as he did nearly everything which he undertook, although his easy-going manner might lead you to suspect that he was neither energetic nor resourceful. That morning Sherard took three games out of two sets before he awoke to the situation and, in his anxiety, commenced to hit wild. One of his lobs sailed over the wire netting and rolled down the terrace to the line of trees.

"Don't bother—I'll get it!" shouted Clinton.

Ross shook his head good-naturedly and trotted away, keeping his eyes on the grass. In his white flannels he looked stalwart and boyish.

"Ben! Oh, Ben!" hissed Eunice's voice from the pines.

"Eh? Eunice?" said Ross, peering into the shrubbery. "Why, what—"

"Hush! The ball rolled in here—I think. Come on. Please don't say anything."

He pushed uncomfortably through a narrow thicket into a tiny hollowed

clearing where Eunice stood in the half light that filtered among the leaves. Miss Halliday's face was in the shadow.

"Well, I don't see the ball," complained Ben.

"Never mind the ball. Look at me," she commanded.

"And I can't see you either."

"I'm glad of that," admitted Eunice, "because I may be saying something dreadful."

"Why—what—" began Ross blankly.

Miss Halliday clasped her hands behind her back and drew a deep breath.

"Ben, dear Ben, you asked me to marry you six months ago."

"I did," said he, with surprising promptness under the circumstances, "and if you hadn't forbidden the question, I'd ask it every day of my life until—"

"Until?" She unclasped her hands.

"Eunice!"

"But what must you think of me?"

A satisfactory answer obliged Ross to toss his racket into the bushes. It disturbed the domestic peace of a pair of birds, and for several minutes nothing could be definitely heard in that dusky clearing except their indignant and prolonged twitter.

"And so, after all," Eunice sobbed joyously, "I—I asked you myself! I knew I should some time. I'm glad it was to-day."

"Glad!" mumbled Ross. "Glad! Good Lord! Glad! What a word to—listen, Eunice, there's Sherard calling. How far away he seems—now!"

"We must go back, Ben."

They ventured into the open, walking close together for spiritual support. Although he was enveloped in a delirious, rose-colored mist, Ben tried hard to talk coherently.

"I'll write to Colonel Halliday," he said, "this afternoon. He was your old guardian, wasn't he? And, Eunice—dearest—how soon—good Lord, to think of it!"

Eunice looked at Sherard, who was eying them rather irritably through the wire netting of the tennis-court.

"I wish to announce it right away, Ben," she whispered. "Why not at luncheon, to Aunt Caroline and Julia and Clint? We needn't delay the announcement, need we?"

"Dearest!" murmured Benjamin Ross, and then aloud: "All ready, Clinton. Whose serve?"

"Why, where the dickens is your racket?" said Sherard sharply.



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EXPOSITION, AND ITS FINE DISPLAY
OF AMERICAN ART.



FROM the top of Forest Hill, in St. Louis, a great fan opens downward, a brilliant thing, glittering with the pearls of cascades, colored with the blue of broad lagoons, shining with the ivory of walls and balustrades. Trees wave, waters gleam, the sun gilds the mellow piles, and through the brilliant avenues holiday throngs move.

When, by and by, the fan shall be furled, the crowds scattered, and the buildings moved and demolished, one permanent monument will remain to St. Louis of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition—the Art Building which crowns the summit of the hill, the center from which radiate the bright paths, the waterways, the streets of stately buildings. At least, this is approximately true. The exact nucleus of the fan is occupied by the Hall of Festivals, from which the Colonnade of States stretches on each side; beside this, separated from it by a broad avenue, lie the structures composing the Art Building.

In the original design it was intended that the Festival Hall should form part of the Art Build-

ing, but later this plan was abandoned. Thus it happens that an architectural paradox is perpetrated, and the most important building at the Fair, in the sense of permanency, becomes the least conspicuous. However, the architect, Cass Gilbert, has no cause to complain of this, since he was chosen to design the temporary structure which should hide his more serious work, and since his first conception had been to have the Hall of Festivals an approach to the Art Museum.

It is appropriate that a place where the permanent achievements of the race are housed should itself be lasting, but it was not the consideration of appropriateness which determined the question. The Art Building, as originally contemplated, was to be of the same material as the other buildings, the soft white "staff." But the art director soon discovered that in order to obtain valuable loans for the exposition, a fire-proof building was necessary.

The cost of this was so great that it seemed the part of true thrift to add enough to the appropriation to give the city a permanent art museum. Brick



DOORWAY IN THE COURT OF THE ART BUILDING
AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.



"CLASSIC ART," MODELED BY F. E. ELWELL FOR THE MAIN PORTICO OF THE ART BUILDING.

and limestone are the materials used in the main building, which is separated from its wings by avenues so narrow that one viewing the structure from a slight distance does not see the division.

Technically, the Art Building may be described as a group of three structures, eight hundred and fifty feet long, facing toward the north. The central portion, which is the permanent one, is about three hundred and fifty feet long.

In planning the building, two points had to be observed; it must harmonize architecturally with the rest of the ex-

position buildings, and it must be adapted to its own purposes. No undue frivolity, such as might be allowable in a temporary structure, could find a place in the permanent one; all playfulness and experimentation must be tabooed. The other buildings were of the Renaissance type, with a fixed cornice height; no vagary was permissible in either of these regards in the main building. Yet the height of the other buildings was more than that required for an art gallery. It therefore occurred to the designer to make the central portion correspond with the other buildings, but to allow himself a certain freedom in height and in style



"RENAISSANCE ART," MODELED BY CARL TEFFT FOR THE MAIN PORTICO OF THE ART BUILDING.

in the subsidiary and temporary portions of the art building.

In accordance with this idea, the main building is substantial and dignified, in the Corinthian style, of which the Renaissance is a medieval outgrowth. But in the annex buildings there is much less height, and there are progressive modifi-

tures of the buildings by which it is surrounded, but also to be a place of rest, and of casual—and not too instructive—enjoyment. Color has been introduced freely into the cornices which project from the enclosing walls. Old blue, soft green, and dull red add their softening and enlivening touches to the severity of



THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE ART-BUILDING, SHOWING THE CORINTHIAN PORTICO AND THE RICH SCULPTURAL DECORATIONS.

From a sketch by the architect, Cass Gilbert.

cations of type until the classic severity of the main building has gradually merged through the Pompeian into the brightness and lightness of the "Italian wall" and the "Spanish wall" which form the opposite sides of the garden enclosed by the art structures. The rear enclosure for the garden was originally planned to be a colonnade, but it has been converted into a pavilion of sculpture.

The garden was designed not only to carry into the open the exhibition fea-

ture of the buildings by which it is surrounded, but also to be a place of rest, and of casual—and not too instructive—enjoyment. Color has been introduced freely into the cornices which project from the enclosing walls. Old blue, soft green, and dull red add their softening and enlivening touches to the severity of the stone and marble. The griffins over the corners of the pediments are of hammered copper. In the garden space itself there are fragments of ancient sculpture, carved seats, pieces of old columns, terra cotta urns, and statues and enamels of the Renaissance period. Two fountains cool the air with their spray and fall into quiet pools, which reflect the buildings and the sculpture. There are seats and arbors, exotic plants and palms, scattered among the ancient stones and mar-



PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640).



RAPHAEL (1483-1520).

bles. Altogether the spot was designed to be as restful and as artistically stimulating to the twentieth-century sightseer as the Italian gardens it imitates were to the ladies and gentlemen who fled to them from the plague of Florence in Boccaccio's day.

A FINE DISPLAY OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

The decorations of the art buildings, all of them the work of men of established reputation in their profession, are worthy their inspiration. On each side the main entrance is a seated figure, one "Sculpture," by Daniel Chester French, the other "Painting," by Louis St. Gaudens. Concerning the latter, an interesting little anecdote may be told.

When Mr. St. Gaudens—the beauty and power of whose work is well known to

the world of artists, though the great fame of his brother, Augustus, has overshadowed his popular renown—had finished his clay model of "Painting," it was sent from his studio in Windsor, Vermont, to New York, to be executed in gray marble by Attilio Piccirilli. Separated from his work, however, the artist began to brood upon what he thought, in retrospect, were its imperfections. A little brooding convinced him that the design was miserably inferior to his intention. He sent a telegram to Mr. Piccirilli bidding him smash the model and cease work upon the statue.

Fortunately, Mr. Piccirilli was not in too great haste to obey the artist's destructive mandate. A day or two later Mr. Gilbert, the architect, happened to be in the workshop where much of the



MICHELANGELO (1475-1564).



ALBRECHT DÜRER (1471-1528).

EIGHT OF THE PORTRAIT MEDALLIONS FOR THE FRIEZE OF THE ART BUILDING—



REMBRANDT (1607-1669).



AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS (BORN 1848).

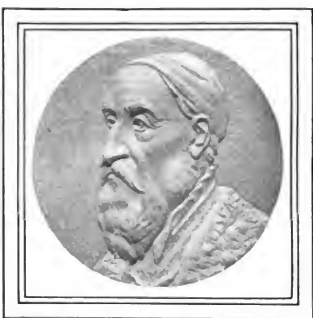
decorative work for the exposition was done. He stood before the figure which Mr. St. Gaudens had designed, and was moved to express the high admiration which it inspired in him. Mrs. Louis St. Gaudens, herself an artist, was in the shop modeling behind a curtain, and she was the witness of his very genuine delight in the beauty of her husband's work. Mr. Piccirilli then showed Mr. Gilbert the telegram, and by dint of wiring and of corresponding they persuaded Mr. St. Gaudens that his figure deserved a very different fate from the one he had decreed for it. The incident, not altogether unlike the rescue of "The Recessional" after Kipling thought he had found it unworthy, adds a new touch of interest to the figure which guards one side of the entrance to the Art Building.

Above the main portico stand six figures, representing the six great schools of art—the classic, designed by Frank Edwin Elwell, the Renaissance by Carl Tefft, the Gothic by Johannes Gelert, the Oriental by Henry Linder, the Egyptian by Albert Jaegers, and the modern by C. F. Hamann. This row of figures is done in stone. At the base of the main pediment, above this line, are two griffins by Phimister Proctor, which appear at the head of the present article. Near each end of the main building is a niche, in one of which is a statue of "Truth" by Charles Grally, and in the other "Nature" by Philip Martiny. At the top of the pediment is the figure of "Inspiration" by Andrew O'Connor.

Mr. O'Connor's is a comparatively new name in the list of representative artists.



SANDRO BOTTICELLI (1447-1515).



TITIAN (1477-1576).

—AT ST. LOUIS, EXECUTED BY GEORGE T. BREWSTER AND ATTILIO PICCIRILLI.

He is a young man, and one of whom his elders have the highest hopes. His work does more than to assure the carrying on of the traditions of Augustus St. Gaudens and his confrères. Mr. O'Connor is original, as well as greatly gifted in the

plained himself. As he had thought of the abstraction for which he was to create an embodiment, it had been borne in upon him that great art has been conceived in sorrow and travail; therefore he made his 'Inspiration' not a fleecy daughter



"INSPIRATION," MODELED BY ANDREW O'CONNOR, THE FIGURE WHICH CROWNS THE MAIN FAÇADE OF THE ART BUILDING.

technique of the sculptor's tools. The poetically intellectual quality of his work is illustrated in the noble and brooding figure which crowns the Art Building.

"When the sketch of it was submitted to me," said Mr. Gilbert, in speaking of this successful statue, "I was of course struck by its beauty; but I had in my mind the more conventional conception of 'Inspiration'—the soaring figure of art, held to earth by the slightest of ties. I told Mr. O'Connor that I thought his sketch a beautiful one, but admitted that to me it had no immediate connection with the idea of inspiration. He ex-

plained the stars and zephyrs, but a grave and pensive figure. And it is in this quality of deep and sympathetic thought with which Mr. O'Connor informs his work that the promise of a new great name in American sculpture is found."

In addition to these sculptured decorations, the frieze of the main building is adorned by twenty-two medallions, containing portraits of the great artists in painting, sculpture, and architecture—Phidias, Raphael, Michelangelo, and so on down to men of our own day. These medallions are executed in stone and are the work of Brewster and Piccirilli.

STORIETTES

Old Man Conlon.

I.

By what untoward working of the law of atavistic reversion Old Man Conlon ever came to have a son who combined the qualities of miser, braggart, coward, and bully, no one could ever determine. Old Man Conlon was himself the most generous of souls, the gentlest, bravest, most considerate. But the sight of Tom Conlon, big, ruddy, swaggering, was enough to give grave doubts as to the person and disposition of his father's late wife.

They lived together, the old man, Tom, Tom's wife, and two children, in one of the back streets of Heronside. The back streets of Heronside were not unsightly or crowded. The air from the bay blew salt and vigorous through them, and in the dooryards of their little houses bloomed those bright-colored blossoms which the villagers of the Eastern coast love—bits of brief, flaming defiance to the gray gloom of the sea and the fogs.

The Conlon place in particular rioted with color. Beneath the windows of the weather-beaten cottage there was a border of nasturtiums. In an incapacitated dory, painted a more vivid green than any waters through which it had ever cut its way, were the pink and white and red of geraniums, the cheerful blue of bachelors' buttons, and the clouddier azure of forget-me-nots. Behind the house, hedges of sunflowers hid the patch of earth divided into more utilitarian strips—rows of beets, tomatoes, cabbages, and onions. And all this efflorescence and vegetation was the result of Old Man Conlon's industry.

"Sure, what would I be doin'—nothin' at all but twiddlin' me thumbs in the house?" he used to ask when the doctor in passing, or Father Joseph on a pastoral visit—yes, or even the Rev. Cotton Mather Putnam of the Old South Church of Heronside, on an errand in the neighborhood—would pause to admire the show and to comment upon his activity.

Tom Conlon heartily concurred in his father's sentiment.

"He'd be a nice one, he would," Tom

was accustomed to remark, "to sit an' eat an' drink an' keep warm by the fire, an' never do a hand's turn for the whole of it! One more mouth to fill counts, I can tell you, an' I ain't no Rothschild nor no Astor."

"I hear the old man set you up in business, Tom," an adventurous listener would sometimes say. The conversation generally took place in Tom's waterside grocery shop, patronized by the poorer folk of the town for supplies, and used by the loungers as a poor man's club.

"Aw, you hear a great deal," Tom would snarl in reply.

But his repartee never went beyond that. For it was true that, at his son's earnest solicitation, Old Man Conlon had raised the money to start the boy in business. A "back pension" was the foundation of their fortunes. Old Man Conlon had been one of Heronside's volunteers during the Civil War; but it had taken a quarter of a century to convince him that there was enough connection between a bullet wound at Antietam and his lameness to justify him in applying for a pension. His son had finally made him see reason in the matter, and it was the two or three thousand dollars resulting that had set Tom up as a grocer. Whereupon he had made a thrifty and provident marriage with the only daughter of the village barber, who was also the village usurer, and the pair took Old Man Conlon to live with them.

"We might as well have that eight dollars a month as anybody else," said Tom.

"It's little enough," added his wife.

She was a thoroughly consistent woman, and she never changed her attitude even when she discovered that the old man could be made useful in varied ways; that he could turn the wringer on wash days, do the marketing, mend the window glass, manage a garden, tend a cow, and take care of the children as they came. And when people said to her: "My, ain't your father-in-law grown old an' quiet-like all of a sudden?" she answered curtly: "Old? That man'll live forever. They always do that's livin' on others."

Now, the labors that the old man per-

formed doubtless served to keep his strength and health. His sad, sunken, blue eyes were clear; his brown, wrinkled skin had a look of vigor. He was almost as straight as on the day, forty years before, when he, with all the county volunteers, had marched from Heronside to the squealing of a fife and the beating of a drum, and a woman on the roadside had smiled and smiled and waved her hand until he had passed, and had then fallen in a faint. But he did not talk much now, and he did not laugh. He had given up his pipe and his plug—"filthy things," his daughter-in-law called them, and "expensive in hard times," his son.

When all his chores about the little place were done he used to mount to his attic. In winter the kitchen fire—the only one the economical Conlons maintained—seemed scarce large enough for three adults and the children. In summer the narrow porch was crowded if he sat upon it. He used to tell himself in his banishment that "of course Tom an' his woman would be wantin' a few minutes together; sure, an' didn't he remember how 'twas himself?" But he sighed as he climbed into bed.

Day by day the younger children grew more and more impertinent to him. Day by day his son and daughter-in-law regarded him with more grudging eyes. They had succeeded in convincing themselves that the words they had uttered so long were true—that they were supporting a useless, tiresome old man, and that it was an ungrateful task. He felt it all; he opposed to the impertinence of the little Conlons a more timid affection, which they scorned and trampled on with the sure, instinctive imitation of childhood. He strove to make himself more useful to his son's wife, but no usefulness could be commensurate with her insatiable demands. He thought, dully and dimly, of leaving the house, of trying to board elsewhere; vague notions of the Soldiers' Home floated through his mind. But he had pride, Old Man Conlon, as well as a loving heart. He could not advertise his children's coldness and ingratitude.

"An' if me own, that I've done everything for, treat me so," he reasoned, "what would it be wid strangers?"

II.

MERCY RANKIN paused in front of the Conlon wicket, and addressed the old man with that note of eagerness which

gave her girlish voice so much of its charm.

"Oh!" she cried. "I beg your pardon, but how lovely those pale brown nasturtiums are! Can you tell me what kind they are?"

The old man smiled kindly upon her.

"I can't do that," he answered, "for I've no head at all to be remimberin' names. But I can do better, miss, if ye'll kindly let me, I'll be diggin' ye a plant, an' ye know how 'twill spread for ye."

Mercy beamed.

"Oh, would you please?" she asked. "I love gardenin'; I do a good deal of it over at our place—my father's, I mean. He is Mr. Rankin."

"Sure an' ye've a fine place over there on the bay, an' gardeners enough an' to spare, I'm thinkin'."

"Certainly we could spare some of them," agreed Mercy. "You see, I love to do my own digging and pruning and planting. And they don't care particularly to have me."

The old man nodded understandingly. Then he went indoors to find a box and a bit of twine, and when he returned he brought Mercy a glass of water. They talked together a few minutes, flower-grower to flower-grower, not the rich man's daughter to the poor man. And a glow stole through Old Man Conlon's veins; it was so satisfactory and so warming to talk with a congenial spirit!

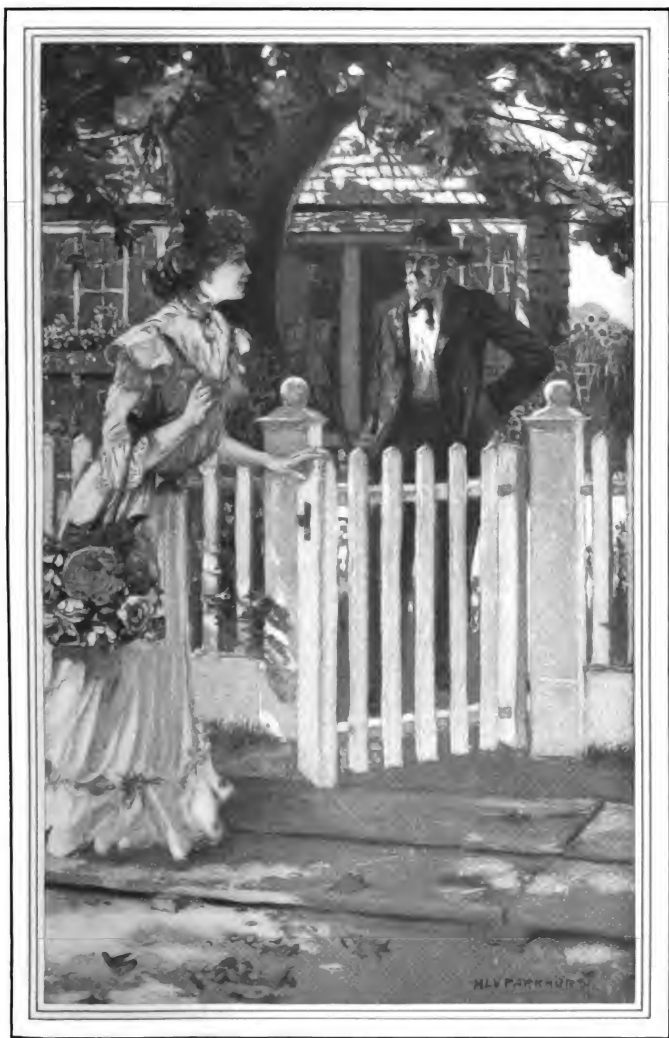
"What did she pay you for the plant you dug up for her?" demanded Mrs. Tom when the colloquy was over and Mercy Rankin had gone glimmering along her way through the village streets.

"She didn't offer money," replied the old man with deep content. "She's a nice young girl."

"It's easy seen you're livin' on other folks," retorted Mrs. Tom; but the gibe had lost some of its power to wound.

By the end of the month Mercy's "affair" with Old Man Conlon was a favorite jest in her own circle, so frequent, long, and confidential were the talks over the wicket fence. The Hon. Ezra Rankin and his wife laughed indulgently at Mercy's enthusiasm. The Hon. Ezra, with gubernatorial aspirations, even encouraged her democracy. He had, however, the good sense not to make it self-conscious.

As for the old man, the respect, the affectionate regard, the docile attention of the pretty girl were a tonic to him. He forgot to brood upon the impertinences of his grandchildren and the



"I'VE NO HEAD AT ALL TO BE REMEMBERIN' NAMES."

harshness of his son. Here was some one from another sphere seeking and honoring what his own ignored and scorned.

However, not until the great two hundred and fiftieth birthday celebration of Heronside was planned was all the distinction which the Rankin connection held for Old Man Conlon revealed. Then even the grudging Tom and the embittered Mrs. Tom and the awed children admitted that the friendship between their relative and Mercy Rankin had not been in vain. For the Hon. Ezra himself, chairman of the committee on parades, with a committeeman or two in tow, came to ask Old Man Conlon to head the procession of veterans, sitting in state with a tattered battle-flag in an open barouche.

"All the other veterans," smiled the Hon. Ezra, "are merely Spanish war heroes. You are the only Heronside man left who fought in the Civil War, Mr. Conlon."

Mr. Conlon sighed and nodded. His talk drifted to Antietam. By a happy coincidence, the Hon. Ezra's father had fought there. Still happier, the Ninth Massachusetts and the Thirteenth Illinois, in which the older Rankin had been enrolled, were camped side by side before the battle. In fact, the Hon. Ezra was almost ready to claim relationship with Old Man Conlon before the end of the interview.

It was upon this fraternal scene that Tom Conlon entered. Tom had not his father's simplicity in the presence of greatness. He was awkward and flustered by the meeting. But nothing could exceed the Hon. Ezra's affability. He understood that Mr. Conlon was one of Heronside's merchants? Yes! Ah, noble industry! He himself believed in encouraging home activities. The contract for fireworks, now—and yes, the provisioning of the boats which were to take part in the water pageant of the celebration—could Mr. Conlon consider applying for them, perhaps?

Tom's greedy eyes sparkled; but before he could blurt out his joyous acceptance of the chance to bid for these contracts, Old Man Conlon spoke.

"It's a good chance you're offerin' us, Mr. Rankin," he said with dignity. "An' me an' Tom will talk it over together. 'Twas me set him up in business, an' I'm a sort of silent partner to him."

"That will settle it with the committee," the suave Mr. Rankin assured them, while Tom glowered and blinked and started to speak and then thought

better of it. Then the politician left them to their consultation.

"Don't ye say a word, Tom," advised the old man. "Ye'll be sorry for it if ye do. If ye want the contracts, ye'll have to pay me back the money I set ye up wid. We've thried it your way, an', God forgive me, it's made a dreary old man of me an' a cold-blooded young man of ye. But here's another chance for us both. D'ye want thim contracts?"

"I—you—what the—yes, sir, I do," answered Tom.

And nowadays the Conlon children refer to the day when grandpa rode in the procession as the most effulgent occasion of their lives. And Mrs. Conlon cuffs them as soundly as the old man will permit if they do not drag his easy chair to the fire and find his slippers for him, and his glasses and his paper. For he has two or three thousand dollars, and he might leave it to the church, or to the library in which Mercy Rankin is so interested, if his relatives crossed him in anything!

Anne O'Hagan.

An Inauguration Incident.

I.

ARMISTEAD had not been a member of the Governor's staff long enough to be very sure what his duties were. So far, there had been nothing to do but wear a gorgeous new uniform and follow his chief wherever the old gentleman chose to lead. The day was the 3d of March, the eve of a Presidential inauguration. The time was eight o'clock, and the Governor had gone alone to dine with an old comrade of the Army of the Cumberland. Armistead was free to spend the evening as pleased him best.

He had few acquaintances in Washington. Indeed, he could recall but two on whose welcome he might count. One was the wife of the new Senator from his State, who was keeping open house for her husband's visiting constituents; the other was the retiring Senator's wife, who was holding an informal farewell reception. Armistead could not decide at which house to present himself. He walked slowly down the corridor of the hotel in which the Governor and his staff were quartered, and made up his mind to leave the thing for chance to settle.

"If the next person who comes in by that door is a woman, I'll go and rejoice with the are-to-bes," he said to himself, as he neared the ladies' en-



"I BEG A THOUSAND PARDONS! SOMEBODY SHOVED ME."

trance. "If it's a man, I'll go and mingle my tears with those of the have-beens."

He stood awaiting the decree of fate. The hall-boy flung the door open. There was a swish of silken petticoats, a glimpse of vivid hair under a thick veil, and as Armistead stood aside he heard a crisp voice exclaim:

"Dear me, why don't they have more light! Here, boy, take my bag!"

With a start he realized that the remark was addressed to himself. A piece of silver was thrust into one of his hands, a traveling bag into the other, and before he had time to grasp the fact that his uniform had been mistaken for the livery of a bell-boy, the lady had sailed on toward the parlor. He followed meekly, till, rounding a corner, he came upon the functionary whose duties had been so unexpectedly thrust upon him. There was a quick transaction in which another silver piece played an important part.

"A dollar more if you'll come back here in ten minutes and tell me that lady's name," Armistead whispered, as he surrendered the bag.

An hour later, he was imploring the new Senator's wife, by all the sacred memories of their life-long friendship, to find somebody, somewhere in Washington, to present him to Miss Lucy Breck, of Louisville.

"She must be old Colonel Breck's daughter," said the new Senator reflectively. "I heard he was here."

"Do you know him?" Armistead demanded.

"No, I don't."

"Can't you manage to meet him somehow between now and to-morrow night?" Armistead begged. "I'm going to dance with that girl at the inauguration ball if I have to ask the President himself to present me. Can't you fix it for me?"

"We're not going to the ball," said the Senator's wife. "I went to the last one, and a man in a sack coat tore off the tail of my gown. It will be a frightful mob. Anybody who cares to buy a ticket can go. I don't approve of the thing, any way. All the work of the Pension Office is stopped for four days, and a thousand or so clerks have a vacation at the government's expense, just to let a few florists and caterers make money out of the crowd."

"Don't you think Miss Breck will go?" Armistead asked anxiously.

"Of course she'll be there," said the

Senator's wife. "She's young, and she doesn't live in Washington. Everybody goes once in a lifetime."

"Well, this will be my once," said Armistead. "I'm going, and I shall meet that girl there. The Governor will be sure to know her father. The Governor knows every man, woman, and child in the census report."

"It will be like looking for a needle in a haystack, Billy," the Senator's wife observed.

"A needle in ten haystacks, but I'll find her. I'm going to haunt the dining-room to-morrow morning till I get one good look at her, and then I'll trail her like a bloodhound. She can't escape me. You just wait."

"Billy," said the Senator's wife, "if you do anything rash——"

"I won't," said Billy cheerfully. "I'll just make her apologize for the insult to my brand new uniform, that's all, and I'll dance with her if I have to sift a whole hay-market to find her."

The 4th of March was a wearing day for the old Governor. Under the blue of such a sky as seldom smiles above Washington in March, he proudly clattered up the bunting-hung stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue, attended by his staff, to watch his party's leader take the oath of office. He rode less gaily back to lunch with the new Senator. He shook the hands of half Washington in the afternoon, and when Armistead knocked at his door at nine that evening he found the old warrior snug abed.

"Aren't you going to the ball?" asked Armistead, dismayed.

"You get right out of this, Billy Armistead, and let my shattered remnants rest where they are!" the Governor roared. "I'm going to sleep!"

"But won't the President expect to see you?" Billy protested.

"He can expect till he's black in the face," was the reply. "You tell him so. Tell it, or act it out to music, I don't care which. Get out and let me sleep!"

There was nothing left for Armistead but to go to the ball alone. He had counted on the Governor to introduce him when he should have found his needle in the haystack; but if the Governor wouldn't, the Governor wouldn't, and that settled it.

II.

THE haystack was a great deal larger than Armistead had expected. The exterior of the Pension Office, that least

attractive of all governmental edifices, gave no hint of the really imposing ball-room within. Armistead's eyes were dazzled by the innumerable garish lights, the great smilax-twined pillars, the white and gold hangings of the ceiling, the streaming bunting of the galleries, and the crowded floor, where elaborate ball gowns shouldered toilettes of obvious improvisation, and sack coats elbowed immaculate evening dress. It was the concrete expression of opulent democracy.

Armistead was half in jest when he entered the building, but before he had made two fruitless circuits of the great court, he was wholly in earnest. A dozen different times he caught sight of vividly red hair, and his hopes brightened, only to fade when he saw that the face beneath the hair was not the one that he sought. He threaded his way from gallery to floor, and from floor to gallery, his teeth set in a dogged determination wholly out of proportion to the whimsical spirit with which he had begun his search.

At last his persistence won. Miss Breck and an elderly gentleman wearing a colonel's uniform were standing at one side of the court, evidently waiting to go into the supper-room. Armistead managed to squeeze in through the crowd, and followed close at their heels. Advance was possible at a snail's pace only. The crowd behind him pressed him nearer and nearer. There was a sudden forward rush, and he almost swept Miss Breck from her feet as he was pushed against her. He drew back as best he could, with a murmured apology, and the lady gave a little scream. A tendril of her red hair had caught on a button of his uniform. Instantly he decided on his course of action.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" he said, disentangling the hair. "Somebody shoved me."

Miss Breck glanced over her shoulder as she patted her disheveled tresses. Armistead gave a very well executed start of surprise.

"Well, of all pieces of good fortune!" he said. "To think of finding you here! I didn't expect to see you so soon again."

Miss Breck's profile was vaguely perplexed.

"Don't tell me you don't remember me, Miss Breck," Billy pleaded.

"I haven't eyes in my back hair," the lady made answer, "and in this jam I can't very well turn to look at you."

"It is an awful crowd, isn't it?" said

Armistead, determined to pursue his advantage. "I didn't see a soul I knew till I ran against you. What luck! But I am afraid you don't remember me at all. You must have met so many people these last few days that I couldn't expect you to remember a mere man."

"Your buttons seem perfectly familiar," said Miss Breck, turning her head for the fraction of a second. "And now that I see you, I remember you perfectly, of course. How stupid of me not to recognize you before!"

"I'm so glad you do remember me," said Billy jubilantly. "And mayn't I go in to supper with you and your father? I haven't met him, you know. He wasn't with you, was he?"

"Do you mean at Mrs. Powell's last night?" asked Miss Breck.

"Bully for her!" said Armistead to himself. "She wants to find out where it was she is to remember meeting me. She isn't going to admit that she ever forgets anybody. I wonder who Mrs. Powell is?"

"Yes," he said aloud and unabashed. "There were so many people there, and I had so little opportunity to talk to you, that I hardly dared hope you'd recall me the next time we met."

"Oh, I never forget anybody," Miss Breck answered.

Just then a tidal wave swept them into the supper-room. Miss Breck fluffed out her draperies with a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness we're out of that jam!" she said. "Father, this is Mr.—" and a sudden cough made the name unintelligible.

"Armistead," Billy supplied quickly. "Glad to meet you, sir," said the colonel. "I see by your uniform that you're an officer. May I ask what branch of the service?"

"Oh, I'm just an aid on Governor Robertson's staff," Armistead replied, "and if I hadn't been so fortunate as to meet you and Miss Breck I should have gone away without speaking to a soul. I do hope you'll take pity on me and let me share your salt and chicken salad."

"We shall be delighted, sir," the colonel assured him cordially. "Seats for a party of three, waiter!"

Billy trembled lest Miss Breck should revert to the unknown Mrs. Powell and the supposed scene of their meeting. He did not believe Colonel Breck possessed a sufficiently keen sense of humor to take his bold maneuver as a joke if confession of the fraud were forced from him, and he skilfully led the conversation into safe channels. Miss Lucy

was all smiles and animation. Her unsuspecting acceptance of him as a properly presented acquaintance made him feel almost ashamed of himself, but he found comfort in the reflection that a girl who couldn't remember whom she had and had not met ought not to pretend that she could.

Once launched in conversation, it was no trick at all to strengthen his position by the discovery of genuine acquaintances in common. Billy had known Kentucky men in college, and Miss Breck had spent several summers in places familiar to him. To the colonel, the matter resolved itself into a mathematical axiom. Friends of his friends were friends of himself. Billy knew people whom the colonel knew, therefore he was entitled to know the colonel. By the time supper was over he had become like an old friend of the family.

After supper Colonel Breck, giving up as hopeless any attempt to dance on the impossible tiled floor, carried his daughter and his new-found friend with him to pay their respects to his old friend, the President. The zealous gentleman who guarded the approach to the President's retiring-room had refused admittance to all persons personally unknown to him, though a foreign minister and the Governor of a sovereign State happened to be among their number; but he accepted a curt nod from the colonel as sufficient passport.

The President was cordial, in spite of the fatigue of his long day. He was pleased to inquire why Armistead's chief had not come to pay his respects. Billy described the old Governor as indisposed, but deeply disappointed at the necessity for absenting himself.

The President's tired eyes twinkled.

"Did he tell you to say that to me?" he asked.

Armistead blushed.

"Not in—not in just those words, Mr. President," he stammered. "He said—"

"You needn't repeat his exact words," chuckled the President. "I know the old Governor. Tell him I'm sorry he didn't come."

Armistead bowed and stepped aside. The next moment he found himself confronted by the retiring Senator's wife, against whom Fate had decided on the evening before.

"You bad boy!" she cried. "Why didn't you come to my house last night?"

Billy was momentarily stricken dumb

as he realized that Miss Breck could not fail to hear.

"I—I was busy," he muttered.

"Fly away with you for a no-such-a-thinger!" cried the lady. "You were at my successor's, you know you were. She told me to-day you spent the evening there talking nonsense about some red-headed girl you were determined to meet. Did you meet her?"

On Billy's agonized ears fell Miss Breck's voice, clear and chill.

"Father and I are going now," she said. "Good-night!"

"Oh, Armistead's going along with us," said the colonel. "We're all at the same hotel."

He led the way down the stairs, and Billy followed with Miss Lucy, his air castle toppling about his ears. The whole structure was irretrievably ruined. Miss Breck knew now that she had never met him at Mrs. Powell's, and he felt that he stood forth revealed in all his unpardonable effrontery.

They descended the stairs in silence. Miss Lucy disappeared into the cloak-room, and Billy made a mad dash for his hat and coat. He was determined to make some attempt at an apology before she went away forever. It was hardly possible that she could ever forgive him, but he would give her the satisfaction of seeing him sue for pardon in abject humiliation. The colonel was a long time about regaining his hat, and Miss Lucy, cloaked and hooded, was standing alone at the door of the cloak-room when Armistead rejoined her.

"I have something unpardonable to confess, Miss Breck," he began, "and I beg you to believe that I didn't mean to act quite like a cad. It began when you mistook me for a bell-boy last night, and in a spirit of pure fun I made up my mind to meet you and give you back the tip you handed me. I meant to meet you somehow, but I didn't mean to—"

"To say you were at Mrs. Powell's when you weren't?" Miss Lucy mercifully interrupted.

Billy groaned.

"It was shameful of me to impose on you so," he said. "You couldn't be expected to remember just who was and who wasn't there."

"No," said Miss Breck slowly, "I really couldn't be expected to remember, but I thought perhaps you might have been there, you know. You see"—and she hesitated for a moment. Then she looked up at Armistead and smiled. "You see, I wasn't there myself. Quite

ready, father. Are you coming with us, Mr. Armistead?"

"Am I?" cried Billy. "To the end of the world!"

Ruth Kimball Gardiner.

Mrs. Cooper's Conversion.

I.

MRS. BANKLAND COOPER was bored at the Women's Club that afternoon. Any one could see that who noted the slightly weary poise of her fine head, the slightly superior expression of her keen, dark eyes.

The speaker of the day was a young woman, Miss Vroom, who was giving the club her experiences as a probation officer. Mrs. Cooper disapproved of the club taking up the matter of the appointment of probation officers in the first place. She had disapproved of its subsequent decision to pay a probation officer's salary, there being no city fund available for the purpose.

To Mrs. Cooper these were not the functions of a club. The proper mission of a woman's club, to her mind, was the diffusion of culture. She did not care for people who did not behave correctly, speak correctly, and dress correctly.

And so it was that the girl on the platform set Mrs. Cooper's teeth on edge. Her tailor-made walking-dress had been well enough in the beginning; but now it kilted up a little just in front, giving an unnecessary and most inartistic glimpse of her stout walking-shoes. And it hung down behind, just a little longer than anywhere else, in a forlorn kind of fashion. And, worst of all, on her head was a wide black lace hat, with a long white ostrich plume; a strangely incongruous head-covering with a short, severely-made street dress.

Poor Miss Vroom! She had been caught in a sudden downpour the night before, and soaked. Her neat little street hat, that went so well with her walking-suit, had been ruined; and in the morning the skirt proved to have crawled out of shape with the ingenious malignity of inanimate objects. There was no time for renovation. It was still pouring. She simply could not afford to wear her best dress, her one pretty silk, out in the rain.

When she began to speak, her acute perception of her poor appearance worked to the detriment of her manner; but soon, in her anxiety to make these women see her work just as she did, she forgot her clothes, and talked better.

Some of her hearers seemed deeply interested; but Mrs. Cooper did not melt. She was not touched by the things the girl was telling. A woman who fell low enough to come under the care of a probation officer, to her mind, was a being of another world; a creature incapable of regeneration, and, even if regenerated, uninteresting to Mrs. Cooper.

When Miss Vroom told how, in certain cases of first offense, she was able to protect the arrested woman from exposure and disgrace, Mrs. Cooper's lips shut tightly. She questioned whether it were to the advantage of society to have such persons protected from the consequence of their acts. And as for misfortunes and dangers of young girls, Mrs. Cooper held that no woman was treated in any way that she did not invite. No man had ever treated Mrs. Bankland Cooper with anything but respectful consideration.

II.

MEANWHILE, Celia was drawing near the Golden Gate. Celia was Mrs. Cooper's niece, the daughter of her only and dearly loved sister. Celia's parents were missionaries in Siam, and Celia had been with them there for the last five years. Before that she had lived, from the age of five to that of twelve, with her Aunt Margaret; and now she was going back to Aunt Margaret's to go to college.

The decision had been made suddenly, and they had not cabled, to save expense; for missionaries are poor. Celia was to telegraph on reaching San Francisco. She did so, and then started blithely across the continent. A girl who had crossed the Pacific three times and traveled in the wilds of Siam was not likely to find any difficulty in crossing the United States.

She reached the city at eleven o'clock at night, tired, but gay with the buoyancy of seventeen. No Aunt Margaret was there to meet her in the family carriage. She knew immediately that her message must have miscarried. Aunt Margaret had moved since she lived with her before, but she had the address safely—832 Marion Street.

Celia went to the telephone, but found only her uncle's business address in the book. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Cooper had a telephone, but kept the number out of the list. Then Celia thought of sending a message to her aunt, but she was so impatient to get to the house herself that she could not bear to wait. She went to the station matron and said:

"I want to go to 832 Marion Street. Can you recommend me to a good cabman who will take me directly there?"

The matron spoke to a man about the building, and after a minute or two told Celia that a man was waiting who would take her safely to her destination, and not overcharge her. To be perfectly safe, she said, she would let him see that she, the matron, had taken his number.

So Celia went off in perfect peace of mind. It was a long drive, and when the cab stopped and she had alighted, the houses were all dark about her.

"Wait till I see if it's the right number," said Celia.

"It's the number, all right," said the man, but civilly lighted a match.

By its flicker Celia made out the figures on the door. Then she paid the man, adding a modest tip for his good-nature, and bade him a pleasant good-night as she rang the bell.

All was silent within, and she rang again and again before she heard the welcome sound of approaching footsteps. There was a slow, maddening fussing with the door, and finally a female with tousled hair and flannel dressing-gown appeared to view. Celia attempted to step inside, but the woman blocked the way.

"What do you want here?" said she.

"I want my aunt, Mrs. Cooper. Please tell her that I am here," said Celia with dignity.

"There's no one named Cooper in the house," said the woman.

Celia was bewildered.

"But surely this is my aunt's house, number 832——" she began.

"Eight thirty-two what?" said the woman.

"Eight thirty-two Marion Street," replied Celia.

"This is 832 Barrier Street," said the woman, preparing to close the door.

"Oh, but please!" said Celia in distress, placing her hand against the door. "Whose house is this?"

"It's a boarding-house," said the woman curtly.

"Then can't I stay here to-night?" inquired Celia.

"No, miss, you can't. We don't take in young women that turn up alone at twelve o'clock at night," answered the woman, and shut the door in her face.

Celia had never felt so friendless and forlorn in her life as when she walked down those steps. Her physical exhaustion swept over her suddenly, and together with that and her loneliness, and

the sense of insult conveyed by the woman's last words, she wanted to sit down and cry like a child.

Her breeding came to her rescue. She controlled herself, and forced herself to survey the matter calmly. Her common sense told her to find a policeman and inquire the way to her aunt's house. After all, she reflected, it was a very simple, natural mistake. "Marion" and "Barrier" sounded very much alike.

She walked slowly along, looking for a policeman. Of course there was none in sight. She met occasional pedestrians, but they paid no attention to her, until she passed in front of a saloon. The swinging doors swayed open, and a man precipitated himself almost into her arms. She turned sharply to avoid him, but he seized her arm.

"Where you goin', mah honey?" said he.

"Let me go, sir!" returned Celia.

"Oh, oh!" said the man. "So young and so unkind! You're too pretty to wander alone so late, my dear. Let me see you home, now!"

"Will you let me go?" demanded Celia, thoroughly angry.

"Not till you kiss me, sweetheart," said the man, and threw an arm around her.

Celia had never struck anybody since she got out of short frocks and pigtailed; but now she raised her hand and dealt the man a slap full in the face. Then she uttered a scream for help.

In an instant she was surrounded. Men poured out of the saloon and came running from every direction. Had Celia been wise she would have stood perfectly still; but she was excited and terrified, and full of righteous indignation. She struggled violently to escape.

The man held her arms pinioned to her sides, and laughed at her; but he was unsteady on his pins, and in the struggle Celia stumbled against him, and he went down. The crowd laughed uproariously, and at that moment the belated policeman arrived.

"What's the row here?" he said, pushing through the crowd.

"Girl knocked a man down," was the response.

"It is false!" said Celia indignantly. "The man insulted me and I was trying to get away."

"You seem able to protect yourself all right," said the officer, looking at her coolly. "What's the matter here, you?" he continued, touching the man on the sidewalk with his foot.

"Nothin', officer," said the man

meekly. "My girl and I were goin' home together, and we had a little tiff and she fetched me a clip, that's all. She's all right, officer. She didn't mean anything."

"It is false!" said Celia again, helplessly. "I never saw the man before!"

"Oh, oh, Molly!" murmured the man on the sidewalk reproachfully.

"Seen 'em fighting as I come up," said a man in the crowd.

The policeman looked at Celia. Celia's hair was straggling about her face, her hat had been pushed to one side. Her face was drawn with terror and misery. The policeman was not a highly educated observer. It is perhaps not strange that he could not tell that Celia was a lady.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"In Siam," said poor Celia.

The policeman's face got red a little, and hardened. He thought Celia was making fun of him.

"All right. I'll just run you in and let you tell the judge that," said he.

Celia understood. She glanced desperately around, but the crowd closed her in.

"Come, none of that!" said the officer, and set a clutch of iron upon her arm.

Celia gazed up in his unrelenting face, and for the first time in her life felt the feeling of the hunted, the trapped, the prisoner, without friends or hope. She sank into a kind of dreadful apathy, and went silently to the police-station.

"Here's a young lady from Siam," said the officer sarcastically.

She was set down briefly as "disorderly," and remanded to a cell. As she was being led away, a young woman who was just leaving the building noticed her.

Now, this young woman was very tired. She had been home and gone to bed once that evening, and had come down to the station again in response to an urgent telephone call. But, although tired, she was a discriminating person. She knew a lady when she saw one.

She looked after Celia, being led away. Then she hurried to an official.

III.

Just a few hours later there was some excitement at 832 Marion Street. Mrs. Cooper, reaching home in the early morning hours, after several days out of town, had found Celia's telegram. Her careful butler had sent it after her, but she had changed her plans after leaving home, and had not received it. She telephoned to the railway station, and found that the train by which Celia had left San Francisco had arrived at eleven o'clock. She

tried to comfort herself by the thought that the girl had taken a later train, or had failed to make connections at some point, when in came Celia's trunk, for which she had given her check to an expressman on the train the night before.

Mrs. Cooper was nearly wild with anxiety. Her husband was still away from home, and she did not know where to look for her niece. She knew that no hotel of standing would take Celia in alone at that hour of the night. What might not have happened to the child? The night matron at the railway station had gone home for the day, and no one could give her any satisfaction. She got the matron's address, and had just ordered her carriage in order to drive to the woman's house when the bell rang and Miss Vroom walked in.

Fifteen minutes later, when Mrs. Cooper and the probation officer got into the carriage together, there were traces of emotion on the former's patrician face such as very few had ever seen there.

"To think, Miss Vroom," she said, "that if you had not been there my child would have spent the night in a cell! And all for such a simple mistake—a thing that might have happened to anyone!"

"I made myself responsible for her," said Miss Vroom simply, "and they let me take her home with me. She has been safe with my mother and myself all night. You know I live near the police-station. She was so prostrated that I was afraid of an utter collapse. I thought it was better to take her there than to bring her here when you were not at home. I knew you and Mr. Cooper were out of town, and I did not expect to find you returned this morning. But I thought I'd better talk with the housekeeper."

"How did you know I was away?" inquired Mrs. Cooper.

"One of the club women happened to mention it in my hearing at a committee meeting," replied Miss Vroom simply.

Mrs. Cooper grasped Miss Vroom's hand.

"Miss Vroom, I'm glad you belong to our club," said she.

And she never even noticed that Miss Vroom had a new hat in place of the one that the rain had spoiled.

A few days later, Mrs. Cooper was in her accustomed place at a board meeting of the Women's Club.

After the routine business had been disposed of, she rose and addressed the chair with formality. Every one listened. Every one always listened when Mrs. Bankland Cooper spoke.

"Madam president," she began, "I think we were all impressed with the report which Miss Harriet Vroom, our valued probation officer, gave us at our last meeting. I have always believed, madam president, that it is harmful to have our finer feelings roused without expressing them in some concrete action. Otherwise it becomes merely a sort of emotional dissipation, without crystallizing into any benefit to ourselves or others.

"Certain circumstances which have come to my knowledge since hearing Miss Vroom's report have made me think even more highly of her work. We all know that Miss Vroom's entire time, for the last year, has been filled by the work at the Blaine Street court. There are at least two other courts in the city in crying need of a woman probation officer. I know the club cannot afford to do more than it is doing now. But if the club will vote to employ two more officers, choosing persons recommended by Miss Vroom, I will pledge myself to stand good for the twelve hundred dollars a year necessary for their salaries until such time as the city may be induced to bear the expense. I move, madam president, that such action be taken."

There was nothing small about Mrs. Bankland Cooper. When she was converted she was converted all over.

Minnie J. Reynolds.

Bridget's Return.

I.

BARNEY FLYNN had taken upon himself to chastise his newly wedded wife, and she had forthwith left him and returned to her old mistress.

"Oh, John," said Mrs. Sterling to her husband, the day after Bridget's return, "it's wrong and wicked, I know, but I do hope Bridget won't make up with Barney! It's such a relief to have a good cook again! Did you ever taste anything in all your life as good as those rolls? Their quarrel was an act of Providence for our benefit, I'm certain!"

"My dear," said the Rev. Mr. Sterling severely, "you should not speak thus flippantly of sacred subjects. Providence does not permit quarrels between husband and wife for the benefit of third persons. The rolls were delicious, I'll admit, but none the less I feel it my duty to speak to Barney and seek to bring about a reconciliation between him and his helpmeet. Unfortunately, duty does not always appear in the most agreeable guise.

In the mean time, though, you might suggest to Bridget that I would appreciate some of those muffins she used to make for breakfast."

Mr. Sterling's efforts to bring Barney to a realization of his wickedness did not meet with great success.

"Why did I bate her, you're after askin'?" said Barney, at the end of the clergyman's circuitous and edifying harangue. "I bate her for sassin' the ole woman, that's why I bate her, an' she got no more than she deserved!"

"But, Barney," persisted Mr. Sterling, "although of course Bridget should not have been impertinent to your mother, nevertheless I cannot bring myself to sanction a resort to physical force. Surely other and less drastic measures might have been essayed to bring her to a becoming view of the proprieties?"

"If she didn't want a batin', riverind, she shouldn't have sass'd the ole woman," repeated Barney doggedly, and Mr. Sterling realized that argument was vain.

At her husband's suggestion, Mrs. Sterling, with reprehensible reluctance, undertook to convince Bridget that it was her duty to seek a reconciliation with Barney, and to return to her place by her husband's side.

"Not if he was to come crawlin' on his knees and beggin' of me to go back to him would I honor his house with my prisence!" declared Bridget, in rhetorical indignation, when she had heard Mrs. Sterling to an end. "No, ma'am, bate wanst, bate foriver, says I. He laid his hand on me wanst, but he niver will again. Do ye think I'll stand around and have that ole splathereen that he calls his mither tellin' me whin it's time to put the pot on, and me a cook these tin years? No, ma'am, no woman shall tell me whin to put the pot on, leastwise not in me own kitchen. But of course if ye don't want me, ma'am, I makes no doubt but I can get a position with the Baptist minister and his wife. They was sayin' only yesterday—"

"Oh, no, Bridget," hastily interposed Mrs. Sterling, "nothing was further from my thoughts than to send you away. I only thought it was my duty to try to persuade you to go back to Barney. That's all."

"Well, now ye've done yer duty," was Bridget's dry reply, "and ye see it ain't no good, so s'pose ye be after tellin' me what vigitables to have for dinner."

"I'm afraid it's no use, my dear," remarked Mr. Sterling when his wife reported her conversation with Bridget.

"Our efforts to bring them together are futile. We must acquiesce in the inevitable. That we do so with unction at our own gain is but a fresh proof of man's imperfect nature."

Mrs. Sterling wasted less regret on the imperfect state of man's nature, but her appreciation of Bridget's cooking was almost as great as her husband's.

"It seems almost like going back to our honeymoon, doesn't it, John dear?" she remarked one morning over the griddle-cakes. "I do believe we have solved the servant problem once and for all!"

Certainly it looked that way, and none of the trio appeared more pleased with the arrangement than Bridget herself. All thoughts of Barney seemed to have faded from her mind, and her work was accomplished to the accompaniment of the most stirring of her country's songs. "The Wearing of the Green" and "McSorley's Twins" rang out from the kitchen in a fashion that showed how far removed her thoughts were from love.

II.

BRIDGET's sleeping-room was far removed from that of Mr. and Mrs. Sterling, and they could not hear the sobs that broke the silence of midnight in the rear of the house. Nor could they know that while Bridget's lips were rehearsing the adventures of the unfortunate "Twins," her thoughts were at the other end of the village, with Barney and the "ole woman."

"They'll be after sittin' down to supper now, I guess," she murmured one evening, as she glanced up at the loud-ticking clock that had presided at Barney's courtship of herself. "Barney'll be tellin' one of his funny stories about the time when he was a sojer in Ireland. Ah, there's nobody for tellin' stories like Barney! I wonder what the ole woman'll be givin' him for supper, now, and him so tired, too, after his day's work. He needs a wife to look after him, does Barney, with his delicate stomach. Ah, but they'll be merry together this rainy night, and me all alone here by myself!"

As a matter of fact, Barney and the "ole woman" had had anything but a merry time of it since Bridget's flight. He seemed to have concluded, now, that it was his mother who had ill-used Bridget and caused all the trouble, and he was at no pains to hide his feelings. Indeed, on the rainy night in question, he had refused to taste the supper his mother had prepared for him, and had

left the house without replying to her query as to his destination. While Bridget was picturing mother and son in merry mood together at the supper-table, Barney was standing under the dripping trees in Mr. Sterling's back yard, disconsolately gazing at the light in the kitchen window.

He needed but to whistle—Bridget knew his call—and she would know that he had come seeking reconciliation. But would she meet him half-way?

"Ah, mither of Moses," sighed Bridget, as she glanced at the clock for the fiftieth time, "it's a pore lone woman I am! He'll niver come for me, niver, niver! Me heart's broke entirely. I may as well be after goin' to bed as sittin' here waitin' for I don't know what. Alackaday!"

So saying, Bridget leaned over and began to unlace her shoe, while the tears ran down her blooming cheeks and splashed unheeded on the floor.

What was that? Suddenly, as if from an electric shock, she sat upright in her chair, listening intently, with bated breath. Some one had whistled!

For several moments she sat thus, waiting for a repetition of the sound. Had she, perhaps, only imagined it?

But no, there it was again! This time there could be no mistake: three repetitions of the same note, followed by a fourth, half a tone higher, shrill and long-drawn out.

"It's Barney!" she cried. "It's Barney!"

And without waiting even to snatch up a shawl or to retie her shoe, she started, clipelap, clipelap, across the kitchen toward the door. The next moment she was outside in the rain, bareheaded and with only a calico dress between her and the elements, but with a glow in her heart that she had not known for many a day.

"Barney!" she called into the night.

"Bridget!" came from the clump of trees by the ice-house.

And in the embrace which followed as the two met midway, the "ole woman" and Mr. and Mrs. Sterling and the whole world save themselves were completely forgotten.

"You're comin' home with me, Bridget?" said Barney finally.

"I am!" replied Bridget emphatically.

And through the night and rain two figures, hand in hand, went trudging silently onward, while before his comfortable study fire Mr. Sterling sat toasting his toes and dreaming of the morning's muffins.

William Wallace Whitelock.

PRIZE TOPICAL POEMS

The Result of the Competition for June

MAKING UP THE TICKET.

(First Prize Poem.)

HOOLEY's ward is in his hand—
Put him on the ticket.
Zimmer leads the German band—
Put him on the ticket.
Italy must have her due—
Put on Caramia, too;
Kamos, Greek; Levinsky, Jew—
Put them on the ticket.
Put on Smithson? Oh, the deuce!
He's a native; what's the use?
Leave him off the ticket.

Svensson is a leading Swede—

Put him on the ticket.

Put Gonzalez on—we need

A Spaniard on the ticket.

Put Zapolya on, the Hun;

Czymkevicsz, Bohemia's son;

Lowskikoff—we're nearly done—

Put them on the ticket.

Jones? A native? Why, you're mad!

Oh, he's Welsh? That's not so bad;

Put him on the ticket.

There's MacFarland, he's a Scot—

Put him on the ticket.

Robson's English—well, why not

Put him on the ticket?

Leave off Lo and leave off Loo—

Neither red nor yellow do;

Americans are also blue;

Leave them off the ticket!

If a native-born must run,

Let us pick a darker one—

Put him on the ticket!

Edmund Vance Cooke.

THE RETURN OF BASEBALL.

(Second Prize Poem.)

AWAY with eastern battles,

The clash of Russ and Jap.

The bottling of Port Arthur—

For war who cares a rap?

What matters it if Bryan

Or Parker has the call?

The athletes are in harness,

The umpire yells, "Play ball!"

The tariff question's silenced,

Free silver follows suit;

No more we try to number

The wives and babes of Smoot;

The merger case is settled,

The postal frauds subside—

"Gee whiz! That hit's a sizzler!"

And "Golly! See that slide!"

Who bothers now with guessing

At who killed Mabel Page,

Or strives to learn the secret

How Patti hides her age?

Who knows how old is Annie?

Of Sully's loss the sum?—

"You to the bench, you duffer!

Your wing is on the bum!"

What care we now for cotton's

Or radium's climbing cost?—

If Grover would be willing,

If Dowie's cause is lost?

Away with fads and fashions,

With councils, kings, and clans—

While the nation's hefty "stickers"

Swat pigskin for the fans!

Edwin D. Lambright.

MODERN MAGIC.

(Third Prize Poem.)

MISS MARY ANN SMITH had gold
galore,

But alas, to her grief and shame,

In feature and form she was such a
fright

No lovers a wooing came!

She studied the matter pro and con,

Then sought, with a purpose grim,

Those medico-surgico-science chaps,
And they went to work with vim.

They rolled and thumped and vaped
and steamed,
Massaged her early and late,
From five foot two they stretched her
out

Till she measured five foot eight.

They modeled her nose from a beak to
a Greek,

Her ears carved shapely and thin;
They shaved the prominence off her
cheek,
And molded it into a chin.

They curled her lashes and arched her
brows,
And gave her of dimples a few:

They pared down her heels and toes until
She could easily wear number two.

To auburn her fiery locks they turned;
Her freckles all disappeared;
Complexion and teeth of pearl they gave,
And plucked out a promising beard.

They cut and they slashed, they spliced
and they stitched,
In one continuous whirl,
Presented the bills, and sent her away
An up-to-date Gibsonized girl.

And when she'd settled with them she
found

Of her wealth was left but a tithe;
But society sings the praises now
Of "beautiful Marian Smythe!"

Laura Allon Payne.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.—This month's prize-winners hail from Cleveland, Ohio; from Tampa, Florida; and from Topeka, Kansas, respectively. As was announced in the previous number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, the contest whose result is announced above will be the last competition of the sort, at any rate for the present.

ETCHINGS

IN ITALY.

On, day in June, outpaced by time's swift
marches,

Still through my day-dreams sigh
Thy vagrant winds, and over me still
arches

The glowing Lombard sky.
On Como's shore I lie, while life's span
dwindles

To one short afternoon,
And in my heart the sacred fire re-
kindles,

Oh, day in June!

Oh, day in June, with thee I bridge the
spaces;

Hushed is the city's roar,
And blotted out the throng of hurrying
faces;

I lie on Como's shore!
I hear the pulsing strings, the low voice
singing

An old Italian tune,
And feel once more fond arms about me
clinging.

Oh, day in June!

Oh, day in June, what care I for to-
morrow,

Since in the years thou hast
Thy certain place, and I may always
borrow

Thy glory from the past?
Life's ills are more than gold or fame
may leaven,

But thou, my one sure boon,
Canst make for me an ever-present
heaven,

Oh, day in June!

Frank Roe Batchelder.

TO MYRTILLA AND COMPANY.

MYRTILLA and Phyllis and Sibyl.

I should think you'd be wearied to
death

Of the foolish, nonsensical dribble,
The feverish surplus of breath;

The longing and moaning and sighing
For a taste of your "Cupid-bow" lips,
The weeping and wailing and dying
For a touch of your pink finger-tips!

The shivering and thrilling and joying
 When you deign to be merely polite,
 The love whispers, soft and deceoying,
 That your presence can quickly excite.

The scenes on the water romantic,
 The interviews deep in the wood,
 The longings and pleadings half frantic
 You cause the forlorn brotherhood!

Fair charmers, so graceful and airy,
 I should think you'd be wried to
 death,

And envy plain, sturdy-limbed Mary
 And sane, common-sensed 'Lizabeth!
Jean Rushmore.

AN OLD SOLDIER SPEAKS.

THEY say there's talk of pensionin' each
 man that were the blue;
 Of givin' us a present now for all that
 we went through.
 There ain't so awful many left; it could
 be done, I see.
 But I don't want no pension! 'Twould
 seem like "graft" to me.

We got our homities, every man; mine
 helped to buy the farm;
 And if we toiled and suffered some, why,
 that wa'n't no great harm;
 'Twas home we was a-fightin' for, our
 country and our God!
 No, I don't want no pension, except old
 Freedom's sod.

There's Silas Barns, he went to war
 a-thinkin' 'twould be fun,
 And in the battle pretty soon I saw him
 cut and run!
 Three months was all he stayed there,
 too—rheumatics in his thigh!
 No, I don't want no pension. It would
 class me in with Si.

Then there was some enlisted square be-
 cause they knew 'twas right;
 They marched right up against the Rebs;
 got wounded in the fight.
 It's only fair to pay them well for any
 grief they've seen;
 But I don't want no pension! I'd feel too
 'tarnal mean.

Why, when we're steppin' all in line on
 Decoration Days,
 The old flag flyin' at our head, while mar-
 tial music plays,
 My heart it thumps so proud and queer
 my ribs is almost split.
 No, I don't want no pension; it wa'n't for
 that I fit.

And when we veterans wind around to
 find each comrade's grave,
 And lay our wreaths and posies down
 where grasses gently wave,
 I think: "They've gone to their reward
 and I'll soon go to mine."
 No, I don't want no pension; tell Con-
 gress I decline!

Alice C. Derby.

A PLAINT FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY.

THERE are one hundred thousand most
 unhappy wights to-day
 Within this World's Fair City, which,
 presumably, is gay;
 One hundred thousand, more or less; I
 really cannot say!

But every man to whom I speak seems
 just as sad as I;
 For wages haven't grown at all, though
 living's gone sky high.
 And as the show approaches our mis-
 fortunes multiply.

My wife and girls demand a season
 ticket for the Fair;
 They haven't, it appears, a single rag
 that's fit to wear,
 And simply cannot do without three
 dresses each—so there!

Their conversation, morning, noon, and
 night, is silk, crépon,
 With etamine and peau-de-soie, lace,
 fichus, and chiffon;
 The parlor's always full of things I must
 not sit upon!

And every morning by my plate a stack
 of mail I find
 From fond relations, heretofore to my
 existence blind,
 Who'll be so glad to stay with me—that
 is, if I don't mind—

"For just a week or two, while taking
 in your grent World's Fair.
 And how are dearest Cousin Kate, Aunt
 Emily, and Clare?"
 The thought of housing half of them
 o'erwhelms me with despair!

From Texas, Oklahoma, Frisco, Provi-
 dence, R. I.,
 A horde of cousins, uncles, aunts, is
 coming by and by.
 The prospect is conducive to diffuse pro-
 fanity!

The women-folk assure me that they'll
all be glad to sleep
Just anywhere! They gaily add that
canvas cots are cheap;
But where to put a cot gives pause for
meditation deep.

At times, I think of building a big shanty
in the yard
With tiers of bunks suggestive of the
White Star or Cunard;
And then again the project as insensate
I discard.

The cook has given notice. She says
that she was not
Engaged to feed an army. That would
seem to be my lot;
Alas, the commissariat is like to go to
pot!

The everlasting truth is, I'm unhappy
and depressed;
I wish the Fair had never been, or had
been farther West!
Thus had I never known this carking
care, this wild unrest!

A. Herbert Bowers.

MODERN DRAMA.

THE heroine tells her troubles out in the
open air,

Or, better still, she sings them, with
a fetching little dance;
Though folks around may listen, she
seems not to know they're there,
And always thinks the villain learned
her secrets just by chance.

If she is sad and sorrowful, her skirts
are always long,

And she leans in listless misery against
the baby grand;

But when her skirts are very short she
soon forgets her wrong,

And loves to lean upon the pump and
jest with her pa's farmhand.

The villain's always dark and grim. He
likes to shout and kill,

And he follows up the hero in a most
vindictive way.

He usually manages to carry off the will.
And leaves the hero stranded with a
lot of debts to pay.

And when this doesn't happen he com-
mits a fearful crime

And fixes all the clues so that the hero
will be blamed;

Then when he thinks the hero is securely
doing time

The latter turns up promptly when the
wedding day is named.

The hero's always handsome and is usu-
ally quite fair;

His manner varies just according to
the way he's dressed.

Sometimes he's clothed in overalls, with
hayseed in his hair,

And sometimes he has ruffles and a fine
embroidered vest.

When dressed with wig and satin trunks
he always wears a sword.

So in the end he certain that there's
going to be a fight;

Attired in clothes like this, you may be
sure he is a lord,

And that he kills the villain in a man-
ner most polite.

But when the villain's dying he confesses
all his crimes,

And the hero then forgives him with
magnanimity.

The last act always closes with the
peal of wedding chimes,

And every one's as happy, oh, as happy
as can be.

The people of the village all come in to
drink their health,

And clad in blue and yellow tights they
sing the marriage song.

The funny man creeps up and kisses all
the girls by stealth,

And down the curtain falls upon the
madly happy throng.

Mary Roberts Rinehart.

JUNE TWILIGHT SONG.

SHALL I see her to-night? Will she
come, will she come,

When the voices of wren and warbler are
dumb,

And the mariner firefly its signal-light
shows

Down the pathway that leads 'twixt the
lily and rose?

Shall I see her to-night? Will she break
through the dusk

Like the moon through the clouds, like
a flower from its husk?

Will I catch from her eyes on me fixed
from afar

A lovelier gleam than e'er shone from a
star?

Shall I see her to-night? Something
calls to me, "Wait!"

'Tis the breeze in the boughs leaning
over the gate.

Hark, her rhythmical step! Ah, the
music thereof!

Then the warm willing hands and the
lips of my love!

Sennett Stephens.

LITERARY CHAT

THE CULT OF THE OBSCURE.

He dressed his thoughts in a wonderful way;

At the top of the list they stood,
Among the popular books of the day
That nobody understood.

He founded a cult of the last New Thought

That banded itself to teach
Some strange new creed of the Must
or Ought,

That is quite beyond my reach.

Oh, fortunate writers of books like these,

Adopted by hosts of friends
As the Holy Writ of the theories
That nobody comprehends!

And luckless scribblers indeed are those

Whose works, when taken in hand,
Are found to be writ in the simple prose
That the reader can understand!

THE MILTON MANUSCRIPT—Was its sale to an American collector a national loss to England?

There is much lamentation in Britain, and there is some jubilation in the United States, over the sale of "the manuscript of 'Paradise Lost'" to an American collector at the reported price of twenty-five thousand dollars.

If the transaction suits the purchasers, we scarcely see why the vendors need beat their breasts over it. It appears that the article bought and sold can be called "the manuscript of 'Paradise Lost'" only by the widest stretch of the most elastic courtesy. It consists of thirty-four sheets of paper, bearing a transcript of one of the ten books of the famous epic. There is evidence, but no actual proof, that it was part of the "copy" from which Jacob Tonson's printers put the work into type. Nobody knows what hand wrote it; certainly not that of the sightless poet.

Under the circumstances, the ordinary judge of values—the fine frenzy of the collector has its own standards—would probably consider that in exchanging this literary relic for the sum of five

thousand pounds sterling England had not experienced any serious national disaster.

"THE IMPERIALIST"—A novel bearing on the movement for the consolidation of the British Empire.

Mrs. Cotes, who has hitherto written chiefly about the social side of life as it appeared to her in America, London, and India, has given us, in "The Imperialist," a more ambitious book than any that she has heretofore attempted. It deals with the political questions now agitating Great Britain, and she has made it interesting without becoming didactic.

The career of *Lorne Murchison*, a young Canadian, forms the thread of the story. He goes to London with a delegation from the Canadian chambers of commerce, and while there his enthusiasm for the greatness and unity of the British Empire becomes strengthened. On his return to Canada he stands for a seat in Parliament in the Liberal interest, and in the course of his electioneering reaffirms his views as to a large, imperialistic policy. As this policy means, among other things, the reduction or abolition of duty upon English-made goods, the manufacturing interest of the district rebels. *Murchison*, however, is returned by a small majority.

Both sides bring charges of bribery, and a new election is ordered; but before it comes off *Lorne* is asked to give place to a candidate whose policy is more in accord with prevailing sentiment, and who is more certain to carry the district for his party. This the young statesman does, disappointed to find that the personal equation enters so largely into the matter that those whose pockets would be touched are unwilling to commit themselves to the imperialistic policy which has been his dream.

This is the outline of the political part of the novel. There are also two love-stories running through the book, and their development affords Mrs. Cotes an opportunity for much variety of treatment.

In one respect "The Imperialist" is

commendably original. When the author takes her hero to London, she resists the temptation to descant upon the differences in social life which might well be expected to strike an untraveled Canadian. Instead, she emphasizes the effect produced upon the perceptive minds of the delegation by the old-world methods of doing things, the conservatism of the English, and, most distressing of all to the citizens of the west, the hopeless, uncomplaining misery of the London poor.

English politicians who, never having been in Canada, feel perfectly sure of the devotion of the colonies to the mother country, would do well to read this book. It is a truthful expression of the fact that while there is undoubtedly a strong sentiment of affection for England, and a feeling of loyalty toward the reigning sovereign, yet, after all, Canadians are human. The present prosperity of their provinces means more to them than the golden dream of an imperial zollverein.

In the matter of character-drawing and local color, Mrs. Cotes has never done anything better. There are half-a-dozen characters in "The Imperialist," all different, who are sketched in with a light but firm touch; and it is all done with the sympathetic feeling that makes us realize that, far as the author's feet have strayed in late years, she is true to her Canadian birth.

LORD BEACONSFIELD—The frank revelations of Mr. Meynell's "unconventional biography."

Strong in contrast, both in subject and in style, are John Morley's weighty book on Gladstone and Wilfrid Meynell's "unconventional biography" of that serious statesman's brilliant and cynical adversary, Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, whose inscrutable personality puzzled Englishmen for so many years and is not yet an entirely open book.

As every one knows, Queen Victoria was not fond of Gladstone, while she entertained a warm regard for Disraeli. "Gladstone treats the queen like a public department—I treat her like a woman," was the latter's reading of the matter, but there is another story which throws further light on the subject. "I always flatter women," Lord Beaconsfield is said to have avowed; "but when it comes to royalty, I lay it on with a trowel."

Perhaps it was the same desire to please that led him to ask, when meeting

a man whose name he had entirely forgotten, "And how is the old complaint?"—sure that the question would prove an effectual red herring trailed across the track of inconvenient conversation. He had no great fondness for the legal profession, and described the different stages of a lawyer's career as follows:

"He tries in turn to get on, to get honors, to get honest."

In spite of his success as a novelist, Lord Beaconsfield's English was by no means faultless. Indeed, Mr. Meynell suggests rather wickedly that this little weakness formed another bond of sympathy between the statesman and his sovereign. To support the theory he quotes Queen Victoria as writing:

We are in the midst of a ministerial crisis, and which I am afraid will be followed by others.

There is a precisely similar lapse in "Lothair":

Lothair . . . had the gratification, for the first time, of seeing his own service of gold plate laid out in completeness, and which had been for some time exhibited.

No man enjoys hearing himself mis-called, and Lord Beaconsfield was, no exception to the rule. Lord Rosebery, having pronounced the name *Beaconsfield* instead of *Beaconsfield*, was at once corrected by both the statesman and his wife, and so forcibly that he afterwards said it would take more courage than he possessed to make the mistake again.

The book deals at some length with the so-called failure of Disraeli's first speech, his controversy with Daniel O'Connell, the antagonism between Peel and himself, and other political issues in which he was engaged. Mr. Meynell is a strong partisan. Whether we accept or reject his enthusiastic praise of the great prime minister, we may agree that he has given us a very readable book.

SPENCER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—

And what was perhaps a fortunate escape for George Eliot.

Great men are sometimes terribly disappointing on close inspection. The autobiography of the late Herbert Spencer is of course a very interesting book; but its author reveals qualities which in a lesser man would be called conceit and narrow-mindedness, if not worse. He was entirely unable to appreciate some of the finest things in literature, notably the immortal epics of Homer. To Carlyle he applied such epithets as "insensate" and "incoherent." The

"Stones of Venice" he calls "sheer barbarism," and thinks it "both surprising and disheartening" that Ruskin should have acquired so great an influence. In other words, Mr. Spencer totally failed to understand minds of a different cast to his own, and had only contempt for people who admired them.

Speaking of George Eliot, he says:

There were reports that I was in love with her, and that we were about to be married. Neither of these reports was true.

Frankly, the philosopher did not find Miss Evans sufficiently beautiful:

Physical beauty is a *zinc qua non* with me, as was once unhappily proved where the intellectual gifts and the emotional traits were of the highest. He goes into detailed specifications as to the lady's appearance:

In physique there was perhaps a trace of the masculinity characterizing her intellect; for though of but the ordinary feminine height, she was strongly built. The head, too, was larger than is usual in women. It had, moreover, a peculiarity distinguishing it from most heads, whether feminine or masculine; namely, that its contour was very regular. Usually, heads have here and there either flat places or slight hollows, but her head was everywhere convex.

If wireless telegraphy could establish communications with the Elysian Fields of literature, it would be interesting to get George Eliot's version of the matter. She would probably have a word to say—and perhaps more than a word—in reply to Mr. Spencer's plain intimation that he might have married her if her head had not been "everywhere convex."

A MORMON ROMANCE—Harry Leon Wilson's new novel is founded upon a strange chapter of American history.

Mormonism has from time to time appealed to the writers of historical fiction. Several novelists have taken as their theme that curious sect which has had such a strange and romantic history since its foundation by Joseph Smith in 1830. At one time it was feared that Mormonism, with its shocking doctrine of polygamy, might come to be an ulcer on the body politic of the United States. People felt that a book might be needed, which, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," should go forth, kindling in men's hearts the desire to right a great wrong; but no such book ever appeared, and the sect has ceased to be a national issue.

Still, the history of the Latter Day Saints has always appealed to writers, from Artemus Ward, down through Miss

Dougall's "Mormon Prophet" and one of Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes* stories, to Mr. Harry Wilson's "Lions of the Lord," a book in which the author of "The Spenders" has tried to put before us some of the most striking episodes of the settlement of Utah by the pioneer enthusiasts of 1847 and 1848.

The book begins with the expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo, Illinois, by the State troops. The hero of the book, a young and zealous Mormon, sees his people cruelly treated and some of them killed. The girl he loves leaves him, and he becomes a religious fanatic. The book follows his career, through the terrible Mountain Meadows massacre, which he saw, though he took no part in it, through many spiritual experiences, until at last he realizes the horror of a polygamous system, and rises at a religious meeting and denounces it. Broken in health, and rapidly failing, he leaves the meeting, goes home, and, saddling his horse, rides to where a great cross had been put up to commemorate the victims of the massacre years before; and here he dies, just in time to avoid being put to death for daring to dispute the will of Brigham Young.

It is an open question whether the history of religious fanaticism makes a good novel. Mr. Wilson has done his best with his subject, and there are pages of vivid interest in his book; but his subject is not a pleasant one.

THE CRITICAL STUDENT—In novels, at least, he no longer regards his faculty with unmixed reverence.

A literary phenomenon which ought to give college faculties grounds for reflection is the changing character of the college novel. It is not long since the limit of its daring was to poke harmless fun at the absent-minded incumbent of the chair of applied physics, or to rail gently at the Sanskrit professor's absorption in his specialty. For the rest, the bloodless victory in the debating society, the hard-fought fight between the Sigma Alphas and the Alpha Sigmas, the entertaining of a guileless visiting parent, a football contest or a basket-ball tournament—these were all its themes.

But the college novelist is changing. He sits omnisciently by, seeing through the sacred haze that once sheltered the faculty meeting from students. The president of the great institution is no more invulnerable than the captain of

the football team or the chief of the freshman fudge-makers. No greater divinity hedges about a trustee than a conditioned sophomore, of all creatures the least reverend.

In "The Law of Life," one of the most striking of recent college novels, Miss Anna McClure Sholl not only suggests the imperfections of her professors as men, but reveals their weaknesses as educators. One of them is human enough to feel an unwise love; but another and a mightier holds warped, or at least questionable, views on the subject of the source of university funds.

In an even more recent tale of college life, Herbert M. Hopkins' "The Torch," the same spirit is evident. The scene is palpably laid at Leland Stanford Junior University, though the character of the president, *Babington*, is apparently not drawn from Dr. Jordan. The hampering influence of the rich donor is portrayed, the struggle between the teaching of correct economic doctrine and the feelings of those to whom the practise of correct economic doctrine would mean ruin. In very vigorous fashion the cry is sounded against the senseless and enervating luxury of much modern college life, though this is a charge which, so far as we are aware, has not been brought against Leland Stanford.

Altogether, the twilight of the faculty gods seems to have lifted so far as the college novelists are concerned. The whole student body is seeing the once awe-inspiring figures with a clearness which may prove disconcerting, and with which the university administrators must certainly reckon.

"PERSONALIA"—A book whose apparent aim is to show that there are no great men.

In "Personalialia," a book of reminiscences by a writer who signs himself "Sigma," the author has very little that is pleasant to say of the people he mentions. Statesmen, poets, philosophers, novelists, lawyers, and clergy alike come in for disparaging comment.

In writing about some of the English law lords, "Sigma" says that Lord Chief Justice Coleridge's appearance as defendant in an action brought against him by his son-in-law was doubtless rather his misfortune than his fault, but he "never quite survived so unfortunate a shock to his prestige." The writer severely criticizes his utterances when

visiting this country, where he "adopted an attitude of implied, if not expressed, antagonism toward his own country and its institutions, while fulsomely lauding those of the United States."

Of Richard Bethell, Baron Westbury, lord chancellor in the last Palmerston administration, this cynical volume tells one or two stories derogatory to both his public and private life, and attributes to him "brains of gold and a tongue of gall." Another lord chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, interesting to Americans as the son of the Massachusetts portrait-painter, John Singleton Copley, it describes as a man who "was never troubled by scruples when they stood in the way of scoring a trick in the political game."

Of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, whose nickname of "Soapy Sam" is an index to his character, "Sigma" writes:

The unerring perception of the Prince Consort soon rated Wilberforce at his proper level, and it was the prejudice against him which the prince created in the mind of Queen Victoria that saved England the indignity, if not the scandal, of having this supple and self-seeking ecclesiastic placed at the head of the church.

He disposes of the bishop's father, William Wilberforce, the great emancipator, by saying that he "was undoubtedly something of a humbug." Prebendary Haweis, the author of "Music and Morals," he calls "that ecclesiastical mountebank." Oscar Wilde is "a copious, though very covert plagiarist," recalling Horace Smith's definition of originality—"undetected imitation." Robert Browning and Dr. Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol, are both pronounced to have been wonderfully susceptible to the magic influence of a title. Disraeli he openly brands as a liar, declaring that he "certainly did not stick at a trifle where a departure from veracity seemed likely to serve his purpose."

"Sigma" considers that Thackeray has received rather more than his due from posterity; "for, with the exception of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Esmond,' none of his novels can claim to be of the highest order." He rates "Barchester Towers" and "Framley Parsonage" superior as "society novels" to both "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes."

The author of this book has evidently known many of the men who made the history of England during the latter half of the nineteenth century. His reminiscences are interesting, but the pleasure

of reading them is not increased by their querulous and carping tone. It is a misfortune to look on the world and see in it nothing that is good.

RUSTIC JOYS—Some reflections on the prevalent American idyl of agricultural life.

As a counteracting influence to the sunny *Mrs. Wiggs*, of cabbage patch fame, and to others of the tribe of rustic optimists in fiction, Maarten Maartens' new book, "My Poor Relations," may be recommended. Of course, though, no one wants a counteracting influence. It is so much more comfortable to take the idyllic view of agricultural and rural life; it interferes so much less with the digestion of truffles and *pâté de foie gras* to believe that black bread and onions are not only healthful but highly palatable viands; and the enjoyment of books, pictures, restaurants, theaters, cabs, and cultured friends is so much enhanced by those writers who picture a society having none of these things, a society living laborious days, sitting through dreary evenings, and yet full of the most radiant philosophy and extracting the highest pleasure from life.

Well, in this country we have no lack of those idyllic portrayals. We have our *Mrs. Wiggses*, our *David Harvums*, our *Pa Gladdens*, and the like. Maarten Maartens, with his grim tales of starved and sordid lives in other places, cannot take their comfort from us. But if anything could do that, it would be the story of old *Lobbers* and his two sisters, *Lisbeth* and *Maria*. *Lisbeth* is ending her wretched life in the poorhouse. *Maria* lives with *Lobbers*. Once a week, on Sunday, *Lisbeth* comes out and dines with her relatives, the poorhouse authorities paying to her brother the penny or two which would have been expended upon her meal in the institution. And when evil days come upon old *Lobbers*, when he loses his job or has his wages cut, he merely feeds *Lisbeth* on such food as will sicken and kill her. That done, he is able to send *Maria* to the poorhouse.

It is a hideous story, and after it one needs a large dose of cabbage patch philosophy; as one sometimes does after a visit to a New England poor-farm, or a day in a southern cotton-mill settlement, where the very babies toil in the mills. Clearly it is a blessed dispensation that there are home writers who can prove to us, despite foreign pessimists and the

dreary evidence of our own eyes, how lovely life is amid rural poverty.

ANOTHER BOOK OF LETTERS— "The Woodhouse Correspondence" is a highly amusing farce cast in epistolary form.

We all know them, these *Woodhouse* correspondents. They furnish us with every variety of emotion, from cynical amusement to murderous hatred; and our chief aim in life is to escape their depressing visits and to ignore their petitioning letters.

Even in this age of insincerity, however, few of us are obliged to claim acquaintance with the whole *Woodhouse* school. When the literary *Elaine*—who was christened Ellen—presents beribboned and violet-scented sonnet cycles for our admiration, when she will discuss the Infinite and compose monographs on her affected processes, we are obliged to stand it as best we may. But if we are favored with *Elaine's* confidences, it is ten to one that her pseudo-invalid godfather, *Algernon Wentworth-Woodhouse*, seeks consolation elsewhere. Fortunately, some other friend has the task of filing the complaints of that fishy, self-centered old hypochondriac, whose method of life would put an Epicurean to shame.

To be sure, *Lillian Woodhouse* is an annoying proposition to deal with. It is all very well to be moved to pity by her reduced circumstances, and to secure her a much-needed position; but we do wish that when she goes as nursery governess to one of our friends, she wouldn't leave at the end of a week because she cannot have the carriage every afternoon. Even then we may be able to restrain our righteous indignation as long as her mother doesn't expect us to launch the other sisters on the social sea.

And after all we could even stand knowing *Elaine's* esoteric Boudh-Healers and Martyrs to Truth for the sake of laughing over them with that delightfully sane *Miss Moore*, and rejoicing wickedly with wholesome young *Frank Murray* over *Uncle Algernon's* disastrous marriage with his masseuse, *Miss Evelyn Skettles*.

Altogether, George W. E. Russell, M. P., and Miss Edith Sichel, have managed in "The Woodhouse Correspondence" to produce a series of unusually clever caricatures of certain too common types of English society.

The Rulers of the Turf.

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN MARSTEN.

THE JOCKEY CLUB AND ITS ALLIED ASSOCIATIONS, AND THEIR AUTOCRATIC AUTHORITY OVER THE SPORT OF THOROUGHBRED RACING.

THE subject of turf legislation and race-track government is one of which the casual race-goer knows little. The importance of this department of the turf, however, can scarcely be overestimated, for upon its proper management depends the success or failure of the sport. The ruling body is, moreover, a very interesting organization. Its membership includes some of the best-known sportsmen and financiers in the United States. Its management is remarkably efficient, its power is absolute.

Though the scope of the turf includes the light harness horse—that is, the trotter and pacer—it is with the thoroughbred branch of the sport that a consideration of race-track government has most to do. The lack of proper organization is the bane of trotting and pacing at the present time.

To call the Jockey Club, which controls thoroughbred racing in the Eastern section of the United States, the strongest trust in the world would not be far amiss. The phrase is not intended as a criticism, however, for it is doubtful if there exists to-day a better organized or more careful and painstaking executive body in business or sport.

THE STEWARDS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

To give the roster of the club is to name some of the most representative men in the world of trade and finance. The chairman, August Belmont, requires no introduction to American or indeed to European readers. Mr. Belmont is without a doubt the foremost patron of the turf in the United States to-day. Not only does he take an



AUGUST BELMONT, CHAIRMAN OF THE JOCKEY CLUB AND PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE AND HUNT ASSOCIATION.

From a photograph by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

active part in the racing and breeding of thoroughbreds, but he is also the highest authority on matters pertaining to turf management.

James R. Keene, the vice-chairman of the Jockey Club, has been prominent in



H. K. KNAPP, A STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB WHO IS ACTIVE IN RACING.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

racing affairs here and in England for the last three decades. He, too, is a high authority on turf government. During the last two years Mr. Keene has been in poor health, and for a great part of the time he has been confined to his apartments in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York. Many of the meetings of the club have been held in the rooms of the vice-chairman.

Stress of business affairs caused Mr. Belmont to retire from active racing last year, and it was rumored that he would resign the chairmanship of the Jockey Club. The report was not true, and this season he will resume his participation in the sport. He has retained the services of a prominent jockey, and nominated horses for all the important stakes. The secretary and treasurer of the



ANDREW MILLER, A STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB AND A PROMINENT HORSE-OWNER.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

club. Frank K. Sturgis, is better known in the world of finance than in that of sport. He does not take an active part in racing, but he gives a great deal of time to legislative work.

The stewards of the Jockey Club are seven in number. Besides the three already named, the list includes J. H. Bradford, F. R. Hitchcock, Andrew Miller, and H. K. Knapp. Mr. Hitchcock has succeeded the late William Collins Whitney as president of the Saratoga Association. He owns a small stable of horses, but devotes most of his attention to the executive part of the sport. Mr. Bradford has no horses at present; Mr. Knapp races under the *nom de course* of the Oneck Stable. Mr. Miller, in partnership with W. B. Leeds, campaigned a select string last year, and will be active in racing again this season.

HOW THE CLUB WIELDS ITS POWER.

These seven men exert an absolute control over thoroughbred racing in this country. The method by which they do so is a simple one. The several associations which race under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club pay a nominal membership fee. This insures either a direct or indirect representation at the meetings of the club, which has its headquarters in the Windsor Arcade, on Fifth Avenue. It also pays for the publication of all stakes, entries, announcements, and so forth, in the *Racing Calendar*, which is the official organ.

The most important power which the Jockey Club wields, perhaps, is that of assigning racing dates to the subordinate associations. It also licenses jockeys and trainers, registers racing colors, assumed names, and partnerships, keeps a registry of all horses, and, in short, exercises a supreme control over the sport. In the State of New York, it works hand in hand with the State Racing Commission, and thus controls the building of



JAMES R. KEENE, VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE JOCKEY CLUB, AND A FAMOUS VETERAN OF THE WORLD OF SPORT.

From a photograph by Marx, New York.

race-tracks, for without the permission of the State Racing Commission no new courses can be opened.

The power of the Jockey Club over racing is autocratic, and its rule is iron-bound. It appoints its stewards to represent it in the official stand at each meeting. It appoints and pays the judges, starters, timers, clerks of the scales, and so forth. No detail is too small for the stewards to delve into.

Though the rule of the Jockey Club extends only over the clubs and associations of the Eastern States, its influence is national and international. It recognizes the rulings of the French and English turf tribunals, and its mandates in turn are respected abroad.

here are, to be sure, two other turf authorities in this country—the Western Jockey Club, which controls racing in middle West and South, and the Pacific Jockey Club, a new organization named to take charge of the sport on the

jurisdiction of the Jockey Club. There is no appeal from such a sentence, for the club never acts save when its reasons are good and sufficient and its evidence is complete. The person "ruled off" is free, of course, to take the affair to the courts, but this is never done.

Besides licensing trainers and jockeys and registering horses, the club also does the opposite—that is, it suspends jockeys, trainers, and horses for breakage of the rules. Nor is this right confined to jockeys and trainers. It extends to owners as well. The bookmakers, too, feel the power of the Jockey Club. Owners who fail to respect the rules are suspended, fined, or banished from the turf altogether. The bookmakers are watched with an eagle eye; when fraud is detected, the guilty man is promptly barred for life or suspended for a long period.

In short, the Jockey Club makes itself responsible for the maintenance of good order and proper behavior at the race-track. This applies with equal force to the public, which patronizes the races, and to owners, trainers, and jockeys. Rich and poor alike feel the power of the central authority. An occurrence at the track of the Queens County Jockey Club, at Aqueduct, near New York, last year, illustrates the strict enforcement of the club's rule. A prominent financier, who

owns and races a large stable of horses, accosted the official handicapper, and accused him of discriminating against his horses in the allotment of the weights to be carried. The horse-owner did not mince words, and the discussion waxed warm, till friends at last intervened and terminated it. The handicapper at once reported the matter to the stewards, with the result that his accuser was fined two hundred dollars. What is more to the point, the fine was paid at once. Otherwise the offender would not have been allowed to start another horse in a



HERNANCE D. MACKAY, A STEWARD OF THE NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE AND HUNT ASSOCIATION—MR. MACKAY IS NOT RACING THIS YEAR, BUT IS EXPECTED TO DO SO IN 1905.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

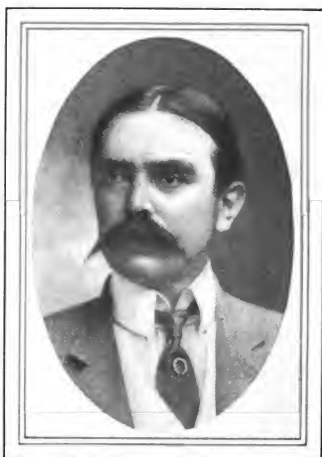
the Pacific Coast. Neither of these, however, is for one moment to be compared with the Jockey Club *par excellence*. Amicable relations are maintained, and the three bodies support one another to a certain extent; but when weighty questions arise, the New York association recognizes no power save its own.

The most autocratic power assumed by the Jockey Club is, perhaps, the right to "rule off" the turf whomever it shall see fit. "Rule off" means to forbid the offender to enter all race-tracks under the



J. H. ALEXANDRE, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE AND HUNT ASSOCIATION.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.



J. G. FOLLANSBEE, A STEWARD OF THE STEEPLECHASE ASSOCIATION AND A PROMINENT HORSE-OWNER.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

race on the Jockey Club circuit.

THE RULERS OF STEEPLECHASING.

What has been said of the organization and operation of the Jockey Club also applies to the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. This body, which controls steeplechasing in the United States, is patterned upon the Jockey Club. The chairman of the club is president of the association. Mr. Belmont does not, however, take an active part in steeplechase racing.

The stewards of the National



J. H. BRADFORD, A STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB WHO IS NOT ACTIVE IN RACING.

From a photograph by Marx, New York.

Steeplechase and Hunt Association are twelve in number—J. H. Alexandre, August Belmont, John E. Cowdin, B. F. Clyde, J. G. Follansbee, R. C. Hooper, S. S. Howland, H. J. Morris, Clarence H. Mackay, H. S. Page, E. V. R. Thayer, and J. E. Widener. Mr. Cowdin was elected a steward to fill the place of the late Mr. Whitney. With the exception of Messrs. Alexandre, Cowdin, Mackay, Howland, and Thayer, all these gentlemen are active in racing on the flat or over the jumps. Mr. Mackay re-



FRANCIS R. HITCHCOCK, A STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB, AND PRESIDENT OF THE SARATOGA ASSOCIATION.

From a photograph by Marx, New York.

tired from the turf on the death of his father, the late John W. Mackay, but will return in 1905. Mr. Hooper, who races under the *nom de course* of "Mr. Chamblet," is the foremost owner of steeplechase horses in the United States, and the high plane on which the sport stands to-day is due in no small measure to his untiring energy.

These twelve stewards occupy the same position toward steeplechasing as do the stewards of the Jockey Club toward flat racing. The association works, of course, in perfect accord with the sister body. It also has a reciprocal agreement with the association which controls cross-country sport in the Dominion of Canada.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE TURF.

So much has been said of the iron-clad rules of turf government that the reader

will perhaps look upon the men in power as despots who work harm rather than good. This opinion must at once be negated. The high position which thoroughbred racing occupies to-day in America is due altogether to the excellent work of its governing bodies. Personal feelings and petty grudges are unknown to the Jockey Club and its allied associations. The good of the turf is the only object that the stewards have in view. To furnish clean, high-grade sport and to give the public the fullest protection is their single aim.

Suspicious-looking races are at once investigated, and offenders are summarily punished. Time was when dishonesty was disgracefully common, when "jobs" were winked at by those in authority. Those times are no more. The men who control the sport to-day have set their faces against crooked doings. It is impossible to detect and bring to justice every offender against the rules, but few flagrant cases escape punishment. Many a race which looks all right to the general public is investigated by the stewards. Many a trickster who thinks he is hoodwinking the stewards would make haste to mend his ways were he to know how dangerously near the brink he stands.

The stewards possess immense power, but it is never abused. The men who fill these positions of trust and responsibility are wealthy, and not interested in racing for financial gain. Edicts are handed down without partiality. It sometimes happens that a horse owned by one of the stewards runs a poor race. There is no attempt at palliation. The jockey is called to the stand, and the race is investigated with the same severity which would be used in the case of some insignificant owner.

It happened a few years ago that Henry Spencer, the famous jockey, who was at that time in the employ of James R. Keene, rode a bad race on one of the stable horses in a classic event at Morris Park. Was the incident passed by? Not at all. It was sifted to the bottom; the jockey was suspended, and it was a long time before the culprit sported the silks again.

In this way the stewards of the Jockey Club and of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association have obtained the full and implicit confidence of the public. It is owing to their iron rule that the "sport of kings" stands on the lofty pedestal which it occupies to-day in the United States.

THE STAGE

FAILURE THE STEPPING-STONE TO SUCCESS.

Is it because failure, touching a player's pride, furnishes a fresh incentive to hard work, that so many who afterward rise start with a fiasco? The experience is so common that it seems as if the neophyte who goes swimmingly through his début would have cause to fear for his

future. Just as E. H. Sothern made a fearful balk of it in doing a part in a play with his father, so Grace Kimball, once his leading woman, developed a positively amazing amount of stupidity when she first attempted to study for the stage.

Miss Kimball was a Michigan girl. She



JANE WHEATLEY, WITH SAÏDE MARTINOT IN "HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR."

From her latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.



MARGARET MCKINNEY, NOW WITH JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS IN "THE TREADOR," AND TO BE WITH DE WOLF HOPPER NEXT SEASON IN "A RUNAWAY KING."

From a photograph by Wind att, Chicago.

went to school in Grand Rapids, and at sixteen moved to Chicago, then on to New York. Here she found a dramatic teacher, a woman well known for her abilities as an instructress; but she seemed able to do nothing with Miss Kimball. Refusing to be discouraged, the girl determined to look for another tutor, and finally found one in the person of David Belasco.

She responded so effectively to Mr. Belasco's coaching that she secured her first engagement—a servant's part in J. M. Hill's production, "A Possible Case." She had only fifteen lines to say, but there were some fine people in the cast,

and association with them was a positive inspiration. Among these players was Georgie Drew Barrymore, mother of Ethel and Lionel, both lights of no mean candle-power on the stage of to-day.

Miss Kimball's next chance was with Richard Mansfield when he was giving his first performances of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." During this engagement she had the chance to replace Beatrice Cameron—who afterwards became Mrs. Mansfield—as *Agnes*. Then—in 1893—came her connection with that ambitious project, the Theater of Arts and Letters, one of those futile attempts to elevate the stage at the hands of a literary set



IDA CONQUEST, WHO IS TO STAR IN SHAKESPEARE NEXT SEASON.

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.



CHARLES CHERRY, LEADING MAN WITH MAXINE ELLIOTT IN "HER OWN WAY."

From his latest photograph by Armstrong, Baltimore.



HUBERT HENRY DAVIES, AUTHOR OF "COUSIN KATE," "CYNTHIA," AND "MRS. GORRINGE'S NECKLACE."

From a photograph by Sassano, London.

who know very little about the drama as a practical profession.

A grandiloquent circular was sent the rounds, and many people well known in society and in magazine offices bit to the tune of twenty-five dollars each. A play such as no ordinary manager in his right mind would think of bringing out was given every fortnight or so. After the first two or three performances, the subscribers evidently decided to get the worth of their money by laughing as unrestrainedly in the wrong places as did the Philistines who came with the de-



DORIS MITCHELL, WHO WAS TORTURELLA IN "A VENETIAN ROMANCE."

From a photograph.

liberate intention of mocking. The whole affair collapsed after the sixth representation, but out of the wreck emerged not only Miss Kimball, with an engagement as leading woman for Sothorn, but also the germ of a Clyde Fitch play that was to prove one of the author's most profitable hits.

This play was called "The Harvest," and in it Grace Kimball enacted the bride whose marriage is interrupted at the altar. Later, having been rewritten and renamed as "The Moth and the Flame," it toured the country for years with

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, who have been out for the past two seasons in "Sherlock Holmes." But it was her work

The task set her was an especially difficult one, as her debut with the star was not made in a new play, but in a revival



FLORA ZABELLE, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE YANKEE CONSUL."

From a photograph by Armstrong, Boston.

as *Ida Mayberry* in Frank Stockton's "The Squirrel Inn" that was the means of drawing Miss Kimball to the attention of Dan Frohman, who engaged her to replace Virginia Harned with Mr. Sothern.

of "Captain Lettarblair," in which she had to do *Fanny Hedden*, which Miss Harned had created the autumn before. But she did well in the part, and repeated her success with her first new character,

that of *Betty Linley* in Paul Potter's "Sheridan." The next season she took the leading woman's rôle in Jerome K. Jerome's "How to Win a Woman."

It was soon after this that Miss Kim-

finally appealed to her strongly enough was that of the divorcee in that delightful little play from the French, "The Secret of Polichinelle," which had a New York run of more than a hundred per-



MINOLA MADA HUEST, WITH DE WOLF HOPPER IN HIS REVIVAL OF "WANG."

From a photograph by Tonnele, New York.

ball became Mrs. Lawrence McGinire and left the stage; but she did not give up her love for her former calling, and about a year ago she declared that she was only awaiting a suitable rôle to appear on the boards again. The part that

formances, and could boast one of the best-balanced casts of the winter.

WHY THE ACTOR'S CALLING IS UNIQUE.

Is it any wonder that the actors are a class by themselves? Not only is the na-



CORONA RICCARDO IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS."

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.



GRACE KIMBALL, WHO HAS MADE A HIT AS THE DIVORCÉE IN "THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE."

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

ture of their work such as to infuse its influence into their daily lives, but the reception of that work by the public plays its part in molding their characters. An artist paints a picture which all critics praise and which is sold for a handsome sum; or an author writes a book which prints into the hundreds of thousands. Joy comes to the soul of each of these lucky individuals, but neither

sees face to face the public to whom he has given pleasure. With the actor the case is different. The hand-clapping by the people across the footlights is equivalent to hearing them say, "You are fine! We are delighted with you! Your work is great!"

Is it surprising, then, that actors are usually reckoned to be more prone to conceit than other men? Is it not ama-

zing that they are not more vainglorious than they are!

Then there is another side to the picture. The player is always dependent upon the playwright, and should the latter not furnish what the public cares to see, down falls the actor along with him, no matter how good his own work may have been. His former popularity is forgotten. He is left neglected and forlorn, while the playgoer turns to pay homage at some other shrine, wherever he may

chance to find an article that better suits the taste of the moment.

Moreover, the player must give no sign that this hurts. He must go on smiling through his part as if the house were filled with "paying guests"; for contracts must be kept, and who knows whether some great manager may not be in front, on the lookout for an addition to his troupe?

The past season, in particular, has witnessed many of these sudden reversals,



CHARLES P. HAMMOND, LEADING MAN WITH HENRIETTA CROSMAN IN "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRIS."

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

Three years ago Willie Collier was the dominating spring attraction in New York with "On the Quiet." Then for a

lore touring with "Mrs. Jack." This season the public turned in disdain from "What's the Matter With Susan?" and



BLANCHE RING, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE LOVE BIRDS" AT THE SAVOY THEATER, LONDON.

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.

season he was the leading spirit at Weber & Fields'. Last fall he failed in three plays in quick succession; and not until after New Year's Day, and a period of retirement from the boards, did he pluck up courage to try it again with "The Dictator," in which he triumphed.

Then there was Alice Fischer. Last year she garnered glory and ducats ga-

Miss Fischer finally took up with a part abandoned by May Robson in the musical comedy "Piff, Paff, Pouf."

Perhaps the most trying experience is that which has befallen Blanche Ring. Miss Ring comes of a long line of theatrical people, and hence took naturally to the stage. She was born in Boston, where her grandfather was for years a come-

dian in the celebrated Museum stock. Both her sisters, Julie and Frances, are on the stage. Blanche at one time was leading woman for Chauncey Olcott, and she has played with the late James A. Herne and Nat Goodwin. Then she developed a talent for singing, and found there was more money on the vaudeville stage, where she first introduced her "Good Old Summer-Time."

In the spring of 1902 a sort of semi-amateur show, "The Defender," was put on in Boston, and she was engaged for the cast, with "The Good Old Summer-Time" among the musical numbers. Nobody needs to be told now of the hit that was scored by this not very intellectual ballad. It did not call for any special feats in vocalization on Miss Ring's part, but she was indissolubly associated with the song.

When Mrs. Osborn projected her famous New York playhouse on ultra-fashionable lines, she engaged Blanche Ring as her prima donna. As *Miss Innocence Demure* Miss Ring made another success with her rendering of Safford Waters' song, "The Belle of Avenue A." Her "Boo Ru Boo" ballad also became popular, but neither these nor her capital work in a travesty of "Iris" could save "Tommy Rot" from the shelf for which it was destined from its first inception. A change of name to "Fad and Folly" did not stem the tide of disaster, and Mrs. Osborn's costly experiment carried Miss Ring down in its collapse.

But there were plenty of managers ready to give her another chance. One of them announced that he would star her in May, and meanwhile, in February, he made her leading woman with James T. Powers in "The Jewel of Asia." But the piece failed to catch the public fancy, and before May came Miss Ring was again without a vehicle in which to display her talents. So she "rested" until the new musical comedy was ready. This was to have been called "The Gibson Girl," but Mr. Gibson, the artist, as if with a premonition of the outcome, objected, and the title was changed to "The Blonde in Black." It succumbed just as easily under this name as any other that might have been chosen, and for the first time in three summers the Knickerbocker Theater closed its doors.

In the autumn Blanche Ring bobbed bravely up again, this time at the Victoria, and in "The Jersey Lily." It was in this hodgepodge of nonsense that Miss Ring gave the public its first taste of "Bedelia"; but though the song lived, it

left the opera to die like its predecessors in the Ring repertoire. Then indeed Miss Ring became discouraged. Shaking the dust of her own country from her feet, she betook herself to London. In the English capital she appeared for a while in the music halls, and then was cast for the leading part in the new musical comedy, "The Love Birds," produced in February at the erstwhile home of Gilbert & Sullivan works, the lately reconstructed Savoy Theater.

The piece was written by an actor, George Grossmith, Jr., who is a great favorite at the London Gaiety in plays like "The Toreador." In commenting on Miss Ring's performance as *Effie*, one of the London critics declared that she was a decided acquisition to the regular stage. There are three acts, the first laid on the Thames, near Henley, where the "love birds" have set up their honeymoon retreat; the second in a London drawing-room, and the third in that hackneyed locale of the modern musical play—an apartment off the stage of a theater during the progress of a performance.

It is quite likely that "The Love Birds" will be seen here next season, as one of the numerous musical plays now pluming their feathers in the West End preparatory to a flight across the Atlantic. "The Duchess of Dantzic" at the Lyric has already passed its hundred and fiftieth performance; Ivan Carryl's "Cherry Girl" at the Vaudeville is now in the second hundred nights of its run, to say nothing of "The Earl and the Girl" at the Adelphi, "The Orchid" at the Gaiety, and "The Cingalee" at Daly's. This last is to be done at the New York Daly's next winter by the Augustin Daly estate, which, by a recent decision of the courts, gets the American rights to all the Edwardes shows put on at the London house of the same name. Apropos of the musical play deluge in London, "A Chinese Honeymoon" celebrated its one-thousandth consecutive performance at the Strand Theater on March 18.

BY THE AMERICAN GATEWAY.

While New York is wondering where its plays for next season are to come from, London is getting dramas by Englishmen which have first seen the light on this side of the water. "Captain Dieppe," done in the States by John Drew, was put on at the Duke of York's as a successor to Pinero's "Letty," but failed to

please, even as it did here, and was withdrawn in favor of a revival of "His Excellency the Governor." Eleanor Robson is already booked for an autumn engagement in London with Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann," and Ethel Barrymore makes her first appearance there as a star in "Cynthia," written by the young Englishman, Hubert Henry Davies, whose "Cousin Kate" served her so well here, and whose "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace," the hit of last season at Wyndham's, is to be brought to America by Mr. Wyndham himself. "Cynthia" was done in New York last spring by Elsie de Wolfe, and in her hands did not meet popular approval. It should suit Miss Barrymore much better.

Mr. Davies, whose portrait is given herewith, came to this country when a young man, and engaged in newspaper work in San Francisco, where he remained for a number of years. Meanwhile he tried his hand at playwriting, and met with the usual discouragements. He could get no further than the acceptance of a sketch for the vaudeville stage. Both "Cousin Kate" and "Mrs. Gorringe" were written before he went back to his own country some two years ago, and it is a pleasing recollection for the young playwright that after "Mrs. Gorringe's" hit in London, he received an offer for the American rights from the very manager who turned down the comedy when it was first submitted to him over here.

Speaking of the play supply in London, at Wyndham's they fell back on an American piece, "The Sword of the King," which Henrietta Crosman used the season before last.

By the time these lines are read the outcome of Henry W. Savage's descent upon the English capital with "The Prince of Pilsen" will be known. Some wonder has been expressed that Mr. Savage should elect to open his London season with a piece that contains such a travesty on the peerage as *Lord Somerset*; but experience has shown that when an American article is offered to the British public, it is more likely to be accepted if it is racy of the soil, and not a half-baked affair specially prepared for foreign consumption. It is not impossible that our way of treating the aristocracy as subject matter for musical comedy will be sufficiently novel to prove one of the factors in making the show a go over there. At home, it has been perhaps the biggest money-earner in the whole Savage list. Certainly it is an

offering that improves on acquaintance, the music possessing a lilting quality which clamors to be heard again.

It is worthy of note that Arthur Donaldson—*Carl Otto*, the real *Prince of Pilsen*—is a native of Sweden, and that he used to play in the first production of the Ibsen dramas, his father being a close friend of the famous Scandinavian writer. Another native of the twin kingdoms is Camille Clifford, only four years away from Norway, who made a hit at Daly's before the troupe's departure for London by her interpretation of the New York girl in the "Song of the Cities."

Flora Zabelle, of whom we print a portrait, is another foreign-born Savage artist who has come into prominence through the American gateway. She first saw the light in Constantinople, but was brought up in Chicago, where her father, Mr. Mangasarian, is an American ethical culture preacher. Her first experience on the stage was gained in the chorus of the Castle Square troupe, when that organization was playing in the Windy City some five years ago. Then she sang the title rôle in "San Toy" at Daly's, and later, at the same theater, was *Isabel Blyth* in "The Messenger Boy." After that she passed back into the Savage forces under the banner of "King Dodo," and when "The Yankee Consul" was produced she created the prima donna rôle, *Bonita*.

Yet another addition to the list is Corona Riccardi, whose birthplace was Naples, but whose education was finished in America, where her work as the heroine in "Marta of the Lowlands," last fall, gave her a recognized position among capable leading women.

Miss Riccardi's first ambition was to be a singer, and some friends arranged that she should study music in New York. But the way seemed long, and the girl was eager to earn her living. Chancing to meet Wilson Barrett, she accepted his offer to originate the Roman girl *Berenis* in his play, "The Sign of the Cross," destined to have such a remarkable run at the London Lyric ten years ago. When the piece was brought over here by Charles Dalton, she did *Ancaria*, the wanton, a rôle somewhat similar to that of the Egyptian, which she filled when "Ben Hur" was originally produced at the Broadway.

In this same category belongs also Carlotta Nillson, whose *Mrs. Elvsted* in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," last autumn, almost overshadowed the work of Mrs. Fiske herself. Miss Nillson left her native

land, Sweden, when very young. In the middle nineties she played an ingénue rôle in a road company presenting "The Crust of Society"; then she married and went to London, where she appeared in "The Ambassador" at the St. James' Theater, and afterwards made a hit as the American girl in Louis N. Parker's "Happy Life."

But it was her *Mrs. Elvsted* that took the critics by storm, and led to her venturing a special matinée at Wallack's in the spring. For her vehicle she chose a four-act play by Horace B. Fry, the New York clubman whose one-act tragedy, "Little Italy," proved so effective a feature of Mrs. Fiske's repertoire. But, alas, the outcome only proved anew how completely dependent is the player on the playwright. The piece was crude and tedious, and gave Miss Nillson no chance to display her undoubted talents.

The first two acts of Mr. Fry's unhappy effort, called "Love's Pilgrimage," were laid in a prison in Tasmania—which colony, by the way, happens to be the birthplace of still another addition to the list of those foreign players who have won success on the American stage. This is Charles P. Hammond, who, coming to this country quite unknown, scored at once as leading man, with an especially difficult part to play, in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." It was the chance meeting with an American actor, Tyrone Power—the admirable *Judas* to Mrs. Fiske's *Mary of Magdala*—that first turned Mr. Hammond's thoughts stagewards, he having been in his early years in the Tasmanian civil service. He was a broker on the Launceston Stock Exchange when he ran across Mr. Power, during the latter's Australian tour. He joined the Powers company, appearing as *Paul Devereux* in Maurice Barrymore's play, "Nadjezda." The next season he accepted an offer from William Hawtrey, brother of Charles, with whom he remained for two years, which brought him up to his present engagement by Mr. Belasco.

A RECOURSE TO REVIVALS.

The scarcity of new plays has been emphasized this spring in New York by three notable revivals of old ones—"The Two Orphans," "Wang," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The first-named was brought out at the handsome New Amsterdam Theater with a really remarkable cast, including Kyrle Bellew, James O'Neill, and Clara Morris.

"Wang" was the second opera in De Wolf Hopper's starring career, and the first that brought him success, as his initial venture, "Castles in the Air," was no more substantial than its title. Of the original cast he retains for the revival Marion Singer, as the *Widow Frimouse*, and Agnes Reilly Morse, as *Messenger No. 365*. Mrs. Morse is the widow of Woolson Morse, who wrote the music of the opera. Little Alfred Klein, who created the much put-upon *Pepat*, keeper of the sacred elephant, died only within the year, and Della Fox, the original *Mataya*—a part now filled by Madge Lessing—has been in retirement for some time past. Hopper himself has for two seasons been using "Mr. Pickwick," previous to which he was for three years in the stock company at Weber & Fields. For next winter he is planning to appear in a new opera, "A Runaway King."

Another comic opera star, Jefferson De Angelis, was forced to fall back on tried material the past season, having taken Francis Wilson's part in "The Toreador." He now turns up as *Marks* in that other notable revival, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which John E. Kellard, fresh from "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," is the *Uncle Tom*. Theodore Roberts ("Arizona's" famous ranchman) *Simon Legree*; Maude Raymond (wife of one of the Rogers Brothers) *Topsy*, and Edith Talliaferro (the pert child in "The Girl with the Green Eyes") *Little Eva*.

MANSFIELD AND THE CHILD'S PART.

The portrait of Doris Mitchell shows a member of the cast in a much heralded light opera, "A Venetian Romance," which was retired for repairs soon after its first production in the early spring. These pages go to press too soon to register a verdict on the revised version, booked at the Knickerbocker to follow "The Shepherd King," which brought disappointment to its ambitious projector, Wright Lorimer. In connection with Miss Mitchell there is an odd story. It was Richard Mansfield who gave her her first stage opportunity as the young *Prince of Wales* in "Richard III," which he was producing in Chicago. Some time later, desiring to fill a child's part in "The Devil's Disciple," he recalled Doris, sent for her, and was amazed to find that she had grown to be taller than himself. During the past year Miss Mitchell has been with "The Wizard of Oz," Julia Marlowe, and "Babes in Toyland."

DOUBLE HARNESS.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "*The Prisoner of Zenda*," "*The Dolly Dialogues*," and "*The King's Mirror*."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

GRANTLEY IMASON, a rich London banker of thirty-three, marries Sibylla Chiddingfold, daughter of a country clergyman. Though he loves her dearly, she realizes, a year or so later, that she makes less difference to him than she had looked to make. The birth of their child, instead of bringing them into closer relationship, only widens the rift in their happiness until the two are on terms of polite but frigid estrangement.

Other characters in the story are Jeremy Chiddingfold, Sibylla's brother; Mrs. Mumble, who had been Sibylla's nurse and is now nurse to her son; and several friends and acquaintances of Grantley and his wife. Among the latter is Walter Blake, a good-looking and unattached young man of leisure, who offers Sibylla a perilously warm sympathy; and finally, persuading her that all happiness left her in life must come through him, he plans to take her away from Mildean. Grantley, made uneasy by the contents of a letter from a friend of Sibylla's, goes home unannounced and finds that his wife has done a most unusual thing—gone over to Fairhaven to stop for the night with an old school friend. He also learns that Blake has been at the house that day. Calling for his horse, he rides to Fairhaven, and finds his wife and Blake at the village inn, awaiting the coming of the latter's yacht, which the storm has delayed. There follows a scene in which Blake cuts a sorry figure, and which is ended by Imason's solemnly warning Sibylla that unless she returns with him he will kill her child and then himself. To prevent so terrible a tragedy, she decides to go back to her son. She is not reconciled to her husband, but remains with him on terms of polite estrangement.

Another and a still sadder exhibition of matrimonial infelicity is afforded by the Courtlands, who are old friends of Grantley Imason. Their unhappiness is primarily due to Harriet Courtland's ungovernable temper. Tom Courtland, her husband, has gone to live at his club, leaving his three little girls with their mother, of whom they are in no small dread. Finally Sophy, the eldest, writes to their father, begging him to take them away. The present instalment opens just as the children make the letter ready for the post.

XX (Continued).

THE signatures were attached, the letter closed and addressed to Tom's club; they knew where that was, because he had taken them to see it one Sunday morning, and they had admired the great armchairs and all the wonderful big books.

That afternoon Lucy broke loose from Suzette, ran across to a pillar post, and dropped the important missive in. She came back with an air of devil-may-care triumph, nodding at her sisters, frankly refusing to tell Suzette anything about it.

"You'll see very soon," she promised, in mysterious triumph; and that evening the three had a wonderful talk over the letter.

They spoke in low, cautious tones, agreeing that their manner must be carefully guarded, that meekness and affection toward their mother must be the order of the day, and that one of them

must always be on the watch for the postman's coming, lest by chance Tom's answer should fall into the hands of the enemy.

"Would she open it?" shuddered Vera.

"I expect she would," said Sophy.

They saw the danger, and the hours were anxious. But they tasted some of the delights of conspiracy, too. And hope was on the horizon. One more "row" could be endured if after that the doors were to open to freedom.

Tom's heart was touched by the little scrawl, written on a sheet torn from a copy-book. In his broken-down state he was inclined to be maudlin over it. He carried it to Mrs. Bolton, and showed it to her, saying that he could not be such a bad chap, after all, if the little ones loved him like that. He pitied them because they were exposed to Harriet's tempers, and bewailed his own inability to help them, or to comply with their artless request.

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"I shouldn't be allowed to keep them," he said ruefully.

Mrs. Bolton made a show of sympathy, and was in fact sorry for him, but she did not encourage any idea of trying to take or keep them. She was firm, if kindly, in asking how he meant to support them. Lady Harriet could feed them, at any rate.

Tom was very much under her influence, and had no longer the strength of will needed for any venturesome plan. The conclusion that he could do nothing was not long in coming home to him.

"But I must write to the poor little things," he said, "and tell them I shall come and see them sometimes. That'll comfort them. I'm glad they're so fond of me. By Jove, I haven't been a bad father, you know." He read Sophy's letter over again, and laid it down on Mrs. Bolton's mantelpiece; when he went back to the club he forgot it and left it there.

There it was found by Mrs. Bolton's friend, Miss Pattie Henderson—she was not married to Georgie Parmenter yet; negotiations were pending with his family. It was from her that a suggestion came which appealed strongly to Mrs. Bolton. Miss Henderson opined that it would be a "rare score" to send the letter to Harriet Courtland.

"It'll make her properly furious," she said.

Mrs. Bolton caught at the idea. Harriet was putting her to a great deal of annoyance, and so was Tom's refusal to stand up to Harriet. It was meet and right that any person who was in a position to give Harriet a dig should give it. Neither of them thought of what might be entailed on the little folk who had dared to send the letter; they had a very inadequate idea of the terror Harriet inspired. Mrs. Bolton laughed as she contemplated the plan.

"Just stick in a word or two of your own," Miss Pattie advised. "Something spicy!"

Mrs. Bolton at once thought of several spicy little comments, which would add point to Sophy's letter. One was so spicy, so altogether satisfying to Mrs. Bolton's soul and to Miss Pattie Henderson's critical taste, that it was irresistible. It—and Sophy's letter—were posted to Harriet before lunch that day.

Mrs. Bolton's eyes were only opened at all to what she had done when she told Caylesham, who had dropped in in the afternoon, and heard him exclaim:

"But, by Jove, she'll take it out of

those unhappy children, you know! I say, you don't know Harriet Courtland, or you'd never have done that!"

His concern seemed so great that Mrs. Bolton's heart was troubled. If she did not upbraid herself, at any rate she denounced Miss Henderson. But what was to be done? Nothing could be done. By now the letter must be in Harriet Courtland's hands. Caylesham said a few plain words about the matter, but his words could not help now. They had, however, one effect. They made Mrs. Bolton afraid to let Tom know what she had done; and she persuaded Caylesham not to betray her. When Tom next came she told him that she had accidentally burned Sophy's letter in mistake for one of her own.

"Well, I've sent them an answer, poor little beggars, under cover to Suzette Bligh," said Tom. "But I'm sorry. I should have liked to keep that letter of theirs, Flora."

"I know. Of course you would. I'm sorry," said Mrs. Bolton, now feeling very uncomfortable, although she had not lost her pleasure at the idea of giving Harriet such a fine dig.

Tom's letter reached its destination first, and Suzette read it to the little girls. It was a kind and a good letter. He told them to behave well toward their mother, and to love her. He said he was obliged to be away from them now, but presently he would see them, and hoped to see them very often, and that they were not to forget to go on loving him, because he loved them very much. Suzette's voice broke a little over the letter, and the children listened in an intent and rather awed silence. They were divided between relief that an answer had come safely, and depression at what the answer was. But they understood—or thought they did—that if they were good, they would presently be allowed to see their father very often.

"That's what he means, isn't it?" Lucy asked Suzette.

"Yes, dear, that's it," Suzette told her, not knowing what else to tell her.

"We'd better burn papa's letter," Sophy suggested.

There was no difference of opinion about that. To Vera was accorded the privilege of putting it in the fire, and of stamping carefully on the ashes afterwards.

"Because," she said, justifying this precaution, "you remember the story where the man was found out just because he didn't stamp on it after he'd burned it, Sophy!"

This was the last day on which Tom Courtland was entitled to put in a defense to his wife's suit. He had made no sign. Harriet was the fiercer against him. His ruin was not enough; she desired herself to see it made visible and embodied in a trial whose every word and proceeding should aggravate his shame and satisfy her resentment. She had nursed the thought of that, making pictures of him and of the woman undergoing the ordeal and being branded with guilt while all the world looked on. Now Tom refused her this delight; there would be no trial, because he would not fight. And the woman would understand, and would be laughing insolently in the safety of an inaccessible obscurity. Harriet clenched her fist in an animal anger when she thought of Flora Bolton's sneers.

It was a fine moment for the letter to arrive. The mine was all laid, only the match was wanting. Harriet was dressing for dinner when it came; her maid, Garrett, was doing her hair before the glass. As she read, Garrett saw a sudden change come over her face—one quick flush, then a tight setting of her lips. Garrett knew the signs by experience. Warily and gently she handled her ladyship's hair; if she blundered in her task now, woe to her, for her ladyship's temper was upset!

"Dearest papa, do not make us stay here. Because we love you and we want to come and live with you. Please do not make us stay here."

That was the truth of it, that was what they really thought, these little hypocrites who came and kissed her so obediently every morning and evening, those meek little creatures with their "Yes, mamma dear," and "No, dear mamma," accepting all her commands so docilely, returning her kisses so affectionately! All that was a show, a sham, a device for deluding her, for keeping her quiet, while they laid their vile plots—none the less vile for being so idiotic—and sent their love to "dearest papa"—to that man, to Flora Bolton's lover—while they gave Flora Bolton the means of mocking and of triumphing over her.

She sat very still for a while, but Garrett was not reassured. Garrett knew that the worst fits of all took a little time in coming. They worked themselves up gradually.

"Is that to your ladyship's satisfaction?" asked Garrett as she put the last touches to her work.

"No, it isn't," snarled Harriet. "No,

don't touch me again. Let it alone, you clumsy fool."

Garrett went and took up the evening dress. Harriet Courtland rose and stood for a moment with Sophy's letter to Tom in her hand. She breathed a long-drawn "Oh!" and a cruel smile came on her face.

"I'm going to the schoolroom for a few minutes. Wait here," she said to Garrett, and walked out of the room slowly, taking the letter with her. Another slip of paper she tore into shreds as she went; that was Mrs. Bolton's comment on the situation—as "spicy" and as vulgar as she and Miss Pattie Henderson could make it. Yet Harriet was not now thinking of Mrs. Bolton.

Garrett stood where she was for a moment, then stole cautiously after her mistress. She knew the signs, and a morbid curiosity possessed her. She would have a sensational story to retail downstairs, if she could manage to see or hear what happened; for beyond a doubt something had put her ladyship in one of her tantrums. Pity for the children struggled with Garrett's seductive anticipations of a "scene."

The children had finished tea, and Suzette Bligh was reading a story to them in the schoolroom when Harriet marched in. She held the letter in her hand. They could make and had leisure to make no conjecture how the catastrophe had come about, but in a flash all the little girls knew that it was upon them. The letter and their mother's face told them. They sat looking at her with terrified eyes.

"So you don't want to stay here?" she said sneeringly. "You want to go to your dearest papa? And you dare to write that! Who wrote it? Was it you, Lucy?"

"I—I didn't write it, mamma dear," said Lucy.

Suzette rose in distress.

"Dear Lady Harriet—" she began.

"Hold your tongue! So you wrote it, Sophy? Yes, I see now it's your writing. Oh, but you were all in it, I suppose! So you love your papa?"

Garrett had stolen to within two or three yards of the door now, and it stood half open. She could hear all and see something of what happened.

"So you love your papa?"

Sophy had most courage. Desperate courage came to her now.

"Yes, we do."

"And you want to go to him?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And you don't love me? You don't want to stay with me?"

Sophy glanced for a moment at her sisters.

"Papa's so kind to us," she said.

"And I'm not kind?" asked Harriet with a sneering laugh. "When you're older, my dears, you'll thank me for having been kind—really kind. Oh, yes, I'm going to be really kind now. It's really kind to teach you not to play these tricks—these mean, disgraceful little tricks!"

All the children rose slowly and shrank back. They tried to get behind Suzette Bligh. Harriet laughed again when she saw the maneuver.

"You needn't stay now, Suzette," she said. "I know how to manage my own children."

Suzette was very white and was trembling all over; it seemed as if her legs would hardly support her.

"What are you going to do?"

"It's no business of yours. They know very well. Leave me alone with them."

It was a terrible moment for timid Suzette. But love of the children had laid hold of her heart and gave her strength.

"I can't go, Lady Harriet," she said in a low voice. "I can't leave you alone with them—not now."

"Not now?" cried Harriet fiercely.

"You're—you're not calm now. You're not fit—"

"You'd stand between me and my own children?"

"Dear Lady Harriet, I—I can't go away now."

Suzette remembered so vividly all that the children's reminiscences, their nods and nudges, had hinted to her; she realized all the things which they had not told her; and she would not leave them now.

Her resistance set the crown to Harriet Courtland's rage. After an instant's pause, she gave a half articulate cry of anger and rushed forward. Suzette tried to gather the children behind her, and to thrust the angry woman away. But Harriet caught Sophy by the arm and lifted her midway in the air. Garrett came right up to the door and peeped through.

"So you love papa and not me?"

Sophy turned her pale, terrified little face up to her mother's. The worst had happened, and the truth came out.

"No, we—we hate you. You're cruel to us. We hate you, and we love papa!"

Harriet's grip tightened on the child's arms. Sophy's very audacity kept her

still for a moment. But at the next she lifted her higher in the air. Suzette sprang forward with a cry, and Garrett dashed into the room, shrieking:

"Don't, don't, my lady!"

They were too late. The child was flung violently down; her head struck the iron fender; she rolled over and lay quite still, bleeding from the forehead. Suzette and Garrett caught Harriet Courtland by the arms. A low, frightened weeping came from the other two little girls.

Harriet stood for a moment in the grasp of the two women, who would have thrown themselves upon her had she tried to move. But restraint was no more necessary. Sophy had ransomed her sisters, and lay quiet, bleeding from the head. In a loud voice Harriet Courtland cried:

"Have I killed her? Oh, my God!"

Then she broke into a tempest of hysterical sobbing. She fell back into Garrett's arms, shuddering, weeping, now utterly collapsed. Suzette went and knelt by Sophy.

"No, she's not dead, but it's no fault of yours that you're not a murderer!" she said.

Harriet wrenched free from Garrett and flung herself on her knees by the table, stretching her arms across it and beating her forehead on the wood. The two children looked at her, wondering and appalled.

XXI.

ON the morrow of her attempted flight and enforced return, a leaden heaviness had clogged Sibylla's brain and limbs. Her body was quick to recover; her thoughts were for long drowsy and numb. She seemed to have died to an old life without finding a new one. Blake was to her as a dead friend; she would see and hear of him no more; she harbored no idea of meeting him again. The bonds between them were finally rent. This attitude towards him saved his character from criticism and his weakness from too close an examination, while it left her free to brood in the security of despair on all that she had thought to find in him, and on the desolation his loss had made.

The instinctive love for her child, which had asserted itself while her intellect was dormant, could not prevail against the sullen preoccupation of re-awakening thoughts, or, if it could penetrate into them, came no more fresh and pure, but tainted with the sorrow and

the anger which circled round that innocent head. She was tender, but in pity, not in pride; she loved, but without joy. The shadows hung so dark about the child's cot. They hid from her eyes still the sin of her own desertion, and hindered the remorse which might best lead her back to love unalloyed.

Still, she arraigned not herself, but only Grantley and the inevitable. Grantley was the inevitable; there stood the truth of it; she bowed her head to the knowledge, but did not incline her heart to the lesson it had to teach.

Yet the knowledge counted; she looked on Grantley with different eyes. The revelation of himself, wrung from him by overpowering necessity, did its work. The resolve he had then announced, presumptuous beyond the right of mortal man, less than human in its cruelty, almost more than human in its audacity of successful revolt against destiny, might leave him hateful still, but showed him not negligible. He could not be put on one side, discarded, eliminated from her life. He was too big for that.

Against her will he attracted her attention and constrained her interest. The thought of what lay beneath his suave demeanor sometimes appalled, sometimes amused, and always fascinated her now. She saw that her old conception had erred; it had been too negative in character; what he could not do or be or give had seemed the whole of the matter to her. In the light of the revelation that was wrong. The positive—a very considerable positive—must be taken into account. The pride she had loathed was not a barren self-conceit, nor merely a terrible self-engrossment. It had issue in an assurance almost supernatural and a courage above morality.

Sibylla's first relief came in the reflection that, though she might have married a monster, at least she had not given herself to a stick or a stone; she was clear as to her preference when the choice was reduced to that alternative.

His behavior appealed to her humor, too—that humor which could not save her from running away with Blake under the spell of her ideas, but would certainly have made her want to run away from him when the glamour of the ideas had worn off. The old perfection of manner found a new ornament in his easy ignoring of the whole affair. He referred to it once only, then indirectly, and because he had a reason. He suggested apologetically that it would be

well for them to exchange remarks more freely when the servants were waiting on them at meals.

"It will prevent comment on recent events," he had added, as if that were his only reason.

Sibylla was deceived at first, but presently detected another and more important motive. The suggestion marked the beginning of a new campaign on which his inexhaustible perseverance engaged. He understood that his wife accused him of not taking her into his confidence and of not making her a partner in his life. He was no more minded than before that she should have even plausible grounds for complaint. Starting from general topics and subjects arising out of the journals of the day, he slid placidly and dexterously into frequent discussion of his own plans and doings, his business, his work on the county council, his Parliamentary ambitions, his schemes for improving the property at Milldean.

Sibylla acknowledged the cleverness of these tactics with a rueful smile. She had claimed to share his life; yet most of these topics happened to seem to her rather tedious. But she was debarred from saying that to Grantley, his retort was so obvious. She was often bored, but she was amused that boredom should be the first result of the new method.

"I hope all this interests you?" Grantley would inquire politely.

"Of course, since it concerns you," equal politeness obliged her to reply—and not politeness only.

She had to be interested; it had been her theory that she would be, her grievance that she had been denied the opportunity of being. Nor could she make out whether Grantley had any inkling of her suppressed indifference to the county council and so forth. Was he exercising his humor, too? She could not tell, but curiosity and amusement tempered the coldness of her courtesy. They got on really very well at dinner, and especially while the servants were in the room; there was sometimes an awkward pause just after they were left alone. But on the whole the trifling daily intercourse went better than before Sibylla's flight—went, indeed, fairly well, as it can generally be made to, if people are well-bred and moderately humorous.

The great quarrel remained untouched; no span bridged the great chasm. Grantley might consent to talk about his county council; that was merely a polite concession, involving no ad-

mission of guilt, and acknowledging no such wrong to his wife as could for a moment justify her action. When it came to deeper matters, he was afflicted with a shame and helplessness which seemed to paralyze him. To gloss over the absence of love, or even of friendship, was a task at which he was apt and tactful; to gain it back was work of the heart—and here he was as yet at a standstill.

His instinct had told him to work through the child. But if he caressed the child in order to conciliate Sibylla, he would do a mean thing, and yet not succeed in his deception; he would admit a previous fault, and gain no absolution by a calculated and interested confession. He could not bring himself to it. His manner to the child was as carelessly kind as ever; and when Sibylla was there the carelessness was almost more apparent than the kindness. For once his will, strong as it was, and his clear perception were both powerless before his temper and the instincts of his nature. The result was a deadlock.

Such was the juncture of affairs when Christine Fanshaw came to Mildean. Her resolve to escape from the atmosphere of disgrace at home perhaps alone could have brought her; for she came in some trepidation, rather surprised that Sibylla had welcomed her, wondering whether the welcome was of Sibylla's own free will. Had she not betrayed Sibylla? Was she not responsible for the frustration of the great plan? Yet an acute curiosity mingled with and almost overpowered her apprehensions, and she was prepared to defend herself. The rumors about Walter Blake would be a weapon, if she needed one—a weapon effective, if cruel.

As regards her own treachery, she made haste to throw herself on Sibylla's mercy.

"Of course you must have known it was through me," she ended.

"Oh, yes, I know that, of course."

"Here's your letter—the one you sent me to hand on to Grantley. He wired me not to send it."

"Oh, I thought he had read it," said Sibylla thoughtfully.

She took it and put it in her pocket. Christine looked at Sibylla with a smile.

"And yet you ask me to stay!" she remarked.

Sibylla smiled mockingly.

"Since this household owes all its happiness to you, it's only fair that you should come and look on at it!"

"That's not at all a comfortable thing to say, Sibylla."

"No, it isn't, and it departs from our principle—which is to say nothing."

"That's not always very comfortable, either."

Christine was giving a thought to her own affairs here.

"And we won't say anything more about what you did," Sibylla went on. "We won't discuss whether you were right, or whether I'm grateful, or anything of that sort."

"You ought to be."

"Or even whether I ought to be—though, of course, you would wish to think that."

Christine was disappointed. In her heart she had rather hoped to be put on her defense just enough to entitle her to use her weapon, and to tell some of the truth about Walter Blake. Sibylla's attitude gave her no excuse.

Though she would say nothing more about what Christine had done, Sibylla was easily persuaded to break the principle of silence about the main affair. Christine's curiosity lost the zest of difficult satisfaction; she had the whole history for the asking. She heard it, marveling at the want of reticence her friend displayed, seeking how to reconcile this seeming immodesty with the rest of her impression of Sibylla. She recollected being very shy and ashamed, in the midst of her exultation, when she had let Harriet Courtland worm out the secret of her love for Caylesham. Sibylla was not ashamed; she was candid. Sometimes she was excited, sometimes she played the judge; but she was never abashed. Christine's wits sought hard for an explanation of this. Suddenly it came to her, as she gazed on Sibylla's pure face and far away eyes.

"My dear, you were never in love with him!" she cried.

If she hoped to surprise, or even to win a compliment on her penetration, she was utterly deceived.

"Oh, no," said Sibylla. "In the way you mean, I've never been in love with anybody except Grantley."

"Then why did you? Oh, tell me about it!" Christine implored.

"He appealed to my better feelings," Sibylla smiled back to her, mocking again. "I'd give the world that we hadn't been stopped! No, I can't say that, because——"

"Well?"

"Grantley would have done what he said."

Christine was the last woman in the world to rest ignorant of what Grantley had said. Sibylla was again disappointingly ready to tell the whole thing without any pressure worth mentioning.

"And you really believe he would have?" Christine half-whispered when she had heard the story.

"If I didn't believe it with my whole heart, I shouldn't be here. I should be—well, somewhere—with Walter Blake."

"Thank God, you're not!"

"Why do you say that? The proprieties, Christine?"

"Oh, only partly—but don't think lightly of them, all the same. And the rest of the reasons don't matter." Christine got up and walked across the room and back again, before she came to a stand opposite Sibylla. "I call that a man worth being in love with," she said.

"Walter?"

"Heavens, no! Grantley Imason! Oh, I know he's your husband! But still——" Sibylla broke into a gentle laugh.

"It has the attraction of the horrible," she admitted. "He'd have done it, you know."

"It's medieval," said Christine fondly. "And you were going away with Walter Blake!" She drew her little figure up straight. "Sibylla, you're no woman if you don't manage a man like that in the end. He's worth it, you know."

"You mean if I don't let him manage me?" Sibylla was a little contemptuous. "I don't care about tyranny, even tempered by epigrams," she explained.

"Well, not when you only do the epigrams," smiled Christine.

"That's not true. I only ask a real partnership."

"You must begin by contributing all you have."

"I did. But Grantley——"

"Paid a composition? Oh, yes, my dear! Men do. That's as old as Byron, anyhow." She came suddenly to Sibylla and kissed her. "And you'd be adorable, properly deluded."

"You shan't put it like that, Christine."

"Yes, I will—and I know he loves you."

"He can't love anything—not really."

"I shall watch him. Oh, my dear, what a comfort to watch anybody except John! Oh, yes, I suppose you'd better have my story, too. You've had most of it before—without the name. But look away. I've no theories, you know—and—well, I was in love."

She laughed a little, blushing red; but

her composure returned when she had finished her confession.

"And now what do we think of each other?" she asked with her usual satirical little smile. "You don't know? Oh, yes! You think me rather wicked, and I think you very silly. That's about what it comes to."

"I suppose that is about it," Sibylla laughed reluctantly.

"But I've repented, and you're only going to repent."

"Never!"

"Yes, you are. I take no credit for having done it first. It's much easier to repent of wickedness than of nonsense. The wickedness is much pleasanter at the time, and so seems much worse afterwards."

"And now you're in love with John?"

"Good heavens, no!" She pulled herself up. "Well, I don't know. If I'm in love now, it's not what I used to mean by it. One gets to use words so differently as time goes on."

"I don't think I shall ever learn that."

Destiny assumed Christine's small neat features for a moment in order to answer sternly:

"But you must!"

It was the worst way of dealing with Sibylla.

"I won't!" she answered in overt rebellion, her cheek flushing, as her confession had not availed to make it flush.

Christine did not fail to perceive the comic element in the case—which was strong enough, at all events, to serve as a relief to conversation, almost piquant when Grantley conscientiously related all manner of uninteresting things in order that Sibylla might be at liberty to take an interest in them. But this aspect did not carry matters very far or afford much real consolation. Substantially, no progress was made. The failure endured, and seemed to Christine as complete as the devastation wrought in her own life.

Nay, here there was an aggravation. In her home there was no child. It seemed a doleful cause for joy, but it was such to her now. Here there was the boy. Her mind flew forward to the time when he would wonderingly surmise, painfully guess, at last grow into knowledge. Thinking on that, she could almost excuse Grantley for his resolve, and Sibylla for her readiness to accept it. There were plenty of such cases, of course—and life went on; but she did not care to think of them. They brought her back to that glaring instance in her own experience—that hell-on-earth at the Courtlands'.

where the only change seemed to be towards greater misery.

And already the mind stirred in little Frank. His intelligence grew, his affection blossomed as the first buds of a flower. He was no more merely a passive object of love and care. Consciousness of what he received awoke in his heart. He began to know more than that he was nursed and fed, more than that his right was to these ministrations. The idea of the reason dawned in him. He stretched forth his hand no longer for bounty only, but for the inspirer of bounty—for love.

Strung to abnormal sensitiveness, Christine deluded herself with the conviction that already he felt the shadow over the house, that his young soul was already chilled by the clouds of anger, and vainly cried for the sunshine of sympathy. If it were a delusion—and surely the child was too young—yet time must turn it into truth. If she did not truly see, yet she foresaw truly.

She had watched this process, too, in the days when she was still a friend to Harriet Courtland and a frequent visitor at her house. The grosser side of that story would not be repeated here. The pain would be none the less keen, the pity none the less sore.

Seeing and foreseeing then, she asked where was the hope. And on this, with a bound, her thoughts were back to her own sorrow, and back to poor lonely old John in London, all by himself, with nobody to talk to, nobody to congratulate him on the success of his business, nobody to open his heart to, alone with his grievance against her, alone with the thought that, notwithstanding his grievance, he had taken Frank Caylesham's money, and was growing prosperous again by the aid of it. The fate and the sorrow of the two homes identified themselves in her mind. She took even a wider view, embracing the Courtlands, too; yes, and the Rymores and their erring boy, and the Sel-fords with their limited lives and their ignoring of so much that made for the fine and good. How should the balance of all this in the end incline?

When Christine had been at Mildean a fortnight or so, business carried Grantley to town. The change his departure made was instantaneous and striking. A weight was off the house, the clouds dispersed. Sibylla was full of gaiety, and in that mood she could make all about her share her mirth. Above all, her devotion to Frank had full rein now. The child was always with her, and she knew no happiness save in evoking and respond-

ing to his love. She was open and ostentatious about it, fearing no frigid glances and no implied criticism of her fond folly.

Christine might well have found new ground for despair, so plainly did Sibylla display to her the blighting influence of Grantley's presence. He it was who froze up love—so Sibylla declared with an impetuous aggressive openness. But Christine would not despair. A wholesome anger rose in her heart and forbade despair. Her manner took on a coldness exceeding Grantley's indifference. She would not be a sharer in the games, a partner in the merriment, a sympathizer in the love.

Sibylla was not slow to see how her friend stood off and drew herself away; quickly she sought for reasons. Was it that Christine would not join in what seemed to be a league against Grantley? Or was there another reason? She had told Christine how it was through Walter Blake's weakness, and not through her scruples, that little Frank had not been left to his fate. Did her love, then, seem hypocrisy? That was not true—though it might be true that remorse now had a share in it. The more the child grew to life, the more horrible became the thought that he might have died. After a day or two of smoldering protest she broke out on Christine.

"You think I've no right to love him," she asked, "after what I was ready to do? Is that what you think? Oh, speak out plainly! I see you've got something against me."

Christine was cold and composed. Never had her delicately critical manner been more pronounced.

"I'm sure I hope you repent," she observed meditatively. "And I hope you thank Heaven that man was what he turned out to be."

"Well, call it repentance, then. I suppose I've a right to repent? You can't understand how I really feel. But if it is repentance, why need you discourage it?"

"I don't discourage repentance, and I'm glad you're beginning to see that you ought to repent. But it's not that I'm thinking of."

"What are you thinking of, then?" cried Sibylla in unrestrained impatience.

"You're prepared for an open quarrel?"

"Oh, I shan't quarrel with you!"

Sibylla's smile was rather disdainful.

"No, you won't quarrel with me," Christine repeated. "I'm not of enough

importance to you. I'm very glad I'm not, you know. Being important to you doesn't seem to be consistent with being an independent creature."

Sibylla glanced at her in arrested attention.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked in low, quick tones. The charge was so strangely like that which she was forever formulating against Grantley. Now Christine leveled it at her.

"You call Grantley selfish," Christine went on. "You're just as bad yourself—yes, worse! He is trying to be different, I believe. Oh, I admit the poor man doesn't do it very well. He gets very little encouragement! But are you trying? No! You're quite content with yourself. You've done no wrong—well, perhaps it was a little questionable to be ready to leave Frank to die! But even that would be all right, if only I could understand it!"

"You'd better go on now," said Sibylla quietly.

"Yes, I will go on; I am going on. You were ready to leave the child to die sooner than go on living as you'd been living. Isn't that how you put it? You were willing to give his life to prevent that? Well, are you willing to give any of your own life, any of your way of thinking, any of what you call your nature, or your temperament, or what not? Not a bit of it! You can love Frank when there's no danger of Grantley's thinking it may mean that you could forgive him! As soon as there's any danger of that, you draw back. You use the unhappy child as a shield between Grantley and yourself, as a weapon against Grantley. Yes, you do, Sibylla. Whenever you're inclined to relent toward Grantley, you go and sit by that child's cot, and use your love for him to fan your hatred against Grantley. Isn't that true?"

Sibylla sat silent, with attentive, frightened eyes. This was a new picture—was it a true one? One feature of it at least struck home with a terribly true-seeming likeness of her own mind. She used her love for her child to fan her hatred against Grantley!

"You complain," Christine went on in calm relentlessness, "of what Grantley is to the child. That's a sham, most of the time. You're thinking of what he is to you. And even where it's true, don't you do all you can to make him feel as he does? How is he to love what you make the stalking-horse of your grievances?" She turned on Sibylla scornfully, almost fiercely now. "Your husband, your son,

the whole world, aren't made for your emotions to go sprawling over, Sibylla! You must have caught that idea from young Blake, I think."

She walked off to the window and stood there, looking out. No sound came from Sibylla. Presently Christine looked round rather nervously. She had gone a little too far, perhaps. That phrase about emotions "sprawling" was—well, decidedly uncompromising.

She met Sibylla's eyes. They wore a hunted look—as if some peril walled her in and she found no way of escape. Her voice trembled as she faltered:

"Is that what you really think of me, Christine?"

A bruised reed thou shalt not break. Christine had the wisdom to remember that. Remorse must fall short of despair, self-knowledge of self-hatred; or there remains no possibility of a rebound to hope and effort. Christine came across to her friend with hands outstretched.

"No, no, dear," she said. "Not you—not yourself. But this mood of yours, the way you're going on. And, true or false, isn't it what you must make Grantley think?"

Sibylla moved her hands in a restless gesture, protesting against the picture of herself even thus softened, denying its truth, fascinated by it.

"I don't know," she murmured. "I don't know. Christine, it's a horrible idea!"

Christine fell on her knees beside her. "If only you hadn't been so absurdly in love with him, my dear!" she whispered.

XXII.

RUMOR spoke truly. Young Walter Blake was back in town, with an entirely new crop of aspirations maturing in the ready soil of his mind. The first crop had not proved fortunate. It had brought him into a position most disagreeable and humiliating to reflect upon, and into struggles for which he felt himself little fit. He had had time to meditate and to cool—to cool even to shuddering, when he recalled that night in the Sailors' Rest and pictured the tragedy for which he had so nearly become responsible.

His old desires waning, his aspirations were transfigured at the suggestion of a new attraction. He had been on the wrong tack—that was certain. Again virtue seemed to triumph in this admission. He no longer desired to be made good; it was—as he had conceived and attempted

it—such a stormy and soul-shaking process. Now he desired to be kept good.

He did not now want a guiding star, which he was to follow through every peril, over threatening waves, and through the trough of an angry sea. The night at the Sailors' Rest disposed of that metaphor and that ideal. Now he wanted an anchor by whose help he might ride out the storm, or a harbor whose placid bosom should support his gently-swaying bark. Strength, constancy, and common-sense supplanted imagination, ardor, and self-devotion as the requisites his life demanded.

Again Caylesham showed tact. He would not ask the lady's name; but when Blake next dined with him, he enjoyed the metamorphosis—and silently congratulated Grantley Imason.

"So it's St. George's, Hanover Square, and everything quite regular this time, is it?" he asked with an indulgent humor. "Well, I fancy you're best suited to that. Only, take care!"

"You may be sure that the woman I marry will me——" Blake began.

"Perfection? Oh, of course. That's universal. But it's not enough." He lay back comfortably in his armchair, enjoying his cigar. "Not enough, my boy! I may have two horses, and you may have two horses, and each of my horses may be better than either of your horses. But when we come to driving them, you may have the better pair. Two good 'uns don't always make a good pair." Caylesham grew quite interested in his subject—thanks perhaps to the figure in which he clothed it. "They've got to match—both their paces and their ways. They've got to go kindly together, to like the feel of each other, don't you know? Each of 'em may be as good as you like single, but they may make—by Jove, yes—the devil of a bad pair! It's double harness we're talking about, Blake, my boy. Oh, you may think I know nothing about it, but I've seen a bit—well, that's not a thing I boast about. But I have seen a bit, you know."

"That's just what I've been thinking," said young Blake sagaciously, referring to Caylesham's doctrines, not his experiences.

"Oh, you've been thinking, have you?" smiled Caylesham. "You've come a mucker then, I suppose?"

"I—I miscalculated. Well, we must all learn by experience."

"Devilish lucky if we can!"

"There's no other way," Blake insisted.

"Have I said there is?" Caylesham

looked at Blake in an amused knowledge. "Going in for the straight thing this time?"

Half in pride, half in shame, Blake answered:

"Yes."

"Quite right, too!"

"Well, if you say so——" began Blake, laughing.

"Quite right for you, I mean." There was a touch of contempt somewhere in Caylesham's tones. "But don't forget what I've been saying. It's double harness, my boy! Pace, my boy, and temper, and the feel—the feel! All the things a fellow never thinks about!"

"Well, you're a pretty preacher on that subject!"

"I've heard a lot of things you never have. Oh, well, you may have once, perhaps!" His glance was very acute, and Blake flushed under it. "You're well out of that affair," Caylesham went on, dropping his mask of ignorance. "Oh, I don't want to know how it happened. I expect I can guess."

"What do you mean?" Blake's voice sounded angry.

"You farked it, eh?" It was a strong thing to say to a man in your own house; but a sudden gust of impatience had swept Caylesham away. The young man was in the end so contemptible—so incapable of strength, such a blarney over his weakness. "Now don't glare at me; I'm not afraid. You tackled too big a job, I fancy. Oh, I'm not asking questions, you know." He got up and patted Blake's shoulder. "Don't mind me. You're doing quite right. Hope you won't find it devilish dull!"

Blake's bad temper vanished. He began to laugh.

"That's right," said Caylesham. "I'm too old to convert—and nearly too old to fight. But I'll be your best man, Walter."

"It'll keep me straight, Caylesham."

"Lord bless you, so it will!"

He chuckled in irrepressible amusement.

"The other thing's no go!" Blake said.

"No more it is. It needs—no, I'm not going to be cynical any more. Go ahead. You're made for double harness, Walter. Choose her well; you'll have to learn her paces, you know."

"Or she mine?" Blake was a little on his dignity again.

"Have another whisky and soda," said Caylesham with admirable tact.

His advise, meant as precautionary, proved provocative. Memory worked with it—the carking memory of a failure

of courage. Blake might blarney as he would about awakened conscience, but Caylesham had put his finger on the sore spot. Pleasure's potentiality of tragedy had asserted itself. It had been supremely disconcerting to discover and recognize its existence. Young Blake was for morality now—not so much because its eyes were turned upward as for the blameless security of its embrace. He had suffered such a scare! He really wondered how Caylesham had managed to stand the strain of pleasing himself—with the sudden tragic potentialities of it. He paid unwilling homage to the qualities necessary for vice—for candid, unmasquerading vice; he knew all about the other species.

Yet he was not hard on Sibylla. He recognized her temperament, her unhappy circumstances, and his own personal attractions. What he did not recognize was the impression of himself which that night in the Sailors' Rest would leave on her. He conceived an idea of his own magnanimity resting in her mind; though such a notion could gain no comfortable footing in his.

Caylesham let him go without more advice—though he had half a mind to tell him not to marry a pretty woman.

"Oh, well, in his present mood he won't—and it would do him lots of good if he did," the impenitent, clear-sighted, good-humored sinner reflected, with all the meaning which his experience could put into the words. He was of opinion that for certain people the only chance of salvation lay in suffering gross injustice. "If what a fellow brings on himself is injustice," he used to say. He always maintained that fellows brought it on themselves—an expiring gasp of conscience, perhaps.

Gossip and conjecture had played so much with Walter Blake's name that Mrs. Selford had at first been shy of his approaches and chary of her welcome.

"We must think of Anna," she had said to her husband.

But thinking of or for Anna was rapidly becoming superfluous. The young woman took that department to herself. Her stylishness grew marvelously, and imposed a yoke of admiring submission. It was an extraordinary change from the gawky, dowdy, suppressed girl to this excellently appointed product. The liberty so tardily conceded was making up for lost time, and bade fair to transform itself into a tyranny. Her parents were ready subjects, and cast back from the theories of to-day a delusive light on the practices

of the past. They concluded that they had always indulged Anna, and that the result was most satisfactory. Then they must indulge her still.

So Blake's visits went on, and the welcome became cordial. For Anna was quite clear that she, at least, had nothing against Blake. His attraction for her was not what had been his charm in Sibylla's eyes. Her impulse was not to reform; it was to conquer. But gossip and conjectures as to his past life were as good incentives to the one task as to the other. His good looks, his air of fashion, his comfortable means, helped the work. He widened the horizon of men for her, and made her out of conceit with her first achievements. She was content that Jeremy should disappear from her court; she became contemptuously impatient of Alec Turner's suit. She was fastidious and worldly-wise.

Again Mrs. Selford rejoiced. She had been in some consternation over Alec Turner's now obvious attachment, coming just at the time when Anna had established the right to please herself. Suppose her first use of liberty had been to throw herself away? For to what end be stylish if you are going to marry on a hundred and fifty pounds a year? But Anna was quite safe—strangely safe, Mrs. Selford thought in her heart, though she rebuked the wonder. Almost unkindly safe, she thought sometimes, as she strove to soften the blows which fell on poor Alec—since, so soon as he ceased to be dangerous, he became an object of compassion.

"Anna is so sensible," she said to Selford. "She's quite free from the silliness that girls so often show;" but she sighed just a little as she spoke.

"She'd make a good wife for any man," declared Selford proudly—a general declaration in flat contradiction to Caylesham's theories about double harness.

Anna paid no heed to opinions or comments. She went about her business, and managed it with instinctive skill. It sometimes puzzled poor Alec Turner to think why his presence was so often requested when his arrival evoked so little enthusiasm. He did not realize the part he played in Anna's scheme, nor how his visits were to appear to Walter Blake. Anna's generalship had thought all this out. The exhibition of Alec was a subsidiary move in the great strategic conception of capturing Walter Blake on the rebound from Sibylla.

But the pawn was not docile, and objected violently so soon as its function

began to be apparent. Anna precipitated what she did not desire—a passionate avowal in which the theme of her own gifts and fascination was intermingled with the ideal of influencing the trend of public opinion from a modest home and on a modest income. She was told that she could be removed from the vanities of life, and be her true, her highest self.

When she showed no inclination to accept the path in life thus indicated, Alec passed through incredulity to anger. Had he cast his pearls before—well, at inappreciative feet? At this tone Anna became excusably huffy; to refuse a young man is not to deny all the higher moral obligations. Besides, Alec annoyed her very much by assuming persistently that the dictates of her heart called her toward him, and that worldly considerations alone inspired her refusal.

"Oh, you're silly!" she cried. "I tell you it's nothing of the sort!"

The dusk of the afternoon softened her features, the light of the fire threw up in clear outline the stylish, well-gowned figure. Poor Alec, in his shabby mustard suit, stood opposite her, his hands in his pockets, in dogged misery and resentment, with all the helpless, angry surprise of a first experience of this kind, fairly unable to understand how it was that love did not call forth love, obstinate in clinging to the theory of another reason as the sole explanation. Things did not exist in vain. For what was his love?

"But—but what am I to do?" he stammered.

Rather puzzled, after all rather flattered, Anna prayed him to be sensible and friendly. He consented to hope for her happiness, though he was obviously not sanguine about it. For himself all was over. So he said, as he slung out of the room, knowing nothing of what lay before him on the path of life, discerning nothing of a certain daughter of a poor old political writer, a little round woman who made her own gowns, who was at once very thrifty and very untidy, who was inclined to think that the rulers of the earth should be forcibly exterminated, and who lavished an unstinted affection on every being, human or brute, with which she was ever brought into contact. And if she did not greatly influence the trend of public opinion—well, anyhow she tried to.

Just now, however, Alec knew nothing about her; he was left to think hopelessly of the trim figure and the lost ideals; the two things would mix themselves up in his mind.

To his pathetic, stormy presence there succeeded Walter Blake, with all his accomplishment in the art of smooth love-making, with his aspirations again nicely adjusted to the object of his desires—he was so much cleverer than poor Alec over that—with his power to flatter not only by love but still more by relative weakness. He, of course, did not run at the thing as Alec had done. That would be neither careful of the chances nor economical of the pleasure. Many a talk was needed before his purpose became certain, or Anna could show any sign of understanding it.

He dealt warily with her; he was trying, unconsciously perhaps, to perform the task Caylesham had indicated to him—the task of learning her paces and adapting his thereto. It was part of his theory about her that she must be approached with great caution; and of course he knew that there was one very delicate bit of ground. How much had she heard about himself and Sibylla?

It was long before he mentioned Sibylla's name. At last he ventured on throwing out a feeler. Anna's unruffled composure persuaded him that she knew nothing of the facts; but her shrewd analysis of Sibylla showed, in his judgment, that she quite understood the woman. It was the dusk of the afternoon again—Anna rather affected that time of day—and Blake, with a sigh which might be considered in the nature of a confession, ventured to say:

"I wish I could read people as you can. I should have avoided a lot of trouble."

"You can read yourself, anyhow, can't you?" asked Anna.

"By Jove, that's good, that's very good! No, I don't know that I can. But I expect you can read me, Miss Selford. I shall have to come to you for lessons, shan't I?"

"I'll tell you all the hard bits," she laughed.

"You'll have to see a lot of me to do that!"

Anna was not quite so sure of the need, but she did not propose to stop the game.

"Do I seem so very reluctant to see a lot of you?" she inquired.

Blake's eyes caught hers through the semi-darkness. She was aware of the emotion with which he regarded her. It found an answer in her, an answer which for the moment upset both her coolness and her sense of mastery. She had a revelation that her dominion, not

seriously threatened, yet would be pleasantly checkered by intervals of an instinctive submission. This feeling almost smothered the element of contempt which had hitherto mingled in her liking for him and had impaired the pride of her conquest.

"I was judging you by myself. Compared with me, you seem reluctant," he said in a low voice, coming a little nearer to her. "But then it does me so much good to come and see you. It's not only the pleasure I come for, though that's very great. You keep up my ideals."

"I'm so glad. The other day I was told I'd ruined all somebody's ideals. Well, I oughtn't to have told you that, I suppose. But it slipped out."

Things will slip out, if one takes care to leave the door open. She was standing by the table, and Blake was now close beside her.

"Since I've known you——"

"Why, you've known me for years, Mr. Blake!"

"No, I only knew a little girl till—I till I came back to town this time." He referred to that yachting cruise on which he had ultimately started alone. "But since then I've been a different sort of fellow. I want to go on being different, and you can help me."

His voice trembled; he was wrapped up in his emotion, and abundantly sure of its sincerity. Anna moved away a little, now rather nervous, since no instinct, however acute, can give quite the assurance that practise brings. But she was very triumphant, too, and moreover a good deal touched. That break in young Blake's voice had done him good service before; it never became artificial or overdone, thanks to his faculty of coming quite fresh to every new emotional crisis; it was always most happily natural. What it hinted seemed fully to reconcile a mission in life with an exceedingly satisfactory match. Who could ask more than that?

"Anna!" he said, holding out his hands, with those skilfully appealing eyes of his just penetrating to hers.

With a long-drawn breath she gave him her hand. He grasped it, and began to draw her gently towards him. She yielded to him slowly, thinking at the last moment of something that she had decided never to think about. The vision of another woman shot into her mind, and a few seconds gave her pause.

Her hesitation was short, and left her self-confidence unbroken. What she had

won she would keep. The dead should bury its dead—a thing it had declined to do for Christine Fanshaw.

"Anna!" he said again. "Do you want me to say more? Isn't that saying it all? I can't say all of it, you know."

She let him draw her slowly to him, but she had spoken no word, and was not yet in his arms, when the door opened and she became aware of a man standing on the threshold. Young Blake, all-engrossed, had noticed nothing, but he had perceived her yielding.

"Ah, my Anna!" he whispered rapturously.

"Hush!" she hissed, drawing her hand sharply away. "Is that you, Richards?" Richards was the Selfords' man-servant.

The man laughed.

"If you'd turn the light on, you couldn't mistake me for anybody so respectable as Richards," he said. "I've been with your father in the study, and he told me I should find your mother here."

Anna recognized the voice.

"Mr. Imason! I didn't know you were in London."

"Just up for the day, and I wanted to see your father."

Anna moved to the switch and turned on the light. She glanced hastily at young Blake. He had not moved; his face was rather red, and he looked unhappy. Anna's feeling was one of pronounced anger against Grantley Imason. His appearance had all the effect of purposed malice; it made her feel at once jealous and absurd. But it was on her own behalf that she resented it. She was not free from a willingness that Blake should be made uncomfortable; so much discipline would be quite wholesome for him. For her own part, though, she wanted to get out of the room.

"May I ring for the real Richards, and—oh, I beg your pardon, Blake, how are you?—may I ring for the real Richards and send word to your mother, Anna?"

Grantley was, as usual, urbane and unperturbed.

"I'll go and find her for you. I think she's lying down."

"Oh, well, then——"

"No; I know she'll want to see you;" and Anna ran lightly out of the room.

Grantley strolled to an armchair and sank into it. He did not look at Blake; nor, his formal greeting given, did he appear conscious of the young man's presence.

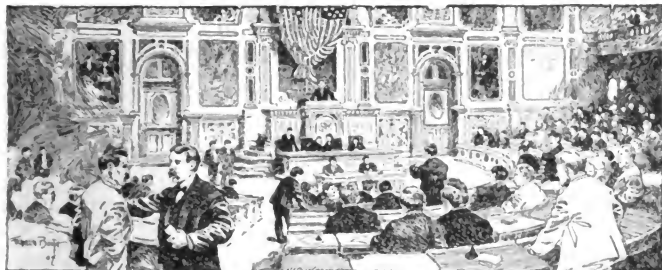
(To be continued.)

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FRECKLES MCGRAW.

A YOUNG STATESMAN'S MEMORABLE SERVICE TO THE CAUSE OF REFORM.

BY SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL.

I.

MANY visitors to the State-House made the grave mistake of looking upon the Governor as the most important personage in the building. They would walk up and down the corridors, hoping for a glimpse of some of the leading officials, when all the while Freckles McGraw, the real character of the Capitol, and by all odds the most important person in it, was easily accessible, and affably inclined toward conversation.

Freckles McGraw was the elevator boy. In the official register his name had gone down as William, but that was a mere concession to the constituents to whom the official register was sent out. In the newspapers—and he appeared with frequency in the newspapers—he was always “Freckles,” and every one from the Governor down gave him that title, the appropriateness of which was stamped a thousand-fold upon his shrewd, jolly Irish face.

Like every one else on the State payroll, Freckles was keyed to concert pitch during this first week of the new session. It was a reform Legislature, and so imbued was it with the idea of reforming that there was grave danger of its forcing reformation upon everything in sight. It happened that the Governor was of the same faction of the party as that dominant in the Legislature; and so, taken all in all, reform breathed through every nook and crevice of the great building.

But high above all else in importance towered the Kelley Bill. From the very opening of the session, there was scarcely a day when some of Freckles' passengers did not in hushed whispers mention the Kelley Bill. From what he could pick up about the building, and what he read in the newspapers, Freckles put together a few ideas as to what the Kelley Bill really was. It was a great reform measure, and it was going to show the railroads that they did not own the State. The railroads

were going to have to pay more taxes, and they were making an awful fuss about it; but if the Kelley Bill could be put through it would be a great victory for reform, and would make the Governor "solid" in the State.

Freckles McGraw was strong for reform. That was partly because the snatches of speeches he heard in the Legislature were more thrilling when for reform than when against it; it was partly because he adored the Governor, and it was in no small part because he despised Mr. Ludlow.

Mr. Ludlow was a lobbyist. Some of the members of the Legislature were Mr. Ludlow's property—or at least so Freckles inferred from conversation overheard at his post. There had been a great deal of talk that session about Mr. Ludlow's methods.

Freckles himself was no snob. Although he had heard Mr. Ludlow called disgraceful, and although he firmly believed he was disgraceful, he did not consider that any reason for not speaking to him. And so when Mr. Ludlow got in all alone one morning, and the occasion seemed to demand recognition of some sort, Freckles had chirped: "Good-morning!"

But Mr. Ludlow, possibly deep in something else, had simply knit together his brows and had given no sign of having heard. After that, Henry Ludlow, lobbyist, and Freckles McGraw, elevator boy, were enemies.

II.

A LITTLE before noon, one day near the end of the session, a member of the Senate and a member of the House rode down together in the elevator.

"There's no use waiting any longer," the Senator was saying as they got in. "We're as strong now as we're going to be. It's a matter of Stacy's vote, and that's a matter of who sees him last."

Freckles widened out his ears and gaged the elevator for very slow running. Stacy had been written up in the papers as a wabblor on the Kelley Bill.

"He's all right now," pursued the Senator, "but there's every chance that Ludlow will see him before he casts his vote this afternoon, and then

—oh, I don't know!" and with a kind of weary little flourish of his hands the Senator stepped off.

Freckles McGraw sat wrapped in deep thought. The Kelley Bill was coming up in the Senate that afternoon. If Senator Stacy voted for it, it would pass. If he voted against it, it would fail. He would vote for it if he didn't see Mr. Ludlow; he wouldn't vote for it if he did. That was the situation, and the Governor's whole future, Freckles felt, was at stake.

The bell rang sharply, and he was vaguely conscious then that it had been ringing before. In the next half hour he was very busy taking down the members of the Legislature. Strangely enough, Senator Stacy and the Governor went down the same trip, and Freckles beamed with approbation when he saw them walk out of the building together.

Stacy was one of the first of the Senators to return. Freckles sized him up keenly as he stepped into the elevator, and decided that he was still firm. But there was a look about Senator Stacy's mouth which suggested that there was no use in being too sure of him. Freckles considered the advisability of bursting forth and telling him how much better it would be to stick with the reform fellows; but just as the boy got his courage screwed up to speaking-point, Senator Stacy got off.

About ten minutes later Freckles had the elevator on the ground floor, and was sitting there reading a paper, when he heard a step that caused the sheet to fall from his hands. It was a firm, assertive step, a step which he knew and hated. The next minute Mr. Ludlow turned the corner. He was immaculately dressed, as usual, and his iron-gray mustache seemed to stand out just a little more pompously than ever. There was a sneering look in his eyes as he stepped into the car. It seemed to Freckles to be saying:

"They thought they could beat me, did they? Oh, they're easy, they are!"

Freckles McGraw slammed the door of the cage and started the car up. He did not know what he was going to do, but he had an idea that he did not want any other passenger. When half way be-



AS LUDLOW SAW THE QUICK BUT EVEN DESCENT OF THE CAR, HE KNEW THAT HE HAD BEEN TRICKED.

tween the basement and the first floor, he stopped the elevator. He must have time to think. If he took that man up to the Senate Chamber, he would simply strike the death-blow to reform! And so he knelt and pretended to be fixing something, and he thought fast and hard.

"Something broke?" said an anxious voice.

Freckles looked around into Mr.

Ludlow's face, and he saw that the eminent lobbyist was nervous.

"Yes," he said calmly. "It's acting queer. Something's all out of whack."

"Well, drop it to the basement and let me out," said Mr. Ludlow sharply.

"Can't drop it," responded Freckles. "She's stuck."

Mr. Ludlow came and looked things over, but his knowledge did not extend to the mechanism of elevators.

"Better call some one to come and take us out," he said nervously.

Freckles McGraw straightened himself up. A glitter had come into his small gray eyes, and two very red spots were burning in his freckled cheeks.

"I think she'll run now," he said.

And she did run. Never in all its history had that State-House elevator run as it ran then. It rushed past the first and second floors like a thing let loose, with an utter abandonment that caused the blood to flee from the eminent lobbyist's face.

"Stop it, boy!" he cried in alarm.

"Can't!" responded Freckles, his voice thick with terror. "Running away!" he gasped.

"Will it fall?" whispered the eminent lobbyist, with a shaking voice.

"I—I think so!" blubbered Freckles.

Now the central portion of the State-House was very high. Above that part of the building which was in use there was a long stretch leading to the tower. For some reason the shaft had been built clear up, though practically unused. Past floors used for store-rooms, past floors used for nothing at all, they went—the man's face white with terror, the boy wailing out incoherent supplications. And then, within ten feet of the top of the shaft, and within a foot of the top floor of the whole great building, that elevator came to a rickety stop. It wobbled back and forth; it did strange and terrible things.

"She's falling!" panted Freckles. "Climb!"

And Henry Ludlow climbed. He got the door of the cage open, and he clambered up. No sooner had the man's feet touched solid floor than Freckles reached up and slammed the door of the cage. Why he did that, he was not sure at the time. Later he felt that instinct had told him not to give the man's voice a full sweep down the shaft.

Henry Ludlow was far from dull. As he saw the quick but even descent of the car, he knew that he had been tricked. He would have been more than human had there not burst from him furious and threatening words. But what was the use? The car was going down—down—down, and there he was, perhaps hundreds of feet above

any one else in the building—alone, tricked, beaten!

Of course he tried the door at the head of the winding stairway, knowing full well it would be locked. They always kept it locked; he had heard one of the janitors asking for the keys to take a party up just a few days before. Perhaps he could get out on the top of the building and make signals of distress. But the door leading outside was locked also. There he was—helpless and alone. And below—well, below they were passing the Kelley Bill!

He rattled the grating of the elevator shaft. He made strange, loud noises, knowing all the while he could not make himself heard. And then at last, alone in the State-House attic, Henry Ludlow, eminent lobbyist, sat down on a box and nursed his fury.

Below, Freckles McGraw, the youngest champion of reform in the building, was putting on a bold front. He laughed and he talked and he whistled. He took people up and down with as much nonchalance as if he did not know that up at the top of that shaft angry eyes were straining themselves for a glimpse of the car, and terrible curses were descending, literally, upon his stubby red head.

III.

It was a great afternoon at the State-House. Every one thronged to the doors of the Senate Chamber, where they were putting through the Kelley Bill. The speeches made in behalf of the measure were very brief. The great thing now was not to make speeches; it was to reach "S" on roll-call before a man with iron-gray hair and an iron-gray mustache could come in and say something to the fair-haired member with the weak mouth who sat near the rear of the chamber.

Freckles was called away just as it went to a vote. When he came back Senator Kelley was standing out in the corridor, and a great crowd of men were standing around slapping him on the back. The Governor himself was standing on the steps of the Senate Chamber; his eyes were very bright, and he was smiling.

Freckles turned his car back to the basement. Somehow he wanted to be all alone for a minute, to dwell in solitude upon the fact that it was he, Freckles McGraw, who had won this great victory for reform. It was he, Freckles McGraw, who had assured the Governor's future! Why, perhaps he had that afternoon made for himself a name which would be handed down in the histories!

Freckles was a kind little boy, and he knew that an elegant gentleman could not find the attic any too pleasant a place in which to spend the afternoon. So he decided to go up and get Mr. Ludlow. It took courage; but he had won his victory, and this was no time for faltering.

There was something very grewsome about the long ascent. He thought of stories he had read of lonely turrets in which men were beheaded, and otherwise made away with. It seemed he would never come to the top, and when at last he did it was to find two of the most awful-looking eyes he had ever seen peering down upon him.

The sight of that car, moving smoothly and securely up to the top, and the sight of that audacious little boy with the freckled face and the bat-like eyes, that little boy who had played his game so well, who had lost a big concern many thousands, was too much for Henry Ludlow's self-control. Words such as he had never used before, such as he had never supposed himself capable of using, burst from him. But Freckles stood calmly gazing up at the infuriated lobbyist, and just as Mr. Ludlow was saying, "I'll beat your head open, you little brat!" he calmly reversed the handle and sent the car skinning smoothly to realms below. He was followed by an angry yell, and then by a loud request to return, but he heeded them not, and for some time longer the car made its usual rounds between the basement and the legislative chambers.

In just an hour Freckles tried it again. He sent the car to within three feet of the attic floor, and then peered through the grating, his face tied in a knot of interrogation. The eminent lobbyist stood there gulping down

wrath and pride, knowing well enough what was expected of him.

"Oh—all right," he muttered at last, and with that much of an understanding Freckles sent the car up, opened the door, and Henry Ludlow stepped in.

No word was spoken between them until the light from the floor upon which the Senate Chamber was situated came in view. Then Freckles turned with a polite inquiry as to where the gentleman wished to get off.

"You may take me down to the office of the Governor," said Mr. Ludlow stonily, meaningly.

"Sure," said Freckles cheerfully. "Guess you'll find the Governor in his office now. He's been in the Senate most of the afternoon, watchin' 'em pass that Kelley Bill."

Mr. Ludlow's lips drew in tightly. He squared his shoulders, and his silence spoke many volumes.

In just fifteen minutes Freckles was sent for from the executive office.

"I demand his discharge!" Mr. Ludlow was saying as the elevator boy entered.

"It happens you're not running this building," the Governor returned with a good deal of acidity. "Though of course," he added with dignity, "the matter will be carefully investigated."

The Governor was one great chuckle inside, and his heart was full of admiration and gratitude; but would Freckles be equal to bluffing it through? Would the boy have the finesse, the nice subtlety, the real master hand, the situation demanded? If not, then—imp of salvation though he was—in the interest of reform, Freckles would have to go.

It was a very innocent looking boy who stood before him and looked inquiringly into his face.

"William," began the Governor—Freckles was pained at first, and then remembered that officially he was William—"this gentleman has made a very serious charge against you."

Freckles looked at Mr. Ludlow in a genuinely hurt way, and waited for the Governor to proceed.

"He says," went on the chief executive, "that you deliberately took him to the top of the building and wilfully left

him there a prisoner all afternoon. Did you do that?"

"Oh, sir," burst forth Freckles tearfully, "I did the very best I could to save his life. I was willing to sacrifice mine for him, I——"

"You little liar!" broke in Henry Ludlow.

The Governor held up his hand.

"You had your chance. Let him have his."

"You see, Governor," began Freckles, as if anxious to set right a great wrong which had been done him, "the car is acting bad. The engineer said only this morning it needed a going over. When it took that awful shoot, I lost control of it. Maybe I'm to be discharged for losing control of it, but not"—Freckles began to cry—"but not for anything like what he says I done. Why, Governor," he went on, ramming his knuckles into his eyes, "I ain't got nothing against him! What'd I take him to the attic for?"

"Of course not for money," sneered Mr. Ludlow.

The Governor turned on him sharply.

"When you can bring any proof of that, I'll be ready to hear it. Until you can, you'd better leave it out of the question."

"Strange how it should have happened this very afternoon," put in the eminent lobbyist.

The Governor looked at him with open countenance.

"You were especially interested in something this afternoon? I thought you told me you had no really vital interest here this session!"

There was nothing to be said. Mr. Ludlow said nothing.

"Now, William," pursued the Governor, fearful in his heart that this would be Freckles' undoing, "why did you close the door of the shaft before you started down?"

"Well, you see, sir," began Freckles, still tremulously, "I'm so used to closin' doors. Closin' doors has become a kind of second nature with me. I've been told about it so many times. And up there, though I thought I was losin' my life, still I didn't neglect my duty."

The Governor put his hand to his mouth and coughed.

"And why," he went on, more secure now, for a boy who could get out of that could get out of anything, "why was it you didn't make some immediate effort to get Mr. Ludlow down? Why didn't you notify some one, or do something about it?"

"Why, I supposed, of course, he walked down by the stairs," said Freckles. "I never dreamed he'd wait to trust the elevator after the way it had acted."

"The door was locked," snarled the eminent lobbyist.

"Well, now, you see, I didn't know that," explained Freckles expansively. "Late in the afternoon I took a run up just to test the car—and there you were! I never was so surprised in my life. I supposed, of course, sir, that you'd spent the afternoon in the Senate along with everybody else."

Once more the Governor put his hand to his mouth.

"Your case will come before the executive council at its next meeting, William. And if anything like this should happen again, you will be discharged on the spot." Freckles bowed. "You may go now."

When he was almost at the door the Governor called to him.

"Don't you think, William," he said—the Governor felt that he and Freckles could afford to be generous—"that you should apologize to the gentleman for the really grave inconvenience to which you have been the means of subjecting him?"

Freckles' little gray eyes grew steely. He looked at Henry Ludlow, and there was an ominous silence. Then light broke over his face.

"On behalf of the elevator," he said, "I apologize."

And a third time the Governor's hand was raised to his mouth.

IV.

THE next week Freckles was wearing a signet ring; long and audibly had he sighed for a ring of such kind and proportions. He was at some pains in explaining to every one to whom he showed it that it had been "sent him by a friend up home."



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1842, THE YEAR OF HIS FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA AND HIS MEETING WITH WASHINGTON IRVING.

From a pencil drawing by R. J. Lane.

The Friendship of Charles Dickens and Washington Irving.

BY T. EDGAR PEMBERTON.

THE PERSONAL AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WRITER AND THE FAMOUS ENGLISH NOVELIST—DICKENS' OWN TESTIMONY TO IRVING'S INFLUENCE UPON HIS EARLIER WORK.

IN the lives of eminent literary men there is nothing more interesting to note than the admiration one great

genius will show for the work of another equally gifted author.

This was never better exemplified

than by Washington Irving and Charles Dickens. The fact is perhaps all the more remarkable because in some ways they worked in the same grooves, and the young English writer was manifestly indebted, at the outset of his career, to the already famous American litterateur. The "Sketches by Boz" were probably suggested by the "Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon," and it seems certain that unless "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall" had been written the "Pickwick Papers" would never have been embellished with those glorious merry-makings which took place at Manor Farm, Dingley Dell.

In small-minded men such things might occasion irritation, but the real giants of the pen, having appreciated the work of a coming writer, can afford to be generous, and love to applaud it. Dickens knew his Washington Irving well, and had devoured the inimitable "Sketch Book" when he was a boy of fourteen, with results eminently beneficial to himself and his countless readers. But for this we might not have had the delightful journey on the stage coach to Muggleton, have quaffed a second bowl of the enlivening wassail, have met the Dingley Dell parson with his quaint stories, or have been thrilled with the episode at the rook-shooting, when Mr. Winkle, instead of shooting at the pigeon and killing the crow, shot at the crow and wounded the pigeon.

IRVING'S FIRST LETTER TO DICKENS.

Imagine, then, the delight of Dickens when in April, 1841, a letter came to him in which Irving expressed heartfelt delight in his writings and appreciation of himself. The historian of New York had, he wrote, read all the "Boz" productions, and could no longer repress his desire to let their author know his high opinion of his talents.

It may be noted that Irving was twenty-nine years older than Dickens, who was twenty-nine when he received this letter. He had already produced "Sketches by Boz," "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge."

In his enthusiastic reply we see how

well he knew the contents of the "Sketch Book" and Irving's other works.

MY DEAR SIR:

There is no man in the world who could have given me the heartfelt pleasure you have, by your kind note of the 13th of last month. There is no living writer, and there are very few among the dead, whose approbation I should feel so proud to earn. And with everything you have written upon my shelves, and in my thoughts, and in my heart of hearts, I may honestly and truly say so. If you could only know how earnestly I write this, you will be glad to read it—as I hope you will be, faintly guessing at the warmth of the hand I autobiographically hold out to you over the broad Atlantic.

I wish I could find in your welcome letter some hint of an intention to visit England. I can't. I have held it at arm's length, and taken a bird's-eye view of it, after reading it a great many times, but there is no greater encouragement in this way than on a microscopic inspection. I should love to go with you—as I have gone, God knows how often—into Little Britain, and Eastcheap, and Green Arbor Court, and Westminster Abbey! I should like to travel with you outside the last of the coaches down to Bracebridge Hall. It would make my heart glad to compare notes with you about that shabby gentleman in the oilcloth hat and red nose, who sat in the nine-cornered back-parlor of the Masons' Arms, and about Robert Preston and the tallow chandler's widow, whose sitting-room is second nature to me; and about all those delightful places and people that I used to walk about and dream of in the daytime, when a very small and not over-particularly-taken-care-of boy. I have a good deal to say, too, about that dashing *Alonso de Ojeda*, that you can't help being fonder of than you ought to be; and much to hear concerning Moorish legend, and poor unhappy Boabdil. *Didrich Knickerbocker* I have worn to death in my pocket, and yet I should show you his mutilated carcass with a joy past all expression.

I have been so accustomed to associate you with my pleasantest and happiest thoughts, and with my leisure hours, that I rush at once into full confidence with you, and fall, as it were naturally, and by the very laws of gravity, into your open arms. Questions come thronging to my pen as to the lips of people who meet after long hoping to do so. I don't know what to say first or what to leave unsaid, and am so constantly disposed to break off and tell you again how glad I am this moment has arrived.

My dear Washington Irving, I cannot thank you enough for your cordial and generous praise, or tell you what deep and lasting gratification it has given me. I hope to have many letters from you, and to exchange a frequent correspondence. I send this to say so. After the first two or three I shall settle down into a connected style, and become gradually rational.

You know what the feeling is, after having written a letter, sealed it, and sent it off. I shall picture your reading this, and answering it, before it has lain one night in the post-office. Ten to one that before the fastest pack could reach New York I shall be writing again.

Do you suppose the post-office clerks care to receive letters? I have my doubts. They get into a dreadful habit of indifference. A postman, I imagine, is quite callous. Conceive his delivering one

to himself, without being startled by a preliminary double knock!

Always your faithful friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE ENGLISH NOVELIST IN AMERICA.

For a long time Dickens had been anxious to visit America, and his biographer, John Forster, tells us that this interchange of letters set him thinking seriously of the undertaking. Be this as it may, the February of the following year (1842) saw him at the Carlton Hotel, New York, where "Washington Irving came in alone with open arms." The friendship of the two famous authors was at once cemented. "Washington Irving is a great fellow," he wrote in a letter to Forster. "We have laughed most heartily together. He is just the man he ought to be." Having in his mind's eye painted an ideal picture of him, he could hardly pay his new friend higher tribute than this.

Dickens was only just in time to see him, for Irving had been appointed American minister to Spain, and was on the eve of his departure for Madrid. But they had many happy meetings, and must have been on the most affectionate terms, for on March 17 Dickens wrote to Forster:

Irving was with me at Washington yesterday, and *wept heartily* at parting. He is a fine fellow, when you know him well; and you would relish him, my dear friend, of all things. We have laughed together at some absurdities we have encountered in company, quite in our vociferous Devonshire-Terrace style. The "Merrikin" Government have treated him, he says, most liberally and handsomely in every respect. He thinks of sailing for Liverpool on the 7th of April; passing a short time in London; and then going to Paris. Perhaps you may meet him. If you do, he will know that you are my dearest friend, and will open his whole heart to you at once.

But this was not to be the final farewell. On March 23, just before his jour-



WASHINGTON IRVING ABOUT THE TIME OF HIS FIRST MEETING WITH DICKENS.

Drawn by M. Stein from an engraving by Hinchliff.

ney from Baltimore to the West, Dickens wrote:

Washington Irving has come in for another leaving-taking, and dines with me to-day.

This visit was no doubt in impulsive response to a letter that Dickens had written in Washington on March 21:

MY DEAR IRVING:

We passed through, literally passed through, this place again to-day. I did not come to see you, for I really had not the heart to say good-by again, and felt more than I can tell you when we shook hands last Wednesday.

You will not be at Baltimore, I fear. I thought at the time you only said you might be there to make our parting the gayer.

Wherever you go, God bless you ! What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you, I will not attempt to say. I shall never forget it as long as I live. What *would* I give, if we could have but a quiet week together ! Spain is a lazy place, and its climate an indolent one. But if you ever have leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you, and holds communion with your spirit oftener, perhaps, than any other person alive—leisure from listlessness, I mean—and will write to me in London, you will give me an inexpressible amount of pleasure.

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

During his second visit to America, when in Washington in 1868, nine years after Irving's death, Dickens, replying to a letter from Mr. Charles Lanman, said in recollection of that final meeting of March 23, 1842:

Your reference to my dear friend Washington Irving renews the vivid impressions reawakened in my mind at Baltimore the other day. I saw his fine face for the last time in that city. He came there to pass a day or two with me there before I went westward, and they were made among the most memorable of my life by his delightful fancy and humor. Some unknown admirer of his books and mine sent to the hotel a most enormous mint julep, wreathed with flowers. We sat, one on either side of it, with great solemnity (it filled a respectably-sized round table), but the solemnity was of short duration. It was quite an enchanted julep, and carried us among innumerable people and places that we both knew. The julep held out far into the night, and my memory never saw him otherwise than as bending over it, with his straw, with an attempted gravity (after some anecdote, involving some wonderfully droll and delicate observation of character) and then, as his eyes caught mine, melting into that captivating laugh of his which was the brightest and best I have ever heard.

Dear sir, with many thanks,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

IRVING AT THE GREAT DICKENS DINNER.

After Irving's death Professor Felton, addressing the Massachusetts Historical Society, recalled these bright days, and said:

The time when I saw the most of Mr. Irving was the winter of 1842, during the visit of Charles Dickens in New York. I had known this already distinguished writer in Boston and Cambridge. I had passed much of the time with Mr. Irving and Mr. Dickens, and it was delightful to witness the cordial intercourse of the young man in the flush and glory of his fervent genius, and his elder compeer, then in the assured possession of renown.

Great and rare as was the genius of Mr. Irving, there was one thing he shrank with a comical terror from attempting, and that was "an after-dinner speech." A great dinner, however, was to be given to Mr. Dickens in New York, as one had already been given in Boston, and it was evident to all that no man but Washington Irving could be thought of to preside. With all his dread of making a speech,

he was obliged to obey the unusual call, and to accept the painful preeminence. I saw him daily during the interval of preparation, either at the lodgings of Dickens, or at dinner, or at evening parties. I hope I showed no want of sympathy with his forebodings, but I could not help being amused with the tragic-comical distress which the thought of that dinner had caused him. His pleasant humor mingled with the real dread, and played with the whimsical horrors of his own position with an irresistible drollery. Whenever it was alluded to, his invariable answer was, "I shall certainly break down," uttered in half melancholy tones, the ludicrous effect of which it is impossible to describe.

At length the long-expected event arrived; a company of the most eminent persons were assembled, and Mr. Irving took the chair. He had brought the manuscript of his speech, and laid it under his plate. "I shall certainly break down," he repeated over and over again. At last the moment arrived. Mr. Irving rose, and was received with deafening and long-continued applause, which by no means lessened his apprehension. He began in his pleasant voice, got through two or three sentences pretty easily, but in the next hesitated, and, after a few attempts to go on, gave it up, with a graceful allusion to the tournament and the troop of knights all armed and eager for the fray; and ended with the toast: "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation !"

"There," said he, as he resumed his seat amid applause as great as had greeted his rising, "there ! I told you I should break down and I've *done it* !"

In the "American Notes," published after his return to England, Dickens, referring to a Presidential reception at Washington, said that nothing impressed him so much as the welcome accorded to Washington Irving—

my dear friend who had recently been appointed minister at the court of Spain, and who was among them that night, in his new character, for the first and last time, before going abroad. I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of state, and flocking with a generous and honest impulse round the man of quiet pursuits; proud in his promotion as reflecting upon their country; and grateful to him with their whole hearts for the store of graceful fancies he had poured out amongst them. Long may he dispense such treasures with unsparing hand; and long may they remember him as worthily !

The friends never met again, but they held each other in their heart of hearts, and corresponded until the day of Irving's death.

The portrait of Dickens on page 487, engraved from a drawing made in 1842, the year of his first visit to America, appeared in Mr. F. G. Kitton's monumental work, "Charles Dickens, By Pen and Pencil." Would that I could produce a picture of the two friends, whose names are enshrined amongst the immortals, as they sat together over that historic mint julep !

A Little Diplomat.

A TRIAL FOR BURGLARY AND ITS UNUSUAL ENDING.

BY FRANK N. STRATTON.

I.

ROBERT ASHTON looked up from his desk to the tall figure in blue and brass that had suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"Good evening, Mike. Now, don't tell me you've got another one!"

"But Oi have, sor. Just put 'im in. An' a tough nut he is—fought loike a divil. He wants ye roight away, sor."

Ashton groaned and laid down his pen.

"It's a conspiracy, Mike. Ever since I was appointed county attorney, bound to defend pauper criminals gratuitously, you fellows have been perniciously active. This makes three this month. What's this one in for?"

Blue-and-brass expanded its chest.

"The Bigsby burglary, sor. Got 'im dead to rights. Old mon Bigsby oidentified 'im."

"Good for you, Mike. Wants me right away, does he? Well, I guess if I don't get to him for a few days he'll keep all right in Jerry's refrigerator."

Blue-and-brass grinned copiously, nodded assuringly, and sauntered away with swinging club, while Ashton again plunged into the legal labyrinths of Dighton *versus* Purley. There was a fat fee in that case. The "jail client" could wait.

The clock in the court-house tower struck five with the vigor and promptness due from a public servant, and Ashton glanced out at it in surprise.

"Confound the luck!" he growled. "I can't catch that train now, and Purley is expecting me. I could go to-night, but I'll wait, and run down in the morning."

He pushed his chair back, put his feet on the desk, and lighted a cigar. A prolonged and insistent peal of the telephone, ending in two vicious snarls, interrupted his repose.

"Sounds as if it might be an urgent case," he muttered hopefully as he seized the receiver.

"Who? The jail? Oh, all right; what is it, Jerry? Yes, Mike told me. Well, you just inform the gentleman that he'll wait until I get ready. What's that? Oh, yes, I suppose I can—to accommodate you. All right; I'll drop in on my way home. And, say, Jerry, don't give him too much of that rich food. You'll astonish his stomach. Ha, ha! Good-by, Jerry!"

He hung the receiver up, resumed his recumbent posture, and finished the cigar. Then he leisurely put his hat on, locked the office door, and strolled down the street to the nearest newsstand. A tall, stern-faced man with long, stiff upper lip and sharp, cold, blue eyes, leading a bright-faced little girl, passed out as Ashton entered. The two men nodded as they passed, and Ashton caught a glimpse of the latest *Puck* in the tall man's pocket.

"John Stone's the last man on earth I should suspect of buying comic papers," Ashton remarked as he picked up his favorite magazine. "If he has smiled once during the two years he's been here, it's not of record."

"Buys 'em for his little girl," the dealer explained. "Guess she's the only thing on earth that can thaw him. Did you ever see such eyes? Like two sharp icicles blue with cold."

"Good lawyer, though," said Ashton, pocketing his change. "Plenty of money, and making more."

The grim, gray jail, granite-walled and steel-barred, recalled to Ashton's mind the existence of the Bigsby burglar. He ran up the stone steps, and pulled the door bell impatiently. The turnkey, stocky of form and fiery of head, admitted him.

"Glad you've come, Mr. Ashton. Your new client's been goin' on like a

wild man, disturbin' of everybody. Take a chair. I'll have him here in a minute."

From a hook on the wall he took a pair of handcuffs.

"Ain't takin' no chances with this laddy-buck," he observed, in answer to Ashton's questioning look. "He's desperate. Took three of 'em to handle him—till Mike reasoned with him with his club."

"Old Bigsby says you've got the right man, does he, Jerry?"

"He does that! Dentyfied him right here—the minute he set eyes on him."

"And what did the new boarder say?"

Jerry grinned sarcastically as he opened the great steel door.

"What'd he say? What do they all say? They're all alike; ain't none of 'em guilty."

The county attorney was absorbed in his magazine when the cautious Jerry reappeared with his handcuffed charge at his elbow. The prisoner dropped into a chair, and gazed straight into Ashton's face with frank, unswerving eyes.

"So you've come at last!" he said sharply.

Ashton did not reply. He was surveying his client curiously. There was something familiar in the lad's manner, in the ring of his voice, in the clear-cut, intelligent face, with its aggressive chin and determined mouth.

"This is an outrage," the prisoner continued hotly. "I haven't been near that man's house!"

The county attorney smiled—a grim, incredulous smile.

"Can you prove that?" he asked.

"Prove it? I'm not required to prove it. The State must prove I'm the right man."

"And Bigsby will swear you are."

The prisoner's brow knitted, and he moved uneasily.

"Why should he? What can he have against me? He's mistaken—or a malicious liar!"

"Let me have your side of the story," Ashton suggested.

"There's not much of it. I was sleeping—in a freight-car—when the officers found me. I fought; who

wouldn't? They dragged me here, and sent for the man you call Bigsby. He declared me to be the man he saw trying to break into his house last night. That's all I know of the affair."

"Beating your way in a freight-car, eh?" observed Ashton, turning the leaves of his magazine to the story he was particularly anxious to read.

"I was; yes, sir," the prisoner answered frankly. "Slipped into the car at Greenville, forty miles up the road, and hadn't been out of it. I was tired, and fell asleep."

"Been up all night, eh?"

"I hadn't. I'm telling you the truth," the other answered sullenly.

"What's your name—and age?"

"Wallace—Johnstone. I'm almost twenty. And I'm a printer—when I work."

"And when you don't work?"

"I loaf, and blow in what I've saved. Oh, you needn't look at me that way! I'm no saint, but I'm no thief. I've never harmed any one but myself. Why should a fellow be steady, when no one on earth cares whether he lives or dies?"

"Haven't you a home—and relatives who care?"

The prisoner's face clouded.

"That has nothing to do with this affair," he said.

"It's a bad case," Ashton went on. "You're found in a box-car, beating your way, like any common tramp. You're without money, though work is plentiful and wages good. You fight the officers, and you refuse to disclose your antecedents. A reputable citizen swears that he surprised you in the act of breaking into his house in the night-time. In defense, we have only your uncorroborated denial. I rather think you're in for it, my boy."

"But you'll fight the case? That Bigsby—"

"And make matters worse? You'd better plead guilty. I'll do all I can to secure a light sentence."

The prisoner sprang to his feet with a hoarse cry.

"Admit that I'm a thief? Never! There'll be no record like that! I'll fight—and take what I get. And when I've served my time I'll find the guilty



"ADMIT THAT I'M A THIEF? NEVER!"

man, if it takes all the rest of my life. I a thief! My God!"

"Very well, sir. You wanted my advice——"

"Confound your advice!"—the prisoner was shaking his clenched and manacled hands over Jerry's quickly interposed shoulder. "It's money you want. If I had that you'd clear me; you'd prove Bigsby a liar; you'd scour the county for evidence. I'll not plead guilty. You'll have to appear for me. And that's all I have to say to you, Mr. County Attorney, only—confound you, and Bigsby, and your county with you!"

The turnkey hustled him away, livid with fury.

"Pleasant little cuss," Jerry remarked when he returned, jingling the handcuffs, and shot the bolts of the steel door.

"Very amiable young gentleman," Ashton assented. "Isn't it sad, Jerry, to see so many innocent men sent up?"

The turnkey sighed sonorously and wagged the red head dolefully as he let the county attorney through the outer door.

"Sad? It's heart breakin', Mr. Ashton. Sometimes I think I'll throw up my job rather'n be a party to such scandalous proceedin's any longer. Seems like we never catch the guilty ones at all."

Ashton laughed lightly as he ran down the stone steps and turned toward home, his precious magazine tucked safely under his arm.

II.

WHEN the case of the State *versus* Johnstone was called for trial, almost a month later, the county attorney, chatting in a corner of the court-room with the attorney for the State, had forgotten that he had a client of that name. Mildly indignant at being compelled to go through the form of a trial in so plain a case, the two attorneys took their seats. Ashton listened languidly as Bigsby related his oft-told tale to the listless and perspiring jury, and the venerable judge nodded drowsily during the perfunctory cross-examination of the prosecuting witness.

Ashton was about to dismiss the witness when he saw his client glance upward, start from his chair at the opposite side of the table with a look of amazement, then drop back and avert his face. At the same instant he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, looking up, saw Stone bending over him, his stern face twitching convulsively.

"I beg your pardon, Ashton," Stone whispered hurriedly, "but you must let me into this case. I must cross-examine this witness. That boy is no criminal—it's not possible!"

Before the startled county attorney could reply, Stone was addressing the drowsy judge, who started up from his nap with an expression of profound interest.

"Your honor, Mr. Ashton has kindly consented to accept my assistance in this case. With your honor's permission I shall continue the cross-examination of this witness."

The jury straightened up and leaned forward, mouths agape, while the judge adjusted his spectacles and stared curiously at Stone's eager face.

"I shall certainly object to such procedure," the prosecuting attorney exclaimed, springing up. "Mr. Ashton, having begun this cross-examination, must finish——"

"It is within the discretion of the court," Stone broke in impatiently. "Your honor, this is the first favor I have ever asked of this court."

"It's rather irregular, as you are aware, Mr. Stone," said the judge slowly, "but I think I shall allow it in this case; I don't see that it will prejudice the case in any way. You may proceed, Mr. Stone."

With a courteous inclination of his head toward the bench, Stone turned his keen, cold eyes upon Bigsby.

"Now, Mr. Bigsby," he said softly, almost caressingly, "having just arrived, I did not hear your testimony in chief. Have the kindness to state what it was that first called your attention to—the defendant."

Mr. Bigsby, delighted to relate his story once more, assumed an expression befitting the center of attraction about which the case revolved.

"Well, as I said, he waked me up



"WAIT, THOUGH, JUST ONE MOMENT; OF COURSE, YOU CAN DESCRIBE TO THE JURY THE APPEARANCE OF THE MAN YOU SAW?"

tryin' to break in the winder. I jumped out of bed an' run to t'other end of the house, where he was, an' when I reached the winder I seen him jumpin' over the hedge-fence."

"And what is the distance from that window to that hedge?"

"Not furdern six rod. Just about six rod, I reckon."

"Very well, Mr. Bigsby, we'll say one hundred feet. And at what hour of the night was that?"

"Jest ten; I noticed the clock as I jumped out of bed."

"Ten! Now, Mr. Bigsby, you certainly are mistaken about that."

"No, sir; noticed it partic'lar."

Stone seemed embarrassed, and Bigsby grinned confidently at the jury.

"Will you tell me what time it is now by that clock on the wall at your left?" Stone purred. "Not that I question your veracity, Mr. Bigsby, but I am sure you must have mistaken the time."

The witness blinked for a moment at the clock, then drew a pair of spectacles from his pocket.

"Oh, never mind, if you can't see the dial without glasses," said Stone carelessly. "You don't wear glasses in your sleep, do you, Mr. Bigsby?"

"Oh, I know you're smart, but you can't catch me that way, Mr. Stone," answered Bigsby, with a cunning glance at the attentive jury. "My clock set right by the bed, not ten feet from my nose, an' the moon was jest comin' up, an' shone straight through the winder on to it."

"Ah! That explains it. You were sleeping down-stairs?"

"I was."

"Your house is a large one, I believe."

"Partly good-sized. Two story; ten rooms."

"And—as you say you ran the full length of the house—your bed was at that end of the house farthest from the hedge-fence?"

"That's right."

"If I remember your property correctly, Mr. Bigsby—and a very fine property it is—there are several trees in the front yard, between the house and the hedge."

"Ain't a finer grove of cedars in the State, I reckon," responded the witness proudly.

Stone's long, nervous fingers drummed softly on the table before him as he idly contemplated a fly buzzing desperately in the web that decorated a corner of the court-room. Mr. Bigsby, smiling complacently, awaited the next question. The prosecuting attorney was frowning, and aimlessly fingering the indictment.

"I think that's all, Mr. Bigsby," resumed Stone. "Wait, though, just one moment; of course, you can describe to the jury the appearance of the man you saw?"

"You bet I can. Medium-sized young fellow, with brown, curly hair, blue eyes, smooth face, light clothes, straw hat, low-cut shoes. That's the man, right there at the table!"

"Quite positive about that description, are you?"

"Sure. Didn't I see him plain as I see you?"

"No doubt, Mr. Bigsby. But when you called on the officers you were unable to give them more than a very vague description of this burglar."

Mr. Bigsby coughed slightly, hesitated, and caressed the abundant hirsute growth on his retreating chin.

"Well, you see—I was considerable excited then. But soon as the officers fetched this feller in I knowed him; the sight of him sorter—refreshed my mem'ry. Yes, that's it—refreshed my mem'ry, as you lawyer fellers say. Ha! Ha! Guess I hit *you* that time, Mr. Stone!"

"I see you will have your little joke, Mr. Bigsby. It's strange that so shrewd a man as you didn't search for tracks."

"Didn't I? An' found 'em, too!"

"Where?"

Mr. Bigsby stared at the prosecuting attorney with the dubious expression of one who realizes he may have told too much. Stone leaned toward him, the cold blue eyes scintillating fire.

"Did you hear my question, sir? I asked where you found those tracks."

"At—the little ditch between the hedge an' the road."

"You may describe them."

"Don't know as I can," said Bigsby, shifting uneasily in his chair. "Only they wasn't very big."

"You measured them?"

"No, I didn't."

"You showed them to the officers?"

"Well, what if I did?"

"And you put your foot in one of——"

"How'd you know——"

"You're not here to ask questions, sir. I know more than you think. The officers are subpoenaed, and you may as well tell the truth. State to this jury how that track compared, in size, with your foot."

The witness gazed appealingly at the State's attorney.

"Go on!" Stone snarled.

"Well, it was a leetle—jest a very leetle—bigger'n my foot—an' I ain't no big man, nohow."

Stone leaned back and closed his eyes. Ashton heard the faint sigh of relief, saw the ghost of a smile that flittered athwart the stern face. Then the old gladiator opened his eyes and rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said quietly, "I ask you to note the comparative size of the shoes of these two men."

"Couldn't he have changed——" Bigsby blustered.

Stone turned upon him fiercely. the lawyer's hard face illumined by the fire of combat.

"Silence, you perjured scoundrel!" he roared. "And you, Mr. Prosecutor, keep your seat until this witness—who could not read the figures on that clock—explains how he was able to distinguish the size, height, shoes—aye, even the color of hair and eyes of a man of whom he had but a momentary glimpse at a distance of one hundred feet, and that in the night, when the faint light of the hardly risen moon was totally obscured by the house and a dense grove of cedars!"

The frightened witness attempted to flee from his chair, but the enraged lawyer pushed him back.

"Your honor," said Stone, "I think you will agree with me that it needed not the evidence of the tracks to demonstrate that the State has committed

a grievous error in this case; that it is this man Bigsby who should sit where this prisoner sits, on a charge of wilful and malicious perjury!"

"I ain't no perjurer," Bigsby whimpered. "Can't a feller be mistaken? Anybody's liable to be mistaken—an' he's nothin' but a tramp, nohow—an' we've been robbed till it was time to do sumthin'."

Stone turned away from him contemptuously.

"If the court please," he said quietly, "I move the immediate discharge of this defendant."

"Has the State any further evidence to submit?" asked the judge sternly.

"None, your honor," answered the abashed prosecuting attorney. "The State will not oppose the motion. But I wish to say that had I suspected——"

"Never mind about that, sir," the judge interrupted. "I want you to understand, you and Mr. Ashton, that henceforth this court will tolerate no such neglect of duty. Let this affair teach you that the mere arrest of a friendless stranger is not conclusive evidence of guilt. As for this witness, he shall have my attention—my undivided attention—later. Gentlemen of the jury, the evidence in this case compels the court to take the case from you, and to discharge the defendant. Defendant discharged. Mr. Bailiff, adjourn court!"

The prisoner did not move. Stone beckoned Ashton aside and slipped a purse into his hand.

"For him," he said in an undertone. "And if he—if you should want me, I shall be in my office."

III.

WHEN Ashton, thirty minutes later, tossed the purse upon Stone's desk, the old lawyer scarcely looked up as he asked:

"Wouldn't accept it, eh?"

"He guessed who sent it."

"Very well," Stone said calmly, and resumed his work.

"Look here, John Stone," Ashton broke out impetuously, "it's none of my business, perhaps, but I want to say to you that you're a hard man, and that

you're making an awful mistake. With all his faults, that boy is one to be proud of, and if his story's true—and I believe it is—you're more to be blamed than he for his waywardness. While you may have meant it for his good, it was your sternness and tyrannical harshness that drove him away; and now, when a word from you would bring him back, you're going to let him go to the dogs. I repeat it, John Stone, you're a hard man—and an unjust one!"

Stone arose slowly, and put his hands on the county attorney's shoulders. There was a strange quaver in his voice when he spoke:

"I am. I know it. I realize it now. Ashton, you don't know how the sight of him to-day, in that place, affected me. You're not a father—you can't understand how I—love that boy!"

"Then come with me," cried Ashton eagerly. "He can't be gone far. We'll overtake him and——"

Stone shook his head and resumed his seat.

"No," he said decisively. "I was too harsh—I forgot that he was a Stone, to be persuaded but not coerced, but—he must come to me; I shall never go to him."

"He will never do that," the county attorney said.

"Then he may go his way. To-day I saved him, and our name—which, by good luck, he had the presence of mind to conceal—from lasting disgrace, and he gave me not one look of gratitude or recognition. Until to-day, I had not seen him for five long years. Not in twenty times five years shall I ask him to return!"

A patter of little feet sounded in the outer office. The door between the two rooms swung partly open, and the lit-

tle, bright-faced girl danced in and climbed upon Stone's knees.

"No more school till fall, papa," she cried merrily. "Now you and me will have *such* fun! You know what you promised me for vacation!"

The hard face softened, and buried itself in the golden curls.

"You shall have the pony and cart this very evening, Bessie."

"But that isn't what I want, now—and you promised me anything I wanted."

"Don't want the pretty pony and the cart?"

"Oh, there's something I want a hundred times more! May I have it, papa?"

Two soft little hands were caressing the hard face; two bright blue eyes were beaming pleadingly. Stone smiled. Ashton looked twice before he could believe it, but he smiled—proudly, happily.

"May you have it, sweetheart? You may have anything you wish."

The child led her father to the door, threw it wide open, and Stone stopped, transfixed, erect, motionless. There, in the doorway of the outer office, stood—Ashton's late client.

The little girl ran to him. He lifted her in his arms, and met Stone's gaze haughtily, unflinchingly. The child, tearful-eyed, stretched out her arms.

"I want him, papa. I want Wally—my brother! I found him and begged him to come. Please, papa!"

She whispered something in the boy's ear, and he slowly held out one hand.

"For her sake—and mother's," he said.

Then Ashton slipped away; for the arms of stern John Stone were about his children.

AFTER PARTING.

I DO not doubt that you were brave to go
Without a farewell word, without a sign
That on the morrow I must suffer so
For penalty that joy had once been mine.

And yet if you had only been less strong,
Less wise to mask your sorrow and your fears,
Perchance the dull years would not seem so long,
If at the last I might have known your tears!

Charlotte Becker.

A Real Disciple of Tolstoy.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

THE TRUE STORY OF CAPTAIN MAXIMOFF, A DISTINGUISHED RUSSIAN OFFICER WHO CAME TO NEW YORK TO PUT INTO PRACTISE HIS VIEWS ON THE DIGNITY OF LABOR AND THE POSSIBLE REGENERATION OF THE MASSES.

MOST New Yorkers, probably, remember the great naval parade of April, 1893, and the Russian men-of-war that took part in the celebration of the quadricentennial of Columbus' first voyage across the Atlantic. Few will recall the fact that in the cabin of the Muscovite admiral's flag-ship were two strangers who came as the commanding officer's guests. One of the two, indeed—a grand duke of the house of Romanoff—was much fêted at the time; but very little was heard of his traveling companion, Captain Maximoff. Nevertheless, Maximoff was unquestionably, in all save rank and wealth, the greater man of the two; and his life story, which I believe has never been told in print, is worth reading by any one who admires a perfect embodiment of simplicity, honesty, and courage.

That Captain Maximoff was a man of distinction in his own country may be guessed from the fact that he was invited to visit America as a guest of the fleet admiral. In his day, he had served as an officer in the Russian army, had been decorated on the field of battle for personal bravery, and had won a reputation as a war correspondent and as the author of several books on social topics. For many years he had been a devoted friend of Tolstoy; and not only had he absorbed and preached the most radical views of that distinguished reformer, but he had also determined to carry them out in his daily life, which is altogether a different matter.

SOCIALISM IN THEORY AND IN PRACTISE.

It is a well-known fact that although hundreds of thousands in this country are believers in some form of the social-

istic theory, it would be difficult to point to more than a scant dozen who have voluntarily given up the pleasures of life for the sake of putting their ideas into practise. Even those who make fame and money by preaching and writing about the "higher brotherhood of humanity" are, as a general thing, far more willing to talk and write and make merry with the fruits of their labors than to undergo any real privation or personal inconvenience for the sake of humankind.

Captain Maximoff, however, was a soldier who would not ask his men to follow unless he were prepared to lead himself. He had known and loved Tolstoy, and had seen the veteran philosopher making shoes for the peasantry with his own hands, and wearing their coarse and simple dress. Maximoff had sat at his feet and heard him talk about the nobility and dignity of manual labor, and he had gone out into the world with the faith and sincerity of a true disciple to preach the doctrines which he had imbibed.

America seemed to him an ideal field for the promulgation of the master's precepts. When the fleet returned to Russia, Captain Maximoff was no longer an occupant of the admiral's cabin. Nor did he continue to send letters to the Moscow and St. Petersburg journals that had engaged him to act as their correspondent. He told his few intimates in New York that he had had enough of literature.

"J'en suis plein jusqu'à là!" ("I am full of it up to here!") he would say, indicating a point just below his chin.

He begged them to find him some sort of manual employment, however

menial. He could not, as Tolstoy did, make shoes for the American peasantry, because, even if he had known the cobbler's trade, he could not have competed with the labor-saving machinery that enables even the poorest of our working people to go dry shod the year round. He hoped, however, to find some occupation in which he could labor with his hands, and, if possible, add his mite to the sum total of human happiness.

THE DIGNITY OF HUMBLE LABOR.

For a time he sought work in vain, but at last, through the influence of a compatriot who was at that time well established in New York, Captain Maximoff obtained a position in the office of the *New York Herald*. Not in the editorial department; he would none of that. He was put in charge of the reception-room on the second floor, between the hours of seven in the evening and two in the morning, at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. He was required to receive all visitors to the editorial rooms, ascertain their business, and carry their cards to whomever they desired to see. According to the captain's theories, it was not quite so exalted a calling as actual manual toil; but as he knew no trade, save those of fighting and writing, it served him well enough as a makeshift. At any rate, it was better than literature. Of course, he saw in the work nothing at all derogatory to his character as a gentleman.

There were men on the staff of the paper whom he had met before on a very different footing. One of these was John P. Jackson, with whom he had campaigned in the Balkans. Among the cards that he was called upon to carry during his period of service were those of the Russian widow of the great war correspondent, J. A. MacGahan, whom he had known well during the Russo-Turkish War. Another visitor was Frank D. Millet, the artist and writer, also an acquaintance of those eventful days. And so he carried cards between his old comrades of the field, just as he had once led his men in a charge upon some difficult redoubt. He looked upon both jobs as merely part of a day's work.

Abstemious by nature, simple in

tastes, frugal by habit, and requiring but a few hours of sleep out of the twenty-four, the captain soon found that his duties in the *Herald* waiting-room left him with practically a full working day on his hands. So he determined to embark in some little business that would bring him into closer touch with the real working men and women of America, among whom he might find opportunities to advance the Tolstoyan theories.

With a prudence rather unusual in him, he entered "commerce," as he called it, by the smallest and humblest of doors. He went into business as a vender of newspapers; and his appearance on Broadway, clad in a long gray frock-coat of handsome cut and texture, with his iron-gray whiskers neatly trimmed, and a bundle of pink "*Tellies*" under his arm, almost caused a riot among the newsboys who swarm about that thoroughfare. Instead of appreciating his attempt to add a halo of dignity to their lowly calling, the boys looked upon him as an interloper who desired to take the bread out of their mouths, and they tormented him until he retired from the field.

MAXIMOFF'S EXPERIENCES AS A MERCHANT.

Maximoff's next venture was a small fruit-stand at the northwest corner of Third Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street. It was here that I called on him with a Russian friend one Sunday afternoon. We found the captain feeding bananas to the extra horse who pulled the street-cars up the hill to Lexington Avenue. While he was regaling his four-footed friend with his choicest stock, a passer-by was calling loudly to know how much he wanted for a pound of dates.

"Go away!" said the captain to the would-be purchaser. "Can't you see that I'm busy here?"

He was delighted to see us, and, the horse having been dragged away with some difficulty and attached to a car, the disciple of Tolstoy requested a boy who was loitering near to look out for his stand for a few minutes while we all adjourned to a neighboring saloon for refreshments. While serving us, the bartender advised me to caution my

friend against the loafers of the vicinage, who had already found that he was a "good thing" and were imposing on his kindness at a rate that bid fair to ruin him.

"He's a gentleman, and he's on the level," said this friendly counselor, "but he's not very fly. He came in here the other day, and wanted me to take the price of a round of drinks out of what looked like a stamp off a beer-keg. I knew it was good money some place, or he wouldn't have offered it here; but I told him we couldn't pass it in this neighborhood. I advised him to go to one of the money-changers downtown and get the worth of it in greenbacks. If he'd gone in some places with such bills as them, he'd have got his face broke!"

A few weeks later the fruit-stand succumbed to the voracity of the car-horse and the larcenous cunning of the small boys of the neighborhood; and for a time Captain Maximoff devoted himself to his regular duties and to the accumulation of capital for some new enterprise.

Then his hours at the office were changed, and, having his evenings to himself, he determined to set up a little candy-counter in front of one of the cheap playhouses. The director of the theater obligingly sold him, for one hundred dollars in cash, the privilege of displaying his wares on the sidewalk about forty feet from the main entrance, which he assured him was the best point for catching all the trade.

The honest manager also sold another candy dealer the right to set up a stand just inside the lobby. Passing the place one stormy night, I beheld the captain standing with his little stock in a glass case before him, drenched to the skin, and unnoticed by the crowd that sought the shelter of the lobby, where the real candy business was transacted.

Maximoff's next hundred dollars went into a "homestead lot" on the banks of a malarious pool that some wily "boomer" was advertising as a healthful residential neighborhood. The captain might have died there peacefully in his bed of chills and fever if his homestead had not been taken away from him by the real estate shark because the poor old campaigner was behindhand with his third instalment.

THE ENDING OF A STRANGE CAREER.

The failure of his attempt to own his own home in the land of the free disheartened him, and very soon afterwards the outbreak of the Boer War stirred the old warrior's militant enthusiasm and sent him back to Europe. He recruited a band of congenial spirits, as adventurous, though probably not as unselfish, as himself, and set sail for South Africa. He offered his services to Oom Paul, went to the front, and perished there—a martyr who threw away his life in what he regarded as the sacred cause of liberty, just as he had given up all that most men prize in the vain hope of aiding the regeneration of the New York masses.

THE QUEST OF TRUTH.

I SOUGHT her on the mountain,
Where the air was thin and keen;
I would find her where some fountain
Spilled itself in riven sheen
Down some gulf scarred, black, titanic.
To renounce my sins and errors
I must brave its glooms satanic,
I must face and fight its terrors!

I found her in the valley
Where the peaceful cattle slept;
Down a pleasant orchard alley
With a smiling face she stepped.
Yea, still error's chain shall bind him
Who runs seeking far and fast;
Who stands poised, and lets Truth find him,
Shall hold Truth unto the last!

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

THE STORY OF THE SOLDIER WHO FAINTED WHEN HE SAW THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY I. McDOUGALL.

I.

BETWEEN the pine-tops Morton could watch the slowly darkening color of the spring evening. Near the horizon a band of red still lingered, but the stockade hid this. He could see only patches of the upper sky, the high sky, deep blue and spangled with stars. At regular intervals a silhouette blotted it out; and every time this happened rage swelled in Morton's breast. The heat was untimely, the air oppressive. Odors of cooking, of sickness, of crowded, unclean humanity defiled it, yet it still bore a breath from distant magnolias, from a southern country lush with verdure.

Morton's fancy was far away in rocky Maine pastures. On Slate Hill the snow would still be lingering in diminishing drifts, but in the swamps cheerful green skunk-cabbages would be expanding, in the woods hepaticas and arbutus could be found. Morton understood how men might die of homesickness.

Inward bitterness curdled whatever milk of human kindness had not been exhausted by eighteen months of prison. There was poison in his heart. If he could once get his hands on that black silhouette he would not take them off while life remained! Yet the silhouette was Jake Carter, whose good-natured tanned face had been a welcome break in many a weary day.

"Hey, doc!" one of the men called to him. "Come see Aaron."

The tamest of the prison rats had the floor. Old Harvey, coughing, held a crust out to him and he leaped at it. Harvey teasingly raised it beyond his reach. Twice, thrice, the rat jumped for it, falling backward head over heels. His little eyes glowed, his long nose quivered with eagerness.

"He'll bite you, Harve," said Cyrus Bentley.

"Not my rat won't bite me. Will you, Aaron? Will you, you long-nosed sheeny? Here, sit up and eat it pretty!"

He released the crust. Aaron sat up on his haunches, nibbling daintily like a squirrel.

"Ain't he got good manners?" said Darius Williams admiringly.

"Gosh, how he'd scatter a sewing-bee at East Judson!" meditated Harvey. "Say, doc, can't you see Lorella and Jennie Sawyer and all them other girls climbing on to chairs?"

Morton said nothing.

"My Aunt Marthy'd be a holding on to her skirts and a screeching blue murder!" chuckled another voice reminiscently.

A smile rippled round the circle at the picture evoked. It died away in a sigh. Morton neither laughed nor sighed. His eyes never moved from the sky, where one star—like his sick heart—spoke steadily of the North.

"Doc," whispered old Harvey, touching his arm, "Jimmy's awful bad."

Morton dragged his yearning gaze away from the stars. He went to the sick man, and did what little he could for him.

"Doc, you're mighty good," gasped the sufferer.

"You are, for sure, doc," agreed Harvey. "When I go—if I go," he corrected himself, "I'll leave you Aaron."

"If you do I'll smash him!" said Morton with sudden passion. "Better not let anything Southern fall into my hands. Not even a rat!"

"Why, doc!"

"Some o' them Johnny Rebs is purty good fellers," ventured the sick man. "You used to say so yourself, doc."

Morton turned exasperated eyes upon his emaciated patient. He fingered a rag of his covering and let it drop. He kicked at the straw under him. His own supper stood untouched near by. He picked up the bowl and deliberately poured its contents upon the ground.

"Faugh!" he grunted.

"They ain't got so awful much for themselves. They're doing as well as they can for us," urged Jimmy feebly.

But Morton had retreated to his corner, and sat there gnawing his nails in black, impotent rage.

"When I go," Harvey had said. Somehow—by what strange intuition, by what leakage of compassionate jailers, by what method of grapevine telegraph, who can tell?—the prisoners were expecting an exchange. Morton had given up hoping or expecting exchange. One thing he had noticed. It was always the weak and infirm who went. As likely as not, it would be Harvey, with his consumptive cough, or Jimmy Dawson, dying of jail typhoid. When Henry Morton was let out it would be feet foremost.

He heard the others singing. The sentry heard them, and paused with a word of warning:

"Not so loud, boys!"

They went on lower. Some one had a new song:

"In my prison cell I sit thinking, mother dear, of you

And the bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,

Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!

Cheer up, comrades, they will come!"

"They will come!" repeated Cyrus Sedgwick's bass, doing a fancy touch.

"That's a new one, ain't it, fellers? Better stick to the old songs. Then we won't none of us git into no trouble," warned the sentry.

"I'll sing you an old song," Morton spoke suddenly. "I'll sing you one I learned when I was a boy. It was written by a Marylander, but the man that taught me was from Georgia. That's your State, isn't it?"

"Yep. Give us yer Georgy song."

"He was a Georgia man, like you. I don't know how he came up North.

And he was a soldier, like you. He'd been through the Mexican War."

"My Uncle Bill was in that war. Go on, doc."

Morton began in a gentle, wistful tenor:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

Those broad stripes and bright stars——"

He got so far before the astonished sentry knocked him down with his musket.

"I'd ought to report you, you derved Yank, that's what I'd ought to do!" he cried.

The other men hustled the singer away.

"Shut up, doc! What d'ye want to make him mad for? You'd better be glad a good feller like Jake was on duty."

Morton was not glad. In his frame of mind he would have welcomed a bayonet thrust.

"Those broad stripes and bright stars!" he sobbed inwardly. How could a man have such a passion of longing for an inanimate object?

And now a sudden light gleamed. Jake appeared once more; behind him the jailer; behind him an officer in lieutenant's uniform; behind him a couple of men in butternut, their rifles at carry.

"Can't see a thing. Better have 'em all out of you're in a hurry, loot. Here, up with you all!" commanded the jailer.

His tone brooked no delay. The prisoners tumbled over, even sick Jimmy Dawson finding his feet for the first time in three weeks.

"Now call your roll, and I'll identify them."

Jake held his lantern over the officer's list as he read:

"Caleb Andrews!"

"Here!"

"Cyrus Bentley!"

"Here!"

"James Dawson!"

"Here!"

Oh, happy Jimmy! At least, he would not die in prison. And listen—yes, Harvey, the consumptive, had been right. He too would be exchanged.

Fifteen names were called. Fifteen trembling men hunched themselves apart from the others.

"You-all fall in after the lieutenant. The rest of you git back. Jake, stand by the door!" ordered the jailer.

But they could not get back immediately. They must look at their blissful comrades, shout a word of farewell, shake hands. And the lax discipline of the prison winked at it.

"Good luck to you, boys! Our turn next! Tell 'em we are coming, too!"

"Now, then," said the lieutenant, trying to see by the one flickering lantern, which merely confused his sight. "Get your men back, Mr. Gates, get your men back! You whose names were called fall in!"

As they formed in line a desperate thought came to Morton. Of course he would be seen; of course he would be stopped; nevertheless he slipped from the crowd and fell in with the exchanged men.

Right, left, right, left—unseen so far! The officer was busy putting away his list of prisoners. The jailer and Jake had their hands full with those who remained behind. It was only ten strides to the gate!

The sentry saluted as they passed out of the stockade, sixteen shabby, white-faced, breathless men, herded at each end by two Confederate uniforms. Erect among them marched Morton. Had every other man fallen in his tracks, he at least would have continued onward until forcibly stopped. How far was it to the station? The pulses in his hot temples hammered:

"Now they'll catch me! Now they'll catch me!"

But he walked on. He would never go back alive.

II.

THE prisoners passed the dead line.

"Never expected to git across that 'thout a bullet in my back," chuckled the man next to Morton. "Why, doe! That you? I didn't hear your name."

"Shut up, Williams!"

"Your name wasn't read! You jist walked out 'thout them knowing!"

Morton nodded.

"What'll they do when they find out?"

"Nothing—to the rest of you."

"I d'no about that," said the man uneasily. "I d'no——"

"Silence in the ranks," roared the officer. "I reckon you all want to go back!"

And now another was added to Morton's fears. Would Williams betray him out of selfish alarm? He tried to muster pleas and arguments that he might whisper at the first opportunity, but terror and rage churning together in his mind rendered him incapable of any mental effort. He looked at the sky and blessed it because it held no moon. And then he cursed it for the multitude of stars that shone there, so bright that he could recognize his comrades. There was Harvey, hobbling along on his wounded leg. There was Jimmy Dawson, way up in front, making good time, though yesterday they had thought him dying!

They struck the outskirts of the town, scattered frame cottages where the windows were unlighted and people sat on their porches. Some girls in white on their doorsteps hissed:

"Yank! Yank! A-a-a-h!"

But few gave more than a languid glance at the prisoners, and of street-lamps there were none. In the shadow of the houses Morton slipped along rank by rank till he reached the second row. Now he was beside Jimmy Dawson. Dawson's head had fallen on his breast, his breath came in gasps, he staggered as he walked. A red-haired man on the other side of him glanced over at Morton and shook his head.

They turned a corner, and the station bulked black against the stars. An engine puffed beside it. The officer in front turned, crying:

"At the double, men! That's the train!"

Morton and the red-haired man took Dawson's arms, and fairly carried him with them. His head rolled helplessly from side to side. His eyes were frightfully upturned, showing little but the whites.

As the officer shouted to the conductor to wait, they sprang into the last car. Dawson, when they let go of him,

sank into the corner by the door like a bundle of rags.

"One minute, conductor!" called the officer. "I've got to count these friends of mine. Out of that, Yanks, out of that!"

Off the train again they tumbled; all but Dawson, who lay helpless and unconscious, and Morton, who crouched beside him.

"Are you all here?"

"Jimmy Dawson's on the floor inside," answered the red-headed man.

"He's awfully sick."

"Get him out!"

"He can't stand."

"Oh, thunder! Now, then, speak up. There ought to be fifteen of you. Caleb Andrews!"

"Here!"

"That's you, is it, Carrots? Cyrus Bentley!"

"Here!"

"James Dawson! James Dawson! Show yourself and answer to your name."

Morton thrust a ghastly face around the door.

"Here!" he whispered.

No more than poor Jimmy could have stood upright or spoken aloud. To his sense every eye in the band of prisoners outside uttered amazement. The officer's face turning his way was a menace. For the first time the impatient conductor glanced up from his watch. The lantern held by one of the soldiers reeled to his vision a flashing signal. Black shadows ran from it in every direction threatening him.

But the roll-call ended. The men sprang on board. The door was locked, the wheels began to revolve. The car jerked and grated on its way. Then a joyful hubbub arose. Men shook hands, laughed, shouted, clapped one another on the back. Two narrow openings high along the sides of the car made dim in-lays of outside gray on inside blackness. There was no other light. The prisoners, stumbling about, would have trodden upon the prostrate man but for Morton crouching over him. Some one joined them, running a fumbling hand down over Morton's shoulder to where Dawson's head rested.

"He's took worse, ain't he?" com-

mented Andrews' voice. "We'd ought to get him some water."

"Yes, and some whisky. And a bed. And a doctor!" snarled Morton.

He heard Andrews accost the guard. Whisky? They laughed. Water? Their water-bottles were empty. Help? They were locked in, same as the prisoners. They could do nothing till the lieutenant let them out at Circleville. That'd be about five in the morning, they reckoned. No, 'twarn't so far, but the train ran pretty slow.

The two sat by Dawson, wiping his damp brow while the train groaned onward. Some of their comrades settled to sleep; others chatted in low tones. By and by it grew cooler. The narrow oblong showed a thinning gray. Jimmy Dawson drew two or three long rattling breaths.

"Guess he's going!" said Andrews.

Morton bent closer, but could barely distinguish the pale blur which was a face from the dark blur which was clothes. He listened at the man's chest in vain. When he let the poor hand go, it dropped heavily. Presently he laid his burden gently down and stood up stiffly. The two living prisoners peered at each other over the dead one.

"What's your name, bunkie?" asked Andrews.

"My name is—James Dawson," answered Morton in a whisper, looking straight at him.

"Then we'd better hide this James Dawson," said the other slowly.

"Stand up alongside of me," ordered Morton.

Standing side by side in front of it, they concealed the sad, crumpled heap of humanity in the corner from a casual glance. Morton's one hope was that all glances might be casual.

The rest awoke, mostly in wonderful spirits for men who had slept in their clothes on the floor of a jolting cattle-car. They were unused to luxury.

"See, the dawn's here," said one to another. "All out for Circleville! Anybody got a return ticket? Hey, Johnny Rebs, we've got to leave you. Too bad, isn't it?"

The train slowed up, and stopped. Some one fumbled at the door from without. The guards went to it, and

every one instantly began to push in that direction.

"Easy, there!" called the voice of the lieutenant. "My men off first. Now, then, one at a time as I call your names!"

Morton remembered that Dawson's name came third on the list. When he passed out who would shield that corpse from observation?

"Caleb Andrews!"

"Here!"

"Cyrus Bentley!"

"Here!"

"James Dawson!"

"Here!"

He had spoken. He was outside in the sunshine. A dozen more were treading on his heels, hardly waiting to hear their names before they answered. The lieutenant checked them off. The last to come out was Williams, the man who had terrified Morton with questions as they marched from the stockade—centuries ago. When he stepped down he slid the door behind him half

shut, accidentally or intentionally, Morton never knew which.

"Darius Williams! Fifteen, O. K." said the lieutenant.

The train steamed away. In the station three soldiers in blue guarded another forlorn and tattered fifteen. They conferred with the soldiers in gray. Shoulder-straps on both sides compared papers, exchanged a few words, saluted and parted, each with a different convoy.

Automatically, as dazed by achievement as he had been by suspense, Morton followed the blue uniforms. He heard nothing of the talk and jokes around him.

The sun was just rising over a hill. It shone dazzlingly on some white tents. In front of one was a tall flag-staff. The first rays lit its proud white stars and dyed its crimson stripes deeper. Beautiful! Glorious! The most magnificent sight in the world! The star-spangled banner!

Morton fell in a faint.

ALASKA.

We hold you not as children do

The mother soul that gave them birth;

We be but brother kin of you—

Wild creatures of a wilder earth.

Yet dearer to the exiled heart

Than lure of home, or lovers' rose,

Throbs o'er our yearning leagues apart

The cry of the eternal snows!

Last refuge of a restless race,

Last prize of a primeval land,

Who once hath thrird the serried glaze,

Or delved the sunlight of the sand,

Who once hath walked the verge of death,

Unclothed before his living God—

He cannot breathe the milder breath,

He will not rest 'neath southern sod!

Claimed in the burning of our youth,

Untaught for that we ventured on,

We pledged the gallant *Sieur Du Luth*

And many-daring *Radisson*.

We shall return to skies of blue,

From ice-locked cities sailing forth;

But we shall come again to you,

Our brother-mother of the north!

Chester Perkins.

The Interferences of Charlotte.

HOW BILL, KEEFE, WIFE-BEATER, AND PATRICK HAYES, POLICEMAN, BROUGHT ABOUT
A CRISIS IN MISS WINTHROP'S LIFE.

BY S. BESLEY MASON.

I.

IT was a suddenly developed passion for meddling in the affairs of others that shaped Charlotte's destiny for her. Yet in the beginning of her career no one seemed more unlikely to meddle than she.

She had lived her colorless days in the square-built, straight-fronted house on the proper side of the square. There was no accomplishment suitable to her station in life which she did not possess; and she was widely declared to be perfectly correct and absolutely uninteresting. Still, she never failed to receive the consideration due to Charlotte Winthrop, daughter and heiress of John Winthrop, niece and heiress of Miss Almira Winthrop, reputed to be the most domineering spinster who ever struck doubtful names off an assembly list or stared upstart newcomers out of countenance at the Charity Ball.

Eight years after Charlotte "came out," Aunt Almira's just pride in her niece, as the only really well-bred girl presented to society for a decade, began to mingle with a little anxiety. The roundness of early youth had departed from Charlotte's pale cheeks; the child-like limpidity had left her pale brown eyes; and Aunt Almira, detecting a gray hair in her niece's pale brown locks, had irascibly dismissed her niece's maid. With proper brushings, she maintained, such a calamity could not have befallen for at least five years.

"Does nothing interest you?" demanded Aunt Almira, when the case of the maid had been adjusted. "You are so—it's not blasé, but lifeless, indifferent, when people are about."

"I hope I'm always civil," answered Charlotte tepidly.

"Civil!" Aunt Almira gave a vulgar snort. Then she hesitated. "Tell me,

Charlotte," she stumbled, "tell me, haven't you—hasn't any one—ever—interested you?"

Tight lacing and port had long ago ruined Aunt Almira's complexion, but there was an unwonted shade of red upon it as she spoke. Charlotte stared.

"I think," she answered evenly and without sharpness, "that there is not an action of mine since I was ten which you do not know, and did not plan or oversee. If I had ever been in love"—Charlotte had a cold scorn for subtleties in language—"you would surely have known it as soon as I."

Then she studied Italian for an hour, that being the occupation designated as the next in her day.

After the Italian teacher had made her liquid farewells, Charlotte stood idle at the library windows for awhile. There was a lapse in the day's program. It was only four o'clock. She need not dress for the Watsons' until seven. She would walk. It was a part of every well-brought-up young woman's routine to exercise.

Charlotte's walks had always led her northward from the square. To-day she hesitated a moment at the foot of the white marble steps. A faint, unusual desire for novelty was upon her. She crossed the park and plunged into the unknown region to the south, picking her way among the children, the slovenly women, the men idling on the steps or vociferating in the gutters.

As she approached a certain corner, she heard loud cries for help. A few children, impishly inquisitive, clustered at the foot of the stairs leading to the hall whence the call seemed to come. Some women leaned blowsily from their windows to see, without active effort, what might be seen. Men smoked and talked, and street venders pushed their carts indifferently along. The

cries made no apparent impression upon any one but Charlotte. The cynical air of familiarity with the revolting business half enraged her.

"Why don't some of you go in and stop that?" she demanded, pausing by a group near the house.

Half a dozen pairs of translucent brown eyes were turned upon her; white teeth flashed in a laugh; in a soft, broken jargon it was explained to her that a fight was nothing; that it was only Bill Keefe beating his wife, or his wife beating Bill Keefe, and that—

There was a louder cry, a scream so forceful as to be a reassurance concerning the lungs of the woman who sent it forth upon the air. But Charlotte did not reason as to that. She ran up the steps, sharply commanding the rest of the street to go for a policeman. The rest of the street gesticulated expressively with shoulders and hands, laughed at the outsider's ignorance, and followed Charlotte.

II.

THE belligerent Keefes ceased hostilities as Charlotte made her dramatic entrance. They were both in a sad state of intoxication, but the intruder did not recognize that fact. She proceeded to address them in the most classical English and with the most unimpeachable ethics. She was quite unable to understand, she informed Mr. Keefe, how any man could strike a woman. She announced that she had sent for a policeman.

"Ye hev, hev ye?" cried Mrs. Keefe, tigerish in a moment, and leaping toward Charlotte. "I'll tache ye to come interferin' bechune a man an' his wife!"

She had seized the amazed Miss Winthrop and was backing her furiously along the narrow hall toward the entrance where the neighbors clustered. There was a clatter of polyglot protest, and then a cry:

"Missa Valka, oh, Missa Valka, come a 'ere!"

The stairway group parted to make way for Mr. Walker. He reached the hall in two steps. He loosened Mrs. Keefe's grip—indeed, that had sensibly

relaxed at the first sound of his name—and he turned to look into a flashing, startled pair of pale brown eyes and to see the angry, surprised tremulousness of a delicate mouth. He was conscious, in a second, of an atmosphere of luxury, of remoteness, of untouchedness, singularly out of place here.

In a few seconds—how, Charlotte did not know—he had cleared the porch, sent the Keefes on separate, amicable paths, and was asking permission to take her home, or at least to put her on a car.

That night, at the Watsons', the gauze of her sleeve scarcely served to conceal an angry bruise upon her arm; and every one declared that if Charlotte Winthrop always had that vivid color and that brilliancy of eyes, she would be a very good-looking woman.

III.

ALL the things which Charlotte was by training, Lindsay Walker was not. She was timorous in the face of new situations; he had been eager for them ever since he could remember. He had found life enormously interesting. Before he was twenty-five, he had felt the glow of half a dozen splendid emotions and the impulse of a score of noble ambitions. It was during the dominance of a desire to serve his race in some direct, personal way—so he phrased it youthfully—that he fell under the influence of the very sensible head of a down-town settlement, who had gradually converted him into one of its useful members, with a personal popularity in the neighborhood denied to less enthusiastic workers.

When he had brought Charlotte to her imposing dwelling on the day of her adventure, he had felt a swift despair. For already his imagination had made a romance out of his romantic successor of this delicate windflower of a woman—that was the way he interpreted what the livelier part of her world called Charlotte's "lack of go." But a romance with Charlotte Winthrop, daughter of John Winthrop, heiress to abominable sums, was quite out of the question for Lindsay Walker, with an income of exactly eight hundred dol-

lars a year; so he did not avail himself of her coldly-voiced invitation to come and let her father thank him for the service he had rendered her.

Charlotte waited for his coming, and was vaguely miserable because he did not come. Of course, she reasoned, the rescue of distressed damsels must be an every-day affair with him. Still, she had hoped—she did not know what. She only knew that she looked south across the square a great deal, that she found the absolute routine of her days vapid beyond expression.

When it became unendurable, she ordered the carriage one afternoon and drove to the settlement—outwardly as calm as if she were going to her tailor's, inwardly breathless with a sense of adventure, almost of unmaidenliness. Yet she had no other intention than to enroll herself among the subscribers and volunteer workers of the society.

That night, when the head of the settlement casually wondered, at dinner, if Miss Winthrop, who was bitten with the sociological investigation mania, was related to John Winthrop, of a certain great trust, Lindsay Walker asked an illuminating question:

"Does she look like Saint Cecilia turned out by Paquin?" he asked.

"H'm," said the head, considerably glancing beyond Walker. "Perhaps that's it. Stiff, shy, colorless?"

After that it was difficult for Lindsay to remember to be sensible. He followed Charlotte's career as a worker with a sort of romantic passion. He liked to imagine, as he wound his way among the dirty streets, that he was conscious of her recent passing. He could not always avoid seeing her; he could not at all avoid hearing of her amazing devotion to the work. Scraps of her sayings came to him, chance comments on her looks and ways. He had a hungry envy of the head, to whom she made her reports, yet he retained sense enough to decline to serve on a committee with her. He wished that he might be the coachman who waited, so impassively, for her, the maid who was driven down for her when she came to evening meetings.

In her own circle, meanwhile, the saying went round that when women

reached Charlotte's age without making brilliant records in any other line, they were quite likely to take to philanthropy.

Because he rather gloried in cherishing a hopeless adoration in a day when adoration of any sort was out of date, and in doing strange things in the name of that adoration, it sometimes seemed good to Lindsay to patrol the sidewalk in front of her house for half an hour at a time, preferably at midnight. He needed fresh air and exercise, and surely a man may choose where and when he is to get them!

That night when the opera season opened he engaged in this chivalric pastime for the last time, as he darkly told himself. For the papers had that morning mentioned, in the society notes in which he was maudlinly interested, that Miss Almira Winthrop would entertain the Earl of Dwight in her box, and that it was believed that an engagement would shortly be announced between that estimable British widower and Miss Charlotte Winthrop.

That item drove Lindsay Walker to undreamed-of feats of pedestrianism and depths of gloom. He reached the square late, but in time to see her descend from the carriage with her aunt and her father in fussy chaperonage. He saw the doors swing open and the party swallowed up within the house. He paced the sidewalk opposite until the last glimmer of light had disappeared, and then he stood and gazed at the unlighted square of glass which he felt to be hers.

From a corner of vantage Policeman Patrick Hayes watched him. Policeman Hayes thirsted to make a record for himself. He also happened to be in a bad humor, for private reasons. He strode noisily over to Lindsay.

"It's about toime ye were movin' on," he announced.

"Think so?" said Lindsay pleasantly.

He had thought so himself one minute before, but the sensitiveness of a foreboding lover is a capricious thing.

Policeman Hayes reiterated his belief. Lindsay nonchalantly took out a cigarette as he advised the officer to attend to his business more generally.

He was conscious of his own folly as he bandied words, but he had a sort of delight in "talking back" to some one. He could not talk back to the unknown elder Winthrops or the Earl of Dwight.

Policeman Hayes stated his belief that Lindsay was either a thief or an anarchist, bent either upon robbing the neighboring houses or dynamiting them. And thence the colloquy proceeded tempestuously until the big policeman seized the slenderer man by the collar, and an unequal fight began in earnest.

Then it was that Charlotte, from the unlighted window where she had been keeping a vigil of her own ever since she came home, decided again to interfere in a quarrel not hers. She had passed through many stages of happiness since she had first recognized the pacing figure across the street. It seemed to her that the climax was reached when she resumed her operacloak and sped down the broad stairs to the heavy doors and out into the dim night, pierced with its violet-white lights.

She arrived in time to hear the thoroughly enraged Officer Hayes whistle for assistance, and the angry Mr. Walker threatening all sorts of vengeance.

"Officer," cried Charlotte breathlessly, "you must let this gentleman alone. He is——"

Policeman Hayes grew limp. He had been on the beat long enough to know the great man's daughter.

"Charlotte, dear, kind Charlotte," burst in Lindsay Walker, "go back to the house, please go back to the house at once!"

Officer Hayes looked from one to the other.

"An' why, why in the name of the blissid saints," he asked, "cudn't ye say like a Chris-tian that it was yer sweetheart's house ye were watchin'? Glory be, I've been young meself. Get out of this, both of ye, for I hear thim comin'!"

With that he almost ran the two breathless creatures across the street and into the vestibule of the big house. And there, with hands clasped and eyes questioning eyes, they did not even seek to hear Policeman Hayes' explanation to his brother officer concerning the drunken butler whose family had come out and rescued him just in time.

IV.

AUNT ALMIRA has made two wills since her niece's midnight escapade. There is a chance that she may in time decide to make one in favor of the cause which her niece and nephew-in-law have so much at heart. Her brother has already reached that point of forgiveness and philanthropy.

THE DREAM BOAT.

DEAR love, I send this vesper thought
Across the world's wide, silver sea—
A little, fragile dream boat, fraught
With tender messages from me.

By wave and wind, through storm or calm,
It seeks to cross your path, or rest
In port 'neath night's o'ershadowing palm
Where you recline in slumber blest.

I could not find my way to you,
Not knowing where you rest or roam;
But you need neither chart nor clue,
To find your way to love and home.

I ope my chamber window wide,
And now my lamp no longer gleams;
If daylight meeting be denied,
Let us united be in dreams!

Clarence Urmey.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Russell Sage's Retirement.

Russell Sage has retired from active association with his Wall Street office. The confidential clerks who have grown up under his vigilant eye remain behind to conduct the business that has accumulated around the flat-top desk where the venerable financier sat for thirty-odd years lending money to his less thrifty associates, watching the market, and recovering his interest from every quarter of the street.

How much money has Russell Sage made during all these years? It is difficult to answer this question. His wealth is variously estimated at from fifty to one hundred and fifty millions. The truth is not known, and Mr. Sage has made no effort to correct anybody's estimate. Financiers who have watched his career, and contributed somewhat to his vast income, believe he can put his hand on one hundred millions in cash and securities of his own.

Only once has he met serious reverses in Wall Street. It came about through the Grant & Ward failure. The judgment that had distinguished him as one of the most far-seeing investors in the market appears to have failed him in this instance. The craft that had marked all his policies in previous deals was wanting at the critical moment, and the flood of misfortune that came out of that eventful disaster swept six millions out of the coffers of Mr. Sage. The rumor went forth that he could not pay, and an army of impatient and frightened creditors rushed to his office. The door was locked. Every entrance, except the square hole in the cashier's window, was barricaded. A gesticulating, blasphemous throng jammed around the aperture and thrust its demands into Sage's face.

The unexpected happened. Sage paid every claim against him, dollar for dollar. Not a single creditor left the

square hole dissatisfied. The street was amazed at the promptness with which the capitalist liberated his store of money. It strengthened the confidence of all classes in him. Thereafter a creditor of Russell Sage felt insured against loss. His standing was never again questioned.

That was twenty years ago. Ever since he has gone on piling up money, buying for cash such securities as he deemed good investments, lending vast sums here and there at the best possible rates of interest, turning fortune after fortune over week in and week out; dominating markets, converting other men's losses into his own profits, lifting his hand to stem panics, moving his wealth silently from troubled to quiet waters; studying, with a patience that is without precedent, the events that made plutocrats and paupers in a day.

All the emotions of speculation have swept through this man's body. Not a single maneuver in all the art and craft of money-making has escaped him. The wealth that has been piling up about him has never been diverted from the business of pure money-getting to the gratification of extravagance and display. He played only to win, and he did win.

Next August 4th he will be eighty-eight years of age. He was born before the first steamer crossed the Atlantic Ocean. He was a boy nineteen years of age when Morse invented the telegraph; thirty when war was declared on Mexico, and thirty-seven when the Light Brigade was mowed down at Balaklava.

He was a delegate to the national convention that nominated Lincoln. In 1854 he went to Congress from the Troy district of New York, and served two terms. He was the father of the bill to provide postage stamps for letters, and succeeded also in bringing about the purchase by the government

of George Washington's old home at Mount Vernon.

He entered Wall Street in 1858, but not until 1870 did he begin the system of speculation known under the title of "puts and calls."

To-day the venerable financier spends most of his time at his New York house, 632 Fifth Avenue, from which he takes a short walk when the sun shines, or a drive in Central Park. During wet weather he sits in the second-story front window and watches the passing thousands along the avenue. Very few of the rich and poor moving in review before him but know of the aged Crœsus and his achievements with the money of the world. The past has felt his power, and the future will share his thrift.

Once, asked to whom he had willed his fortune, he replied:

"Wait until I am dead; there will be more than one person surprised."

Keifer's Return to Congress.

After twenty years of retirement, General J. Warren Keifer, of Springfield, Ohio, will return to Washington to represent his district in the House of Representatives, where he presided as Speaker from 1881 to 1885.

General Keifer's life has been filled with incident. He passed through the Civil War, in which he earned four wounds and the title of major-general. From the field he passed to the forum, and in 1877 went to Congress, where he remained until 1885, dividing his time between the floor of the House and the Speaker's chair. During his Congressional career he was in constant combat with the newspaper correspondents, many of whom attacked him with vehemence. The outcome of these controversies, inspired purely by political differences, wearied the Speaker of Washington and Congress, and at the end of his second term he retired to the practise of law in his native State.

In 1895 the smoke of political battle got into his nostrils again, and he announced himself a candidate for the Governorship of Ohio. Up to the hour when the State convention met in Zanesville, General Keifer considered

himself the logical candidate of the Republican machine, but the delegates proceeded, without parley, to nominate Bushnell, his most conspicuous foe in politics, and his bitter enemy in private life.

This blow to his ambitions filled him with resentment toward his old opponents and armed him for a war of retaliation upon his new ones. He turned his attention to the future, and kept himself in the public eye, serving as major-general of volunteers in the war with Spain, from which he emerged with an energetic ambition to regain his power in the Republican party of Ohio. One by one his enemies passed either to the grave or into political oblivion. In the mean time, the old soldier was mapping out his right of way, and his strength was shown when he was nominated for Congress. It means that he will be elected.

During the latter years of his life, notwithstanding its activities, he found time to write an essay upon that much-belabored problem, "Did William Shakespeare Write Shakespeare?" His conclusions so impressed the Baconian Society of London that a thousand copies of the work were ordered for distribution among the members. He has also written voluminously on the question of slavery, and on the cause and effect of the Civil War.

General Keifer's return to Congress will in no wise disturb the position of Ohio in its political relations at Washington. The new Congressman will find few of his former colleagues left to greet him, but there is no doubt that he will impress himself upon the new generation of lawmakers, most of whom are aware that his return is in one sense of the word a vindication of his record of twenty years ago, and a reward for persistency, courage, and intelligence.

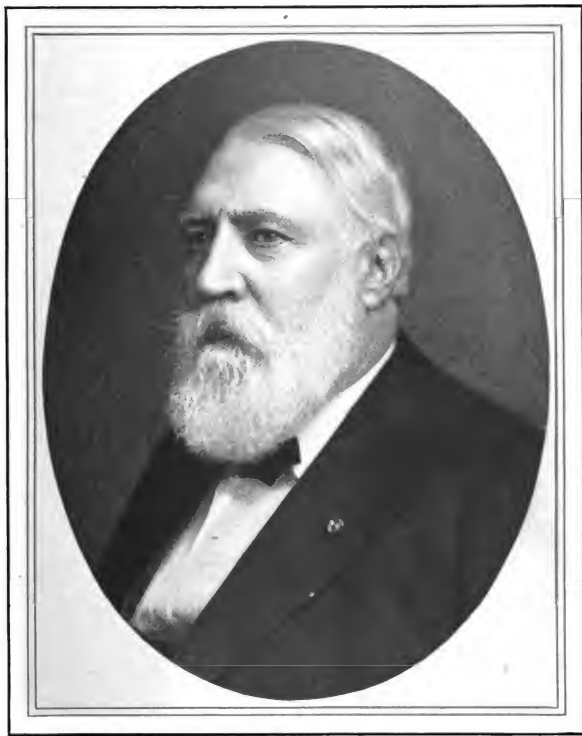
The Panama Canal Commission.

No single commission appointed by the government in recent years has had to deal with so many and such important problems as have and will present themselves to the men comprising the Panama Canal Commission.

Their trip to the scene of the pro-

posed route, and their preliminary inspection of the work already performed, much of which will doubtless have to be done over; a review of the conditions under which labor can be concentrated

wide range of executive genius combined with practical experience and common sense. In the appointment of John F. Wallace, general manager of the Illinois Central Railroad, to the po-



GENERAL J. WARREN KEIFER, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES 1881-85—RECENTLY RENOMINATED TO CONGRESS FROM OHIO, AFTER HIS RETIREMENT OF TWENTY YEARS.

From a photograph by Baumgardner, Springfield, Ohio.

to meet the terrors of a tropical sun; a proper and adequate recognition of hygienic surroundings—all these are parts of their task, to say nothing of the central problem of pushing the canal along to its logical end.

The commission selected represents a

sition of chief engineer of the Panama Canal, its members displayed excellent judgment. Mr. Wallace has been identified with some of the greatest works of American railroad construction in recent years, and is familiar with the tremendous problem he has undertaken.

Admiral Walker, the chairman of the commission, holds that the labor question will be the most vital of all, as the climatic conditions of the isthmus are such, at least for the present, that only the West Indian blacks are able to work there. Out of the eight hundred men lately employed on the canal by the French company, nearly all are natives of the zone. American methods will regulate all this, and when the real work begins, the



JOHN FINDLEY WALLACE, CHIEF ENGINEER OF
THE PANAMA CANAL.

From a photograph by L'arney, Chicago.

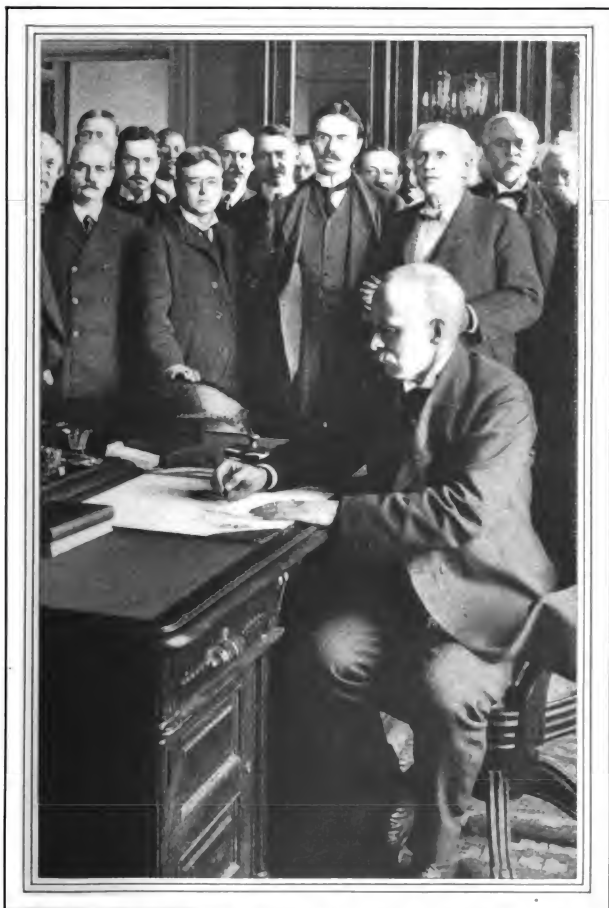
best possible provision will be made for the preservation of the health of the men who toil at dividing the continents.

Daniel J. Sully's Failure.

It is one thing to make six millions of dollars in a few months, and it is another to lose them all in a few hours. Both these experiences have befallen Daniel J. Sully, the young man from Providence, Rhode Island, who came to New York not



THE PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THE MEMBERS ARE COLONEL FRANK J. HECKER, WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS, WILLIAM H. BURR, C. E. GRUNSKY, ADMIRAL WALKER, CHAIRMAN; MAJOR B. M. HARROD, GENERAL GEORGE W. DAVIS.



LESLIE M. SHAW, SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY, SIGNING THE CHECK FOR FORTY MILLION DOLLARS IN PAYMENT FROM THE UNITED STATES TO THE FRENCH COMPANY FOR THE PURCHASE OF THE PANAMA CANAL STOCK.

very many months ago to corner the cotton market.

Providence was too small a place for this daring speculator to give full rein to his ambitions. There was no worthy

foeman to pick up his gauntlet. Therefore Mr. Sully came to New York. Dashing into the speculative arena there, he encountered great vicissitudes of fortune. There were times when he

red great profits, and times when
rins slipped away from him. Al-
he was the same cool, nonchalant
er to whom a few hundred thou-

looked on reverently. He had taken the
market by storm, and was holding it.

A few months later—in March, 1904
—the failure of Daniel J. Sully was



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HER ONLY DAUGHTER, MISS ETHEL ROOSEVELT.

From a recent photograph.

dollars were a mere counter in the

By last winter he had fought his
o the top; the daily newspapers
printing pages of interviews with
ew cotton king, while the public

announced all over the world, and was
the sensation of the hour. A re-
ceiver was appointed, the glamour of
success faded away from the Sully head-
quarters, suits were filed, compromises



PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS FOUR SONS—THEODORE, JR., AND ARCHIBALD ARE SEATED ON THE PRESIDENT'S RIGHT, WHILE QUINTIN (THE BABY) AND KERMIT OCCUPY THE LEFT. NO FOUR BOYS IN AMERICA SHARE MORE OF THEIR FATHER'S CONFIDENCE THAN THE SONS OF THE PRESIDENT.

From a copyrighted photograph by Hearst, New York.

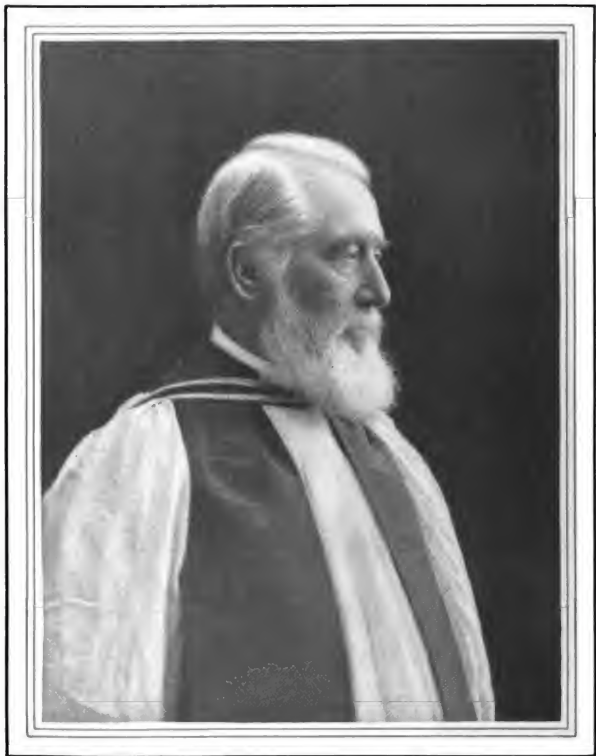
suggested, and the machinery of the law is now in motion to unravel the knot that was tied by fate between sunrise and sunset on that strenuous day last March when Daniel J. Sully, the Providence plunger, went to pieces.

And yet—stranger things have happened—this same man, mustering his old courage and cunning, may again hold in the palm of his hand the cotton crop of Christendom and weave another

fortune out of the demand for a few more million bales than the Southern fields can supply.

The Bulldog of the Russian Navy.

When Admiral Makaroff gave up his life for his country at Port Arthur recently, Admiral Skrydloff, commander of the Black Sea Fleet, was in the harbor of Sebastopol. The news of the dis-



ARCHBISHOP BOND, OF MONTREAL, SELECTED BY THE ANGLICAN HOUSE OF BISHOPS OF CANADA AS ACTING PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA—HIS ELECTION TO THE PERMANENT OFFICE WILL PROBABLY OCCUR IN OCTOBER OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

From a photograph by Notman & Son, Montreal.



COMMODORE MORTON F. PLANT'S SCHOONER INGOMAR, SENT TO ENGLAND TO SAIL FOR THE CAPE MAY CHALLENGE CUP, AND CAPTAIN CHARLEY BARR, WHO COMMANDS HER.

From copyrighted photographs by Buxton, New York.

aster reached Skrydloff's ship in the evening. Without delay he went ashore and passed up the main thoroughfare into the city. News of Makaroff's death and Skrydloff's arrival had spread through the cafés and streets. A tumultuous mob, shrieking patriotic songs, cursing the gods of Japan, gathered about Skrydloff.

"Send him to Port Arthur! He will

avenge us! Long live Skrydloff! A toast to the bulldog of the navy! Send him to Port Arthur! To Port Arthur! To Port Arthur!" A thousand throats grew dry with the slogan. It was taken up and carried over the city. It was the voice of desire crying out for a man of force. It was the applause of an infuriated people for a rough leader, a courageous, fighting head, beloved by

diers, sailors, and civilians. Such is the excitement in the city of Sebastopol. The city of Sebastopol kept itself awake all night shouting his praises. On the next day the "bull-dog" started for St. Petersburg, while

he decided the question of a successor to the late Admiral Makaroff, for he was greeted as the new commander of the Pacific fleet. A few days later he started for the east; but while he was on his



ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF, SELECTED TO SUCCEED THE LATE ADMIRAL MAKAROFF IN COMMAND OF THE RUSSIAN NAVAL FORCES IN THE FAR EAST.

From a photograph by Levitzky, St. Petersburg.

thousand Russians knelt in the streets as his train whirled out into the open country.

Echoes from Sebastopol had reached the capital in advance of Skrydloff. Or perhaps St. Petersburg had already de-

clined the advancing hosts of Japan cut the railway on the Liao-tung peninsula, and it does not seem likely that the bulldog of the Russian navy will be able to hoist his flag on any vessel of the Czar's doomed squadron at Port Ar-



DANIEL F. SULLY, THE YOUNG COTTON OPERATOR FROM PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, WHO CAME TO NEW YORK TO CORNER THE COTTON MARKET AND FAILED.

From a photograph by Barclay Brothers, New York.



EX-GOVERNOR FRANK S. BLACK, SELECTED TO PLACE ROOSEVELT IN NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY AT THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN CHICAGO.

From a photograph by Towne, New York.

thurs, where Russia has met her gravest misfortune since the Crimean War.

Black to Nominate Roosevelt.

Frank S. Black, Ex-Governor of New York, selected by the Republican party leaders to renominate President Roosevelt at the national convention in Chicago, is one of the most interesting figures in American politics. He belongs distinctly to the Abe Lincoln type. The groundwork of his education was gathered in the district school of West Lebanon, Maine, and at the fireside after school hours. He fitted himself for college in the Lebanon Academy, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1875. In the later seventies he moved to New York State, and for a time edited the *Johnstown Journal*. Later he moved to Troy, performed reportorial work on a daily newspaper, studied law, drifted into the courts, and there began a display of those oratorical gifts that have since distinguished him in public life.

His unusual sagacity in matters po-

litical made him a power in the councils of the Republican party. In 1895 he went to Congress, and in 1897 was elected Governor of New York. He modeled his administration on the lines laid down by Abraham Lincoln, and those who know him best declare that his daily life and political principles are similar at many points to those of the martyred President. In stature and mold, too, he recalls Lincoln, while his manner of speech is slow and deliberate except under great pressure.

At the seventeenth annual dinner given by the New York Republican Club in February, 1903, to commemorate the birth of Lincoln, Governor Black was selected to make the address. It was a masterful speech, one that has since been quoted often. Touching on the lowly origin of Lincoln, he said:

When we understand the tremendous advantage of a humble birth, when we realize that the privations of youth are the pillars of strength to maturer years, then we shall cease to wonder that out of such obscure surroundings as watched the coming of Abraham Lincoln should spring the colossal and supreme figure of modern history.

THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT.

BY

EDWINA SPENCER.

THE FAMOUS SUMMER SETTLEMENT IN WESTERN NEW YORK, AND THE GREAT EDUCATIONAL WORK IT HAS DONE—OTHER HOLIDAY SCHOOLS MODELED UPON THE SAME IDEA.

SOME one has said that "the largest room in the world is the room for self-improvement"; but how are we to reserve space for it in our modern American house of life? These strenuous days of scramble for both work and play, when the earth seems spinning with double swiftness, and he who reads must run, find us wrestling with the constantly increasing educational needs of a self-governing people; and what is to solve the problem?

When Mr. Francis Wilson organized a Chautauqua circle among the members of his comic opera company, a few years ago, he added one more to many significant proofs that the answer lies in the word "Chautauqua"; and indeed it may perhaps be said that the name of no institution in our country stands for so much as do these Indian syllables which have girdled the globe. They represent a universal appeal, reaching



THE GOLDEN GATE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

beyond the Americas into Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia; until Chautauqua means to-day "a place, a thought, an institution, a movement, and a force in civilization." Surely "dreams are half deeds, and this our solid world is built on visions"; for within the past twenty-five years, this great idea has developed from the dream of a far-sighted, altruistic man, into what now ranks as one of the important world movements of the nineteenth century.

Its work of popular education is accomplished in two ways—by means of



CHAUTAUQUA AS A SUMMER PLAYGROUND—A FOUR-OARED RACING CREW ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

assemblies, or summer schools, and home reading circles—which carry the interests of the summer's study on through the remaining months of the year. The spot in western New York where the idea first took active shape is the sun about which this whole planetary system revolves. This wooded bit of rolling country on the banks of

among the great educational organizations of our time.

THE "MOTHER CHAUTAUQUA."

Chautauqua, however, differs radically from all the others. Thirteen hundred feet above the sea level, where the bracing air stimulates to physical as well as mental activity, it has provided



THE PIER BUILDING ON THE LAKE, THE LANDING-PLACE AT THE "MOTHER CHAUTAUQUA" IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

Chautauqua Lake, in the New York county of that name, has become the pivotal point of the largest institution for higher education in the world—conducted under a charter from the State, yet reaching out in helpfulness to all the nations of the world. It is noteworthy that, in spite of its popularity throughout Christendom and heathendom, the work has never been carried on for personal profit. Its charter requires that any surplus revenue shall be wholly devoted to building up the institution, and its salaries, never large, are paid only to those officers who do active work. A real force in national advancement, its constantly increasing usefulness gives it a genuine claim to a place

a summer city, within whose gates vacation, education, and recreation meet to form an all-round, symmetrical holiday. Its outdoor life supplements that of indoors; and its fishing, boating, bathing, driving, and wheeling, its club life, entertainments, and athletics, overflow the days, until one is reminded of that plaint from the man with a brief vacation:

Don't I enjoy my playtime? Yes;
But something's surely wrong;
For there isn't any daytime,
And the nights are two hours long!

The educational side is supplied by a regular curriculum, with the best-known instructors that can be procured, and courses in everything from business



RECOGNITION DAY AT CHAUTAUQUA—THE PROCESSION WINDING THROUGH THE GROUNDS ON ITS WAY TO THE GOLDEN GATE AND THE HALL OF PHILOSOPHY, WHERE THE GRADUATING EXERCISES ARE HELD.

to esthetics; including a thriving Arts and Crafts Village, whose picturesqueness is worthy of a special article. Yet this fascinating part of the grounds, with its kilns where expert potters are busy, its haunts of metal-workers, its furniture shops, its glimpses of artistic leather and basketry and jewelry and bookbinding, is only a tiny spoke in the big wheel, and must be disposed of in a sentence.

With like brevity, we must pass over the really remarkable school of music, which draws mature workers from all over the country, and the delightful artists' recitals incident to it; for every part of the educational system is equally interesting and attractive. The class work is supplemented by an elaborate series of lectures and entertainments open to all those on the grounds; and the chief gathering-place is the huge amphitheater, with its great organ, and its rostrum from which so many famous men and women have addressed the thousands who overflow its limits—an

amphitheater which differs from the Roman Coliseum, where the early Christians were brought for the edification of the lions; for here modern "lions" come to edify the Christians, and their encounters are most amicable.

A CLEARING-HOUSE FOR IDEAS.

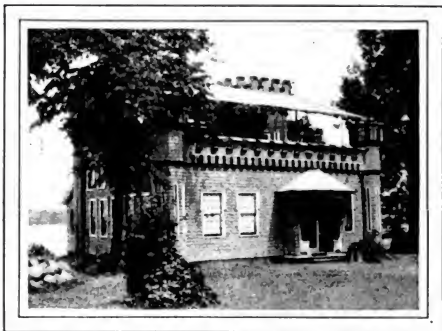
Upon its platform many burning questions have been discussed as they could be nowhere else; and a tremendous influence is exerted by these authoritative statements regarding the serious problems of our time. Chautauqua is recognized as a clearing-house for ideas—for the ideas of the greatest modern minds; it is a common meeting-ground for North and South, East and West; the spirit of its discussions is catholicity itself.

The week of last summer devoted to the question of mob violence was a striking example. Within that time, two widely-known champions of capital and labor spoke upon the subject of labor riots, presenting both points of



THE "MOTHER CHAUTAUQUE"—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GREAT SUMMER SETTLEMENT ON CHAUTAUQUE LAKE, IN WESTERN NEW YORK, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LARGEST INSTITUTION FOR HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE WORLD.

From a drawing by E. J. Mcker.



THE MEN'S CLUB, ONE OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE MOTHER CHAUTAUQUA.

view; the lynching spirit in the South was explained and defended by a distinguished Southern jurist, while Northern ideas on the same question were ranged alongside; the mountain feud was treated by President Frost, fresh from his important work in the Kentucky mountains; and a New York appellate judge discoursed on "Law and the Mob Spirit," while minor conferences and lectures offered suggestions and remedies. Such broad-minded consideration of national problems appeals to thoughtful Americans in a way that renders comment unnecessary. With other weeks devoted to civic improvement, sociology, and the like, it

shows the breadth of the Chautauqua viewpoint, and sufficiently shatters the old idea of the place as a sort of Methodist camp-meeting.

So much for a hint of the educational aspect of this "mother Chautauqua," which, though typical of the many Chautauqs throughout the country modeled upon it, stands alone in the importance of its influence and the significance of its work.

A GREAT SUMMER PLAYGROUND.

Contrasted with its more serious aims is its charm as a playground, and a vacation spot for the whole family. It holds all the comforts of home; including telephones, electric lights, and square meals whose corners never hurt. Its outdoor recreations include races on the lake and baseball matches; while its waters are full of fish.

The athletics are supervised by a famous physical instructor from New Haven. Perhaps their most unique feature is the teaching of fancy dance-steps to counteract brain fatigue. To watch the grave president of one of our universities, fresh from lecturing on psychology, going through these grace-

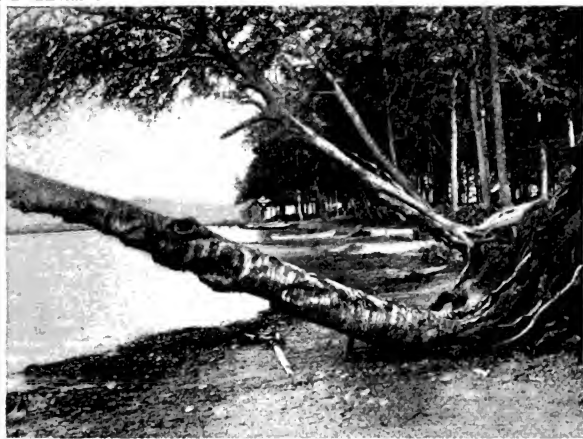


CHAUTAUQUA AS A SUMMER PLAYGROUND—A MOONLIGHT SCENE ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

ful evolutions with triumphant zest, is an experience to be treasured!

Chautauqua's music is especially characteristic. A well-trained orchestra; a great choir of six or seven hundred voices, recruited from almost every State in the Union; a childrens' chorus

to be an established event; and then, according to the bill-boards—which seem to be the work of some worthy disciple of the late Mr. Barnum—a “Gigantic Galaxy of Glittering Generalities Gathers to Gladden Chautauquans.”



CHAUTAUQUA AS A SUMMER PLAYGROUND—THE WOODS ALONG THE BORDER OF CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

nearly as large, and a men's glee club, are all established organizations. Professional soloists take part in the fine concerts given in the amphitheater several times a week, and oratorios are sung to immense audiences. The performances of the Dramatic Club, too, are of real merit. Last year it gave, with remarkable fidelity to medieval detail in setting and rendering, the old morality play “Everyman,” which roused so much interest when presented in Boston, New York, and Chicago by a company of English actors. One evening of the season is devoted to a feast of lanterns, when the whole wooded shore is *en fête*; and another night finds the lake brilliant with an illuminated regatta. The annual circus, too, has come

The club life of Chautauqua is, however, one of the most remarkable features of this many-sided institution. These organizations bring together congenial spirits from all over the United States. The Business and Professional Men's Club, the Ministers' Club, the Lawyers' Club, the Women's Club, the Outlook Club, for young women, the French, German, and Spanish Clubs form an interesting group. Another institution is the Press Club, which includes all the literary workers on the grounds, and whose “authors' nights” conduce to “magnanimity, morality, and delectation.”

These diversions are for the grown-ups; but to the Girls' and Boys' Clubs we must look for the royal essence of en-

joyment. They go far to explain the presence of such a host of youngsters; for their attractive club-houses, their diverting hours of "guided activity," their "bird walks" and "tree talks" with nature-study enthusiasts, their

tion can convey. A procession is formed of officers, counselors, graduates, and undergraduates, preceded by a flock of white-gowned little girls carrying baskets of flowers. Winding through the streets until it reaches the grove



THE HALL OF PHILOSOPHY, BUILT IN 1879, THE OLDEST OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE MOTHER CHAUTAUQUA, SOON TO BE REPLACED BY A WHITE MARBLE STRUCTURE—THE FIGURE IN THE FOREGROUND IS BISHOP VINCENT, THE ORIGINATOR OF THE CHAUTAUQUA IDEA.

camping trips, hay-rides, entertainments, and excursions afford a whole summerful of outdoor fun.

THE GREAT DAY OF THE CHAUTAUQUA YEAR.

Nevertheless, the great event of the summer—the one most typical of Chautauqua—has to do with the educational side of the institution. This is Recognition Day, which occurs at the close of the season, and is its culminating point for those enrolled in the thousands of home reading circles throughout the country. It is the formal commencement day of this "school for out-of-school people," when those who have followed the four years' course of home study are "recognized" as graduates, and pass through the Golden Gate to receive their diplomas.

The ceremony is absolutely unique, and more impressive than any descrip-

where stands the time-honored Hall of Philosophy, it halts before the Golden Gate, which opens only on this one day of the year. After a brief ceremony, the portal swings wide to admit the class, and they pass on beneath evergreen arches to the closing exercises in the hall—making a picture not easily forgotten, and glowing with the earnestness and enthusiasm which has brought these mature men and women, some of them grandparents, to a point of real intellectual achievement.

The picturesque old Hall of Philosophy, where the exercises are held, is the central point of Chautauqua history, and is clustered about with fragrant memories. It was built a year after the organization of the home reading course in 1878; and the white wooden structure, with its suggestion of Greek architecture, is soon to be replaced by a

snowy marble reproduction, the cornerstone of which was laid last August, as a noble and worthy Founders' Memorial. Surrounded by great forest trees, it is open to the sunshine by day; at night, from the Greek tripods outside rise columns of bright flame which lend the whole scene a weird loveliness. This has been the gala setting for receptions in honor of many distinguished visitors, notably that for Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Five thousand graduates of the C. L. S. C. have come to the old "hall in the grove" for their Recognition Days, and on the Sunday evenings preceding, have held their "class vigils" by the light of the watch-fires outside. For those members who cannot travel to the mother Chautauqua, more than sixty of the summer schools, scattered from California to Maine, have Recognition Days similar to the one described.

AN ARMY OF CHAUTAUQUA GRADUATES.

This is the yearly event which brings most closely in touch the two departments of the Chautauqua system; for it celebrates, in the midst of the summer assembly, that factor of basic importance, the home reading division of the work. The latter, called the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, is familiarly known from its initials, as the C. L. S. C.; and for nine months of the year this method of popular education is quietly at work in the homes of the world, with an "outlook and uplift" force that can scarcely be calculated.

Its influence has reached far beyond the forty-one thousand graduates—beyond even the seven hundred and fifty thousand people who have read part of its courses. It does not pretend to do the work of a university, or to furnish a ready-made education; but it does give those who follow the regular four years' course something of the college outlook upon life, and enables them to

Grip the saddle-flaps of Fate,
To rise above the hurdle-gate,
And get a chance to contemplate
From elevated points of view.

Its themes are those of the college world, put into good, readable English, and brought within reach of busy people who left school years ago; of mer-

chants, mechanics, apprentices, farm boys and shop girls, as well as parents who wish to keep in sympathetic touch with their childrens' studies. No less important is its appeal to the educated man or woman who wishes protection against mental dyspepsia, and people of leisure who do not know what to do with their time. These readers are many and enthusiastic; but oh, the dramatic, the pathetic, the astonishing efforts that Chautauqua has stimulated among those to whom life denies so much! There is not space to tell of them; yet some inkling of the scope of this work may be gained from the mention of only a few graduates of the eleven thousand circles.

Many a reader begins in the seventies or eighties; one Indiana grandmother, caring for a paralytic husband and an invalid granddaughter, kept up three years of her course by doing all her reading before daylight. Other examples are two men in Wyoming, "running a band of twenty-six hundred sheep on the range"; an isolated woman among the negroes of a Mississippi cotton plantation; an Ohio man building up a new business, with an average of fifteen hours a day in harness; a whole circle on a United States cruiser; and the one already mentioned in Mr. Wilson's opera company. A hundred other instances might be cited; but perhaps the most striking direction the work has taken is the formation of prison circles. Of these, the first was organized in the Massachusetts Reformatory in 1886, and the idea has spread broad-cast; perhaps the best example being the circle in the prison at Stillwater, Minnesota, which, under the wise leadership of warden and chaplain, has had a successful and uninterrupted career since 1890, and has drawn a large number of men under its influence.

It is something of an achievement to present the most extensive series of lectures in the world on the university extension model—an English device for promoting higher education among the people, which was conceived simultaneously with the Chautauqua idea. To have established the first continuous summer school, now the largest in the world, is more. The creation of other

such schools in most of our States, with a yearly attendance of more than a million people, crowns the remarkable achievement; and the home reading course is the tie that binds all these assemblies in the common work of pointing humanity to better things.

Its twenty-fifth anniversary, celebrated last August, marked an epoch in the history of popular education—the result of an impetus given by the enthusiasm, courage, and conviction of Bishop John H. Vincent of the Methodist Church. Though he conceived the Chautauqua idea, and his unselfish devotion fostered it, the movement is not only undenominational; it is all-denominational, and has done more than anything else to break down the barriers of narrow sectarianism. A thriving Jewish department of the C. L. S. C. was formed in 1892, by Dr. Henry Berkowitz of Philadelphia; and the Jewish Chautauqua, which concerns itself with subjects of special Jewish interest, is conducted in Atlantic City, where its first session was held in 1897.

THE SPREAD OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL IDEA.

In 1892 the Roman Catholic Chautauqua was established, under the name of the Catholic Summer School of America. Its secretary was a former member of the C. L. S. C., and both assembly and reading course are modeled closely on the original Chautauqua; but they are not affiliated with it, and are devoted largely to the propaganda of the church. The first session was held at New London, Connecticut, and several following at Plattsburgh, New York, until ground acquired at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain, was ready for occupancy. There, in 1901, the decennial session found a flourishing and useful community, of constantly increasing growth.

Chautauqua summer schools are held from Texas to Canada, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, during various periods between June and September; except in one case, that of a Florida assembly at De Funiak Springs, in Walton County, which enjoys its summer pleasures through February and March. This picturesque spot, on the southernmost slopes of the Blue Ridge, with its

famous little circular lake, its pine groves, and an elaborate program, is a rallying place for the people of Alabama, Georgia, and western Florida, as well as for winter visitors from the North. It is notable for holding a longer session than any other except the mother Chautauqua, and this year it has celebrated its twentieth anniversary.

Though not a Chautauqua assembly, a direct outgrowth of the summer school idea is a corporation formed this spring and called the Silver Bay Association for Christian Conferences and Training. Various organizations interested in Christian Association work, wishing to gather for summer conferences, obtained, last April, a charter by which they hold about a thousand acres of ground at Silver Bay, on Lake George, for this purpose. The plan includes a summer training-school for association work, and an institute for workers with boys; forming, as well, a vacation resort for such bodies as the Young Mens' and Young Womens' Christian Associations and the Young Peoples' Missionary Movement.

THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT IN OTHER LANDS.

The fascinating story of the movement in foreign lands would fill a volume. Alert little Japan was almost the first to seize upon the idea, and a circle was formed at Osaka in the early eighties, which published the *Japanese Chautauquan*, with as many as three thousand readers all over the Island Empire. In 1895, a Chautauquan Association was organized under the patronage of H. R. H. Prince Kitashira Kawa; and the interest spread to Korea, Loo Choo, and various small islands.

In China, the work has not spread among the natives; what is done seems to be chiefly confined to missionaries and teachers. But the idea makes an oriental appeal, for there are representatives in Siam, Burma, Ceylon, and Persia, and a large circle in Calcutta, India. The latter is only one of many Indian centers, for Chautauqua is at home in Lucknow, Masulipatam, Shah-jehanpur, Mhow, and a host of other unpronounceable localities up and down the teeming peninsula.

The opening wedge in Russia was a reading course published in the *Nov*, a St. Petersburg magazine. The plan attracted attention from every part of the Czar's empire, and a home reading committee is now established in Moscow. Great Britain fell under the spell about 1890, and organized her own National Home Reading Union of England, including a host of readers in Scotland, where a number of summer assemblies have been held in Edinburgh. The Australian Home Reading Union is a child of the English organization, and a grandchild of the C. L. S. C. Sweden and Finland both possess representatives, as do various other European countries. In South Africa, from Cape Town to the northern Transvaal, fifty-five different communities have felt the helpfulness of Chautauqua.

In our own hemisphere is a Panama Circle; South American circles in Bogota, the Argentine Republic, Chile, and Brazil; and several circles in Mexico. Hawaii, Samoa, and the West Indies add their quota; while our soldiers have aided the cause of expansion by carry-

ing the C. L. S. C. into the Philippines. Readers in a cavalry troop in Cuba, in a signal corps at Manila, and in "floating circles" on various ships, might also be mentioned; while Bermuda claims the distinction of having the first organization of the kind on board a war vessel—the Man-of-War Circle of H. M. S. Terror.

What a record is this of tremendous vitality! Originating to meet a need for educational direction when little or nothing was provided, the work has strengthened with the years, and is no less useful in these days of mental distraction. It is a refuge from superficiality as well as from ignorance, and prevents our—

Letting down buckets into empty wells,
And growing old with drawing nothing up.

Perhaps no one movement of the times has so affected the ideals of the nation at large. It is a mighty influence toward saner, broader, and happier living, reflected, with the radiance of a jewel of many facets, from the name Chautauqua, dropped by the Indians like a bright pebble on the shores of a tiny inland sea.

IN MID-ATLANTIC.

Yo-ho, yo-ho, ye lusty winds,
Blow out from heaven's door!
A thousand miles behind us lie,
A thousand miles before!

The sea-dogs lift their angry heads,
Dappled with white and green;
Full hungrily they ope their jaws,
And shake the boat between.

Then, lashed to fury by the blast
As it comes sweeping by,
With thundering rush and sullen roar
They push her shoulder high.

Sail on, sail on, thou gallant ship,
While timbers groan and scream;
Thy masts away low before the gale,
And quivers every beam!

Sail far and farther to the west—
Straight toward the dying sun;
For many a day and night must pass
Ere all thy course be run.

Yo-ho, yo-ho, ye lusty winds,
Blow out from heaven's door;
A thousand miles behind us lie,
A thousand miles before!

Eugenia B. Mahury.

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

M. DE VLAYE thinks to better his fortunes by embracing an opportunity which presents itself to seize the young Countess of Rochechouart, while she is traveling with a small escort, and compel her to wed him, despite the fact that he is already betrothed to Odette de Villeneuve, the Abbess of Vlaye. But the little countess escapes and takes refuge in the château of Odette's father, the Vicomte de Villeneuve, an impoverished old nobleman who is living in seclusion with his son Roger, who is slightly hump-backed, and his other daughter, Bonne, both of whom he despises and derides. His other son, Charles, whom he has driven from home by his taunts, has incurred the old man's dire hatred by joining and becoming one of the leaders of a band of rebellious peasants known as the Crocans.

Vlaye follows the countess to the château, accompanied by Odette, who does not suspect his real purpose; and, after making a prisoner of Charles, whom he finds on the estate, he insists on removing the countess to what he terms a place of greater safety. He is finally prevailed upon to leave her there till the following day, and goes away, stationing, however, some of his men on guard. The two young girls and Roger look forward with much apprehension to the morrow, their only hope of succor being from "M. des Vœux," a stranger who has recently visited the château. The latter is really Des Ageaux, the Lieutenant-Governor of Périgord, who, it seems, has been bidden by his master, King Henry IV of France, to put down the peasant uprising in the neighborhood and restore order within six weeks, on penalty of degradation in case of failure.

At this juncture another stranger rides up to the Villeneuve château and demands shelter. He picks a quarrel with Ampoule, the officer in command of Vlaye's troopers, and kills him in the duel that follows, being grievously wounded himself. Roger de Villeneuve and the troopers, in dressing his wound, recognize him as a great Catholic noble, Henry, Duke of Joyeuse.

Meanwhile Charles de Villeneuve is carried off a prisoner, guarded by five of Vlaye's men. On the way to their master's stronghold, the troopers fall out over a question of spoil. They are in the midst of their altercation when suddenly they find themselves surrounded by a party of horsemen commanded by Des Ageaux, who calls for their surrender. Baptiste, the senior of Vlaye's troopers, seeing himself outnumbered, orders his men to throw down their arms; but one of them, who has been quarreling bitterly with his leader, raises his pistol and shoots Baptiste in the back.

X (Continued).

"SEIZE him! Seize him!" rose above the wood in a dozen voices. "On your life, seize him!"

The order was executed almost as soon as uttered. As the murderer's horse, leaping the water, alighted on the lower bank, it swerved to avoid a man who barred the way. The turn surprised the rider; he lost his balance; before he could get back into his seat, a trooper knocked him from his saddle with the flat of his sword. In a trice he was seized, disarmed, and dragged across the brook.

But by that time Baptiste, with three slugs under his shoulder-blade, lay still among the moss and briars, the hand that had beaten time to a thousand camp-ditties in a thousand quarters from Fontarabie to Flanders flung nerveless beside a wood-wren's nest. As they gathered round him, Charles, who had never

seen a violent death, gazed on the limp form with a pale face; questioning with that wonder which the thoughtful of all times have felt, whither the mind that a minute before looked from those sightless eyes had taken its flight.

He was roused by the lieutenant's voice, speaking in tones measured and stern as fate.

"Let the murderer have five minutes," he said, "and then—that tree!"

They began to drag the wretch, now pale as ashes, in the direction indicated. Half way the man began to struggle, breaking into piercing shrieks—that he was Vlaye's man, that they had no right—

"Stay, right he shall have!" Des Ageaux cried solemnly. "He is judged and doomed by me, governor of Périgord, for murder in *curia*. In the king's name! Now take him!"

The wretch was dragged off, his judge

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to all appearances deaf to his cries. But Charles could close neither his ears nor his heart. The man had earned his doom richly; but to stand by, while a fellow creature, vainly shrieking while he had breath, for mercy, mercy, was strangled within his hearing, turned him sick and faint.

Des Ageaux read his thoughts.

"To spare here were to kill there," he said coldly. "Learn, my friend, that to rule men is no work for a soft heart or a gentle hand. But you are shaken. Come this way," he continued in a different tone, "you will be the better for some wine." He took out a flask, and gave it to Charles, who, excessively thirsty now he thought of it, drank greedily. "That is better," Des Ageaux went on, seeing the color return to his cheeks. "Now I wish for information. Where are the nearest Crocans?"

The young man's face fell.

"The nearest Crocans?" he muttered mechanically.

"Yes."

"I—"

"Are there any within three hours' ride of us?"

But Charles had by this time pulled himself together. He held out his wrists.

"I am your prisoner," he said. "Call up your men and bind me. You can do with me as you please. But I am a Ville-neuve, and I do not betray."

"Not even—"

"You saw me turn pale?" the young man continued. "Believe me, I can bear to go to the tree better than to see another dragged there!"

Des Ageaux smiled.

"Nay, but you mistake me, M. de Villeneuve," he said. "I ask you to betray no one. It is I who wish to enlist with you."

"With us?" Charles exclaimed, more and more bewildered.

"With you. In fact, you see before you," Des Ageaux continued, his eyes twinkling, his hand stroking his short beard, "a Crocan. Frankly, and to be quite plain, I want their help; a little later my help may save them. They fear an attack by the Captain of Vlaye; I am prepared to aid them against him. Afterwards—"

"Aye, afterwards?"

"If they will hear reason, what can be done in their behalf, I will do! But there must be no *jacquerie*, no burning and no plundering. In a word"—with a flitting smile—"it is now for the Crocans to say whether the Captain of Vlaye shall earn

the king's pardon by quelling them, or they by quelling him."

"But you are the governor of Périgord, I understand?" Charles exclaimed.

"I am the king's lieutenant in Périgord, which is the same thing."

"And in this business?"

"I am somewhat in the position of the finger which is set between the door and the jamb! But no matter for that; you will not understand. Only do you tell me where these Crocans lie, and we will visit them if it can be done before night. To-night"—with a peculiar look—"I have other business!"

Charles told him, and with joy. As a sail to the raft-borne seamen, away in the Biscayan Gulf, or a fountain to the parched wanderer in barren La Mancha, this and more to him was the prospect suddenly opened before his eyes. To be snatched at a word from the false position in which he had placed himself, and from which naught short of a miracle could save him! To find for ally, instead of the broken farmers and ruined clowns, the governor of a great province! To be free to carve his fortune with his right hand where he would—these were blessings which a minute before had seemed as far from him as home from the seaman who feels his craft settling down in a shoreless water.

XI.

BONNE's first thought, when her brother darted from the dining-room to the stranger's rescue, was to seek aid from Ampoule, who, it will be remembered, sat drinking beside the fire in the outer hall. But the man's coarse address, and the nature of his employment at the moment, checked the impulse. The girl returned anxiously to the window, and, flattening her face against the panes, sought to learn what fortune her brother had.

The fire, still burning high, cast its light as far as the gateway; but the tower to which Roger had hastened, being in a line with the window, was not visible; and though Bonne pressed her face as closely as possible against the panes, she could discover nothing. Yet her brother did not come back. The murmur of jeers and laughter persisted, but he did not appear.

She turned at last, impelled to seek aid from some one; but on the instant, womanish panic took her by the throat, and the hysterical bent almost overcame her. For what help, what hope of help,

lay in any of those whom she saw about her! The countess indeed had crept to her side, and cast her arm about her; but she was a child and ashake already. For the others, the *vicomte* sat sunk in lethargy, heeding no one, ignorant apparently that his son had left the room; and Fulbert, whose wits had exhausted themselves in the effort that had saved his mistress, stood faithful indeed, but brainless, dull, dumb.

Only Solomon, who leaned against the wall beside the door, his old face gloomy, his eyebrows knit, only to him could she look for a spark of comfort or suggestion. He, it was clear, appreciated the crisis; for he was listening intently, his head inclined, his hand on a weapon. But he was old, and there was not a man of Vlaye's troopers who was not more than a match for him foot to foot.

Still, he was her only hope, if her brother did not return. She turned again to the glass, and, scarcely breathing, listened with a keenness of anxiety almost indescribable. If only Roger would return! Roger, who had seemed so weak a prop a few minutes before, and now that she had lost him, seemed everything! But the voices of Ampoule and his companion, disputing in the outer hall, rose louder, drowning more distant sounds; and the minutes were passing, and still Roger did not return.

But a thought came to her, or rather two thoughts. The first was that all now hung on her; and that steadied her. The second that he whose grasp had brought the blood to her cheeks that morning had bidden her hold out to the last, fight to the last, play the man to the last; and this moved her to instant action. Better do anything, than succumb like her father!

She flew to Solomon, dragging the countess with her.

"We are not safe here," she said. "You see it. These men are drinking. They have kept Roger, and that bodes us no good. Should we not go up-stairs to the tower room? We should be safer there."

"It were the best course," the old man answered slowly, with his eyes on the *vicomte*. "Out and away the best course, *mademoiselle*. Fulbert and I could guard the stairs a while, at any rate."

"Then let us go!"

But Solomon looked at the *vicomte*.

"If my lord says so," he answered.

All his life the *vicomte's* word had been his law. In a moment Bonne was at her father's side.

"The countess will be safer up-stairs, sir," she said, speaking with a boldness that surprised herself—but who could long remain in fear of the failing old man, whose leaden eyes met hers with scarce a gleam of meaning? "The countess is frightened here, sir," she continued. "If you would guard us up-stairs——"

"Have done!" He struck at her with feeble passion, and waved her off. "Let me alone!"

"But——"

"Peace, girl, I say!" he repeated irascibly. "Who are you to fix comings and goings? Get to your stool and your needle. God knows"—in a burst of childish petulance—"what the world is coming to, when children order their elders! But since—there, begone! Begone!"

She wrung her hands in utter despair. Outside, fuel was beginning to fail, the fire was burning low, the court growing dark. Within, the two guttering candles showed only the *vicomte's* figure sunk low in his chair, and here and there a pale face projected from the shadow. But the noise of riot and disorder did not slacken; rather it grew more menacing. What was she to do? Desperate, she returned to the attack.

"Sir," she said, "there is no one to escort the Countess of Rochechouart to her room. She wishes to retire. And it is late——"

He got abruptly to his feet, and looked about him with something of his ordinary air.

"Where is the countess?" he said peevishly; and then, addressing Solomon: "Take candles! Take candles!" he continued. "And you, sirrah, light the way! Don't you know your duty? The countess to her room! *Mordieu*, girl, we are fallen low indeed if we don't know how to behave to our guests. *Madame*—or, to be sure, *mademoiselle la comtesse*"—with a puzzled look at the quaking child—"let me have the honor. Things are out of gear to-night, and we must do the best we can, but to-morrow—to-morrow all shall be in order!"

He marshaled Solomon out and followed, bowing the young countess before him. Bonne, overjoyed, followed; Fulbert, like a patient dog, brought up the rear. All was not done yet, however. Bonne knew that, and nerved herself for the effort. On the landing, her father would have stopped, but she passed him lightly and opened the door that led by way of the roof to the tower chamber.

"This way!" she muttered to Solo-

mon; and as he hesitated: "The countess is timid to-night, sir," she continued aloud, "and craves leave to lie in the tower, as the room is empty."

The *vicomte* frowned.

"Still this silliness!" he exclaimed; and then, passing his hand over his brow: "There was something said about it, I remember. But I thought I——"

"Gave permission, sir? Yes!" Bonne murmured, pushing the girl steadily forward. "Solomon, do you hear? Light along the leads!"

Great as was his fear of the *vicomte*, the old porter succumbed to her will. They were about to follow, when a door on the landing beside them opened, and the abbess appeared on the threshold of her room. Holding a light above her head, and with a sneer on her handsome face, she contemplated the group huddled before her.

"What is this?" she asked. And then, gathering their intention from their looks—possibly she had had some inkling of it—she continued, partly in temper, and partly in feigned surprise: "You don't mean to say that a half dozen of roistering troopers, sir, are driving the *Vicomte de Villeneuve* from his own chamber? To take refuge among the owls and bats? For shame, sir, for shame!"

Bonne tried to stay her by a gesture, but in vain.

"A fine tale they will have to tell to-morrow!" the abbess continued in tones of savage raillery. "M. de Villeneuve afraid of a handful of rascals, whom their master keeps within bounds with a stick! The lord of Villeneuve bearded in his own house by a scum of riders!"

"Peace, daughter!" the *vicomte* cried; he even raised his stick. "You lie! It is not I, indeed, but the countess! You don't see her. The Countess of Rochechouart——"

"Oh!" said the abbess. And, the light she held shining on her arrogant beauty, she swept a great curtsy, as if she had not seen her intended guest before; as if her scornful eyes had not from the first desecrated the girl; as if the small beginnings of hate, hate that scarcely knew itself, were not already in her breast. "Oh!" she said again. "It is the Countess of Rochechouart, is it, who is afraid?"

"And with reason," Bonne answered, intervening hurriedly, but in a low voice. "The men are drinking, and growing violent. Roger went to them some time ago, and has not come back."

"Roger!" the abbess ejaculated,

shrugging her shoulders. "Did you think that he could do anything?"

But she, who of all those present seemed least likely to interfere, spoke up at that. Whether the young countess resented—heaven knows why she should—the sneer at Roger's expense, or only the contempt of herself expressed in the abbess' manner, she plucked up spirit. After all, she was not only a Rochechouart, but she was a woman; and there is in all women, even the meekest, a spark of temper that blazes up when it is fanned by one of their own sex.

"It is true," she replied coldly, her face faintly pink. "It is I who am afraid, *mademoiselle*. But it is not of the men down-stairs. It is their master whom I fear."

"You fear M. de Vlaye?" the abbess repeated. And she laughed aloud, a little over-merrily, at the absurdity of the notion. "You fear M. de Vlaye? Why, if I may venture to ask?"

"Why?" the countess replied—she had learned somewhat during the day, and was too young to hide her knowledge, being provoked. "Do you ask why, *mademoiselle*? Because I fear that which it may be you do not fear!"

The abbess flushed crimson to her very throat.

"And what, may I ask, do you mean by that?" she retorted in a tone that shook with passion. "If you think that the story is true that they tell——"

"That M. de Vlaye waylaid and would have seized me?" the little countess retorted, undismayed. "It is quite true."

"You say that!" The abbess was pale and red by turns. "How do you know? What do you know?"

"I know M. de Vlaye," the girl answered firmly. "I have seen him more than once at Angoulême. His mask fell yesterday, and I could not be mistaken. It was he."

The abbess bit her lip until the blood came in the vain attempt to mask feelings which her temper rendered her impotent to control. She no longer doubted the story; and jealousy, rage, and amazement—amazement at Vlaye's treachery, amazement to find a rival in one so insignificant in all save rank—deprived her of the power of speech.

Fortunately, at this moment the clash of steel reached Solomon, who had gone forward, and he gave the alarm.

"My lord, they are fighting!" he cried. And then, emboldened by the occurrence, he continued: "Were it not well to put the ladies in a place of safety?"

The *vicomte* pushed past the women, and, leaning over the parapet, learned the truth for himself. Bonne, the countess, the abbess and her women, all followed; and in a twinkling were standing on the roof in the dark night, the round tower rising beside them, and the croaking of the frogs coming up to them from below.

For the brief duel was over, and they could make out no more than a group of figures gathered about two prostrate men. The movement of the lights, now here now there, augmented the difficulty of seeing, and for a while Bonne's heart stood still. She made no lamentations, for she came of the old blood, but she thought Roger dead. And then a man raised a light, and she saw him leaning over one of the injured men.

"Thank God!" she murmured. "There is Roger. He is not hurt!"

"Who are they? Who are they?" the *vicomte* babbled, clinging to the parapet. "Who are they? Cannot any one see?"

But no one could see; and the abbess' women began to cry. She paid no heed to them, however. She leaned with the others over the parapet, and listened with them to the shuffling feet of the men below, as in a double line they bore the cloaked form toward the house. But whether their thoughts were her thoughts, whether she took in the scene that passed below, or chewed the cud of other and bitter reflections, was known only to herself. Her proud spirit, whose worst failings so far had not gone beyond selfishness and vanity, hung, it may be, during those moments between good and evil, the better and the worse. It took, perhaps, the turn that must decide its life; flung from it, perhaps, in passionate abandonment the last heart-strings that bound it to the purer and more generous affections.

Perhaps; but none of those who stood beside her had an inkling of all this. For the troopers had passed with their mysterious burden into the house; and no sooner were they gone, than one of the abbess' women cried in a panic that they would all be murdered. In a trice all made for the tower chamber, and herded into it pell-mell, some shrugging their shoulders, and showing that they gave way to the more timid. In the chamber were already two or three of the housewomen, who had sought that refuge earlier in the evening; and these, seeing the *vicomte*, looked for nothing but slaughter, and by their lamentations added to the confusion.

Their security depended entirely on their holding the way across the leads, and here the men should have remained. But the women would not part with them, and all entered together. Some one locked the outer door, and there they were, some eleven or twelve persons, in the great, dreary chamber, where a few feeble candles that served to make darkness visible disclosed their blanched faces. At the slightest sound the women shrieked or clung to one another, and with every second the boldest expected to hear the tramp of feet without, and the clatter of weapons on the oak.

There was something ridiculous in this abrupt panic; yet even to those who, like Bonne, kept their heads, there was something terrifying also. She strove in vain to make herself heard; her voice was drowned; helplessness overwhelmed her as a flood overwhelms a strong swimmer. She seized a girl by the arm to silence her; the wench took it for a fresh alarm, and squalled the louder. She flew to her father, and begged him to interpose; flurried, he fell into a rage with her, and stormed at her as if it was she who caused the confusion.

For the others, the young countess, though quiet, was frightened; and Odette, seated at a distance, noticed her companions only—and that at intervals in the dark current of her thoughts—with a look of disdain.

At length Bonne betook herself to Solomon.

"Some one should hold the roof," she said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Aye, aye, *mademoiselle*," he said, "but we have no orders, the door is locked, and he has the key."

"You could do something there?"

"Aye, aye, if we had orders."

She flew to the *vicomte* at that.

"Some one should be holding the roof, sir," she said. "Solomon and Fulbert could hold it awhile. Could you not give them orders?"

He swore at her.

"We are all mad to be here," he exclaimed, veering about on an instant. "This comes of letting women have a voice! Silence, you hell-babes!" he continued, turning with his staff raised upon two of the women, who had chosen that moment to raise a new outcry. "We are all mad! Mad, I say!"

"I will silence them, sir," Bonne answered. And stepping on a bed she cried stoutly: "Listen! Listen to me! We are in little danger here, if we are quiet.

Therefore, let us make no noise. They will not know where to find us. Let the men go to the door, and the maids to the other end of the room. And——"

Shrieks stopped her. The two whom the *vicomte* had upbraided a moment earlier flung themselves screaming on Solomon.

"The window! The window!" they cried, glaring over their shoulders. Before the astonished old man could free himself, or the *vicomte* give vent to his passion. "The window! They are coming in!" they shrieked.

The words were the signal for a rush toward the door. Two or three of the candles were knocked down; the *vicomte* was well-nigh carried off his legs; the abbess, who tried to rise, was pinned where she was by two women, who flung themselves on their knees before her and hid their faces in her robe. Only Bonne, interrupted in the midst of her appeal, retained both her presence of mind and her freedom of action. She, after obeying the generous instinct which bade her thrust the young countess behind her, remained motionless, staring intently at the window—staring in a mixture of hope and fear.

And, thank Heaven, the hope was justified. They were the faces of friends that shined in the dark opening of the window. They were friends who entered; Charles first—that the alarm might be the sooner quelled; Des Ageaux second, if first and second they could be called, when the feet of the two touched the floor almost at the same instant. But Charles had a new and radiant face, and Des Ageaux a look of command, which to Bonne, after what she had gone through, was as wine to a fainting man. There were some whom that look did not reach; but even these—women with their faces hidden—stilled their cries, and raised their heads when he spoke. For a trumpet could not have rung more firm and clear in that panic-laden air.

"We are friends!" he said. "And we are in time! *Monsieur le vicomte*, we must act first, and ask your leave later."

Turning again to the window, he spoke to the night. Nor in vain. At the word came tumbling in man after man; the foremost a lean, lank-visaged veteran, who looked neither to right nor left, but in three strides—and with one stiff salute in the *vicomte's* direction—was at the door and on guard. He had a long, odd-looking sword with a steel basket hilt, with which he signed to the men to stand here or there.

For they continued to come in, until the *vicomte*, stunned by the sight of his son, awoke to fresh wonder; and speechless counted a round dozen and three to boot, besides his guest and Charles. Moreover, they were men of a certain stamp, quiet but grim; who, being bidden, did and asked no questions.

When they had all filed through the group of staring women, now fallen silent, and had ranged themselves beside the Bat—for he it was—at the door, Des Ageaux spoke.

"Do you hear them?"

"No, my lord."

"Unlook softly then, but do not open! And wait the word! *Monsieur le vicomte*"—he turned courteously to the old man—"the occasion presses, or I would ask your pardon. *Mademoiselle*"—but as he turned to Bonne, he lowered his voice and what he said escaped other ears. Not her ears; for from brow to neck, though he had but praised her courage and firmness, she blushed vividly.

"I did only what I could," she whispered, lifting her eyes once to his, and as quickly dropping them. "Roger——"

"Ha! What of Roger?"

She told him as concisely as she could. He knit his brows.

"That was not of my contrivance," he said. And then, with a gleam of humor in his eyes: "Masked, was this stranger? Another knight-errant, it seems, and less fortunate than the first! You do not lack supporters in your misfortunes, *mademoiselle*. But—what is it?"

"They come, my lord," the Bat answered, raising his hand to gain attention.

They listened with quickened pulses; and in the silence the harsh rending of wood came to the ear, a little dulled by distance. Then a murmur of voices, then another!

The men about the door poised themselves, each with one foot advanced, and his weapon ready; their strained muscles and gleaming eyes told of their excitement. A moment and they would be let loose! A moment—and then, too late, Bonne saw Charles beside the Bat.

Too late; but it mattered nothing. She might have spoken, but he, panting for the fight, exulting in the chance for it, would not have heeded if an angel had spoken. And before she could find words, the thing was done. The Bat flung the door open, and with a roar of defiance the mob of men charged out and across the roof, Charles among the foremost.

A shot, a scream, a tumult of cries, the

jar of steel, and the fight rolled down through the house in a whirl of strident voices. The candles, long-wicked and guttering, flamed wildly in the wind; the room was half in shadow, half in light. The *vicomte*, who had seen all in a maze of stupefaction, stiffened himself—like the old war-horse that scents the battle. Bonne hid her face and prayed.

Not so the abbess. She sat unmoved, a sneer on her face, a dark look in her eyes. Bonne, glancing up, saw her, and a strange pang shot through the younger girl's breast. If he had praised her courage—and that with a look and in a tone that had brought the blood to her cheeks—what would he think of her handsome sister? How could he fail to admire her, nor for her beauty only, but for her stately pride, for the composure that not even this could alter, for the challenge that shone in her haughty eyes?

The next moment Bonne reproached herself for entertaining such a thought, while Charles' life, and perhaps Roger's, hung in the balance, and the cries of men in dire straits still rung in her ears. What a worm she was, what a crawling thing! God pardon her! God protect them!

The abbess' voice—she had risen at last and moved—cut short her supplications.

"Who is he?" Odette de Villeneuve muttered in a low, fierce whisper. "Who is he, girl?" She pointed to Des Ageaux, who still kept his station on the threshold, his ear following the course of the fight. "Who is that man! They call him 'My lord'! Who is he?"

"I do not know," Bonne said.

"You do not know?"

"No."

The candles flared higher. The lieutenant turned and saw the two sisters standing together, looking at him.

He crossed the room to them, halting midway to listen; his attention divided between them and the conflict below. His eyes dwelt awhile on the abbess, but settled, as he drew nearer, on Bonne. He desired to reassure her.

"Have no fear, *mademoiselle*," he said. "Your brother runs little risk. They were taken by surprise. By this time it is over."

The *vicomte* heard, and his lips trembled; but no words came. It was the abbess who spoke for him.

"And what next?" she asked harshly.

Des Ageaux, still lending an ear to the sounds below, looked at her with attention, but did not answer.

"What next?" she repeated. "You

have entered forcibly. By what right——"

"The right, *mademoiselle*," he replied, "that every man has to resist a wrong. The right that every man has to protect women and to save his friends. If you desire more than this," he continued, with a change of tone that answered the challenge of her eyes, "in the king's name, *mademoiselle*, and my own!"

"And you are?"

"His majesty's lieutenant in Périgord," he answered, bowing.

His attention was fixed on her, yet he was vividly conscious of the color that mounted suddenly to Bonne's cheeks, dyed her brow, shone in her eyes.

"Of Périgord?" the abbess repeated in astonishment.

"Of Périgord," he replied, bowing again. "It is true," he continued, shrugging his shoulders, "that I am a league or two beyond my border, but great wrongs beget little ones, *mademoiselle*."

She hated him. As he stood there successful, she hated him. But she had not found an answer, nor had Bonne stilled the fluttering, half painful, half pleasant, of her heart, when the sound of returning feet heralded news. The Bat and two others, bearing a lantern that lit up their damp, swarthy faces, entered. The first was Roger. He was wildly excited.

"Great news!" he cried, waving his hand. "Great news! I have downstairs——"

One look from Des Ageaux silenced him. The lieutenant looked from him to the Bat.

"What have you done?" he asked curtly.

"Taken two unwounded, three wounded," the tall man answered as briefly.

"The others escaped?"

"Their horses?"

"We have their horses."

"You have closed the gates?"

"And set a guard, my lord," the Bat answered. "We have no wounded, but——"

"The Duke of Joyeuse lies below, and he is wounded!" Roger cried in a breath, for he could restrain himself no longer.

If his object was to shatter the indifference of Des Ageaux, he succeeded to a marvel.

"The Duke of Joyeuse?" the lieutenant exclaimed in stupefaction. "Impossible!"

"But no!" Roger retorted. "He is lying below—wounded. It is not impossible!"

"But he was not—of those?" Des Ageaux returned, indicating by a gesture the men whom they had just expelled.

For an instant the notion that he had attacked and routed friends instead of foes darkened his face.

"No!" Roger explained hurriedly—excitement had rid him of his diffidence. "No! He was the man who rode into the courtyard—but you have not heard? They were going to maltreat him, and he killed the leader of them—that was before you came!"

Roger's eyes shone; it was evident that he had transferred his allegiance.

Des Ageaux' look sought the Bat and asked a question.

"There is a dead man below," the Bat answered. "He had it through the throat."

"And the Duke of Joyeuse?"

"He is there—alone, apparently."

"Alone?"

The Bat's eyes sought the wall and gazed on it stonily.

"There are more fools than one in the world," he said gruffly.

Des Ageaux pondered an instant.

"I will see him," he said then. "But first—he turned courteously to the *vicomte*—"I have to provide for your safety, *monsieur le vicomte*, and that of your family. I can only insure it, I fear, by removing you hence. I have no sufficient force to hold the château, and short of that I see no way of protecting you from M. de Vlaye's resentment."

The *vicomte*, who had aged years in the last few days, as the old sometimes do, sat down weakly on a bed.

"Go—from here?" he muttered, his hands moving nervously on his knees. "From my house?"

"It is necessary."

"Why?" A younger and stronger voice flung the question at the lieutenant. The abbess stood forward beside her father. "Why?" she repeated imperiously. "Why should we go from here—from our own house? Or why should we fear M. de Vlaye?"

"To the latter question—because he does not lightly forgive, *mademoiselle*," Des Ageaux replied. "To the former, because I have neither men nor means to defend this house. To both, because you have with you"—he pointed to the countess—"this lady, whom it is not consonant with the *vicomte's* humor either to abandon or surrender. To be plain, M. de Vlaye's plans have been thwarted, and his men routed; and the morrow's sun will not be an hour high before he takes

the road. To remain here were to abide the utmost of his power; which," he added dryly, "is at present of importance, however it may stand in a week's time."

She looked at him, darkly beautiful, temper and high disdain in her face; and as she looked there began to form in her mind the resolve to destroy him; a resolve that even as she looked, in a space of time too short to be measured by our clumsy methods, became a fixed thought. Why had he intervened? Who had invited him to intervene? But for him—with a woman's inconsistency she left out of sight the wrong M. de Vlaye would have done her, she forgot the child-countess, overlooked all except that this man was the enemy of the man she loved—but for him all would have been well! But for him—for even that she laid at his door—and for his hostility, M. de Vlaye had never been driven to think of that other way of securing his fortunes.

These thoughts passed through her mind in a pause so short that the listeners scarcely marked it for a pause.

"And if we will not go?" she cried.

"All in the house will go," he replied.

"Whither?"

"I shall decide that," he answered coldly, and turned from her.

Before she could retort, he was giving orders, and men were coming and going and calling to one another. Lights were flitting in all directions through the house, and all about her was hubbub and stir and confusion. She saw that resistance was vain. Her father was passive. Her brothers were Des Ageaux' most eager ministrants. The servants were awed into silence, or, like old Solomon, who for once was mute as to the glories of the race, were anxious to escape for their own sakes.

Then into her hatred of him entered a little of that leaven of fear that makes hatred active. For amid this confusion he was cool. His voice rang firm, his eye commanded on this side, his hand beckoned on that, men ran for him. She knew the dread in which M. de Vlaye was held; but this was not the awe in which men hold one whose caprice it may be to punish, but the awe in which men stand toward one who is just; whose nature it is to create order out of chaos, and who to that end will spend himself and all. Here was a man cold of face and something passionless; grim of mood when a rope, a bough, and a villain forced themselves on his attention.

She would not have known him had she

seen him leaning over Joyeuse a few minutes later, while his long, lean subaltern held a shaded taper on the other side of the makeshift pallet. The door was locked on them, and between them the duke lay in the dead sleep of exhaustion.

"I don't know that we can move him," Des Ageaux muttered, his brow clouded.

The Bat, with the light touch of one who had handled many a dying man, felt the duke's pulse without rousing him.

"He will bear it," he said, "in a litter."

"Over that road!"

"Needs must!"

"He brought the money, found me gone, and followed," Des Ageaux murmured in a voice softened by feeling. "You think we dare take him?"

"To leave him to M. de Vlaze were worse."

"Worse for us," Des Ageaux muttered doubtfully.

"Worse for all," the Bat grunted.

He took liberties in private which for all the world he would not have had suspected. Still his master, who had been so firm above-stairs, hung undecided.

"M. de Vlaze would not be so foolish as to harm him," he said.

"He would only pluck him!" the Bat retorted. "And wing us with the first feather, the lady countess with the second, the Crocans with the third, and the king with the fourth."

He stopped. It was a long speech for the Bat.

"Yes, he is the master-card," Des Ageaux assented slowly. "I suppose we must take him. But Heaven knows how we shall get him there!"

"Leave that to me!" said the Bat, undertaking more than he knew.

XII.

It was after midnight, and the young moon had set when they came, a long procession of riders, to the ford in which Des Ageaux had laved his horse's legs on the evening of his arrival. But the night was starlight, and behind them the bonfire, which the men had rekindled that its blaze might aid their preparations, was reflected in a faint glow above the trees.

As they splashed through the shallows, the frogs fell silent, scared by the invasion, but an owl that was mousing on the slope of the chalk hills between them and the dim horizon continued its melancholy hooting. The women shivered as the cool air embraced them, and one here and there, as her horse, deceived by the weeds, set a foot wrong, shrieked low.

But no one hesitated; for the Bat had put fear into them. He had told them in the fewest words that in ninety minutes M. de Vlaze would be knocking at the gate they had left! How long the pursuit would tarry after that, he had left to their imaginations.

The result justified him; the ford, which in daylight was a terror to the timid, was passed without demur. One by one their horses stepped from its dark, smooth-sliding water, turned right-handed, and, falling into line, set their heads up-stream toward the broken hills and obscure, winding valleys whence the river flowed.

Hampered by the litter and the night, they could not hope to make more than a league in the hour; and with the first morning light they might expect to be overtaken. But Des Ageaux considered that the Captain of Vlaze, ignorant of his force, would not dare to follow at speed.

In the beginning, all went well. Over smooth turf they made good progress for half a league, the long bulk of the chalk hill accompanying them on the left, while on the right the vague gloom of the wooded valley, teeming with mysterious rustlings and shrill night cries, drew many a woman's eyes over her shoulder. Still, as the bearers of the litter could proceed only at a walking pace, the long line of shadowy riders had not progressed far before a gap appeared in its ranks, and insensibly grew wider. Presently the two bodies were moving a hundred yards apart; and the rugged surface of the road from this point onward, which was such as to hamper the litter without delaying the riders, quickly augmented the interval.

The *vicomte* was mounted on his own grizzled pony, and with his two daughters and Roger rode at the head of the first party. They had not proceeded far, however, before Bonne remarked that her sister was missing. She was sure that the abbess had been at her side when she crossed the ford, and for a short time afterwards. Why had she left them? And where was she?

Not in front, for only the Bat and Charles, who had attached himself to the veteran, and was drinking in gruff tales of camp and leaguer at his lips, were in front.

Behind then? Bonne turned her head and strove to learn. But the light of the stars and the night—June nights are at no hour quite dark—allowed her to see only the persons who rode immediately

behind her. They were Roger and the countess. On their heels came two more—men, for certain. The rest were shadows, bobbing vaguely along, dim one moment, lost the next.

But presently Charles missed the abbess, and asked where she was. Roger could only answer:

"To the rear somewhere."

"Learn where she is," Charles returned. "Pass the word back, lad. Ask who is with her."

"She is not with us," Roger presently reported. "She is with the litter they say, and it has fallen behind. But M. des Ageaux is with it, so that she is safe there."

"She were better here," Charles answered shortly. "She is not wanted there, I'll be sworn!"

Wanted or not, the abbess had not put herself where she was without design. Her passage of arms with Des Ageaux had left her furiously bent on his punishment. The end she knew; the means were to seek. But with the confidence of a woman who knew herself beautiful, she doubted not that she would find or create them.

Bitterly should he rue the day when he had forced her to take part against the man she loved! And if she could involve in his fall this child, the puling girl on whom M. de Vlaye had stooped an eye—not in love or adoration, but solely, she told herself, to escape the toils in which they were seeking to destroy him—so much the better. The two were linked inseparably in her mind; the guilt was theirs, the cunning was theirs, the bait was theirs—and M. de Vlaye's the misfortune only. So women reason when they love.

If she could effect the ruin of these two, and at the same time save him of Vlaye, her triumph would be complete. If—but alas, in that word lay the difficulty; nor as she rode in the procession, with a dark face of offense, had she a notion how to set about her task. But women's wits are better than their logic. Men spoke in her hearing of the litter and of the delay it caused, and in a flash the abbess saw the means she lacked and the man she must win. In the litter lay the one and the other.

For the motives that led Des Ageaux to bear it with him at the cost of trouble, of delay, of danger, were no secret to her quick mind. The man who lay in it was the key to the situation. She almost divined the very phrase—a master-card—which Des Ageaux had used to the

Bat in the security of the locked room. A master-card he was which at all costs must be kept in the lieutenant's hands, and out of Vlaye's power.

For that reason, even in this midnight flight they must burden themselves with his litter. The duke, a marshal of France, in favor at court, and lord of a fifth of Languedoc, had but to say the word, and Vlaye was saved—for the time, at any rate. The duke need but give a few orders, speak to some in power, call on some of those to whom his will was law, and his protégé would not fall for lack of means.

Up to this point, indeed, after a fashion which the abbess did not understand—for the man had fallen from the clouds—he was ranged against her friend. But if he could be put into Vlaye's hands, or be fairly or foully led to take that side, then the Captain of Vlaye would be saved. And if she could effect this, he would be saved by her!

The sweetness of such a revenge only a woman could understand. Her lover had fancied the Rochechouart's influence necessary to his safety, and to gain it had been ready to repudiate his love. What savor of triumph if she—*she* whom he was ready to abandon, could save him by this greater influence, and in doing it show him that a mightier than he was at her feet!

She had heard stories of the duke's character, which seemed to her to promise well for her schemes. At the time of her short sojourn at court, he had but lately left his cloister, drawn forth by the tragical death of his brother. He was then entering upon that career of extravagance, eccentricity, and vice, which, in conjunction with his reputation for eloquence, and for strange fits of repentance, astonished even the dissolute circles of the court. His name and his fame were in all mouths; a man quick to love, quick to hate, report had it; a man in whom remorse followed sharp on sin and sin on remorse. A man easy to win, she supposed, if a woman were beautiful and knew how to go about it.

Aye, if she knew; but there was the difficulty! For he was not a common man, and the ordinary bait of beauty might not by itself avail. The abbess, high as her opinion of her charms stood, perceived this. She recognized that in the circles in which he had moved of late, beauty was plentiful.

She bent her wits to the point. She might have been riding in daylight, for

all she saw of her surroundings. She passed through the ford, and in her deep thinking saw it not. The long, dark hill on her left, and the low woods on her right, with their strange night noises and their teeming evidences of that tragedy of death which fills the world, did not exist for her. The gleam of the starlit river caught her eye, but failed to reach her brain; and if she fell back slowly and gradually until she found herself but a few paces before the litter and its convoy, it was not only by design, but in obedience as well to a subtle attraction at work within her.

When her women presently roused her by their complaints that she was being left behind, she took it for an omen, and smiled in the darkness. They on the contrary were frightened; nor without reason. The road they pursued still followed the bank of the river, or of a tributary, but the wide vale had been left behind. They had passed into a valley more straight and gloomy; a winding trough, close pressed by long hog-shaped hills, between which the travelers became each moment more deeply engaged. The stars were fading from the sky, the darkness which comes before the dawn was on them, and with the darkness a chill.

This change, however, though disquieting, did not terrify the women half as much as the evident anxiety of the litter-party. More than once Des Ageaux' voice could be heard adjuring the bearers to move faster. More than once a rider passed between them and the main body, and on each of these occasions men fell back and took the places of the old carriers. But still the cry was "Faster! Faster!"

In truth, the day was on the point of breaking, and the fugitives were still little more than two leagues from Villeneuve. At any moment they might be overtaken, and the danger of an attack would be great, since the light must reveal the paucity of their numbers. In this pinch even the lieutenant's stoicism failed him; and moment by moment he trembled lest the sound of galloping horses reach his ear. Less than an hour's riding at speed would place his charges in safety; yet for the sake of a wounded man he must risk all. No wonder that he pressed the porters to their utmost speed, and cried again:

"Faster, men, faster!"

Soon out of the darkness ahead loomed the Bat.

"I do not know what is to be done, my

lord," he said, reining in his horse beside his leader. He spoke in a low voice, but the abbess, a dozen paces ahead, could hear his words, and even the heavy breathing of the carriers. "To go on at this pace is to hazard all."

"You must go on with the main body."

Des Ageaux replied shortly. "Let the women who are with us ride on and join the other, and do you—but," he added, remembering himself, "that will not do!"

"For certain it will not do!" the Bat answered. "It is I must stay, for the fault is mine. But for me you would have left him, my lord."

"Do you think we could support him on a horse?"

"We should kill him!" the Bat rejoined. "But it is not two hundred paces to the chapel near the ford that you remarked this morning. If we leave him there, and M. de Vlaze finds him, he will be as anxious to keep life in him as we are. If, on the other hand, M. de Vlaze overlooks him, as is possible, we can bring him in to-morrow."

"Very well," Des Ageaux answered reluctantly. "We must leave him. But we cannot leave him without some attendance. Who will stay with him?"

"*Diable!*" the Bat muttered.

"I will not leave him without some one," Des Ageaux repeated firmly. "Some one must stay."

Out of the darkness came the answer. "I will stay with him!" the abbess said.

"You, *mademoiselle*?" he returned, in a tone of astonishment.

"I," she repeated, "and my woman. I"—haughtily—"have nothing to fear from M. de Vlaze or his men."

"And *mademoiselle's* robe," the Bat muttered with the faintest suspicion of irony in his tone, "protects her."

Charles, who had joined them with the Bat, assented.

"It is so!" he cried. "Let my sister stay! She can stay without danger."

Alone of the three Des Ageaux remained silent—pondering. He had seen enough of the abbess to suspect that it was not humanity alone which dictated her offer. Probably she desired to rejoin M. de Vlaze. In that case, did she know enough of the fugitives' plans to render her defection formidable?

He thought not. At any rate, it seemed well to take the chance. He was taking a good many already, as he was beginning to see.

(To be continued.)

The Rising Men of Britain.

BY ISAAC N. FORD.

THE LONDON REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE DISCUSSES THE YOUNG MEN WHO ARE LIKELY, WITHIN THE NEXT FEW YEARS, TO TAKE THE FOREMOST PLACES IN BRITISH PUBLIC LIFE—AMONG THEM ARE SONS OF LORD SALISBURY, LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, AND JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

WHERE is the fountain of perennial youth, if not in Westminster? Rising members of the British Parliament are not expected to do anything in the twenties; reputations are made in the forties rather than the thirties; men under fifty are classed as political youngsters; and a septuagenarian like the Duke of Devonshire is not too old to be in the running as a coalition prime minister. The younger Pitt may have been chancellor of the exchequer when he was twenty-three; but that is the exception which proves the rule that Britain's public men must not expect leadership until they are well on in the forties, nor despair if it does not come until the fifties or even the sixties.

When Parliament was opened, early in February, the prime minister was disabled, and the chief defenders of the government in his absence were Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. George Wyndham, each of whom was in his forty-second year. That was Mr. Disraeli's age when, after attending nine or ten sessions of Parliament and entertaining the Commons with eccentricities of dress, affectations of manner, brilliant paradoxes, and withering sarcasms, he made a great reputation at a single stroke by attacking Sir Robert Peel and upsetting the government which had carried free trade. Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament when he was twenty-three, but brilliant as was his talent, it was not until he was forty-three that he delivered his famous reply to Mr. Disraeli and became chancellor of the exchequer in a coalition ministry. Each of these speeches was the turning point of a great career; and

each was made from the opposition benches.

The precedents respecting age were closely followed when Mr. Balfour's two substitutes temporarily assumed the responsibilities of leadership; but each had come to the front in active service on the government side. Political colts ordinarily find pasturage in opposition, where they can kick up their heels and get their wind before settling down to regular work. Since the overthrow of the Rosebery administration the reputations of youngsters, with a single exception—Mr. Lloyd-George—have been made on the government benches.

One of the recreations of the smoking-room of the House of Commons is the search for future prime ministers by observers who plume themselves upon their sensitiveness respecting premonitions of coming greatness. On the Liberal or free trade side there have been few conjectures of this sort, since there are so many jealous veterans in the foreground. The Conservative leadership offers a wider range for sagacious forecasts, since Mr. Balfour will naturally find a successor among the rising men of his own party. Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. George Wyndham are ordinarily named as possible prime ministers in the course of a decade; and outside Parliament there is only one rival in sight among the younger men—Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India.

THE CHAMBERLAINS, FATHER AND SON.

When Mr. Austen Chamberlain entered public life he received for his maiden speech in the House of Commons a compliment from Mr. Glad-

stone, which has been remembered as a fine example of magnanimity toward a strenuous political opponent. "It was dear and refreshing to a father's heart," said the Liberal leader with one of his stateliest gestures; and the father's pallid face was flushed with pleasure when he rose and bowed his grateful acknowledgment. There has been no ordinary feeling of affection between this father and this son. Each is constantly talking about the other with admiration and pride. The Birmingham leader has often been reproached for being dominated by self-interest and ambition; but his friends have known that he cares less about the advancement of his own fortunes than for those of his son. Mr. Balfour understood this when he offered the office of chancellor of the exchequer to Mr. Austen Chamberlain; and it has been an open secret among Conservative politicians that the best method of securing the father's favor was that of paying compliments to the son.

The veteran likes to discuss the chances of the youngsters in Parliament. When his listeners are unappreciative, he throws out bait for hooking in a tribute to his son; and his face lights up with a fine glow of enthusiasm when he gets what he wants. The son is equally unreserved. He is always sounding his father's praises; and he does this so unaffectedly that men like him for it. For him there is only one debater, one orator, one leader, and one statesman in the British Empire. The tender relation between the Chamberlains forms one of the most human and beautiful passages in contemporary English public life.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has been aided by his father's influence, but he is a man of force, and under any name would have won his way upward in politics. He is industrious, speaks with lucidity and fluency, and has remarkable capacity for public business. He wisely refrains from imitating his father's debating style, and is content with wearing a monocle and resembling in figure and features a statesman whom he considers unapproachable. He has his father's self-possession and readiness without the sharp-edged tongue and

the bitterness of tone; and he has not yet learned to sneer contemptuously at an opponent. His manners are so frank and courteous that he attracts friends and does not repel enemies. The son has resources of character which will remain in reserve while he is overshadowed by his father; and forecasts of his future career are untrustworthy.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

Mr. George Wyndham was the best substitute for the prime minister in the opening debates of the Parliament of 1904, because he was a trained Balfourian in his cleverness, his optimism, and his talent for what may be described as political window-dressing. When he discusses public questions before the House of Commons, he may not have a large stock of facts or arguments, but he contrives to arrange his goods to the best possible advantage, bringing out with a showman's instinct the contrasts and effects of color, and keeping out of sight the poor material and flaws in design. This he did when he was under-secretary for war during the campaign in South Africa, and subsequently when as chief secretary for Ireland he carried the Land Purchase Bill by dexterity of management. He is neither deep nor earnest, and he lacks the tone of conviction; but he is a plausible speaker with bookish taste and an ornate literary style, and he has a genial manner, a handsome face, and a graceful air of distinction.

He frankly imitates Mr. Balfour's methods and tactics, but he speaks with less hesitation and superior brilliancy. He has a marked talent for finance, which may involve his promotion to the office of chancellor of the exchequer; and he has so much industry and so much skill in the management of men that he may become a prime minister of the Balfourian type. The most optimistic forecast of his future would be justified by his talents and graces, if he had more weight of character.

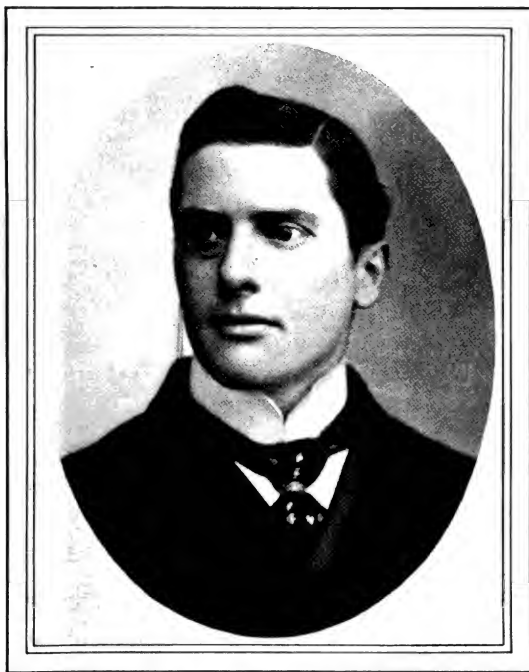
OTHER RISING CONSERVATIVES.

Among the new men of cabinet rank on the Conservative side, Mr. Arnold-Forster and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton have suddenly become prominent. One

has been a pamphlet-writer and a doctrinaire respecting military and naval reforms; the other is a barrister, who speaks in the measured style of his profession after mastering the details of his case. The reformer, with his scientific knowledge of the requirements of military reorganization, will be likely to

future than Lord Selborne, who has shown administrative capacity of a high order in the Admiralty.

The most formidable rival to either Mr. Austen Chamberlain or Mr. Wyndham in British politics is likely to be Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Viceroy of India. He has been out of Parliament



AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (BORN 1863), CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO SEEMS TO HAVE INHERITED MUCH OF THE POLITICAL GENIUS OF HIS FAMOUS FATHER, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

exert greater influence than the lawyer, who seems to hold a brief whenever he defends a political policy or undertakes to explain the intricacies of department routine. Mr. Arnold-Forster has enthusiasm for work and sometimes puts fire into his well-informed speeches; but he can hardly have a more brilliant

during the fiscal controversy, and is not committed either to the retaliation or to the colonial preference policies. His services as a peace-maker may be required when a reconciliation of Conservative factions is to be effected. Whenever he reappears at Westminster he will be a masterful leader. While he



THE EARL OF SELBORNE (BORN 1859), FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY—LORD SELBORNE, THE SON OF A FORMER LORD CHANCELLOR, HAS SHOWN GOOD ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY AS THE OFFICIAL HEAD OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

has always been a brilliant debater, he will speak with a marked access of authority in consequence of his unique experience in India.

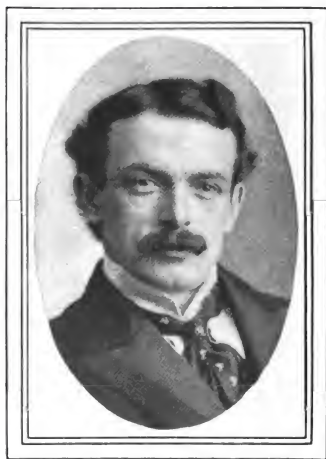
At one point, however, the prospects of his career in home politics are clouded. A prime minister who leads his party from the House of Lords is at a serious disadvantage. Lord Curzon's own title is an Irish barony, which still leaves him eligible to the Commons; but he is the eldest son of Lord Scarsdale, who is now well past threescore and ten, and it is not likely to be many years before he must succeed to his father's seat in the upper house.

On the Liberal side there is a supreme test of ability among the rising men. This is audacity in attacking the Birmingham master of debate. There are only two men whom Mr. Chamberlain cannot entangle in words, silence with sneers and reproaches, or crush with superior craft. Each is a Welshman, and neither has been on the front

opposition bench. One is Mr. Samuel Thomas Evans, whose keen thrusts, dry wit, and destructive criticism have disconcerted Mr. Chamberlain more than once; but he is a hard-working barrister who seldom takes part in debates. The other is Mr. David Lloyd-George, who is never absent from the house, and who is the wittiest and most forcible speaker on the Liberal side.

A YOUNG RADICAL FROM NORTH WALES.

Mr. Lloyd-George is short in stature, alert in movement, and resourceful in mind, and, in Fluellen's phrase, all the water in Wye could not wash the Welsh blood out of his body. He is forty-one, Mr. Evans' junior by four years, and while his voice is full, fresh, and melodious, his manner reveals the mellowing effect of success in entertaining crowded benches. When he assailed Mr. Chamberlain with merciless persistence during the South African War, his sarcasms were hot and bitter. He is now more brilliant in epigram and not less vigorous in attack; but he is more



DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE (BORN 1863), THE RADICAL WELSHMAN WHO IS JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S BOLDEST ASSAILANT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

genial in his pleasantry, more considerate of the feelings of opponents, and more broadly humorous in his topical hits and debating style. Without hav-

own side for leadership as "a pillow fight with an empty show of striking, but without much damage," or has accused Mr. Chamberlain of plotting with



GEORGE WYNDHAM (BORN 1863), CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, THE MOST TALENTED, GRACEFUL, AND POPULAR OF THE YOUNGER CONSERVATIVE LEADERS.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

ing the figure of an orator, he is a fluent and plausible speaker, and can be vehement and deadly in denunciation. Nor does he lack Welsh discretion, even if he has described the rivalries on his

parsons and publicans to reorganize English society on the principle of universal loot. He is an outspoken and consistent Radical, who has warned his more timorous associates that too high



HUGH ARNOLD-FOSTER (BORN 1855), SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, A NEW MEMBER OF MR. BALFOUR'S CABINET, WHO HAS IN HAND THE GREAT TASK OF ARMY REORGANIZATION.

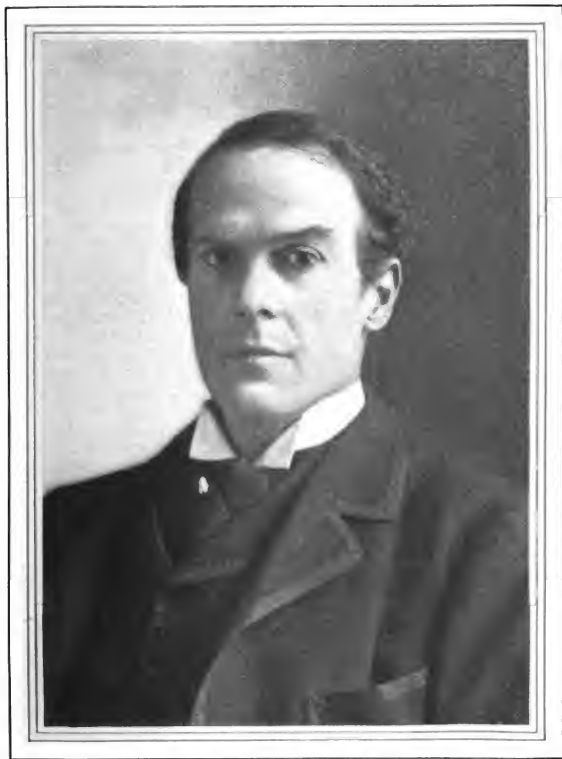
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

a price must not be paid for support of free trade principles, and has contended that the Liberal party must not become conservative on social questions, but must command respect and win recruits by the progressive tendencies of its own policies.

THE RISING LIGHTS OF LIBERALISM.

Mr. Lloyd-George's equipment for cabinet rank is complete; and if history is to repeat itself, and the Liberal party is to continue its work under Whig

guidance, the active services of the leader of the advanced Radicals are indispensable. If the labor members are also to be conciliated, Mr. John Burns is the ablest and most consistent representative of trades-unionism, although he would hardly be at ease on the front government bench among Whigs and Liberal imperialists. Mr. Reginald McKenna, the bow oar of one of the Cambridge university eights, and a barrister until his election to Parliament; Mr. Thomas James Macnamara,



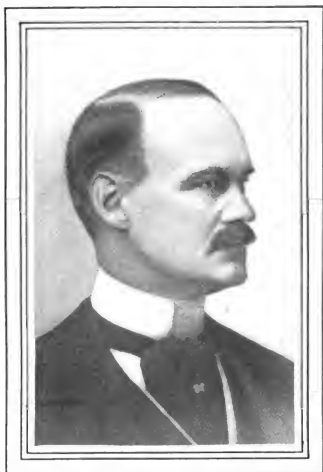
THE HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON (BORN 1857), THE FAMOUS AMATEUR ATHLETE WHO SUCCEEDED JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AS SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

one of the few schoolmasters in English politics; and Mr. Charles Philips Trevelyan, with bright talents of his own as well as a rich intellectual inheritance from his father, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Lord Macaulay's nephew—these are among the rising men who are likely to become ministers in a Liberal or coalition government without cabinet seats.

Mr. Alfred Emmott is also a sturdy Liberal of exceptional ability; Mr. Walter Runciman, a ship-owner of Scottish

descent, has a hard-headed, strenuous way of enforcing an argument; Mr. William Snowden Robson, with an English barrister's singsong intonation and quiet, methodical manner, makes a logical, closely-woven plea for Liberal principles; Mr. Thomas Lough, over-emphasizing his words with a grating voice, is instructive, but dull when he expounds economics and the intricacies of international exchange; and Mr. Henry Norman is well-informed and insistent when he asks questions about foreign



ALFRED EMMOTT, LIBERAL MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR OLDHAM, LANCASHIRE.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

affairs. The Liberals have run behind the Conservatives in the development of new political talent. With the exception of Mr. Lloyd-George, they have no debater of the first rank among the rising men.

A SON OF LORD SALISBURY.

The most remarkable personality among the young Tories is Lord Hugh Cecil. Ascetic and earnest in face, spare and unimpressive in figure, he speaks with the fervor of a monk, yet with the playful sparkle and caustic humor of a man of the world. He has inherited the intellectual force of Lord Salisbury, and is one of the most incisive speakers in the House of Commons; but brilliant as are his polished epigrams, and refined as is his literary style, it is his earnestness that commands respect and thrills even prosaic politicians and humdrum business men. Heartless members who laugh and jeer when poetry is quoted in a maiden speech, and administer wholesome discipline when there is an excess of rhetoric, call Lord Hugh Cecil a fanatic, yet listen with rapt attention

when he splits hairs over a point of conscience or pleads in ecstatic periods for a religious imperialism. He has the same vibrating note of conviction which was heard in Mr. Gladstone's perorations, and when his voice, naturally somewhat hard and metallic, trembles with emotion, even cynics and pessimists are affected.

Members would listen less willingly to this high-minded religious enthusiast if he had not mastered what is known as the Parliamentary style. He is full of force and fire; he strikes at the core of every public question; he is argumentative without being dull; and he is ironical without being unjust or contemptuous. His tilts with his cousin, Mr. Balfour, invariably entertain the Commons, for his pleasantry is amusing without being envenomed with spitefulness. Laughing mischievously at his leader, he said recently:

"He likes to make himself out a greater protectionist than he is, just as some people try to make out what devils of fellows they were in their youth;



CHARLES PHILIPS TREVELYAN (BORN 1870), A RISING MIGHT AMONG THE YOUNG LIBERALS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

so he gibes at Cobden and the like, but he is a very steady-going and respectable citizen at heart."

First a High Churchman and incidentally a politician, Lord Salisbury's fifth son has carried conscience into

interesting and uncertain problems of English politics.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S SON.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill is only thirty, and rivals in audacity Lord



LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON (BORN 1859), VICEROY OF INDIA, WHO IS LIKELY TO TAKE A LEADING POSITION IN BRITISH POLITICS WHEN HE GIVES UP HIS OFFICE IN THE EAST.

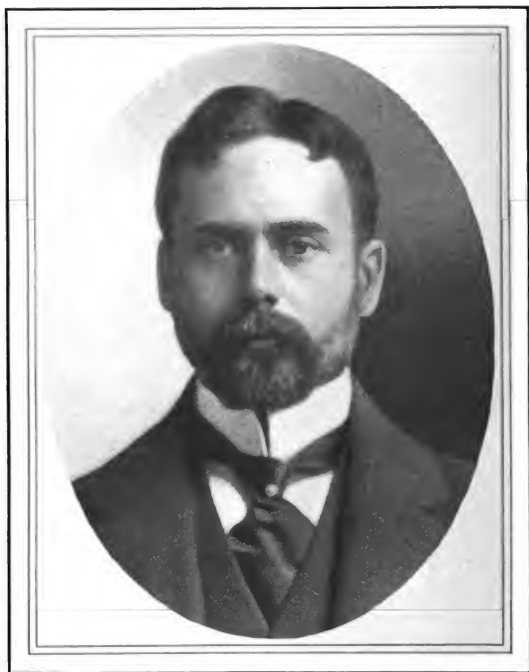
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

public life and exercises dogmatically his right of public judgment. A Conservative in heart and mind, he is also a convinced opponent of the movement for a tariff on imports, and breathes freely when he is on the high ground of principle. His future is one of the most

Hugh Cecil, who is thirty-five. Like Mr. Wyndham, he was educated at Sandhurst, and had a short period of service in the army; and it was not until he had had exciting adventures in Cuba, with the Malakand field force, with the Tirah expedition, with Lord Kitchener's army

at Khartum, and in Boer prisons, that he settled down to a political career as member for Oldham. At the outset he spoke badly, breathing heavily and making awkward gestures; but with prac-

question will probably carry him out of the Conservative party; and an under-secretaryship in a coalition ministry may be one of the earliest rewards for his loyalty to free trade principles.



SIR GILBERT PARKER (BORN 1862), MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR GRAVESEND, A CANADIAN WHO IS A LEADING ADVOCATE OF BRITISH IMPERIALISM AND TARIFF REVISION.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

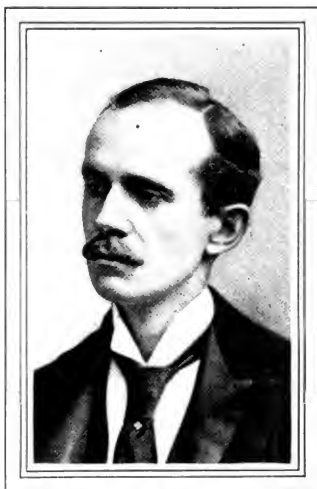
tise he has become a brilliant debater, with his father's talent for effective phrasing and instinctive power of forecasting the trend of public opinion. He has been perhaps too eager to make his way rapidly in politics, and he has inherited Lord Randolph Churchill's faults of judgment; but with his courage, energy, and aggressiveness he seems destined to have a remarkable career. His independence on the fiscal

Influence in the House of Commons does not depend exclusively upon skill in debate and brilliancy of style. Representative character has much to do with it. Since the days of the elder Pitt, the middle classes have governed England; and members credited with having an instinctive knowledge of the feeling of commercial and industrial interests are invariably heard with respect even when they are dull speakers.



WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL. (BORN 1874),
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR OLDHAM,
LANCASHIRE, AND SON OF THE LATE
LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



LORD HUGH RICHARD CECIL (BORN 1869), MEMBER
OF PARLIAMENT FOR GREENWICH, AND
SON OF THE LATE MARQUIS
OF SALISBURY.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

TWO INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVES WHO OPPOSE MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY.

Mr. John Burns stands for workaday England, and always commands a respectful hearing in what is in many respects the most democratic assembly in the world. He is insular in his ideas, and boasts of being a Little Englander; but there are men who are entitled to speak for the Greater Britain beyond the seas and they, too, have their representative character and authority.

MEN WHO STAND FOR THE EMPIRE.

One of these imperialists is Sir Gilbert Parker who, while elected for Gravesend, represents the British Empire, for he was born in Canada, has lived in Australia; has traveled in India and Egypt, and is chairman of the South African Association. He has an intimate personal knowledge of colonial affairs, is one of Mr. Chamberlain's most loyal followers, and has the courage of his convictions. When the fiscal question was raised he took his stand without a day's delay, and at once addressed

his constituency upon it; and in the opening debates of the session of 1904 he made one of the most consistent speeches for colonial preference and tariff revision.

Another imperialist of equal influence and superior debating power is Mr. A. Bonar Law. A Canadian by birth, educated in New Brunswick and Ontario, he is a Scottish ironmaster and the only protectionist official in the Board of Trade. An uncompromising adherent of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, he speaks with exceptional freshness and power and with the confident air of an experienced man of business. No other English protectionist has so comprehensive a knowledge of the subject or so plausible a way of handling his case with the facts fairly tingling at his fingers' ends.

Mr. Arthur Lee, who at thirty-six is a civil lord of the Admiralty and a recognized authority on army affairs, is also known in Canada, where he was



JOHN BURNS (BORN 1858), MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR BATTERSEA, THE LEADING LABOR REPRESENTATIVE IN THE BRITISH LEGISLATURE.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

stationed for five years as a tactical instructor, and in the United States, where he was military attaché at Washington. With him may be mentioned two other junior members of the Balfour government—Earl Percy, under-secretary for foreign affairs, and Mr. Victor Cavendish, financial secretary to the Treasury.

THE INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVES.

Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill are the leaders of a brilliant group of independent Conservatives, who may be forced by their devotion to free trade to act with the Liberals. One is Mr. Ernest W. Beckett, a Yorkshire banker, conspicuous for businesslike directness in argument and remarkably effective in attack. Another is Sir Edgar Vincent, also a trained financier, who discusses economic questions with argumentative subtlety without being too abstract and dogmatic. Major Seely is an artless but effective debater,

with an undertone of sincerity in his pleasant voice, and with a soldier's courage in expressing his convictions with candor and independence.

There are ten or twelve fluent, attractive, and forcible speakers among these independent Conservatives, and by their quiet thoughtfulness, concentration of mind, and keen intelligence, they have raised the level of debate on economic and fiscal questions. The veteran on either side of the house may be jaded and listless, but the young men are full of energy and thought. The fiscal question has brought them out and revealed their capacity for speaking incisively and thinking deeply when their sense of responsibility is increased.

The rising men control the new economic situation. It is their question—their debate; and in the future, which is also theirs, there will be a Parliament with fewer mediocrities and clearer and more independent thinkers.



ERNEST W. BECKETT (BORN 1856), A YORKSHIRE BANKER AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT WHO BELONGS TO THE INDEPENDENT GROUP OF YOUNGER CONSERVATIVES.

From a photograph by Russell, London.



Aunt Faithful's Fishing.

THE TALE OF A TURKEY TRACK BIRTHDAY, AND OF A FEUD THAT SETTLED ITSELF.

BY ALICE MACGOWAN.

I.

"YE won't? Ye won't go? Why, Callisty, honey, hit's mammy's birthday!"

Callista shook her graceful head, and her big doe-like eyes were moist.

"I'll stay home an'—an' git the dinner fer pappy," she deprecated. "I jes' cain't go fishin' in Laurel."

Aunt Faithful Bushares looked about on her tribe to see if there were further defections.

"Well, I'm a goin' fishin' in Laurel," she declared. "I been fishin' in Laurel on my birthday ever sence I was a chap six years old an' my daddy took me there. Callisty"—coaxingly—"we're jes' goin' to Big Flat down below yo' gran'pappy's place. Ain't no Fetridge left but Bruce; an' he ain't likely to pester round thar. Ef he did, he ain't goin' to say nothin' to an old woman an' a passel o' chil'en—hit's the men 'at keeps up these here feuds."

"I can't go," Callista reiterated.

Aunt Faithful sighed.

"How many more o' you chaps is a goin' to act that away?" she inquired with tears in her eyes. "Reckon my birthday don't count no mo'."

"You bet it counts with us—when they's fishin' in it!" shouted Buck and Pony, the fourteen-year-old twins.

A flock of nephews, nieces, and grandchildren hastened to assert that it counted with them; and within an hour all was joyous preparation at the Bushares cabin.

"A birthday jest ain't no birthday to me ef I can't go a fishin'," Aunt Faithful had declared, finding a smile to face even Callista's desertion.

And fishing is not fishing without a substantial lunch, so Ebenezer, the old mahogany and black hound, had been set after certain trilling young roosters long condemned to the skillet. The whole tribe of boys and girls—Aunt Faithful's own, with the nephews and nieces and incidental orphans who always fell to her lot—engaged in the chase with zest.

"You Eb'nezer! You ol' trillin' snipe—whyn't you grab 'im? Thar he goes! Thar—thar! Orilly! Jo! Roxy! Bill! Git 'im! Shoo—shoo! You Eb'nezer!"

A shrill wail arose from some of the younger members.

"Aw-ow-oo-hoo-hooo! Ol' Eb'nezer done let bofe chick'ns git away! Oh, we ain't gwine have no chick'n——"

But now the chase burst out in a new spot, amid joyous shouts of "Grab 'im! Shoo-shoo! Thar—thar! That's it, grab 'im! Now ye got 'im! Whoa thar—yon Eb'nezer, le' go! I caught 'im—thar they is, both!"

A moment later the whole train poured into the little kitchen, bearing the two headless roosters. To each of the twins was assigned a rooster to "pick an' clean." The frying was done, the bisenits made, the precious preserves brought out, and the "fishin' dinner" made ready.

Next morning the cry was raised long before five o'clock:

"Hi, git up, you fellers! Roll out o' thar, we're a gwine a fishin'!"

While the little ones were being dressed and made ready by Callista and Aunt Faithful, the argument of the previous day was resumed.

"An' ye think ye don't want to go, honey?" repeated the mother.

"No, mammy, I'd rather not," Callista answered, as she had done each time before.

"I think sometimes I'd a better kep' ye at home with me," suggested the mother tentatively. "Ye ain't like youse'f sence ye come back from your Aunt Jocasta's. Ef ye'd tell me—ef ye'd jest tell me who the feller is——"

"Mammy, don't ast me no more," said Callista desperately, across a small tow head. "They's nothin'—they ain't never goin' to be nothin'—I'm not a studyin' 'bout him—leastways I ain't goin' to study 'bout him no more," she amended conscientiously.

And so the little troop had set off upon the trip athwart the flank of Old Yellow, leaving Callista behind. As she stood in the doorway and waved a last good-by to them, something in the droop of the slender figure, the memory of how the light foot had lagged in the last few days, gripped Aunt Faithful's heart.

"I wisht I'd jest made her come," the mother murmured. "Looks like she ain't got no call to be skeered o' Bruce Fetridge." Suddenly a new thought seemed to flicker into life in Faithful Bushares' mind. She stopped stock still, fishing-rod in hand, and with the whole troop gamboling about her. "Ef I thought 'twas that, I'd go back—I would," she whispered to herself.

Petted little Jocasta—Fain Bushares' youngest—caught only the words "go back," as they fell from her grandmother's lips. She set up a wild howl, and threw herself flat upon the grass.

"Jo ain't gwine back!" she shrieked. "Jo gwine to ketchy sish!"

"No, no, honey. Git up, chile, don't lay there squirmen' like a angleworm. 'Course we ain't none of us goin' back. This here is granny's birthday, an' we's all a goin' a fishin'." The recital of these commonplace but cheering facts appeared to drive some wild surmise out

of Aunt Faithful's mind. "I reckon I'm the biggest old gump 't ever was to think o' sech a thing," she ruminated. "The wnst old gump in the Big er Little Turkey Track!"

And yet the haunting suspicion remained with her.

II.

OUT under the tender morning sky, dabbling their thirsty toes in the dew-drenched grass, listening to the Bob Whites, running forward, calling back, gamboling like so many puppies or kittens, the little band frolicked along before and behind Aunt Faithful. A long, winding, beautiful way it was, through deep shade, across clear streams. And as they went higher the grassy bays that rounded away from the road grew larger, the timber smaller and sparser. The little ones scampered ahead to play and hide in these bays where the grass grew deep, starred all over with blue eye-brights and set around with walls of glossy laurel.

They came out at last upon the upper slope. Here the dark balsams stood in whispering groups, coldly aloof, like very blue-blooded people, who look askance at the busy and cheerful mass of their neighbors, holding it a duty as well as a privilege to deny common fellowship with them, to refuse to share in their vulgar prosperity or misfortunes.

Laurel flowed between Bruce Fetridge's cabin—the home which had come down to him from his fathers—and the old Bushares place. This was the stream of idyllic beauty, shaded by tall spruce and hemlocks, leaned over by pink-dappled laurel and purple rhododendron, which in years past had more than once run red with mountain blood. There had been a quarrel over the boundary line; the resultant feud, a bitter one, was now of an age so respectable that there remained to it on the Fetridge side no supporter save Bruce. Among the Bushares tribe there were plenty of hot-heads; but Aunt Faithful had always laughed the feud to scorn.

Beautiful Laurel was a treacherous stream. Here its deep pools made good fishing; further below, it fought its way down the narrow, rocky gorge like an



"IS HE DEAD? GOD KNOWS 'T WOULD SARVE ME OUT JEST RIGHT!"

armed man beating off assailants at every turn. Even at its widest, the bed was so full of boulders that one might be ankle deep one moment, and at the

next step plunge into ten feet of clear, icy water; while between pools the current ran like a tail-race.

With joyous and reverberant clamor,

Aunt Faithful's party spread itself over Big Flat, a rock that thrust out table-wise above deep water. They were under bonds not to go off it nor out of her sight. Buck and Pony were expected to keep every one's hook baited; they outfitted the younger members, and by a special dispensation were permitted to go down below the edge of Big Flat to a spot of their own.

"Ain't no fish with sense in his head a gwine to bite ef you chaps keep up sech a whoopin'," Pony admonished them as he and his brother departed.

"Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee! Jes' look at my float! See her a jumpin' up an' down! I betchly I got a whale!" little Bunt shrieked.

His hook found to be fouled in some water weeds, drawn up, and recast, silence settled down for a moment, broken by giggles from the little girls, and whispered exclamations:

"Oh, I got a bite!"

"No, I hain't!"

"Look over there to t'other side. Ef you was to git half way 'crost Laurel, one o' them Fetridges 'ud jes' pick you off like you was a pa'tridge!"

Then Aunt Faithful's wholesome voice said reprovingly:

"Honey, you quit talkin' 'bout that there feud. I say feud—and nobody left but pore Bruce Fetridge to fuss with. Billy, ef you keep a haulin' yo' hook up every minute to look at yo' worm, y' ain't never a gwine to catch no fish."

Billy hauled in his hook for the twenty-fifth time, and found it bare.

"The ol' hog!" he mourned, looking ruefully at it. "He's done et the hul' o' that worm offen my hook, an' then went away!"

Aunt Faithful chuckled.

"Mebby he had business som'eres else, Billy. Mebby he didn't know 'twas bad manners to eat an' run. Hit's shore he didn't sense it ez his Christian duty to swaller the hook an' git hisself ketched jes' to please a little tow-head boy with a stone-bruise on his foot!"

Buck and Pony, being summoned for a second general baiting of hooks, came climbing up the rock bearing each a shining, silvery fish, which made the little ones shriek with delight and envy.

"Maw," drawled Pony, "ol' Bruce

Fetridge's 'crost Laurel there, a hidin' out behind a bush with a gun. We seed 'im."

"Aw, Pony," deprecated Aunt Faithful, "he's on his own side. What call have you to notice him? I reckon he's out after a rabbit, er some sich."

Pony snickered gently as he adjusted the worm on little Joeasta's hook.

"Yassum, he's on his own side," the boy assented. "An' he's a waitin' there fer a rabbit named Bushares to set foot on his ground, er git on his side o' the water—that's what Bruce Fetridge is a waitin' fer."

III.

THE red sun had pushed gloriously up over the shoulder of Old Yellow and sent slant golden rays down along its sides; then, reaching tenderly in to an opening in the dense wood, softly illuminating it, they fell upon something bright. The something bright was the barrel of a rifle trailing in a man's left arm—the man was Bruce Fetridge.

He lay under the shade of a pine, screened from any but the sharpest eyes by a thicket of huckleberry bushes. He was staring gloomily straight ahead of him—toward a dip in the horizon line where the Bushares cabin stood invisible. Long, slender, with that bearing of singularly blended pride and carelessness; with a face that was fierce and fearless; with hair, brows, lashes, and mustache of the most intense black; he had dark gray eyes, and a high, finely-cut aquiline nose. The face was haughty, but the eyes grieved.

It was the look of one out of harmony with himself and with all about him—one who suffered and would make others suffer. Bitterness, resentment, sullen pride were there; yet in the fineness of the face, in the very capacity to suffer, there was the promise of better things. One felt that if this darkened and tormented creature could but seize the clue to his tangled life, he could make it read clear, make it as much nobler and better than the average of his fellows as he now seemed below and behind them.

Bruce Fetridge was a typical mountaineer—yet he was something more:

for he had nerves and fancies and quick, overpowering emotions. He had been frantically in love with the young girl he married when he was twenty and she sixteen, and he had clung to her with passionate tenderness throughout the brief years of their married life. When the baby was born, and Virgilly smiled upon it, and named it Keith—and scarcely lived longer than to murmur the name—Bruce was like a wounded wild animal for weeks. It would seem that nothing but the baby saved the man at all.

A strange figure to meet upon the mountain paths was this tall, black-browed, soft-stepping, grimly silent young mountaineer, a gun on his right arm, the babe, a tiny bundle of life, in the curve of his left, held skilfully and tenderly against the father's heart. Bruce got old Minervy Ann Shiflett to keep his cabin, to cook, make the child's garments and wash them; but for the care a mother gives her babe, it was Bruce who rendered this to the little creature, not the superannuated Minervy Ann.

To-day, while the children fished and shouted, and the tall, dark man across the stream lay and waited, something came prattling down the path from Bruce Ftridge's solitary cabin, something that had eluded the old woman's perfunctory care, and slipped out to follow "pappy." The baby was diverted from his purpose by the sound of voices across the stream. Rounding the little knob, making for the quarter whence he conceived the voices to come, he missed



BRUCE'S ARM WAS DROPPED AROUND CALISTA'S SHOULDERS.

his father; the bushes opened out, the stream was in sight, and across it Aunt Faithful's fishing party.

His lonely little heart went out to the children. The creek looked like good level going, to his baby comprehension; he proposed to himself to walk straight across the water to them, since they would not come to him. They were watching their drifting floats; the man across the creek was watching them. There was none to note the little voyager above; and the sound of water talking over the stones was so exactly like the running lisp of his voice—and so much louder—that no one heard him when he said:

"An' Keif a tum-in' to see 'e pitty

baby—see all 'e pitty babies. Keif a tum-in' to see 'e nice foateses!"

He paddled in the water, slapping and splashing it, stepping valiantly along, far above his middle in the stream. He lifted his dimpled hands toward the group, the bright drops streaming from them.

"Keif a tum-in' to——"

The little feet stepped off into deep water; the bobbing yellow head went down with a plunge and a shrill cry!

And just as this happened, Aunt Faithful Bushares' eye had caught sight of the baby's head and shoulders in the creek. She flung down her pole, leaped to her feet, and ran to where the two boys were fishing, dragging the poles from their hands, crying:

"Buck! Pony! Git the baby! The baby! In the water there!"

It seemed to the twins that their

mother had gone suddenly mad. They gazed at her bewildered, making no move toward the water. Above, most of the children were crying, frightenedly.

"A baby—fell in the water—up there!" Aunt Faithful reiterated, as she grasped a shoulder of each twin, and, followed by her entire brood, started up the stream to where the baby had gone down.

Suddenly she saw Bruce Fetridge spring erect among the bushes on the other side of the creek. He was nearer to the drowning child than her party.

"The baby!" she called to him; "the baby! He'll drown! Git him quick, Bruce Fetridge, fer God's sake!"

The dark face, handsome and bitter, hardened.

"Ye've brought your young uns here; now take keer of 'em yourself! But don't ye come on my side o' the creek—keep offen my land, and outen my water!"

It is only justice to say that the man had not, when he spoke, seen the appealing little figure, bobbing and struggling in the water. He was angry because, as he supposed, one of Faithful's charges, "old enough to know better," had fallen in; angry at her for demanding help from him, when her own boys were nearer and better able to pull the child out.

Aunt Faithful said no more to him. Finding that no help was to be had from Fetridge, she turned the more vigorously upon Buck and Pony.

"Git in thar, quick! Quick!" she commanded.

"Fetridge is apt to shoot us if we git over to his side," remonstrated Pony, ducking and dodging.

"Feller mought git killed goin' in thar," panted Buck.

"Well, you'll shore both git killed ef ye *don't* git in thar, an' git in thar quick!" said their mother, as she laid unceremonious hands upon her twin offspring and shoved them into the water.

Bruce had approached the bank, gun in hand; it looked to the Bushares party as if he came with the intention of seeing that his territory was not invaded even by a drowning Bushares baby.

"You keep off o' my land," he called

to the big boys in the water, carefully looking away from where Faithful Bushares, unmindful of age and dignity, was swiftly "cooning" a boundary fence which crossed Laurel just above, leaving her howling party on the bank behind her.

"Oh, granny's gwine over on the Fetridge land! Granny's a gwine to git herself killed up!" the wail arose.

She felt that she was risking her boys' lives in an unsafe and thankless enterprise; yet as the big limber fellows went grinning in, and with a dozen strong strokes reached the pitiful, battling little figure, her heart leaped with thankfulness. An instant later Pony had hold of a rock; Buck was treading water.

"Which side we a gwine to take him out on, maw?" whooped Buck. "Fetridge, he——"

Aunt Faithful shook where she stood; but she managed to call:

"Fetch that baby here to me, quick, Pony!"

"Fetridge, he——" began Pony once more; but their mother's authority was always a thing to be obeyed.

They turned and swam toward her, helping each other with the child. As they rose from the water, the little Keith hanging like a bit of drenched weed on Pony's arm, a shrill, terrible cry cut the air—a scream like that of a wounded animal. Before Faithful could reach them, the boys had laid the child on the grass, and in a series of long, springing bounds Bruce Fetridge was beside it, down upon his face, rolling, tearing the grass in his long, slender, nervous fingers, grinding his brow into the sod, biting, moaning, a terrible sight.

As Faithful came up to him, he turned his marred, agonized countenance upon her, clutching her with both hands.

"Oh, git a holt of him!" he cried. "I dassen't to tetch him! Oh, for the love o' God, take a holt o' my child! Aunt Faithful—Aunt Faithful! He's all I've got on earth—he's jest all 'at stands betwixt me an' the devil! Take him up—oh, take him up! He's pore baby!"

Aunt Faithful lifted the baby un-

ceremoniously by the heels, laid him face down across her knee, and patted his fat little back, the father standing, hungry-eyed and desperate, looking on, shaken from head to foot by long, dry, anguished sobs.

"Is he dead? God knows 'twould sarve me out jest right!"

"Hush a puttin' your meanness on God, Bruce," Aunt Faithful remonstrated. "The Lord ain't round sarvin' folks out fer what they've did. Ef He wanted to punish you fer anything, I reckon he could find a plenty o' ways 'thout drowndin' pore innocent babies. This here chap's all right."

She turned the baby over as the blue eyes fluttered open. Buck and Pony stood by with that shamed, hangdog air which the half-grown boy usually shows in the face of an emotional situation. Petridge heeded them not at all. He went down on his knees beside the child, still not touching him.

"You ort to let me take this chap home—you p'intedly ain't fitten to take keer of him—er ruther old Minervy Ann ain't. Bruce, child, ye'd be a sight better off ef ye'd marry some nice, kind gal——"

"Me—marry some nice girl! I'm a pretty feller, now ain't I, fer sich? Round here with a gun after Callisty's folks, jes' cause I—jes' cause she——"

The murder was out! Aunt Faithful never relaxed her hold upon the baby, but she drew a little back from his father.

"So you're the feller?" she inquired gently.

Little Keith here squirmed out of her hold and struggled over to "pappy"; and Bruce's arms closed around the little figure with a sob that shook both man and child.

"Maw, Jo's a coonin' that fence!" Pony broke in, terrified.

"An' all the other chaps is after her!" supplied Buck desperately.

Nobody but Jocasta the intrepid, Jocasta who held the entire tribe of Bushares in a thralldom of terror because she would hold her breath if denied anything, would have thought of penetrating the Petridge territory. Neither Bruce nor Aunt Faithful heeded what was told them, nor saw the

small Bushares band pouring out into forbidden land.

"Callisty, she's a good girl—she wouldn't run away with me. I tried mighty hard to steal her from ye when she was down to Hepzibah." He looked up. "You was mighty free to tell me to marry some woman's good, kind gal, Faithful Bushares," he said with a note of defiance in his voice. "I reckon ye don't want to give me your'n. And," he added, "they ain't another on earth I want, but jest her—jest Callisty!"

Faithful looked at the dark face above the baby's flaxen curls. It was certainly a risk. She remembered the droop of Callista's slim figure in the doorway—it was plain where the girl's heart was. He had made Virgilly Keith a good husband, but—yes, it was a risk. Suddenly the baby's little wet hand went up against the dark, tanned cheek.

"Pappy, pappy," cooed the small voice, "Keif fall in 'e wocker!"

Bruce looked down with eyes of human tenderness.

"Pappy's baby!" the father murmured in tones of brooding love; and as she saw and heard, Aunt Faithful's doubt was resolved.

Light came in upon her. Her resolution was suddenly taken. She rose with a quick movement, shaking the water from her wet skirts.

"Gimme that baby, Bruce," she said; "he's got to have dry clothes, and I'm a gwine up to yo' house an' put 'em on him." The man took the tiny arms gently from his neck and handed the baby to Faithful. She looked kindly into his face, and said: "Bruce, why, Callisty, she—she wouldn't come with me to-day. I didn't know why this mornin'. But—well, s'pose I was to send you back fer her—mebbey she'd come then."

IV.

HOURS after, Aunt Faithful, as she sat surrounded by her tribe, saw two figures approaching from the direction of the Bushares cabin. The little Keith, glorious in the midst of his subjects, was being entertained even by the supreme Jocasta herself. The fishing had

been found better on this side of Laurel than on the Bushares side; a new world had been added at a stroke to that in which the children had been born, and in which they lived. The dear delight of sitting on the forbidden Fetteridge land to fish would have been enough, without the goodly string which was growing longer down in the pool below the balsams.

The two lovers walked unseeing. Bruce's arm was dropped around Callista's shoulders. He carried his hat in his right hand, and the tall head with its clustering, purple-black hair was bent towards the girl's. They moved in another world, a world so full of marvelous things that every moment they must check their steps to utter some new one—to ask or to explain, to wonder or give thanks. And in such a pause, the loving watcher saw the girl lift her hand and wipe tears from the man's

cheeks—an action which seemed to her to symbolize their whole relation.

Glancing hastily around at her brood, she exclaimed:

"Jes' look thar—thar—up the crick! Ain't that a red-headed pecker-wood? My! Ain't he a beauty? Pore feller," she murmured, gathering the little Keith to her motherly bosom. "Pore feller! He's like a little child 'at's been bad hurt, an' don't know why, an' gits sore an' sullen over it, 'cause it ain't petted an' kissed an' made over. Warped—that's the word. Good timber—I never see finer—but jes' warped out o' shape. I bet ye my Callisty's got the best husband in the whole Turkey Track region. An' the feud!" she said with a sudden start of remembrance. "This settles that miz'able old feud forever. Fishin' in Laurel is mighty interestin'—heap o' times ye can't tell what you're a gwine to fetch up!"

THE BURIAL OF A JAPANESE SOLDIER.

GATHER, ye priests in the raiment of Buddha!
Haste with your garlands of cherry in bloom!
Comes here a soldier returned from the battle,
Crimson with glory, and pallid with doom!

Sound him the rallying-cry and the drum-beat;
Signal your sorrow from temples and towers;
Scatter the fire of your altars upon him;
Cover him deep with the petals of flowers!

Tenderly bear him, as servants of glory—
Ye that are high at the shrines of our god;
Carry him hither, with smoldering censers
Smoking his path to the peace of the clod.

Lay him to rest where the rose and the orange
Sweeten the shadows that mourn for the slain;
Where the wistarias lavish their purple
Tear-drops upon him like opals of rain.

Make ye a choice of your loveliest virgin;
Let her come down from her house, like a star
Bidden from heaven, and tend him through vigils
Long as the withering season of war.

Censers of myrrh and the fire of your altars
Give her to burn on the breast of the brave—
Then shall the seed of his death, and his glory
Burgeon and bloom in the grass of his grave!

Hither, ye priests in the raiment of Buddha!
Back to your stalls in the temples and towers!
Leave him alone to the worship of woman,
Glory of death, and reward of the flowers!

Aloysius Coll.

DOUBLE HARNESS.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," and "The King's Mirror."

XXII (Continued).

BLAKE was in a turmoil. He hated to see Grantley; all the odious thought of his failure and defeat was brought back. He hated that Grantley should have seen him making love to Anna Selford, for in his heart he was conscious that he could not cheat an outside vision as he could manage to cheat himself. But both these feelings, if not swallowed up in fear, were at least outdone by it. His great desire had been to settle this matter finally and irrevocably before a hint of it came to the ears either of Grantley or of Sibylla. What would Grantley do now?

"You saw us?" he asked in a sullen, anxious voice.

"I couldn't help it—I'm sorry," said Grantley in colorless politeness.

"Well?"

"I really don't understand your question, Blake. At least you seem to mean it for a question."

"You do know what I mean. I'm not going to ask any favors of you. I only want to know what you intend to do."

"About what?"

"About what you saw—and heard, too, I suppose."

Grantley rose from his chair in a leisurely fashion, and stood with his back to the fire. He was looking at young Blake with a slight smile; Blake grew redder under it.

"Oh, I can't beat about the bush," Blake went on impatiently. "You might, if you chose, tell Miss Selford what you know."

"Well?" said Grantley in his turn.

"And—and—oh, you see what might happen as well as I do. I—I meant to—to explain at my own time, but—"

"I shouldn't let the time come in a hurry, Blake. It'll be a very awkward quarter of an hour for both of you. And quite unnecessary."

"Unnecessary?"

There was a ring of hope in Blake's voice; he liked to be told that any such confession was unnecessary, and would have welcomed such an assurance even from Grantley's hostile lips.

"Certainly—and equally unnecessary that I should tell Anna anything," Grantley paused a moment and then went on. "In a different case I might think I had a different duty—though, being what you might call an interested party, I should consider carefully before I allowed myself to act on that view. But as matters stand, you yourself have made any action on my part superfluous."

"I have?"

"Oh, yes. You so far injured the fame of the woman for whom you hadn't afterwards the pluck to fight that it's not necessary for me to tell Selford that you were in love with her a few months before you made love to his daughter, nor that you tried to run away with her, but that in the end you funk'd the job. I needn't tell him, because he knows—and his wife knows. You took care of that."

Young Blake said nothing, though he opened his lips as if to speak.

"And I needn't tell Anna, either. That's unnecessary for the same reason. She knows just as well as her father and mother know."

"She knows nothing, I tell you. She hasn't an idea——"

"Did you see her face when she saw it was I, and not Richards?"

"I tell you—she was embarrassed, of course—but——"

"She knows quite well, Blake. Oh, not the details, but the main thing. She knows that quite well. And she will have made her decision. There's no duty incumbent on me."

"You'll say nothing, then?"

"I shall say nothing at all."

Grantley relapsed into silence—an easy, self-possessed silence. His eyes were on young Blake no more, but rested placidly on one of Selford's pictures on

* Copyright, 1903, by Anthony Hope Hawkins.—This story began in the December issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

the opposite wall. Blake cleared his throat, and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Why do you stay?" asked Grantley mildly. "Wouldn't it be better to continue your interview with Anna elsewhere? Mrs. Selford's coming in here."

Blake broke out:

"God knows, Imason, it's difficult for me to say a word to you, but——"

Grantley raised his hand a little.

"It's impossible," he said. "There can be no words between you and me about that. And what does it matter to you what I think? I shall hold my tongue. And I think Anna will hold her tongue. Then you'll forget she knows, and go on posturing before her with entire satisfaction to yourself." He turned his eyes on him and laughed a little. "As long as you can humbug yourself or anybody else, or even get other people to let you think you're humbugging them, you're quite happy, you know."

Blake looked at him once and twice, but his tongue found no words. He turned and walked toward the door.

"Wait in the dining-room," said Grantley.

Blake went out without turning or seeming to hear. After a moment or two Anna's step came down the stairs.

"Mamma'll be down directly, Mr. Imason," she called as she reached the door. Then her eyes took in the room. "Mr.—Mr. Blake?" she asked with a sudden quick rush of color to her cheeks.

"I think you'll find him in the dining-room," said Grantley gravely.

She understood—and she did not lack courage. She had enough for two—for herself and for Blake. She met Grantley's look fair and square, drawing up her trim, stylish figure to a stiff rigidity and setting her lips in a resolute line. Grantley admired her attitude and her open defiance of him. He smiled at her in a confidential mockery.

"Thanks, Mr. Imason, I'll look for him. You'll be all right till mamma comes?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be all right, thanks, Anna!"

He smiled still. Anna gave him another look of defiance. "I intend to go my own way—I know what I'm about—I don't care a pin what you think." The glance seemed to Grantley as eloquent as Lord Burghley's nod; and no more than Lord Burghley did she spoil its effect by words. She gave it to Grantley full and square, then turned on her heel and swung jauntily out of the room.

Grantley's smile vanished. He screwed up his lips as if he had tasted something rather sour.

XXIII.

GRANTLEY IMASON had intended to go down to Milldean that same evening, but a summons from Tom Courtland reached him, couched in such terms that he could not hesitate to obey it. He sought Tom at his club the moment he received the message. Tom had been summoned to his own house in the morning, and had heard what had happened there. He had seen the wounded child and the other two terrified little creatures. Suzette Bligh gave him her account. The doctor told him that Sophy was no longer in danger, but that the matter was a grave one—a very serious shock, and severe local injury; the child would recover with care and with quiet, but would always bear a mark of the wound, an ineffaceable scar. That was the conclusion, half good, half bad, reached after a night of doubt whether Sophy would not die.

"Did you see your wife?" Grantley asked.

"See her? I should kill her if I saw her!" groaned Tom.

"But—but what's being done?"

"She's in her room; she's been there ever since it happened. Suzette's seen her—nobody else. Nobody else will go near her. Of course, while there was a doubt about Sophy—well, the doctor made it a condition that she should confine herself to her room till the thing took a definite turn. I hope she's frightened at last. I don't know what to do. The woman really ought to be hanged, Grantley!"

But wrath and horror at his wife were not the only feelings in Tom's mind; the way in which the thing had happened raised other thoughts. He was prostrate under the sense that the fury which had smitten poor little Sophy had been aimed at him; his acts had inspired and directed it. He had made his children's love for him a crime in their mother's eyes. All his excuses, both false and real, failed him now. His own share in the tragedy of his home was heavy and heinous in his eyes.

"I ought to have remembered the children," he kept repeating desperately.

He ought to have stayed and fought the battle for and with them, however hard the struggle was. But he had run

away—to Mrs. Bolton—and left them alone to endure the increased fury of Harriet's rage.

"I've been a confounded coward over it," he said, "and this is what comes of it, Grantley!"

It was all true. Tom had not thought of the children. Even though he loved them, he had deserted them treacherously, because he had considered only his own wrongs, and had been wrapped up in his personal quarrel with his wife. What he had found unendurable himself he had left those helpless little creatures to endure. His friends had almost encouraged Tom in his treacherous desertion of his children. They, too, had looked at nothing but the merits of his quarrel with Harriet, putting that by itself, in a false isolation from the total life of the family, of which it was in truth an integral part. So Grantley meditated as he listened to Tom's laments; and the meditation was not without meaning and light for him also.

Tom had a request to make of him—that he would go to the house and spend the evening there.

"I daren't trust myself near Harriet," he said, "and I'm uneasy with only the servants there. They're all afraid of her. She was cowed, Suzette says, while there was danger, but she may break out again—anything might start her again. If you could stay till she's safely in bed—"

"I'll stay all night, if necessary, old fellow," said Grantley promptly.

"It'll take a weight off my mind—and I've got about enough to bear. I'm going to stay here, of course, so you'll know where to find me if I'm wanted, though I don't see what can happen now."

Terror brooded over the Courtlands' house. Grantley rejoiced to see how his coming did something to lift the cloud. The two children left Suzette's side—they loved her, but she seemed to them a defense all too frail—and came to him, standing on either side of his knee and putting their hands in his. The listening, strained look passed out of their eyes as he talked to them.

Presently Little Vera climbed up and nestled on his knee, while Lucy leaned against his shoulder, and he got them to prattle about happy things, old holidays and bygone treats to which Tom had taken them. At last Lucy laughed merrily at some childish memory. The sound went straight to Grantley's heart; a great tenderness came upon him. As he kissed them, his thoughts flew to his

own little son—the child who had now begun to know love, to greet it, and to ask for it. How these poor children prized even a decent kindness! Grantley seemed to himself to have done a fine day's work—as fine a day's work as he had ever done in his life—when he sent them off to bed with smiling lips and eyes relieved of dread.

"You won't go away to-night, will you?" Lucy whispered as she kissed him good night.

"Of course he's not going," cried little Vera, bravely confident in the thought of her helplessness.

"No, I'll stay all night—all the whole night," Grantley promised.

He made his camp in the library on the ground floor, and there presently Suzette Bligh came to see him. She gave a good account of the wounded child. Sophy slept; the capable, cheery woman who had come as nurse gave her courage to sleep.

"We must get her away to the seaside as soon as possible, and she'll be all right, I think, though there will be a mark always. And of course the permanent question remains. Isn't it all hopeless, Mr. Imason?"

"It's a terrible business for you to be involved in!"

"Oh, I can only thank Heaven I was here. But for me, I believe she'd have killed the child."

"What state is she in now?"

"I really don't know. She won't speak to me. She sits quite still, just staring at me. I try to stay with her, but it's too dreadful. I can't help hating her—and I think she knows it."

Grantley had had some experience of what it was like to come to know how people feel about you.

"I expect she does," he nodded.

"What will happen, Mr. Imason?"

"I don't know—except that the children mustn't stay with her. Is she afraid of prosecution do you think?"

"She hasn't said anything about it. No, she doesn't seem afraid; I don't think that's her feeling. But her eyes look awful. When I had to tell her that the doctor had forbidden her to come near the children, and said he would send the police into the house if she tried to go to them—well, I've never seen such an expression on any human face before. She looked like—like somebody in hell, Mr. Imason!"

"Ah!" groaned Grantley, with a jerk of his head, as if he turned from a fearful spectacle.

"I've just been with her. I persuaded her to go to bed—she's not slept since it happened, I know—and got her to let me help her to undress. Her maid won't go to her, she's too frightened. I hope she'll go to sleep, or really I think she'll lose her senses." She paused and then asked: "Will this make any difference in—in the proceedings?"

"Well, it gives Tom something to bargain with, doesn't it? But you can't tell with her. The ordinary motives may not appeal to her, any more than the natural feelings. I hope it may be possible to frighten her."

"Anyhow, the children won't have to stay? You're sure of that?"

"We must try hard for that," said Grantley.

But Tom had made even that more difficult, because he had considered only his own quarrel, and, not thinking of the children, had run away to refuge with Mrs. Bolton, saving his own skin by treacherous flight.

Suzette bade Grantley good-night. She too must sleep, or her strength would fail.

"You'll keep the door open?" she asked. "And her room is just over this. You'll hear if she moves, though I don't think she will. It is good of you, Mr. Imason. We shall all sleep quietly to-night. Oh, but how tired you'll be!"

"Not I," he smiled. "I've often sat up till daylight on less worthy occasions. You're the hero. You've come through this finely."

Suzette's cheeks flushed at his praise.

"I do love the poor children," she said as Grantley pressed her hand.

He sat down to his vigil. The house became very still. Once or twice steps passed to and fro in the room above. Then there was silence. In a quarter of an hour, perhaps, there were steps again, then another interval of quiet. This alternation of movement and rest went on for a long time. If Harriet Courtland slept, her sleep was broken.

But presently Grantley ceased to mark the sound, ceased even to think of the Courtlands or of the house where he was. Led by the experiences of the day, and by the feelings they had evoked, his thoughts took their way to Mildean, to his own home, to his wife and son. How nearly tragedy had come there, too! Nay, was it yet gone? Was not its shadow still over the house? And why?

He looked back again at the Courtlands—at Harriet's unhallowed rage, at Tom's weakness and desertion, at the

fate of the children—not thought of and forgotten by the one, ill-used and put in terror by the other. He recollected how once they used to joke about the Courtlands being at any rate useful as a warning. That joke had taken on too keen an edge to sound mirthful now. But the serious truth in it came home to him, making plain what he had been groping after ever since that night at the Sailors' Rest in Fairhaven, ever since Sibylla had opened her mouth against him and spoken the bitterness of her heart. Yes, he thought he saw where the truth lay now. Calamity held up a torch to light his wandering feet.

No borrowed light had made plain the steps of the woman up-stairs. The glare of her own ruin had been needed to illuminate the way she trod; so dense was the turbid darkness of her spirit. She saw now where she stood, and there seemed no going back. She had fallen into fits of remorse before; she had called herself cursed over her betrayal of Christine. That was nothing to this; yet she remembered it now, and it went to swell the wave of despair which overwhelmed her.

Well might her eyes look like the eyes of one in hell, for she was cut off from all love and sympathy. Nobody would come near her; nobody could endure her presence; she was a thing of hatred and of fear. Even Suzette Bligh shrank while she served, and loathed while she ministered. Her husband could not trust himself in the house with her, and she could not be trusted in the room with her children. By the narrowest luck she was not a murderess; in the hearts of all, and in her own heart, she seemed a leper—a leper among people who were whole, an unclean thing—because of her bestial rage.

These thoughts had been in her mind all the night before and all the day. They did not consort with sleep, nor make terms with peaceful rest. Sometimes they drove her to wild and passionate outbursts of weeping and imprecation; oftener they chained her motionless to her chair, so still that only her angry eyes showed life and consciousness.

They left little room for fear of any external punishment, or for shame at any public exposure. They went deeper than that, condemning not the body, but the soul, pronouncing not the verdict of the world, but of herself and of nature's inexorable laws. They displayed the procession of evil—weakness growing to

vice, vice turning to crime, crime throttling all the good—till she had become a thing horrible to those about her, horrible and incredible even to herself. And there was no going back, no going back at all. Her will was broken and she had no hope in herself. The weights were on her feet, and they dragged her down the abyss which now lay open and revealed before her eyes.

Suzette had persuaded her to undress and go to bed. She must sleep—yes, or she would go mad with the thoughts. But where was sleep with the agony of their sting? She had her chloral, an old ally, and had recourse to it. Then she would fling herself on the bed and try to think that she could sleep.

Exasperation drove her up again, and she paced the room in wrathful despair, cursing herself because she could not sleep, battling again the remorseless thoughts, exclaiming against their tortures, refusing the inquisition to which they subjected her. Then back to bed again for another futile effort, another cry of despair, to be followed by another outburst of wild impatience, another fierce, unavailing struggle against her tormentors, new visions of what she was and of what her life must be.

This was not a thing that she would endure; nobody could endure it and keep sanity. It should be ended. Her fierce, defiant fury rose yet once more; the temper which had wrought all the calamity was not tamed by it in the end. She turned to her drug again. She knew there was danger in that, but she put the notion behind her scornfully. Why, the stuff would not even make her sleep! Could it hurt her when it could not even give her sleep? That was nonsense, stupid nonsense. She would have sleep!

Nature fell victim to her rage now; she would beat nature down by her fury as she had been wont to beat down all opposing wills. She had listened to nothing in her tempests. Now she rose again to the whirlwind of passion, denying what she knew, refusing to look at it.

Kill herself? Not she! Yet, if she did, what matter? Had she anything to look for in life? Would anybody grieve for her? It would be a riddance for all of them if she died. But she wouldn't die. No danger of that—and no such luck, either! Each dose left her more pitifully wide awake, more gruesomely alert in mind, more hideously acute to feel the sting of those torturing thoughts. An overdose indeed! No dose, it seemed, could serve even to dull the sharpness of

her mordant reflections. But she would have sleep—at all costs, sleep! She cursed herself vilely because she could not sleep.

Thus came, as of old, now for the last time, the madness and blindness of her rage, the rage which forgot all save itself, merged every other consciousness, spared nobody and nothing. It was turned against herself now, and neither did it spare herself. She drugged herself again, losing all measure, and then flung herself heavily on the bed.

Ah! Surely there was a change now! The horrid pictures grew mercifully dim, the sting of the torturing thoughts was drawn, the edge of conscience blunted. Her rage had had its way, it had beaten down nature. For a moment she grasped this triumph and exulted in it, with her old barbarous gloating over the victories of her fury. All things had been against her sleep. But now it came; she had won it. She ceased to move, to curse, even to think. The blessed torpor stole over her. Her life and what it must be passed from her mind; a compassionate blankness spread over her intellect. She was at peace.

To-morrow—yes, to-morrow! All things could wait now till to-morrow. She would be better able to face them to-morrow, after a good night's sleep. Who had dared to say she could not sleep? Her eyes closed, and her heavy breathing sounded through the room. She stirred no more. Her rage had had its way with her, as with all others. It had demanded sleep. She slept.

Dawn had broken when a hand laid on his shoulder roused Grantley Imason from an uneasy doze. He found Suzette by him, in her dressing-gown, and barefooted. Instinctively he listened for an instant to hear if there were any sound from the room above. There was none, and he asked her:

"Is anything wrong?"

"Yes," whispered Suzette. "Come up-stairs."

Not knowing what the evil chance might be, he followed her, and she led him into Harriet Courtland's room. She had already opened one of the shutters, and the early light streamed in upon the bed. Harriet lay on her side, with her head thrown back on the pillow, and her eyes turned up to the ceiling. She lay above the clothes of the bed, and her nightgown was torn away from her throat. Suzette had thrown a dressing-gown over her body from breast to feet. She looked wonderfully handsome as she

lay there, so still, so peaceful, like some splendid animal in a reaction of exhaustion after savage exertion.

Imason drew near. The truth came home to him at once. The two stood and looked at Harriet. At last he turned to Suzette. He found her very pale, but quite calm.

"She's dead, Mr. Imason," Suzette said.

"How?" he asked.

"An overdose of chloral. She often used to take it—and of course she would be very likely to want a sleeping-draft last night."

"Yes, yes, of course she would. Her nerves would be so much upset!" Their eyes met; Suzette's seemed puzzled. "What do you think?" asked Grantley in a whisper.

"I really don't know. She would really have been quite likely to take too much. She would be impatient if it didn't act quickly, you know."

"Yes, yes, of course she would. Have you sent for the doctor?"

"Oh, yes, directly I found her—before I came to you. But I've done some nursing, and—and there's not the least—" She stopped suddenly and was silent for several seconds. Then she said quietly and calmly: "There's not the least chance, Mr. Imason."

Grantley knew what word she had rejected in favor of "chance," and why the word had seemed inappropriate. He acknowledged the justice of the change with a mournful gesture of his hands.

"Well, we can never know whether it was accidental or not," he said, as he turned to leave the room.

"No, we can never know that," said Suzette.

How should they know? Harriet Courtland had not known herself. As always, so to the end her fury had been blind, and had destroyed her blindly.

She had struck at herself as recklessly as at her child. And here her blow had killed. Her rage had run its final course, and for the last time had its way. She slept.

And while she slept, her home was waking to the life of a new day.

XXIV.

THE calamity at the Courtlands' struck on all their acquaintances like a nip of icy wind, sending a shudder through them, making them, as it were, huddle closer about them the protecting vesture of any hope or any happiness

that they had. The outrage on the child stood out horrible in the light of the mother's death; the death of the mother found an appalling explanation in the child's plight. Whether the death were by a witting or an unwitting act seemed a small matter; darkness and blindness had fallen on the unhappy woman before the last hours, and somehow in the darkness she had passed away.

There was not lacking the last high touch of tragedy; the catastrophe which shocked and awed was welcome, too. It was the best thing that could have happened. Any end was better than no end. To such a point of hopelessness had matters come, in such a fashion Harriet Courtland had used her life. The men and women who had known her, her kindred, her friends, and her household, all whom nature had designed to love her, while they shuddered over the manner of her going, sighed with relief that she was gone.

The decree of fate had filled the page, and it was finished; but their minds still tingled from it as they turned to the clean sheet and prayed a kinder message.

Grantley Imason, so closely brought in contact with the drama, almost an eye-witness of it, was deeply moved, stirred to fresh feelings, and quickened to a new vision. Out of his somber and puzzled reflections there sprang—suddenly, as it seemed, and in answer to his cry for guidance—an enlightening pity; pity for his boy, lest he, too, should bear on his brow the scar of hatred, almost as plain to see as the visible mark which was to stamp little Sophy's forevermore—and pity for Sibylla, because her empty heart had opened to so poor a tenant when in very hunger she had turned to Blake.

He no longer rejected the hope of communion with the immature, infantile mind of his son; he ceased to laugh scornfully at a love dedicated to such a man as Walter Blake. A sad sympathy with his boy—even such as he had felt for Tom Courtland's little girls—spurred him to fresh efforts to understand. Contempt for his wife's impulsive affections gave way to compassion as his mind dwelt, not on what she had done, but on what had driven her to do it—as he threw back his thoughts from the unworthy satisfaction her heart had sought to the straits of starvation which had made any satisfaction seem so good. This was to look in the end at himself, and to the task of studying himself he was now thrust back. If he could not do

that, and do it to a purpose, desolation such as he had witnessed and shuddered at stood designated as the unalterable future of his own home.

Then, at last, he was impatient. His slow, persevering campaign was too irksome, and success delayed seemed to spell failure. The time comes when no man can work. The darkness might fall on his task still unperformed. He became afraid, and therefore impatient. He could not wait for Sibylla to come to him. He must meet her—in something more than civility, in something more than a formal concession of her demands, more than an acquiescence which had been not untouched by irony and by the wish to put her in the wrong.

He must forget his claims and think of his needs. His needs came home to him now; his claims could wait. And as his needs cried out, there dawned in him a glow of anticipation. What would it not mean if the needs could be satisfied?

He stayed in London for Harriet Courtland's funeral, and in the evening went down to Mildean, a sharper edge given to his thoughts by the sight of Tom and the two little girls—Sophy could not come—following Harriet's coffin to the grave. Christine Fanshaw was in the carriage which met him at the station, and was his companion on the homeward drive. The Courtland calamity had touched her deeply, too, but touched her to bitterness—if indeed her outward bearing could be taken as a true index of her mind. She bore herself aggressively toward fate and its lessons; an increased acidity of manner condemned the follies of her friends; she dropped no tears over their punishment. Still, there was very likely something else beneath; she had not heard from John since she came down to Mildean.

"How have you all been getting on?" Grantley asked as he took the reins and settled himself beside her.

"We've done excellently since you went away. Of course we've been upset about this horrible business, but——"

"Otherwise you've done very well?" he smiled.

"Oh, yes, very."

"Since I went away?"

"Yes, since you went away," Christine repeated.

"Perhaps it's not a very good thing for me to come back?"

"We can hardly banish you from your own house." The concession was grudging. Grantley laughed, and the tone of his laugh brought her eyes sharply round

to his face. "You seem very cheerful," she remarked with an accusing air.

"No, I'm not that exactly. But I've got an idea—and that brightens one up a bit, you know."

"Any change does that," Christine admitted waspishly.

"I saw John for a minute. He looked a bit worried. Does he complain?"

"He's not complained to me."

"Oh, then it's all right, I suppose. And he says the business is all right, anyhow. How's the boy?"

"As merry and jolly as he can be."

"And Sibylla?"

"Yes, Sibylla, too, as merry as possible."

"They both have been, you mean?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"While I've been away?"

"Yes, while you've been away."

Grantley laughed again. Christine looked at him in dawning wonder. She had expected nothing from this drive but a gloom deepening—or at least a constraint increasing—with every yard they came nearer to Mildean. But there was something new. With some regret she recognized that her acidity, her harping on "While you were away," had not been the best prelude to questioning, or much of an invitation to confidence. And it had, moreover, failed in its primary purpose of annoying Grantley by its implied comment on his conduct.

Her voice grew softer, and, with one of her coaxing little tricks, she edged herself closer to his side.

"Any good news among all the bad, Grantley?"

"There's no good news yet," said he.

She caught at his last word.

"Yet? Yet, Grantley?"

"I'm not going to talk any more. That off horse is a young 'un and——"

"It's something to have a 'yet' in life again," she half whispered. "'Yet' seems to imply a future—a change, perhaps!"

"Do you want a change, too?"

"Oh, come, you're not so dull as to have to ask that!"

"You've told me nothing."

"And I won't. But I'll ask you one question—if you'll leave it at that."

"Well, what's the question?"

"Did John send his love to me?"

Grantley looked at her a moment and smiled in deprecation.

"It would have been tactful to invent the message," smiled Christine.

"I'm getting a bit out of heart with tact, Christine."

"Quite so, my dear man. And get out of patience with some other things, too, if you can. Your patience would try Job—and not only from jealousy, either."

Grantley's only answer was a reflective smile.

"And what about Tom Courtland?" she went on. "Is he with the children?"

"No; he's living at the club. He feels a bit lost, I fancy. I think it rather depends on somebody else now. He's a weak chap, poor old Tom!"

"You're full of discoveries about people to-day. Any other news?"

"No, none."

"But, you see, I've heard from Janet Selford!"

"Will you consider my remarks about your remarks as repeated—with more emphasis?"

"Oh, yes, I will. You're talking more as you used to before you were married."

"That's a compliment? I expect so—coming from a woman. Christine, have you read Janet Selford's letter to Sibylla?"

"Parts of it."

"I wish you hadn't. I didn't want her to know. I saw the fellow there—with Anna."

"Anna's a very clever girl. She does me great credit."

"I should wait a bit to claim it, if I were you. I'm sorry you told Sibylla."

"If you're going to be generous as well as patient, there's an end of any chance of your turning human, Grantley!"

"You're quite good company to-day!"

"I'm always ready to be, but one can't manage it without some help."

"Which you haven't found in my house?"

"Yes, I have—since you were away."

She said it this time in a different way, with a hint, perhaps an appeal, in her upturned eyes and the slightest touch of her hand on his sleeve—almost like the soft pat of a kitten's paw, as quick, as timid, and as venturous.

Grantley turned his head to look at her. Her eyes were bright and eager.

"We've actually begun to be pleasant!" he said, smiling.

"Yes, almost to enjoy ourselves. Wonderful! But we're not at the house yet!"

"Not quite!" he said, and his face set again in firm lines.

"You'd so much better not look so serious about it. That's as bad as your old county council!"

"Are you quite sure you understand the case?"

"Meaning the woman? Oh, no! She's difficult. But I understand that, when one thing's failed utterly, you don't risk much by trying another."

They came to the top of the hill which runs down to Mildean. Christine sighed. "Poor old Harriet! She was a jolly girl once, you know, and so handsome. I've had some good times with Harriet. Do you think she's at peace, Grantley?"

"She has paid," said he. "She has paid for what she was and did. I hope she's at peace."

Christine's eyes grew dreamy; her voice fell to a gentle murmur.

"I wonder if it's quite silly to fancy that she's paid something for some of us, too, Grantley? I was thinking something like that, somehow, when I said 'Poor old Harriet!'"

"I daresay it's silly—but I don't know that it seems so to me," he answered.

Just once again he felt the tiny velvety touch. So they came to Mildean.

The twofold pity which had roused Grantley from a lethargy of feeling, misconceived as self-control, had its counterpart in the triple blow with which the course of events assailed Sibylla's estimate of herself. In the first place, the news about young Blake—announced in Janet Selford's letter, indirectly, indeed, but yet with a confident satisfaction—made her ask whether her great sacrifice had been offered at a worthy shrine, and her great offering received with more than a shallow and transitory appreciation. In the second, the thought and image of the Courtland children spoke loud to the instinct which her ideas had lulled to sleep, bitterly accusing her desertion of the child and her indifference to his fate, rousing her underlying remorse to quick and vengeful life. Lastly, she was stirred to see and recognize the significance of the third turn of fate, the meaning of the nemesis which had fallen on Harriet Courtland—how she had let her rage spare nothing, neither self-respect, nor decency, nor love, and how in the end, thus enthroned in tyranny, it had not spared herself.

The three accusations, each with its special import, each taking up a distinct aspect of the truth and enforcing it with a poignant example, joined their indictments into one. Thus united, they cried out their condemnation, taking for their mouthpiece Christine Fanshaw's pretty lips, using her daintily scornful voice and the trenchant, uncompromising words from which the utterer herself had afterwards recoiled as being far too

coarse and crude to be a legitimate weapon of attack.

The logic of events was not so squeamish; it does not deal in glosses or in paraphrase; it is blunt, naked, and merciless, and must be, since only when all other appeals and warnings have failed does its appointed work begin. It fastened with what almost seemed malicious glee on Christine's biting word, and enforced it by a pitiless vividness of memory, an unceasing echo in Sibylla's thoughts.

Her emotions had gone "sprawling" over everything. The description did not need elaboration. It was abominably expressive and sufficient. And it did not admit of pleading or of extenuation. It showed her touching, on one extreme, Blake's shallow and spurious sentiment, on the other Harriet Courtland's license of anger. It pointed her attention to the ruin of Tom's life, to the piteous plight of his children, to Harriet's fate, to Blake's facile forgetfulness of love too heedlessly and wantonly offered. It stripped her fantastic ideas of their garish finery, leaving them, in the revulsion of her feelings, bereft of all beauty and attractiveness.

Impelled to look back, she seemed to find the same trail over everything—even in those childish days of which Jeremy Chiddingfold had once given a description that would not have reassured her, even in the beginning of her acquaintance with Grantley, in the ready rapture of her first love, in the intoxication of the fairy ride. Changing its form, now hostile to her husband instead of with him, the same temper showed in all the events which led up to the birth of little Frank. Its presence proved that her madness over Blake was no isolated incident, but rather the crown of her development—and the truest interpreter of a character empty of worth, strength, or stability.

Many bitter hours brought her to this recognition; but when light came, the very temper she condemned was in her still, and turned the coolness of recognition and analysis into an extravagant heat of scorn and self-contempt.

What was the conclusion? Was she to throw herself at Grantley's feet, proclaiming penitence, imploring pardon, declaring love?

"No, no!" she cried.

That would be so easy, so short a cut, so satisfying to her roused feelings! She put the notion from her in horror; it was the suggestion of her old devil in a new disguise. Her love for Grantley had bitten too deep into her nature to be treated

so—with that levity and frivolity of easy impulses, that violence of headstrong emotion, those tempests of feeling so remote from true sincerity of heart. The cure did not lie in pampering sick emotions into a plump semblance of healthy life. Where did it lie, if it were possible at all? It must lie in the most difficult of all tasks—a change not of other people, or of their bearing and feelings towards her, but a change of herself and of her own attitude toward others and toward the world, a change in her judgment and her ruling of herself. If things were to go differently with her, she must be different. The arrogance of her nature must be abated, the extravagant claims she had made must be lowered.

The thought struck on her almost with despair; so hard seemed the lesson, so rough the path. And it seemed a path which must be trodden alone. It was not as the easy, pleasant road of emotion, beguiled by enchanting companionship, strewn with the flowers of fancy, carpeted with pleasure. This way was hard, bleak, and solitary. Merely to contemplate it chilled her.

Even that happiness with her child, which had struck Christine and afforded matter for one of those keen thrusts at Grantley Imason, now appeared to Sibylla in a suspicious guise. She could not prevent it nor forego it—nature was too strong; but she yielded to it with qualms of conscience, and its innocent delights were spoiled by the voice of self-accusation and distrust. Could it be real, genuine, true, in the woman who had deserted the child and been indifferent to his fate?

Both penitents, both roused to self-examination, Grantley Imason and his wife seemed to have exchanged parts. Each had suffered an inversion, if not of character, yet of present mood. Each sought and desired something of what had appeared to deserve reprobation when displayed by the other. Their own propensities and ideals, carried to an extreme, had threatened ruin; they erected the opposite temper of mind into a standard, and sought to conform their conduct thereto at the cost of violence to themselves. It seemed strange, yet it was the natural effect of the fates and the temperaments which they had seen worked out and displayed before their eyes, in such close touch with them, impinging so sharply on their own destinies.

Sibylla had not been at home when Grantley arrived. She met him first in

the nursery, when she went to see little Frank at his tea. No mood, be it what it would, could make Grantley a riotous, rousing companion for a tiny child. That effort was beyond him. But to-day he played with his son with a new sympathy, talked to him with a pleasant gravity which stirred the young and curious mind, listened to his broken utterances with a kindly, quizzical smile which manifestly seemed to encourage the little fellow.

Grantley had never before found so much answering intelligence. He forgot the quick development which even a few weeks bring at such a time of life. He set all the difference down to the fact that never before had he looked for what he now found so ready and so obvious. Anything he did not find for himself the nurse was eager to point out; and with the aid of this enthusiastic sign-post Grantley discovered the road to understanding very readily. He and the boy were without doubt enjoying each other's society when Sibylla came in.

She stood in the doorway, waiting with an aching heart for the usual thing, for a withdrawal of even such sign of interest as Grantley had ever shown in old days. It did not come. He gave her a cheery recognition and went on playing with Frank. Irresistibly drawn, she came near to them.

Something was signaled in Frank's struggling speech, and impatiently waving arms. Grantley could not follow, and now turned his eyes to Sibylla, asking for an explanation. The nurse had gone into the other room, busied about the preparations for the meal. Sibylla took Frank in her arms.

"I know what he means," she said proudly.

Her eyes met Grantley's; his were fixed very intently on her.

"I don't," he said. "Is it possible for a man to learn these mysteries?"

His tone and words were light; they were even mocking, but not now with the mockery which hurts. Sibylla's cheeks flushed a little.

"You'd like to learn?" she asked. "Shall we try to teach him, Frank—to teach him your code?"

"I'll watch you with him," Grantley said.

For a moment she looked at him appealingly, and then knelt on the floor and arranged the toys exactly as Frank had wanted them. The little fellow laughed in triumph.

"How did you know?" asked Grantley.

"I've not lost that knowledge—no, I haven't!" she answered almost in a whisper.

The scene was fuel to Grantley's newly stirred impulses. He had rejoiced in his wife before now; but the clouds had always hung about the cot, so that he had not rejoiced nor gloried in the mother of his child. His heart was full as he sat and watched the mother and the child.

"You've got to watch him very carefully still, but he's getting ever so much more—more—"

"Lucid," Grantley suggested, smiling.

"Yes," she laughed, "and, if possible, more imperious still. I believe he's going to be like you in that."

"Oh, not like me, let's hope!"

He laughed, but there was a look of pain on his face. Sibylla turned to him and spoke in a low voice, lest by chance the nurse should hear.

"You mustn't be sure I agree altogether with that," she said, and turned swiftly away to the child again.

Grantley rose.

"Lift him up to me and let me kiss him," he said.

With grave eyes Sibylla obeyed.

But the natural man is not easily subdued, nor does he yield his place readily. Grantley was not apt at explanations or apologies.

The evening fell fair and still, a fine October night, and he joined Sibylla in the garden. Christine remained inside—from tact, perhaps, though she was very likely chilly, too. Grantley smoked in silence, while Sibylla looked down on the little village below.

"This thing has shaken me up dreadfully," he said at last. "The Courtlands, I mean."

"Yes, I know." She turned and faced him. "And isn't there something else that concerns you and me?"

"I know of nothing. You can hardly say that the Courtlands' affairs concern us exactly."

"They do—and there is something else, Grantley. I know what Janet Selford wrote."

"That's nothing at all to me."

"But it is something to me. You know it is."

"I won't talk of that. It's nothing!" He put his hand out suddenly to her. "Let's be friends, Sibylla."

She did not take his hand, but she looked at him with a friendly gaze.

"We really ought to try to manage that, oughtn't we?" she said. "For Frank's sake, if for nothing else. Or do

you think I've no right to talk about Frank?"

"Suppose we don't talk about rights at all? I'm not anxious to."

"It'll be hard; but we'll try to be friends for his sake—that he may have a happy home."

Grantley's heart was stirred.

"That's good, but is that all?" he asked in a low voice, full of feeling. "Is it all over for ourselves? Can't we be friends for our own sakes?"

"Haven't we lost—well, not the right, if you don't like that, but the power?"

"I'm an obstinate man; you know that very well."

"It'll be hard—for both of us—but, yes, we'll try."

She gave him her hand to bind the bargain; he gripped it with an intensity that surprised and alarmed her. She could see his eyes through the gloom. Were they asking friendship only? There was more than that in his heart and in his eyes; there was something which had never been dead in him. It had sprung to fresh vigor now, from the lessons of calamity, from the pity born in him, from the new eyes with which he had looked on the boy in his mother's arms. She could not miss the expression of it.

"Is that the best we can try for?" he whispered. "There was something else once, Sibylla!"

He had not moved, yet she raised her hands as if to check or beat off his approach. She was afraid. He invited her again along that perilous declivity which to begin is so easy, on which to stop is so hard. All that the path to which he again beckoned her had once meant to her came to her mind. If she followed him along it, would it not be once more to woo disillusion, to court disaster, to invite that awful change to bitterness and hatred?

"You are you, and I am I," she protested. "It—it is impossible, Grantley." His face assumed its old obstinate squareness as he heard her. "I don't want that," she murmured. "I'll try to be friends. We can understand each other as friends, make allowances, give and forgive. Friendship's charitable. Let's be friends, Grantley!"

"You have no love left for me?" he asked, passing by her protests.

"For months past I've hated you!"

"I know that. And you have no love left for me?"

She looked at him again, with fear and shrinking in her eyes.

"Have you forgotten what I did? No, you can't have forgotten! How can you wish me to love you now? It would be horrible for both of us. You may forgive me as I do you—what I may have to forgive. But how can we be lovers again? How can we—with that in the past?"

"The past is the past," he said calmly.

She walked away from him a little. When she came back in a minute or so he saw that she was in strong agitation.

"That's enough to-night—enough for all time, if you so wish," he said gently.

"Only I had to tell you what was in my heart."

"How could you, Grantley?"

"I haven't said it was easy. I'm coming to believe that the easy things aren't worth much."

"You could love me again?"

"I've never ceased to love you—only I hope I know a bit more about how to do it now."

She stood there the picture of distress and of fear. At last she broke out:

"Ah, I've not told you the real thing. I'm afraid, Grantley, I'm afraid! I dare not love you. Because I loved you so beyond all reason and all—all sanity, all this came upon us. And—and I daren't love you again now, even if I could." She came a step nearer to him, holding out her hands. "Friends, friends, Grantley!" she implored. "Then we shall be safe. And our love shall be for Frank. You'll get to love Frank, won't you?"

"Frank and I are beginning to hit it off capitally," said Grantley cheerfully. "Well, I shall go in now—we mustn't leave Christine alone all the evening." He took her hand and kissed it. "So we're friends?" he asked.

"I'll try," she faltered. "Yes, surely we can manage that!"

He turned away and left her again gazing down on the village and Old Mill House. He lounged into the drawing-room where Christine sat, with an easy air and a smile on his face.

"A beautiful evening, isn't it?" asked Christine with a tiny shudder, as she hitched her chair closer to the bit of bright fire and threw a faintly protesting glance at the open window.

"Beautiful weather—and settled. I shall enjoy my holiday down here."

"Oh, you're going to stay down here, and going to have a holiday, are you?" she asked with a lift of her brows.

"Well, hardly a holiday, after all. I've got a job to do," he answered as he lit his cigarette. "Rather a hard job at my time of life!"

"Is it? What is the job?"

"I'm going courting again—and a very pretty woman, too," he said.

A rather treacherous smile came on Christine's face as she looked at him.

"It's rather a nice amusement, isn't it?" she asked. "And you always had plenty of self-conceit."

"Why, hang it, I thought it was just the opposite this time!" exclaimed Grantley in whimsical annoyance.

Christine laughed.

"I won't be unamiable, I'll call it self-confidence, if you insist."

He took a moment to think over her new word.

"Yes; in the end I suppose it does come to that. Look here, Christine—I wish the people who tell you you ought to change your nature would be obliging enough to tell you how to do it!"

Christine's answer might be considered encouraging.

"After all, there's no need to overdo the change," she said. "And there's one thing in which you'll never change. You'll always want the best there is."

"No harm in having a try for it—as soon as you really see what it is," he answered, as he strolled off to the smoking-room.

XXV.

MRS. BOLTON was very much upset by what had happened at the Courtlands'. An unwonted and irksome sense of responsibility oppressed her. She discussed the matter with Miss Pattie Henderson, and made Caylesham come and see her. Miss Henderson knew how Sophy's letter had come into her mother's hands, and Mrs. Bolton had made Caylesham a party to the joke.

It did not seem so good a joke now. She and Pattie were both frightened when they saw to what their pleasantry had led. Little Sophy's suffering was not pleasant to think of, and there was an uncomfortable uncertainty about the manner of Harriet's death. A scheme may prove too successful.

Caylesham had warned Mrs. Bolton that she was playing with dangerous tools. He was not inclined to let her down too easily, nor to put the kindest interpretation on the searchings of her conscience.

"You always time your fits of morality so well," he observed cynically. "I don't suppose poor old Tom's amusing company just now, and he's certainly short of cash."

Mrs. Bolton looked a very plausible picture of injured innocence, but of course there was something in what Frank Caylesham said; there generally was, though it might not be what you would be best pleased to find. Tom was not lively, nor inclined for gaiety—and he had just made a composition with his creditors. On the other hand, Miss Henderson, having completed her negotiations with the Parmenter family, was in funds, and had suggested a winter on the Riviera, with herself for hostess. There are, fortunately, moments when the good and the pleasant coincide; the worst of it is that such happy harmonies are apt to come rather late in the day.

"It's all different now that woman's gone," observed Mrs. Bolton. "It's the children now, Frank."

"Supposing it is? Why am I to be dragged into it?"

"We must get him to go back to them." Various feelings combined to make Mrs. Bolton very earnest. "He only comes here because he's got nobody else to speak to. And he's in awful dumps all the time. It's not very cheerful for me."

"I daresay not, Flora. But why doesn't he go back, then?"

Mrs. Bolton had been moving about the room restlessly. Her back was to Caylesham as she answered:

"He won't. He says he can't. He says—"

Caylesham threw a glance at her, his brows raised.

"What does he say, Flora?"

"Oh, it's nonsense—and he needn't say it to me, anyhow. It really isn't particularly pleasant for me. Oh, well, then, he says he's not fit to go near them!" She turned to Caylesham; there was a flush on her face. "Such nonsense!" she ended impatiently.

Caylesham pulled his mustache, and smiled reflectively.

"I suppose it might take him like that," he observed with an impartial air.

"Oh, I know you're only laughing at me. But I tell you, I don't like it, Frank!"

"These little incidents are—well, incidental, Flora. Innocent children, you know! And I shouldn't be surprised if he even made excuses for Harriet now!"

"No, he doesn't do that. It's the children. Stop smiling like that, will you?"

"Certainly, my dear Flora. My smile was a pure oversight."

Mrs. Bolton shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"When you've had all the fun you can get out of me, perhaps you'll begin to help me. You see I want it settled. I want to be off to Monte with Pattie. She's going to stand it to me—I haven't got a farthing. And I say, Frank, he ought to go back to those poor little wretches now. You can make him do it, if you like, you know."

"If Well, I'm an odd sort of a party for such a job!"

"Not a bit. He'll listen to you just because—well, because——"

"I haven't spared your feelings, Flora; don't mind mine."

"Because he knows you don't talk humbug or cant."

"You're being complimentary, after all—or at any rate you're meaning to be. And you'd really never see him again?"

"He'll never want to see me." She was facing Caylesham now. "I've been fond of poor old Tom; but he'll not want to see me—and soon I shan't want to see him, either." She looked a little distressed for a minute, then shrugged her shoulders with a laugh. "That's the way of the world!"

"Of part of it," Caylesham murmured as he lit a cigar.

With Flora Bolton set aside—and of course she had no reasonable title to consideration—the case seemed a simple one to Caylesham, and his mission an obvious utterance of common sense. He could not enter fully into Tom Courtland's mind. Tom was not naturally a lawless man; desperation had made him break loose. The bygone desperation was forgotten now, in pity for his children, and for the woman whom, after all, he had once loved. He looked with shame on the thing he had done, attributing to it all the results which Harriet's fury had engrafted on it.

Broken in fortune and in career—broken, too, in self-respect—he had been likely to drift on in a life which he had come to abhor. He felt his presence an outrage on his children, and feared the look of their clear young eyes. If the death of his wife had seemed to save him from a due punishment, here was a penalty different but hardly less severe.

While he was in this mood Caylesham was the best man to carry the message to him. The only chance with Tom was to treat what he had done as natural, but to insist that the sequence of events was utterly unexpected and essentially unconnected with it. To urge the gravity

of his offense would have been to make reparation and atonement impossible.

So Caylesham took a very strong and simple line. He declined to discuss the state of Tom's conscience, or the blackness of Tom's mind, or even the whiteness of the minds of the children. Everybody was very much alike—or would be in a few years, anyhow—and Tom was not to be an ass. The line of argument was not exalted, but it was adapted to the needs of the case.

"My dear chap, if you come to that, what man is fit to look his children in the face?" he asked impatiently. But then it occurred to him that he was idealizing—a thing he hated. "Not that children aren't often wicked little beggars themselves," he added cheerfully. "They steal and lie like anything, and torment one another devilishly. I know I did things as a boy that I'd kick any grown man for doing; and so did my brothers and sisters. I tell you what it is, Tom, the devil's there all the time; he shows himself in different ways, that's all."

Tom could not swallow this gospel; he would give up neither his own iniquity nor the halo of purity to which his mind clung amid the sordid ruin of his life.

"If I could pull straight!" he murmured despairingly.

"Why shouldn't you? You're getting on in life, you know, after all."

"They—they guess something about it, I expect, Frank. It's not pleasant for a man to be ashamed before his own children. And Miss Bligh—I thought she looked at me very queerly."

"You'll find they'll be as nice as possible to you. The children won't understand anything, and Snzette's sure to be on your side. Women always are, you know. They're not naturally moral. We've imposed it on them, and they always like to get an excuse for approving of the other thing."

Tom grew savage.

"I know what I've done, but anyhow I'm glad I don't think as you do!"

"Never mind my thoughts, old chap. You go home to your kids," said Caylesham cheerfully.

He was very good-humored over the matter; neither all the unnecessary fuss nor Tom's aspersions on his own character and views disturbed him in the least. And he did not leave Tom until he had obtained the assurance that he desired. This given, he went off to his club, thanking Heaven that he was quit of a very tiresome business.

(To be continued.)

Where is the Grave of Paul Jones?

BY GEORGE E. LIGHT,

ATTACHÉ OF THE CONSULATE-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES IN PARIS.

AMERICA DESIRES TO DO HONOR TO ONE OF HER MOST FAMOUS HEROES, BUT HIS BURIAL-PLACE IS UNKNOWN, AND IT IS DOUBTFUL WHETHER HIS REMAINS CAN EVER BE FOUND.

MORE than once has Congress been asked to vote a few thousand dollars for the purpose of bringing the remains of Commodore John Paul Jones across the Atlantic, and reintering them in the United States. Perhaps the money may eventually be voted, but even then it will be very doubtful whether the bones of the fighting seaman of the Revolution will cross the seas again.

For nothing definite is known as to his last resting-place. He unfortunately died at a time (July 18, 1792) when France was in the throes of her great social and political upheaval. It was just three weeks before the Parisian mob swept through the Tuileries and massacred the Swiss Guard. The National Assembly had declared the country in danger. Dumouriez was moving to repel the Austrian invasion, and the newspapers had no space to spare for obituary notices and accounts of funerals.

The Assembly did indeed find time to listen to a letter written by a Colonel Blacksten, stating that his friend Paul Jones had just died in Paris. "In consequence of some formalities still existing with regard to Protestants," Blacksten continued, he had written to M. Simmoneau, commissary of the district, asking that his friend might be buried without fees; and that M. Simmoneau had replied that if any fees were demanded he would pay them himself. There was some applause at this, which was renewed when a member proposed that "to consecrate the freedom of worship" the Assembly should send a deputation to the funeral of Paul Jones.*

The motion was agreed to, a deputation was sent, and "a fulsome oration was made at his grave."* That is probable, indeed almost certain; but where was the grave? Miss Wemyss says he was buried in the cemetery of Père Lachaise. Most likely she derived her information from Michaud's "Biographical Dictionary," which states, more guardedly, that "it is asserted that he was buried at Père Lachaise." The assertion is not confirmed by any other authority, and the officials at that cemetery are firmly convinced that wherever the body of Paul Jones was buried it was not within their precincts.

THE GRAVEYARD OF THE RUE DES ECLUSES ST. MARTIN.

A hundred years ago there was no outcry against "intramural sepulture," and Paris contained seventy or eighty small graveyards. When one of these was full, it remained closed for a few years, and then, as the city grew, and land became more and more valuable, the builder cast longing eyes upon it, and eventually acquired and built on it. If, in the course of digging the foundations, a few bones were found, they were sent to the Catacombs; but the dead citizens who were not dug up by the excavators remained undisturbed.

One of these little graveyards occupied a tetragonal plot of land at the junction of the Rue des Ecluses St. Martin with the Rue Grange aux Belles, near what was then the northeast boundary of the city. Paul Jones died in the Rue de Tournon, which is on the south side of the Seine, and it seems odd that his body should have been taken so far,

* *Moniteur* (reprint) Vol. 13, p. 192.

* Miss Millicent E. Wemyss, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. 142, page 561 (1887).



HOUSES ON THE RUE DES ECLUSES ST. MARTIN, PARIS, BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE LITTLE PROTESTANT GRAVEYARD IN WHICH IT IS BELIEVED THAT PAUL JONES WAS BURIED IN JULY, 1792—THE DOORWAY ON THE RIGHT LEADS TO THE ALLEY IN THE CENTER OF THE BLOCK.

when there were a score of cemeteries much nearer; but this graveyard was the only one, or almost the only one, where Protestants could be buried; and it is presumed—for up to the present there is no real evidence—that the commodore's remains rest there.

This was the opinion of two out of the four antiquarians who were engaged some years ago to investigate the subject. Last year the United States consul-general, Mr. Gowdy, requested Robert B. Douglas, a literary man who has resided many years in France, and has made eighteenth-century history his special study, to try and find the grave. Mr. Douglas reported that such slight evidence as he could discover tended to show that Paul Jones was buried in the little graveyard mentioned; but he recommended that no excavations should be begun until further proof had been obtained, if possible.

He was rather astonished to learn that that was also the opinion of M. Tesson and another member of the

previous commission, for he knew nothing of their labors, and had worked independently. The other two members believed that Paul Jones was buried close to this spot, but in a cemetery inside the grounds of the St. Louis Hospital. There were two cemeteries in the hospital grounds, but Mr. Douglas contends that one was for bodies of patients dying in the hospital, and that the other was for Jews.

THE GREAT DIFFICULTY OF THE SEARCH.

It may be suggested that there must have been officials at each of these cemeteries who kept plans and registers. No doubt they did, but where are these plans and registers now? They may still exist; but if so, they are buried with tons of other literary lumber in the cellars or attics of some public office, and to unearth them would be a labor from which even Hercules would shrink. They may have been sent to the pulp-mill as waste paper by some clerk who thought that if the burial ground had long since

been built over, the papers concerning it were not likely to be of any value. Or the documents may have been destroyed when the Communists burned down the *Cour des Comptes*. In any case they have never yet been found, and it does not seem likely that they ever will be.

But even supposing that the locality of the grave is definitely settled, the question arises: "Could the bones be discovered and identified?" There is a legend that the old fighter felt that his worth would some day be recognized, and left instructions that certain medals and insignia were to be buried with him, and that his coffin should be enclosed in a lead case. Lead was very valuable in those days, and sometimes a church or castle was stripped of its roofing to make bullets to shoot at the Austrians. No one but a very rich man could have afforded such a luxury as a lead coffin, and Paul Jones was certainly not a rich man when he died "obscure, neglected, and disappointed" in lodgings in the *Rue de Tournon*.

One writer* does indeed assert that "he was in easy circumstances, had several attached friends about him at the time, and left all he possessed to his relatives in Scotland;" but every other account of his death that I have ever read states that he was poor. It is not easy to reconcile "easy circumstances" with Colonel Blacksten's request to have the burial fees remitted, and the commissary's offer to pay them out of his own pocket.

The burial ground was an acre or more in extent. The houses which bound it, and some of those built in the interior, have cellars or basements, and the foundations go considerably beyond the depth of an ordinary grave. All the bones found in digging the foundations were removed to the Catacombs, and of course can never be identified. Paul Jones' remains may or may not have

been amongst them. Mr. Moonen, of *Père Lachaise*—with whom the finding of unknown graves is a kind of hobby—and Mr. Douglas, are of opinion that if the body is ever found it will be under the flagstones, or beneath one of the hovels which line the alley in the heart of the block. It is a workmen's quarter, and this alley is inhabited by the poorest class of mechanics and their families. It is one of the most squalid haunts in the district.

THE FAMOUS SAILOR'S STRANGE FATE.

It is a strange thought that the grim old warrior whose "love of glory was immense," to quote his own words; who was fêted at Versailles, and presented with a gold-hilted sword by the King of France; to whose remains another great nation is anxious to do honor to-day—should be lying in a nameless grave under the flagstones of a filthy alley, with half-starved cats and chickens running above his head.

After all, though, it may eventually turn out that these scholars and historians are wrong, and that the body of Paul Jones lies in some accessible spot from which it can easily be removed. That is the first question to be solved, and before any application is made to Congress one or two good literary searchers should be employed to go carefully through all the Paris journals of the time, and such books and manuscripts, more especially diaries, as would be likely to contain any information on the subject.

In a couple of months a good searcher might be able to furnish a report that would settle the matter, and the American public would know to what extent it was justified in searching for the remains of the dead hero. At present it seems that the utmost that can be done would be to place a memorial tablet either on the house Paul Jones inhabited, or the presumed site of his burial-place.

* *Westminster Review*, Vol. 12, page 471 (April 30, 1850).

THE STRUGGLE.

Yes, beaten in the race! 'Tis painful plight
As meed of toiling day and sleepless night.
Yet something's gained, e'en in the bitter fall—
I pity those who never strove at all!

Nellie Frances Milburn.

The Campaign Against Consumption.

BY

SYDNEY H. CARNEY, JR., M. D.

THE WARFARE AGAINST THE DISEASE WHICH CAUSES ONE TENTH OF ALL THE DEATHS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND THE REMARKABLE SUCCESS THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN ACHIEVED.

VERY few of the triumphs of modern discovery have equaled, in interest and importance, the announcement that tuberculosis is a preventable and, under certain conditions, a curable disease.

The terrible power of consumption as a foe of humanity is shown by the fact that it causes one tenth of all deaths in the United States. There is a pathetic interest in the perusal of family histories in certain sections, where, from generation to generation, one member of the family after another "went into a decline." The simple resignation of an entire household to the inevitable progress and termination of the disease excited little comment in a community too thoroughly familiarized with the scourge.

The old-fashioned farm-house was often built on damp ground, and insanitary conditions made it a center of infection for the children launched in life beneath its roof. In many cases the constitutions of its inmates were weakened by their descent from a line of kinsmen improperly clad and nourished; and they married people of their own locality, inheriting similar constitutional defects.

They washed at and drank from



A CAMP FOR CONSUMPTIVES AT THE MANHATTAN STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE ON WARD'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY.

the family well, which was placed conveniently near the barn, and into which trickled unmentionable pollution. During the long winter months, they lived in one room, hermetically sealed from the icy blasts, and warmed by a red-hot stove. They breathed an atmosphere vitiated by the impurities of one or more members of the family who patiently and persistently coughed their lives away. This being true of rural homes, where one expects unlimited pure air to be had for the mere opening of windows, how much more terrible the conditions in congested sections of cities where ignorant humanity swarms!

THE NEED OF NEAR-BY SANATORIA.

For many years tuberculous patients in our Eastern cities were ordered to distant sections of the country where the climatic conditions were considered more favorable than at home. Besides involving much hardship, the expense of such a change of residence was beyond the means of any but the well-to-do. It became evident that in order to control the ravages of the disease among the poor, it was absolutely necessary to establish institutions near at hand, for the reception of incipient cases of tuberculosis, as well as for those in advanced stages of the disease. Massachusetts led the way in establishing a State sanatorium for poor consumptives, its Legislature having appropriated one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for this purpose in 1895. Buildings were erected at Rutland, a dozen miles from Worcester, and opened for the reception of patients in 1898. Increased facilities have since been provided by another appropriation of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The institution is not a charity, but its inmates, who number two hundred and fifty, pay only four dollars a week apiece. This charge is uniform, and no special privileges are allowed except in cases where professional judgment deems it necessary.

Another institution in Massachusetts, the Sharon Sanatorium for Women, has demonstrated for more than twelve years that consumption can be cured if the insidious affection is recognized and energetically combated at

its initial appearance. As at Rutland, this is a place for those who cannot afford to seek health at a distance. The charge for board is five dollars a week, which does not include washing, but professional services and medicines are given gratuitously.

A third institution is located at East Bridgewater, Massachusetts. It is situated at a low altitude—usually regarded as a highly unfavorable condition; but the results attained prove the vast amount of good which can be expected irrespective of elevation or locality.

A SAMPLE OF THE WORK DONE IN CITIES.

In April, 1903, there was organized the Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis, membership being placed within the reach of all paying the annual fee of one dollar. The announced purposes of the association are "to promote a careful study of conditions regarding tuberculosis in Boston; to educate public opinion as to the causes and prevention of tuberculosis, and to arouse general interest in securing adequate provision for the proper care of tuberculous patients in their homes and by means of hospitals and sanatoria." Its actual work has been to establish a system of friendly visitation and inspection of the homes of poor consumptives; to send needy patients to the State Sanatorium and smaller hospitals, paying their expenses; and to provide, so far as it could, proper food and accommodations to those who for any cause could not be admitted to an institution. Besides this, leaflets are distributed among the scholars of the high and grammar schools containing facts about tuberculosis, which thus reach thousands of homes. Physicians have given lectures to the older pupils, parents, and teachers, in schools, churches, clubs, and synagogues. In the first ten weeks of 1904 nearly fifty of these lectures were given.

The educational benefit in thus making known the cause, the proper care, and the possible prevention of tuberculosis is of incalculable value. If similar associations, with the same membership fee, could be organized in every city, there are surely hundreds of



AT THE SHARON, MASSACHUSETTS, SANATORIUM FOR WOMEN—PATIENTS TAKING A SUN-BATH ON THE VERANDA IN WINTER.



STEEL AND GLASS PAVILIONS FOR CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS AT THE PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL—
THESE STRUCTURES ARE DESIGNED TO GIVE A MAXIMUM OF AIR AND SUNLIGHT.

thousands of public-spirited people who would gladly contribute this nominal sum toward improving a social condition which casts a deep shadow on the nation.

IN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.

In Philadelphia, much is being done by the Pennsylvania Society for the

Prevention of Tuberculosis, founded by Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, who is also medical director of the Henry Phipps Institute for the study, treatment, and prevention of consumption. Mr. Phipps contributed a million dollars for the purpose of destroying the disease in that locality.

The fifty-two beds of the institute are



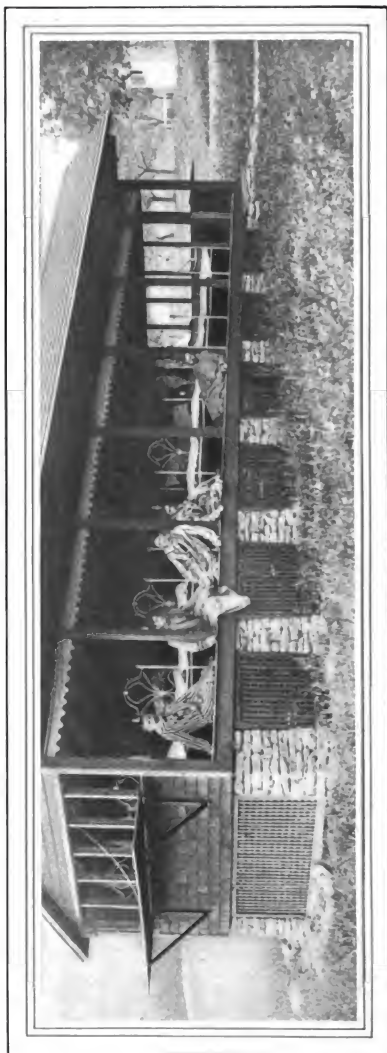
ACCOMMODATIONS FOR CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS ON THE ROOF OF THE PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL.

for dying cases; its dispensary treats about forty patients each day, supplying them with milk and such preventive necessities as they cannot afford to buy, while their homes are visited by inspectresses who teach them hygienic methods.

Happily, the initiative of Massachusetts in providing a State sanatorium is being followed by several of her sister commonwealths. New York is soon to have a similar institution costing half a million dollars, and New Jersey proposes to erect another almost equally large. Indeed, in nearly all the States the campaign against this deadly foe of mankind is more or less actively on foot, though much has yet to be accomplished in educating the masses.

The advisability of registering each and every case of tuberculosis in State, county, city, or village has been successfully proven. The States which possessed the most complete registration were, in the census of 1900, classed as the "registration area." This included all of New England, with New York, New Jersey, Michigan, and the District of Columbia, having in all thirty-eight per cent of the population of the United States. It is to be hoped that at the next census the "registration area" will include the entire country.

The health departments of the large American cities are becoming more and more vigilant in their endeavor to improve local conditions. The New York City department has been actively engaged during the past seventeen years in formulating and perfecting measures for combating tuberculosis. To



AN OPEN-AIR PAVILION AT A SANATORIUM IN NEW YORK STATE, SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR CONSUMPTIVES—SCREENS PROTECT THE PATIENTS FROM INCLEMENT WEATHER.

educate the public as to its causation, character, and prevention, circulars have been printed in nine languages. Physicians are required to report each case of the disease, which is classed as "infectious and communicable," giving the patient's name, address, age, sex, and occupation. Medical inspectors do not visit private patients thus registered unless requested to do so, but public institutions are regularly inspected, and twice a year a census is taken of such cases. The terrible prevalence of the disease, and the care with which it is being watched, are shown by the registration during one year of thirteen thousand new cases. It is believed that eighty-five per cent of all living cases—Dr. Biggs estimated there were nearly thirty thousand consumptives in New York—have now been registered.

THE CHIEF AGENCY OF CONTAGION.

The ordinance enacted in 1896, prohibiting spitting in public places or conveyances, conveys little import to the ignorant and selfish until they learn that matter ejected from the lungs and throats of those suffering with tuberculosis is the chief agency for the spread of the disease. When it dries, its microscopic particles float in the air; and these, if inhaled by persons in a *receptive condition*, may produce calamitous results, for the tubercle bacillus thrives and multiplies, not outside, but inside the human body, under favorable conditions. It has been computed that millions upon millions of bacilli are cast off in the course of a day by a single patient. Hence the necessity of instructing the thoughtless as to the prompt destruction of all such expectoration, for "the careful and clean consumptive is not dangerous to those with whom he works."

The dry tubercle bacilli float in the air and settle as dust in any part of an abode occupied by a consumptive, and retain their vitality for reproducing the disease. Hence it becomes absolutely essential that such habitations be thoroughly and frequently cleaned. After the removal of a patient either to another house, or by death, the New York City Department of Health instructs the owner of the property that

it must be renovated or disinfected with formaldehyde, steam being used for bedding, and that new tenants cannot occupy it until this has been done.

In order that diagnoses may be decisive, the Department of Health instituted in 1894 free bacteriological examinations of expectorations from suspected cases. Increasing use is being made of the test, the number of specimens examined having been 7,820 in 1902, 11,859 in 1903, and 3,852 for the first three months of the present year. The board's latest departure is to establish, in a new building adjoining its headquarters, a clinic for the recognition and treatment of cases of tuberculosis. The hospitals and dispensaries of New York do valuable work in the same field. Several of them have special classes for consumptives.

The Charity Organization Society has a committee on the prevention of tuberculosis. Its first annual report (1903) urges the immediate building of the proposed State Hospital at Raybrook, the multiplication of smaller institutions, and the establishment of seaside sanatoria for children of scrofulous or tuberculous constitution. It also suggests that agricultural and horticultural colonies be formed for patients discharged from sanatoria. As in Massachusetts, the committee has co-operated with the Board of Education, giving lectures in several of the languages spoken by the polyglot dwellers of New York, and distributing thousands of circulars and leaflets.

THE CAMPAIGN IN CHICAGO.

It is to be regretted that the Chicago Department of Health does not compel physicians to report cases of tuberculosis, which is placed last and marked "optional" on the list of diseases to be reported. On the other hand, it is stimulating to read of the systematic work undertaken by some public-spirited men and women of the Lake City. As a sample of this practical benevolence it may be worth while to describe the methods of the "tuberculosis committee" of the Visiting Nurse Association. The committee, which was formed only last year, has a central office that directs its entire work, and eleven dis-



PATIENTS TAKING A SUN-BATH AT A SANATORIUM IN COLORADO.

trict offices in different sections of the city. Volunteer physicians receive tuberculous patients at these local offices, and visit them at their homes. Associated with the physicians are from one to six nurses in each district, beside other workers who help to instruct those unfamiliar with the proper treatment of the disease.

The committee invites the medical profession in general to cooperate with it in treating tuberculous patients. It urges the primary treatment of all cases by the "sanatorium method"; and in order that this may be understood, a physician of the committee holds office hours and makes visits with the district physician at regular intervals. It supplies medicines, instruction slips, sputa cups, and other necessities. It also distributes printed directions rela-

tive to cleanliness of patient and dwelling, ventilation, suitable nourishment, clothing, and bedding.

Such a thorough system of bringing personal care and attention to tuberculosis cases, instead of losing sight of them after a visit to a dispensary, is sure to be productive of good results, both to the patients and to the community at large.

THE COMING CONQUEST OF THE DISEASE.

The direct economic loss which tuberculosis inflicts upon the city of New York alone has been conservatively estimated at twenty-three million dollars annually. Even this great sum conveys no hint either of the suffering of the patients or of the sad trail of wrecked homes that the disease leaves in its wake. Before further millions are

devoted to the endowment of libraries, it might be well to consider whether they might not be better used in this great battle for the health of the masses. If consumption could be eradicated from among the people for whose bene-

without recurring symptoms. Nevertheless, while I cannot quote here from the private letters of patients who have been treated in sanatoria, the statistics of these institutions, both in America and in Europe, prove that cures can be



CONSUMPTION IS CURABLE—PATIENTS OF THE SHARON (MASSACHUSETTS) SANATORIUM DEMONSTRATE THAT THEY ARE NOT HOPELESS INVALIDS.

Drawn by C. D. Williams from a photograph.

fit free libraries are designed, they would be in better condition to profit from the treasures so generously placed at their disposal, and the volumes themselves would no longer constitute a possible means of infection.

In speaking of the results obtained with tuberculous patients, conservative physicians object to the term "cured," and prefer to use the word "arrested," until months or years have elapsed

effected. At one sanatorium the proportion of "arrested" cases has increased from thirty-three per cent of all patients treated to fifty-four per cent.

The decisive results of this method of treatment are most suggestive. With the hearty cooperation of the public, and with prompt recognition, classification, and treatment of incipient and advanced tuberculous cases victory over the disease may be regarded as assured.

STORIETTES

Car No. 22401 A.

I.

WILHELMINA descended the broad stairs with a noiselessness that seemed almost stealthy. It was, in fact, a concession to the hour, which was six o'clock. The upper stories of Loenst Hall were still wrapped in slumber. The pearly dimness of drawn shades and curtains mantled stairs and corridors. Not even the servants were stirring yet.

She fumbled a long time with the fastenings of the front door. Finally its secret was revealed, and it opened upon the crystal freshness of the summer morning. The year was still in girlhood, blossom-wreathed and laughing. White and pink clung to the greening trees, lilacs bent the bushes down. Wilhelmina drew a deep breath and went out. Then the occasional early-riser's boundless contempt for lie-a-beds claimed her. How could any one forego such an experience of beauty, of sweetness, of adorable freshness and wholesomeness as this?

She herself had slept ill. The memory of her foolish quarrel with Dick had taken up its post upon her foot-board and banished sleep. In the long, black, worried hours of the night and the longer, weary grayness of the early dawn the situation had seemed intolerable. To be engaged to a man who openly preferred another woman's society—what sort of a life did that presage? Before morning she had broken her engagement at least a dozen times in imagination; she had devoted her days to saintly works, or to brilliant achievements which should resound across the world; she had died, old, patient, hopeless, the victim of man's fickleness; she had spurned a repentant suitor who had learned too late the value of her love; and especially she had rewarded Hersey Smyth for his long and not too ostentatious faithfulness, by the precious gift of what was left of her heart and life.

Out of doors, with the grass green and dew-pearled, with a peach-tree waving pink branches down the hollow, with the sun blessing the beautiful world, she

broke into a sudden laugh. How absurd she had been!

Was it wonderful that Dick should like to play golf with Dora, the only woman at the house who could make anything but a caricature of a drive? How ridiculous she, Wilhelmina, had been, how ridiculous and ill-bred! She had quarreled with him about it before luncheon. Then she had betaken herself to her own room like a sulky child, and she had refused to come out, even when Dick sent her a message saying that he had been called back to town and that he was going up on the three o'clock express. She had merely been murderously angry and distrustful, for she had remembered that Dora Simmons had already announced her departure by that train. Called back to town on a June Sunday! That was likely, she had told herself skeptically.

But now, in the new-bathed beauty of the morning, her suspicions and her angers fell from her. She strolled happily among the lawns and the flower beds. She would telegraph Dick her repentance as soon as she had breakfasted. She began to wish that that feast were not two hours distant. She would never doubt him again. Why should she? He had fallen in love with her after a fairly wide acquaintance with womankind.

One of the men drove up to the house by and by, with the mailbag and a pile of damp newspapers on the seat beside him. Wilhelmina, having enjoyed the blessed influence of the morning for an hour, now had a healthy interest in her fellow-beings and in food.

"I know old Ellen would make me a cup of coffee," she assured herself. "Any way, it's my own cousin's house." So she went into the dining-room and gaily told the maid who answered her ring what pangs of starvation she was enduring.

"Just a glass of milk and a biscuit would save me," she said guiltfully.

"No, indeed, Miss Willy," declared the maid, who had known her from childhood. "We're having our breakfast in the kitchen now, and the coffee is just made, and there's bacon, and that with an egg and some toast'll take no time at all to bring you, and it's the least you can get



"I CAME TO BREAK MY ENGAGEMENT. DICK, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE IT BROKEN?"

along with after that headache took all your appetite away yesterday at dinner."

Wilhelmina blushed guiltily over the headache.

"Well, if you're really having break-

fast and it's no trouble," she said, "And would you bring me in a paper?"

Papers to suit all tastes were brought along with the light breakfast advised by the maid—papers of broad, unbroken

columns, papers of flaring headlines and vast pictures, papers that sought a happy medium. Wilhelmina decided upon one of the headline and picture variety, and was drinking her coffee to a delicious, unwonted sensation of alarm and horror as she read of battle, murder, and sudden death, when the turning of a page revealed a man's photograph.

Her cup paused half way to her lips. Her eyes started from her head.

"Mr. Richard Everthwait, whose automobile broke the speed limit last night on Fifth Avenue!"

It was certainly Dick; the picture was eight years old, she knew, but it was unmistakably Dick. She turned hastily to the explanatory column.

She learned that Bicycle Policeman Dorlon had made the arrest, that the lady who accompanied the prisoner had gone home in a cab after declining to give her name, that Mr. Everthwait had denied his identity, claiming to be Tobias Watson, but that he was recognized by some one in the court-room, and that the machine was found, by a reference to the register, to be his. His companion, Policeman Dorlon thought, was Miss Floribel Foster, of "The Maids from Mars" company, now playing a roof-garden engagement in the city. Miss Foster had denied herself to reporters, however, later in the evening. Mr. Watson, or Everthwait, had despatched several messengers for bondsmen, but had failed to find one, and had spent the night in the police-station. Richard Everthwait was the second son of Ebenezer Everthwait, the railroad magnate. Richard Everthwait's engagement to Miss Wilhelmina Custis, of Virginia, daughter of General Custis, formerly of the Confederate army, had been announced about three months ago.

Wilhelmina's shaking fingers tore open the other papers. The broad, unbroken columns did not mention the incident; the happy medium declared that a young man giving his name as Tobias Watson had been arrested for fast automobiling on Fifth Avenue, and that his machine, No. 22401 A, was registered as the property of Richard Everthwait. The prisoner had failed to obtain bail, all the notes which he despatched having been returned with the information that the addressees were out of town.

Wilhelmina rose, her hazel eyes black with outraged pride and love, each tendril of her hair vibrating with anger, her cheeks white. She dashed to the hall, consulted time-table and clock, and rang the bell furiously, imperiously.

"I have to catch the seven forty-four to town," she cried. "Can I be driven over at once?"

Four minutes later, her straw hat over one ear, two gloves for her right hand clutched in her palm, she mounted to the seat where lately lay the mail-bag and the papers—the hateful papers! At the station she had time to send a telegram. Her face was whiter than ever as she wrote, her mouth a hard, defiant line of scarlet. It was addressed to Hersey Smyth, Esq., the University Club; a duplicate was sent to Ardsley. It read:

Engagement broken. Meet me luncheon, Holland House. Yes. B.

By which she intended her old-time suitor, who with a not too compelling seriousness had paid pleasant court to her since the time of her first long skirt, to understand that she was ready to accede to that jestingly worded, seriously minded—oh, she was sure it was seriously minded!—plea of his that she should give up riches and Dick and try a cottage with bread and cheese accompaniments with him.

Only Hersey's mocking way had made the plea anything but a disloyalty to Dick, but Hersey had the playful manner to perfection. And she knew now how much an intense manner denoted! She knew now the worth of protestation! She would reward Hersey! Poverty would not matter—both of them were used to the indolent, semi-luxurious poverty of the South. Perhaps he was not very serious, but she could forgive lack of earnestness in any one but Dick!

II.

It seemed to Wilhelmina that she fairly pushed the train and the ferry-boat, and that she personally pulled the hansom from the station to the police-court. Never had she been so feverishly set upon doing anything as she was upon facing her recreant lover in his cell, hurling his ring upon the floor, and sailing magnificently out. It might be melodramatic, it might be vulgar, she conceded, but it was the only thing that would satisfy her.

The sergeant looked at her critically when she faltered her request to be allowed to proceed at once to the cell of Mr. Watson, or Mr. Everthwait.

"Wasn't you was with him when he was took?"

"No!"

Tears came into Wilhelmina's eyes.

They were tears of nervous anxiety, but they completed the work which her cooing voice and her blown, dark hair had begun. He yielded to her entreaties that she be allowed to make her unheralded way to the cell. He called the matron to show it to her.

Wilhelmina was deaf to various comments on her personal appearance which issued from behind the gratings as she passed. When the matron finally paused before one white-washed dungeon, she was tugging at her ring. A guard stood at the door, and beside him she saw two familiar figures. One was the disgraced Dick, and one was Hersey. No doubt Hersey had come to help her lover, to spare her, to do whatever was fine and magnanimous and becoming to a Virginia gentleman!

Dick saw her and gave a little cry.

"Billy! You saw the papers—and you came!"

Wonder and joy and adoration were in his voice. His hands went out to her.

"I did," said Wilhelmina icily.

Dick's glow departed. His hands went back. Evidently she had come on no understanding, loving mission. He stared at her, and a faint smile began to appear on the hitherto downcast countenance of Mr. Hersey Smyth.

"I came," said Wilhelmina still more frigidly, "to escape at once from the false and humiliating position in which I find myself. I came to——"

"No, you didn't, Billy," interrupted Smyth gently. He had not been her comrade for so many years to misunderstand her now. "You came to do nothing of the sort—breaking engagements and all that. It wasn't Dick, my child. It was Tobias Watson. I thought of that name on the spur of the moment. Dick had lent his blanked machine to me—and a fool reporter who had seen us together somewhere, and had mixed our identities, did the rest. There's no difference between one smooth-shaven man and another, any way. Oh, don't stand there like a pair of stone idols, you two. Dick's going to pay my fine—and he'd better get you out of here quick before a horde of ravenous court interviewers get after you!"

Wilhelmina tugged again at her ring.

"I came to break my engagement," she murmured. "Dick, wouldn't you rather—I'm so jealous and quarrelsome—wouldn't you like it broken?"

"Yes," shouted Dick loudly. "Broken by marriage, and to-day! I can't stand any more of this nonsense. Will you, Billy?"

"Yes," said Billy, white and determined. "It's the only way to keep me from making a fool of myself again, I suppose. And it will save a trousseau, which it would really have crippled poor old dad to give me. I will, I will, Dick!"

Then her hazel eyes dwelt upon Hersey with faint tenderness. She was awfully fond of good old Hersey, she was indeed! No matter whether he drove about with maids from Mars or others, she liked him. It would of course have been quite different had it been Dick, or had she been going to marry Hersey. And that thought recalled her telegrams, and she blushed.

"Oh, I forgot," she said. "I've invited you to luncheon at the Holland House, Hersey. Will you come—afterwards?"

"For the wedding breakfast?" asked Hersey. "I'll be there, my children!"

Katherine Hoffman.

Orpheus on the Chug.

THE proprieties are not extinct in Spearfish. A person, for instance, who occupies a seat in the front row of the Palace Theater is not expected to lean over the orchestra rail and bat violinists with his sombrero. Therefore I accepted the usher's suggestion, seized big John Heffren by his elbow, and escorted him up the aisle. John is a gentle giant, and did not complain. We went to our room in the hotel.

"Dang fiddlers, anyhow!" he said. "I mistrust 'em worse 'n Injun-raised ponies. Order up a smoke and I'll tell you."

He bit the end of a cigar with unusual viciousness and sprawled on the bed.

"'Twas when I was wintering Circle-Dot horses on the Chug. Wintering horses is like canned soup. No variety—every day the same. One morning I pulls on a shirt and cuts over to old man Bailey's, who run a little outfit nigh to the town of Lucky Bottom. I'd knowed him down in the Panhandle, and he was kind o' glad to see me again. We lied to each other in his front room till finally he proponnds a inquiry, does I love jell tarts? I made answer that I certainly could accommodate 'em, and he steps to the door.

"Ada, my girl!' he shouts. 'Move in the pastry for my friend Mr. Heffren'; and with that in she comes, laughing, bare-armed, rattled, and pinky.

"I was all choked up in a minute. There was half a dozen long-legged cow-punchers trailing her—old man Bailey's hands. He made me acquainted, and we sat down around the platter, thick as a



"THE OLD MAN'S DAUGHTER SORT OF WING-TIPPED ME WITH HER BLUE EYES."

bartenders' convention. By and by I shook my spurs.

"But you ain't eat none," says Bailey. "You ain't done yourself no credit, John Heffren."

"Maybe not," I remarks. "There's too

much sugar in the vicinity of these here tarts to make 'em easy eating."

"The old man's daughter sort of wing-tipped me with her blue eyes."

"You can have 'em just as you like 'em," Ada says, "next time you come."

"'Thank you kindly, ma'am,' says I. 'My observations weren't meant to bear down on the cookery, which is sure enough Frisco.'

"Well, so it went for a fortnight. That Ada girl, sir, she had me. I was rolling over and playing dead whenever she handled the strap; but the worst of it was, I was only one of a herd. Those cow-punchers of Bailey's was roped, same's me. Every time I called on the blue-eyed miracle I'd find some of those yearlings sitting close in the game. One night I talked it out with myself.

"'Look a-here, you love-lorn Romeo,' I said; 'that gang of sniters must be stampeded. Them half-baked wolves must be learned to distinguish betwixt a Pecos River man and Rocky Mountain goats.'

"So I tied on my six-shooter and hit the breeze for Bailey's, but with misgivings. Shows how love will loco a fellow! Honestly, I hated to bend a gun. For why? If I tore things up and down at the old man's, he'd have it in for me for discomposing his help, and give me the gate for good. Hands ain't plenty on the Chugwater in snow time. Reflecting this, I stopped off at the Lucky Bottom Emporium after a new cravat, for I was dressing high that winter. There I run against the fiddler; and if I'd unloaded my forty-five into him right then I'd 'a' made money. Why, his name alone would 'a' warned me off if I'd had my senses. It was Ignatius. Ignatius! Well, dog my cats!

"I'd seen Ignatius in Deadwood years ago. He was the greatest man with a fiddle in the Black Hills, bar one. That one was me. Oh, I don't blame you for being surprised! I'm as much 'shamed of it as you are, but I was a big chief on a violin in them days, although I'd never let on about it in Lucky Bottom. Now then, here was this Ignatius stranded with his fiddle-case under his arm, and asking me for to winter him. He was a good-looking dago, and he sniveled the way they do. I unbelted for a couple of powders at the bar, and then, sir, the idea struck and left me hands up.

"You see, my kid brother got so drunk once that he enlisted in the cavalry, and was promenaded out to a little one-troop post to lost-and-gone beyond Kootanie. The kid, he smuggled his concertina with him. Do you know what happened? That troop shrunk. Them warriors faded away. Deserted. It's a gospel fact. You take music amongst lonely men who ain't used to it, and it makes 'em want to

travel. Ask cattlemen or soldiers. I knew a nigger with a piccolo who upset labor conditions on the Belle Fourche one summer so we had to hire Mexicans before we spotted the trouble. A piccolo's the worst, 'cause it's kind o' melancholy, but a fiddle's mighty unsettling.

"'Sure!' thinks I, slapping the bar-rail of the Lucky Bottom Emporium. 'I'll slide this here Ignatius into Bailey's outfit for a week, and he'll unwind melodies of despair, continuous. Then the punchers will vacate the locality, and the maid,' says I, 'is mine.'

"Crazy? Yes, indeedy. I was in love. Anyhow, I gets the old man to give this dago a job patching fences, and, without saying too much, I lays out his tunes for him; and then I sits back in the peep-chair and follows the run of the cards.

"Say, it was funny. I thought nothing could be mournfuller than yowling coyotes, but coyotes was a merry fandango alongside of Ignatius. Those boys of Bailey's would gather around that troubadour in dejected attitudes, and just look and look and look. When he tore off 'Annie Laurie,' I felt kind o' like a sheep-herder myself.

"Marden was the first of 'em to quit. One night when Ignatius was cutting the heart out of 'Oh, Promise Me,' this Marden fetches a hollow sound from his chest, and says he'd wished a bracelet onto a girl in the U. P. eating-house at Rawlins, and he guessed he'd pull his freight. Next evening I tipped off the dago to turn loose on the mother music. That's the real stuff, after all—'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.' 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the lullaby out of 'Erminie.' Well, sir, that cinched it. 'Twasn't two days before Scar-nose Beaumont waltzed up to the old man, coughing good, and 'Give me what's coming to me, Mr. Bailey,' he says; 'I ain't seen my folks since Leadville was a camp.'

"That's the way of it. Once you have men going silly, they're like geese; and the tougher the men, the geesier they get. This Beaumont, he was needed by the gallows artists of three States.

"Finally here comes Bailey over to my shack with a face on him long as Sundance Butte.

"'Heffen,' says he, 'my outfit is powerful short-handed. I'm p'intedly being exterminated,' he says.

"'Too bad,' says I, chuckling sideways. 'What do you reckon the cause of this here emigration movement?'

"'I suspicion the dago,' says he.

"'Well,' I says, 'get shut of him.'

"Bailey looked shameful.

"'Have you heard Ignatius rip off 'Heel Trovy-tory'?' says he. 'It's everlasting soothing, and me and Ada's sort of stuck on it.'

"Right there I smelled Injun, and I reared up and had a secret conference with that fiddler behind Bailey's corral.

"'But where'll I go to?' he says.

"'That ain't my business, Ignatius,' says I; 'but go you must before I whale the hide off'n you.'

"'I ain't got a cent,' says he. 'Maybe you can stake me, Mr. Heffren.'

"I was flat broke myself, with buying candy and diamond rings and such kedi-does for the blue-eyed marvel. Ignatius, he snivels.

"'Don't weep,' says I, 'for it's plumb nauseating. Me and you will pull off a musical swarry down to the schoolhouse, and you can pass the hat and accumulate stage fare.'

"'Good,' says Ignatius. 'Now it is time for me to give Miss Ada her music lesson.'

"'Nary lesson,' I says, collaring him. 'You'll go back with me to my tepee, and I'll turn a key on you. If you ever speak to Miss Ada again, you'll be shy considerable epidermis, my Norwegian nightingale!'

"I brought him home with me and locked him up, and then I harnessed my old fiddle and went into private training. Nobody knew I was hot cakes on a violin, and this swarry was just my chance to spring it on 'em. I allowed to round up Lucky Bottom in the schoolhouse, and put it all over that Eyetalian before Ada, so's he wouldn't be in the same reservation with me when it come to a show-down on fiddling. I calculated just to use that Ignatius for a pace-maker.

"The town of Lucky Bottom wasn't more'n a wide place in the road, but it was the most dancingest settlement ever I saw. The folks flocked to that swarry like mosquitoes to a white horse. They boiled into the schoolhouse till it bulged. Outside you couldn't have dug up a inhabitant with a steam shovel. I met old man Bailey at the door.

"'Watch out Ignatius doesn't talk none to Ada,' says I.

"Bailey give a wink. 'You bet,' he says. 'I'll stick to Ada closer'n bacon rind,' he says.

"Abie Kraus, that kept the emporium, he was foreman of the swarry. 'Ladies and gents,' he calls, 'before the grand march there is to be a musical mess on

fiddles by Professor Ignatius of Paris, France, and Mr. John Heffren, Esquire, of Lucky Bottom. Hats off!'

"The dago hopped the platform and lit in. 'Peared to me he was gun shy, or something. He just trotted through the 'Chickadee Polka' as wobbly as a tender-footed pony in a cactus patch. Presently the boys begun to waft to the door, and 'twasn't long before twenty Lucky Bottomers was outside rolling cigarettes and talking cow. Even old man Bailey and Ada begun to paw and look restless. I laughed. This was going to be easy. I could make medicine with a fiddle that would hold the bunch indoors till sun-up, if I needed.

"And did I? You can speculate I did. I knew what them Lucky Bottomers wanted. Those short-horns didn't want no 'Chickadee Polka,' but 'The Maiden's Prayer,' and that intermezzo what-a-pity out of 'Rusticana.' Them's the goods when you really aim to throw people. I swells out my bosom, and says I to my fool self: 'Here is where none of these mavericks leaves the room till I onropes 'em,' and with that I cut in to sod down the dago.

"Well, sir, I had 'em in one spin of the wheel. They packed around that platform tighter'n calves in a branding chute. Old man Bailey was in the front row, and the tears was on his face big as flapjacks. Me, I was proud! I turned loose 'Rock of Ages' and looked up at the clock. I'd held the herd six minutes, and I swore to make it twenty, and then unblanket my 'Suwanee River' stock, which I reasoned was good for ten minutes more. 'This is the freeze-out of Signor Ignatius,' says I, bearing down till the catgut screamed murder. 'This is where I bury Ig so deep the prairie dogs will be up-stairs to him!'

"You wouldn't 'a' blamed me if you'd saw the schoolroom. The whole of Lucky Bottom that night was dangling on the end of my fiddle bow. We'd 'a' been there yet if a string hadn't burst in the middle of 'Weep No More, My Lady.' But it was thirty-two minutes then.

"The crowd gave a moan like cattle waking up in the morning watch. Old man Bailey came out of his trance and rubbed his eyes.

"'Where's Ada?' he mumbles.

"'Anybody seen Ada Bailey?' says Kraus.

"I jumps up on a chair. 'Where's the dago?' I yells. 'Where's Professor Ignatius of Paris, France?' and a tumultuous moment thereupon ensued."

My friend Heffren arose slowly from the bed, and I passed him the water-pitcher in sympathetic silence.

"Eloped?" I ventured.

John nodded. "There was a letter for me pinned onto the schoolhouse door," he continued. "It read: 'Dear Friend—Would say that you sure can hold an audience. No more at present from yours till death, Ignatius. P. S. Ada sends love.'"

He replaced the pitcher with elaborate care, and slouched across our bedroom to the window.

"They'd drove off our horses," he said. "They must 'a' been doing that about the time I was enchanting the old man and the rest into innocuous desuetude with 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Well, they was over the Little Smoky before we caught 'em, and by that they was married. It turned out all right. The professor's got a steady job at the Orpheum in Cheyenne, and he treats her fine. If he didn't, I'd make holes in him!"

The open door of the Senate Saloon shone dully on the opposite side of the street, and out of it drifted the tremulous wailing of a violin. Heffren grabbed his pistol from the table, but I protested.

"One measly shot!" he begged. "I despise 'em so!"

I was obdurate.

"If you could 'a' tasted Ada's tarts!" sighed John Heffren.

Edward Boltwood.

On Babies' Row.

I.

In the season when the great houses are occupied, when silk and lace hangings flutter behind their long windows, when awnings from the doors to the carriage steps are a daily sight, and the cream-colored calves of motionless footmen seem carved along the curb, then Babies' Row has its period of pride. The most magnificent nursemaids of Murray Hill pace its sunny stretch, rejoicing in the breadth of the avenue, which does not know shadow on its east side until the sun is entirely gone, rejoicing in its quiet, for only a subdued murmur comes from the tunnel beneath, where the cars run.

The first time that Teddy's wanderings brought him so far toward the west, he was greatly impressed with Babies' Row. Its quiet, its sunshine, its little park-like patches above the subway, the smiling grandeur of its houses, the gaiety of its afternoon parade, all appealed to

him deeply. And Teddy was a connoisseur in the matter of babies' requirements. He had not been caretaker-in-chief to three younger brothers and sisters without a code of practise which had at least the merit of being the result of experience.

Shortly after his discovery of this paradisaical spot, Teddy came lumbering over to the avenue one afternoon with the youngest baby in his arms. The youngest baby was the only one remaining of the infant brood of Quinlans. The others had not thriven in the air of the tenement. Teddy had bewailed their loss as if they were not the despots of his life. He was eleven now, and ever since he was four he had been "minding baby," while his mother went out to clean and his father indiscriminately labored, drank, or retired to "the island" at the behest of justice. But though his days had been spent in bondage to the "kids," he seldom realized his slavery. His affections twined around the poor little pasty lumps of humanity who fluttered and piteously cried themselves into dirty, toddling, crawling childhood, and then fluttered and piteously cried themselves out of the unlovely world.

Teddy's visit to Babies' Row was disconcerting. The crisp nurses had laughed shrilly at him, except the superior "graduated" ones who rolled their charges swiftly out of the way of possible contagion. The children who were old enough to stalk by their guardians' sides, brave visions in fur tippets and quilted hoods, in reefers of amazing shortness and leggings of amazing length, showed a spirit partly friendly, partly inquisitive, toward the small boy with the chapped, cracked hands, the frosty little face, and the big bundle of dingy clothing out of which a baby's face appeared. But altogether his reception had not encouraged Teddy to repeat his excursion.

To-day, however, the memory of the place was strong upon him. He had just come home from his mother's funeral. The stifling drive from the Long Island cemetery had made his head ache. His father had been maudlinly affectionate, alternately weeping and drinking from a bottle. His aunt had volubly bewailed the fact that "she had so many of her own that she couldn't take the childer home wid her"; and there had been talk of asylums. Teddy had sat in the black gloom of the carriage, not crying, for all his tears were exhausted, too faint even to glory in the unwonted importance and magnificence of his position.

At home they had all sat awhile in the neat kitchen—cleaned by the neighbors during their absence. Then gradually the group of mourners had melted away. The elder Quinlan had stumbled out of the house. The baby had cried fretfully on the bed; the heat had throbbed, and the summer roar and the summer stench had come in through the open windows and the open doors. Then Teddy had be-thought himself of Babies' Row, its amplitude and quiet.

When finally he and the baby arrived. Teddy was surprised at the desertion of the block. The sun beat upon the asphalt, the summer dust blew in swirls through the wide street. Not a nursery maid walked upon it; there was no perambulator, nor baby, in all its length. The brown-stone houses presented closed and forbidding fronts.

It was none too cool, even on the shady side of the street. Teddy, drowsy from grief, from the noise and sleeplessness of a two nights' wake, from heat and the languor of long ill-nourishment, nodded over the baby, who sucked a sugar bag and occasionally varied the humming monotony of the summer silence with a cry. Then patient Ted would arouse himself, dandle the infant into peace again, and once more doze.

In one of his more wakeful spells, his eyes traveled along the row and took dull note of the entrances to the areaways. That of a house two doors beyond him was certainly ajar. Teddy scanned the house itself; it was as uninhabited as the rest of the street. It occurred to him that within the basement entrance there would be more coolness than here on the steps; that there would be security from prying eyes and question, and that if sleep did claim him entirely, as it threatened to, he and the baby would be safe in that darker shelter. So he arose, shouldered his bundle, and staggered to the half open area door.

The Frelinghuysens' caretaker, spending a day with her niece at Fordham, was at that very moment remarking:

"I left everything safe an' tight as a fiddle, me dear, so if it should come up a storm I could spend the night here an' never give it a thought. Any way, there's alarms at all the back windows, an' where's the burglar would be ringin' the front door-bell with Keefe special watchman for the block? Yes, Mollic, a glass of lemonade I could relish."

Teddy had closed the wooden door upon himself by this time, had fastened the iron grille, and had converted the mat

into a crib for his charge. Then he himself stretched out, and in the dim, sunless corner fell profoundly asleep.

II.

It was eight o'clock when Robert Frelinghuysen ascended the steps to his front door. He had dined at the club, where he had also ordered a room on his arrival in town. But the club was by no means deserted; he had met half a dozen men whom he knew in the two hours he had been there, and it had suddenly occurred to him to go to his own house in search of the seclusion he had come to New York to find, away from that noisy house-party at the Farms. His front door was not boarded, and he entered easily. He closed it after him, and went up-stairs to the library. He opened the windows, and sat near them. There was no light in the room; he could think better in the darkness.

Marcelle wanted to leave him. They had been married twelve years, and she wanted to leave him! He could not altogether blame her. Did they have an idea in common? How many they had thought they had, how many tastes, ideas! Well, that had been a mistake. He didn't care for her poets and her music and her esthetics and her preciousness generally. And she—how she loathed his racing and his dogs and his friends! It had been one of his friendships that had started the dissension, years ago—his liking for that little Winters woman, the best horse-woman, the best shot—and yes, she could tell a smoking-room story, too, an expurgated one, of course, but still—

And Marcelle had set up a poet as a retaliatory measure—a little bounder, he called the fellow; but a lot of women had gone a bit daffy over him. And then the boy was born, and there was a reconciliation, and the weeks that followed had been the happiest of his life. And then—

He groaned in the darkness. It had been hideous, as Marcelle said. It was better for them to separate than to squabble any longer, better to part before hatred had utterly poisoned their lives. The thing to do was to make as decent and dignified a thing of the situation as possible, to separate with as little scandal. Perhaps Marcelle would want to marry again some time—she was only thirty-four, and a mighty fine-looking girl—

"Well, I'm hanged if she shall!" he cried in sudden fury.

Then he fought down the devil of an-

tipitatory jealousy that surged through him hotly. Why should he deny her any freedom she might wish to claim?

It seemed to him that he heard a creaking board in the room below. To be sure—there was a caretaker on the premises. He must see the old woman before long, and unearth some of the comforts of home in the shape of sheets. But what on earth was that squalling? How long had it been piercing his ears? He felt suddenly that for quite half an hour a baby's lusty yells had been knocking against his ears for recognition. The caretaker hadn't a baby, had she? And this outcry seemed to come from the street.

He looked out of the window. The street lay almost deserted in the white light of the electric bulbs. At a distant corner he saw a policeman standing. To the north, the glitter of the great station flashed upon the night. And from the bowels of the earth beneath him came those frightened, iron-lunged yells.

"Confound the woman!" he said. "That infernal uproar is in the front of this house. She was Marcelle's old nurse—she can't have a baby. Perhaps she's running a boarding-house!"

The screams demanded investigation, and he started downward. It seemed to him that the stairs ahead of him creaked in the darkness, that there was a swish of skirts upon them. The old woman, probably, going to choke the baby, as it so richly deserved. He followed the faint sounds of the feminine advance, and they and the crying of the child brought him to the area-way.

He struck a match in the front hall of the basement. The electricity was not on, he remembered. He lit a gas-jet, and caught the gleam of a silk skirt vanishing into the rearing beyond the door.

Teddy, shut in, was shouting for help; the baby was bellowing; and a woman, young and good-looking, was pleading as she fumbled with the locks and catches:

"Oh, hush, children, hush, and we'll all get out safely. Sh—oh, he's coming!"

"He won't hurt you," Teddy gravely began to assure her.

Then she screamed, but there was no more fear in her cry.

"Marcelle!" said the man.

"Oh, Bob, to think of it's being you all the time! I thought I smelled cigar-smoke the minute I went in at the front door. And I was afraid to stir out of the reception room. I've been sitting at the window, waiting for help to pass—a policeman or some one I could call in!"

"What are you doing in town?"

"I wanted to think—here at home. I couldn't with that noisy crowd around us at the Farms."

"It's a quiet place we've chosen for thought," laughed her husband, for the baby continued its cries, and Teddy ceaselessly droned an explanation.

Somehow they all came in again. Somehow Teddy induced them to listen to his asseverations that he was doing no harm. Somehow his pinched, old, little face spoke more eloquently than he; and somehow the baby, the soiled baby drinking the caretaker's milk in greedy gulps from the spoon Marcelle held to its lips, told a moving tale.

"Do you know what I'm thinking, Bob?" she began suddenly. "I'm thinking we forgot our boy!"

"That was what I was thinking, Marcelle," Robert answered soberly. "Somehow this—" He waved his hand vaguely toward his guests, and his voice broke. He had small gift of words.

"I know," said the more fluent Marcelle. "You mean—"

Then her voice broke, too, and she hid her eyes against the baby's dirty cape.

"We've been pretending life's all skittles," Bob interpreted laboriously. "And it ain't. It's—this. If we came down to realities, Marcie, maybe—"

And then Teddy interrupted Marcelle's embrace of her spouse with a warning: "Look out, ma'am, you'll drop baby!"

III.

AMONG the persons who have never been heard to criticize Mrs. Robert Frelinghuysen's sudden entrance into a small philanthropy of her own are Ted and his brother. Mr. Quinlan, however, weeps in his cups over the black crime of which she was guilty in "breakin' up a happy home an' settin' a son against a father."

Anne O'Hagan.

In Summer-time.

I.

POLLY was undeniably cross. What was worse, she showed it quite plainly. What was still more reprehensible was the fact that she had openly rebelled against her mother.

"It is not one bit of use trying to persuade me, mamma; I am not going with you. I am tired of dresses and balls and gossip. Women make me weary, and men bore me to death," she had said.

At this her sister stopped eating chocolates long enough to observe:

"No one would ever think it, seeing you last night!"

This remark Polly very wisely ignored.

"If you are not going with us, where are you going?" asked her mother in a resigned and hopeless manner.

"I am going out on a—farm," announced Miss Polly in defiant tones.

"Farm!" echoed Mrs. McElroy with a shocked and unbelieving air. "Why, child, you will have no comfort and absolutely *no society*," and she stopped, unable to proceed further from lack of words to express that doleful condition.

"But, mamma, you don't understand. The one thing I want to avoid is society. Comforts are a secondary consideration. I want to get out in the woods, away from people and—and—everything."

"Does 'everything' mean Bobby Leigh or doesn't it?" soliloquized her sister, not knowing that Polly had told Mr. Leigh, the night before, that she hoped she would never see him again.

"Well," said her mother, with the air of one who has discovered a duck among her chickens, "I suppose you will do as you like. I am thankful that Mamie is a sensible girl and not likely to go off on any such tangent. But what I shall insist on—*insist on*, mind you"—and she tried her best to bring her plump, good-natured face into something at least resembling severity—"is a chaperon."

When she delivered this ultimatum, Polly, who had recovered her temper, irreverently giggled.

"I will take Aunt Milly," said she, and giggled again. Aunt Milly was Mrs. McElroy's maiden sister, and a more irresponsible chaperon one could hardly select. Place her in a chair and thrust a piece of Battenberg into her hands, and she was settled for the day. "Aunt Milly will really do beautifully; besides, it will make no difference out there on a farm, any way," Polly went on, somewhat incoherently. "Take Mamie, go and enjoy yourself. Take your outing on the hotel piazza if it pleases you, and never mind me."

"Well," said Mrs. McElroy again, helplessly. "do as you like, although why any girl wants to bury—"

Here Polly kissed her mother squarely on the mouth, and successfully stopped any further adverse remarks.

So Miss Pauline McElroy, called Polly by her intimates, had her own way, as she generally did. While her mother and sister, with innumerable trunks, went in one direction, she put a quantity of shirt-waists, a few walking skirts, and

a supply of new novels in her trunk and went in another, with her chaperon tucked under her arm, so to speak.

II.

As she leaned back in the buggy, on the drive from the station to her boarding-place, and dreamily watched the moving picture of undulating fields of grain, of farm-house and wood, of tangled stretches of tall bushes and wild undergrowth unfold before her, Polly breathed a soft sigh. Was it of content or of regret?

The next morning, after having enscenced her aunt on the piazza with a new novel, she went in speech of Mrs. Wilson, her landlady, being guided to the kitchen by the noise of rattling dishes.

"Have you other boarders, Mrs. Wilson?" she said.

"No, we ain't got no other boarders. My husband's nephew come yesterday, but he ain't no boarder."

"I am glad," said Polly. "I want to be alone. How do I get to the lake?"

"Jest you follow that road there a ways, and you'll see a path startin' out from it. Follow that and it'll take you right down to the lake."

Polly started bare-headed, with a parasol for shade. Everything was so still, so quiet, so restful. Wafted to her on a gentle wind came the delicate perfume of sweet clover. Walking along the road before her, an old hen led her brood of fluffy yellow and brown chicks, peeping their interest and pleasure. Across the fence a Jersey cow gazed at her with gentle, beautiful eyes. Along the side of the road little dots of red were gleaming in the bushes. On investigation they proved to be raspberries.

"The dear, sophisticated things!" said Polly. "They never saw a pint box or a grocer's window. Why did I never come to the real country before?"

She gathered a handful of the berries and ate them as she walked along. The path, starting off from the road, led her through overhanging trees; through tall ferns and low bushes; and through tangles of wild grape-vine, loaded with green fruit. When she finally emerged on the shore of the lake, her hands were filled with blossoms.

Seeing a boat beached a little farther down, she made her way to it through the underbrush and long grass, and, dropping her flowers in the bottom, sat down. How peaceful, how delightful, how perfect it all was! Stretching a

white arm down through the shallow water, she turned over a stone on the pebbly bottom. A crab scuttled out and made off with all the strength of his numerous legs. With a sigh of contentment she opened her book, but did not read. Instead, she leaned back and watched a squirrel running along from tree to tree.

"How beautiful it all is!" she said. "At this moment Mamie is probably on dress parade, with mamma an admiring spectator; while Bobby—is probably making love to some other girl!"

Suddenly there was a commotion among the bushes, and a tall young man, with a pair of oars over his shoulder, stood before her. Polly stared at him in amazement.

"Bobby!" she exclaimed.

"Polly!" he ejaculated.

"May I ask where you came from, Mr. Leigh?" said Polly coldly, recovering herself.

"I was about to ask the same of you," he answered stiffly.

"I am boarding here," she said.

"I am visiting my uncle," said Bobby.

"Did you know I was here?"

"On the contrary, I came here expressly to avoid you."

"Oh!" ejaculated Polly.

"Yes, it sounds very ungallant to say so, but it is the truth," he asserted.

This statement had a dampening effect on Polly. She had been looking at the matter from her point of view, and thought she had a grievance against Bobby. To be suddenly switched around to his point of view, and to discover that he had a grievance against her, was disconcerting, to say the least.

"I suppose this is your boat," she said after a pause.

"It is not my boat, to be exact, but it is the boat I was intending to use."

"Do you want me to get out?" asked Polly.

"Pray suit yourself, Miss McElroy!"

"I think I'll stay," she said, smiling wickedly. "Of course, if you came here purposely to avoid me, you won't expect me to make myself agreeable."

"Certainly not," said Bobby. "You will simply take the place of ballast."

"Where are you going?"

"To get some minnows for fishing."

Silence for the space of five minutes, while they got well under way.

"It is rather pleasant being ballast," said Polly demurely. "But I thought you did not need ballast in rowboats."

"It is not strictly necessary," admit-

ted Bobby, "but it is, sometimes, very pleasant—to look at."

Another silence, during which Bobby glanced furtively at her several times. She had evidently forgotten that she had tucked a couple of yellow daisies in her dark hair. They made her look so distractingly pretty that he found it exceedingly difficult to preserve his stoical demeanor. He was not quite sure whether to rail at fate for placing him in the way of temptation again, or to rejoice at his good fortune.

They arrived at the shady nook where minnows were most abundant. Bobby made ready his tiny line and pole, while Polly sat watching him.

"Can't I fish, too?" she asked.

He cut a little switch for her, to which he attached a line, hook, and bait. The latter she gently lowered into the water, and sat watching the little fish. They circled round her bait, darting off, then back again, but never biting.

"I thought they liked worms," said Polly at last, in an aggrieved tone.

"They do," said Bobby, "but they are afraid."

"Of what?"

"Afraid of the tempting morsel. You know it conceals a hook. Poor little duffers, I don't blame them. I know just how they feel."

"You never wriggled on a hook," said Polly airily.

"Something very like it," said Bobby, with a quick look at her.

"When you have minnows enough, if you don't mind, I think I'll go back to the other side," said Polly stiffly.

Dead silence for a time.

"Where are you boarding?" asked Bobby, with a polite desire to make conversation, as he unhooked a minnow.

"At Mrs. Wilson's. And you?"

"With my uncle, Mr. Wilson," said Bobby.

"Are you the nephew?" inquired Polly.

"Are you the boarder?" ejaculated Bobby.

They looked at each other in surprised silence for a moment. Then Bobby chuckled audibly, while Polly struggled with a like desire.

"It is no use to struggle against fate, Polly. When she selects us two from a whole city-full and puts us up here together, it means something," said Bobby.

"I believe it does," said Polly.

And Mr. Robert Leigh came down to Miss Pauline McElroy's end of the boat.

Lavon C. Cheney.

LITERARY CHAT

A BALLADE OF SUMMER READING.

Ethics, your kin and clan, away!
 Begone, philosophy, likewise!
 I wish no pedant strutting gray
 Before me when the landscape lies
 A radiant dream of paradise
 That soaring song and sunbeams fill!
 For me no tome of gloomy guise
 In summer by the murmuring rill!

With gallant Sidney would I stray
 Beneath the blue Arcadian skies;
 With Spenser take my questing way,
 An errant knight of high emprise;
 Hear Herrick lilt of smiles and sighs—
 Gay dweller on Parnassus hill—
 Or Suckling's lyric laughter rise,
 In summer by the murmuring rill.

Keats would I have—the lovely lay
 Of *Madeline*, the maid who flies
 Beneath the lonely midnight ray;
 Or those romancers who devise
 Delights of deep and devious dyes
 With such extraordinary skill
 That time is as a bound that hies
 In summer by the murmuring rill.

ENVOY.

But, Sylvia, dearest do I prize—
 It gives me such a pleasant thrill—
 The merry volume of your eyes,
 In summer by the murmuring rill!

"THE STONE OF DESTINY"—A peculiar novel by a member of New York's famous Four Hundred.

Owing partly to its incoherence in plot, and partly to its obscurity of style, Mrs. Clarence Mackay's novel, "*The Stone of Destiny*," fails either to interest or to convince.

The story concerns the ideas—not the acts—of three characters. The three are *Theodora*, a model mother, who, we suspect, was intended to eclipse that most beautiful of studies in modern maternity, *Lady Calmady*; *Theodor*, her son, a tiresome and prosy youth; and *Margaret*, an unlucky young woman whom *Theodor*, in spite of her struggles, hypnotizes into marrying him.

Theodor has made the discovery that the poor are handicapped in the race of life by the fact of their poverty. Filled with this profound truth, he starts a school for the poor children of his village. *Margaret* will take no interest in his plans; she has no feeling for others; and in spite of *Theodor's* prosings, or perhaps on account of them, the two grow farther apart.

One afternoon, as *Theodor* enters the drawing-room, he hears *Margaret* dismissing a lover, because, although she has no feeling of duty toward her husband, yet her little girl is growing up, and she feels that she cannot come back to the child with her lover's "kisses still burning on her mouth."

This calm declaration brings *Theodor* down to earth. Plunging into the room, he delivers a short address to the erring man, who hears him through politely and leaves at its conclusion. Then *Theodor* takes *Margaret* by the hand, and leads her into the garden, where his mother and the children are seated.

The mother looked into her son's eyes and read his victory there. He knelt down beside her chair and laid his head against her breast. *Theodora* folded her arms around him as if he were a child.

Her eyes closed, and she thought she was standing at the end of a long, hard road. And behold, she was upon the summit of the mountain. Her soul and her son's soul met, and his voice, which sounded strangely like a dearly beloved voice silenced long ago, murmured tenderly: "There is no retribution, for I am the Compensation."

And in this supreme moment of victory *Theodora's* spirit passed on beyond this world, and *Theodor* held his mother's lifeless form against his heart.

Certain reviewers assure us that there is much mystic significance in this book. If that be so, it is a pity that it has not been made a little clearer. The allegories are so allegorical that they are unintelligible. The ethical significance upon which these critics insist seems to be that the rich owe a duty to the poor—a doctrine not entirely novel in these days.

The scene of the story is laid in Tournaine, we are told. As far as atmosphere and color go, it might as well have been Tompkinsville. The same unreality pervades the characters, who seem merely mouthpieces for the dissemination of the

author's views, and entirely without any personality of their own.

The whole book is marked by that lack of unity which so often stamps the work of a beginner. It is dull as a novel, and worthless as an ethical study.

A DARTMOOR STORY—Eden Phillpotts has written another tale of his favorite corner of England.

Specialization is the order of the day, in letters as well as in other pursuits. The late George Gissing wrote of London, James Lane Allen confines himself to Kentucky, and Henry Harland to Italy. Devon, particularly the Dartmoor region of Devon, is the happy hunting-ground of Eden Phillpotts, the growth of whose literary reputation during recent years has been slow but steady. He is entitled to rank, to-day, as one of the strongest of the younger English writers; although it must be admitted that he has as yet failed to disprove the justice of the charge of a certain lack of dramatic quality.

"The American Prisoner," his latest story, shows the merits as well as the shortcomings of its predecessors; but there is evident in it a commendable effort to reach out and touch the broader, fuller life of the great outside world. This the author achieves, despite the unity of scene consistently preserved throughout, by means of the introduction of the great naval prison established on Dartmoor during the War of 1812. The hero of the tale, *Cecil Stark* of Vermont, is one of some thousands of American seamen, the crews of captured vessels, who were confined there.

The story might have been improved had it been shortened by one fourth, for though the latter part of it is exciting enough, the early and middle chapters are over-full. It is told in the lucid, pleasant, and poetic style that is characteristic of the "successor to Thomas Hardy," as Mr. Phillpotts has been called.

ADE ON SOCIETY—The Western Aesop exercises his wit on a target that many satirists have belabored.

The latter-day philosophy is not couched in the language of Emerson, but in that of the streets. It is none the less wisdom, however, as a perusal of George Ade's "Breaking into Society" proves. Mr. Ade's satire is as keen and

his hits as palpable as if they were clothed in the most polished language, and there is hardly a note in the scale of our civilization that he has not at one time or another struck and made resonant by the force of his wit.

When he says that "New York is the Home of the expensive Meal-Ticket," he is stating in picturesque words a familiar and melancholy truth. When he declares that "Social Recognition has a high Rating because there are only a few Shares on the Market, and not because it pays Dividends," he touches the root of social exclusiveness.

Among many subjects, skilfully treated, it is hard to select one as better than another, but he shows a wonderful knowledge of young men and maidens in "The Coming Out Girl," wherein he describes, from the girl's point of view, the treatment suitable for the College Boy, the Bachelor with the Tremolo Voice, and the Lonesome Married Man. He characterizes the latter as "a Sad Affair. He is trying to sneak a Return Trip on the Flirtation Route after he has lost his Ticket."

The late George Lanigan was the first American writer who used the old fable form in modern dress. Mr. Ade has borrowed the idea, but the treatment is all his own. His work is thoroughly original, his wit keen and trenchant.

"THE LAND OF CONTRASTS"—The thousand-and-first English traveler to record his impressions of America is Sir Philip Burne-Jones.

For the last seventy-five years, ever since Mrs. Trollope wrote her book on America, our ways and manners have been the subject of many criticisms, ranging from Sir Lepel Griffin's sour malignity through a lessening degree of ill-nature, until Mr. Muirhead's clever volume, "The Land of Contrasts" represents us in colors which we fondly hope are true. But it has been reserved for Sir Philip Burne-Jones, in his "Dollars and Democracy," to reach a height of magnanimity unattained heretofore by any English writer on America.

Sir Philip—an artist, and the son of a much more famous artist—was in this country for a year, and his book is a pleasant record of his experiences during that time, but it may go hard with him in his native land when his fellow-countrymen read that he approves both of steam heat and of ice-water!

Of course there is much left with which to find fault—for instance, the justly dreaded American child, our crowded cars, our hustling propensities, and the lack of cabs. This last is a bitter grievance to the traveling Briton, who can believe in the safety of his belongings only when he is surrounded by them, and who considers a brass check a poor exchange for his "boxes." Most of these, it must be admitted, are legitimate wrongs; and there is every probability that they will last for some time, and so console the carping foreigner for the loss of what may be called the cornerstones of his critical fabric.

When it is added that Sir Philip finds the Americans cleaner than the English, it would appear that the limit has been reached, and that the next American institution to be introduced into Great Britain will be lynch law!

MARK TWAIN IN ITALY—In his Florentine villa he is still talking on the copyright question.

Mark Twain has lived all over his own country, has toured the world, has sojourned in Austria and England, and last winter found him quartered in Italy—at the Villa di Quarto, near Florence, in the midst of Tuscan gardens and surrounded by a stone wall.

Not only does Mr. Clemens like Italy, but he likes the Italian peasantry, and has taken a great interest in their language, though he admits that his conversations with his neighbors have largely been carried on in dumb show. At the same time, he has lost none of his enthusiasm for his former hobbies, and an interviewer found him, though suffering from rheumatism brought on by the chilly rains of the Florentine winter, still ready to talk about Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and the copyright law.

Mark Twain is one of the veterans of the copyright war. He has fought battles in America and England, has crossed swords with Congressmen and Commoners. He holds that a man should have as clear a title to the product of his brains as he has to his real estate. The humorist's position has met with astonished opposition on the ground that a book, unlike real estate, is made valuable by an idea; to which he has replied that real estate, too, frequently owes its value to an idea. It takes a good many ideas of the right kind, he argues, to buy the property which will net a fortune, and to

avoid that which isn't worth its taxes. He hopes yet to see the day when the copyright of a book will no more "expire" than the title-deeds of a house.

It is interesting to recall that some fifteen years ago, when Kipling, then a correspondent for an Indian paper, interviewed Mark Twain, the humorist discussed this same "burning copyright question."

AMERICAN TASTE—Its trend, in literature, seems to be toward contemporary American subjects.

In literature, as in most lines, the taste of the American public is fickle and quick to change. This is especially noticeable as compared to the more or less static standards of the older nations, which brought forth literary giants when America was still in its swaddling clothes. It is only within the last ten years that we may be said to have discovered our own history, and to have turned away from foreign subjects to write about our own past. Up to that time we had nourished ourselves almost exclusively on European pabulum, served up in most cases by English writers. Within this short period, however, a complete revolution in taste has taken place, and to-day the demand is inexorably for American "stuff" to the consequent gain of native writers. It is no longer for the historical novel of a few years ago, but instead for the novel treating of contemporary life and events, notably those of the business world.

This is a healthy sign, showing an awakening to our importance as a nation in the world. Unfortunately, however, the evolution is marked by the undue haste which characterizes American life. We are always eager to hurry on to some new promised land without stopping long enough to cultivate thoroughly that already conquered by our vanguard.

The feverish haste to discover new fields lies deeper than in the personal character of our writers. It is to be attributed rather to a general restlessness and instability in the nation, and this it is which thwarts the endeavors of the individual or of a school of writers who may strive to produce a complete picture, or "*Comédie Humaine*" of American life. Like Proteus of old, hardly has it manifested itself in one form before it is ready to assume another. Hence the blight of evanescence upon most of our contemporary fiction.

The curious observer of this phenomenon of constant change in literary taste may ask himself to what new field of exploitation our writers will next turn in their search for novelty. It is not difficult to suggest one possible answer. Socialism in the broad sense, the relation of the individual to the state and to his fellow-men as citizens, a more just distribution of the world's goods—these are the problems whose broad treatment at the hands of the fictionist promises a wide audience and a liberal reward. Brotherhood is the note of the future.

"MY MAMIE ROSE"—A true story of East Side life written by an East Side author.

"My Mamie Rose," a story of life on the East Side of New York, is the personal experience of its author, Owen Kildare, who has lived there all his life, and was thirty years old before he learned to read.

Kildare, an orphan from birth, was taken in charge by an Irish pair, who treated him kindly; but when he was seven years old his adopted father took to drink, and the boy was turned out on the street to shift for himself. Then began a strange career. At first he sold newspapers; as he grew bigger and stronger he became a prize-fighter, next a "chucker-out" in a saloon, and finally he sank to the level of a corner loafer.

Then came the turning-point in his life. An insult was offered to a young girl by one of his own "gang" as they stood on the sidewalk in front of the saloon which was their headquarters. The girl turned and looked scornfully at her tormentors, and Kildare says:

I could almost feel, when her look fell on me, the bodily sensation of something snapping or becoming released within me.

He knocked the loafer down, and offered to escort the girl for a couple of blocks. That was the beginning of Kildare's salvation. The girl became his friend, taught him to read and write, and before long they were engaged. A week before the day set for their wedding she died, and Kildare was left to continue the struggle upward unaided.

A prize offered by an evening paper for the best true love story led him to write an account of his own. He was successful, and since then has earned his bread by working for the press. As he says himself, his style has no merit, but the mani-

fest truth of what he writes has a certain appeal to his readers. As a sociological study "My Mamie Rose" is encouraging, as a testimony to the regenerating power of human affection it is touching.

WANTED, A WORD—Something to disarm the critics whose own experience is their measure of the "real."

Nothing convinces one so thoroughly of the need of an enlarged critical nomenclature as the charge of "unreality" constantly flung at books and plays. The belief seems to be deeply ingrained that whatever comes under the once elastic head of "novel" must conform to a certain set of rules, and that everything which takes place on the other side of the footlights must be of a certain mold.

"Yes," said a man grudgingly after a performance of Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," "yes, it was delightful. But it was unreasonable. Who ever heard of—" and so on.

"Ah!" triumphed his interlocutor, "but Barrie himself calls it a fantasy!" Whereupon the critic was subdued. It was merely a proper definition that he wanted.

So it is with books. The amateur critic, sometimes even the professional one, will admit that so-and-so is charming; that it has held him enthralled for hours, that its atmosphere is soothing, its conversation stimulating, and all its qualities admirable.

"But the whole thing's absurd, of course," he will conclude. "No family was ever so devoted as that. No such string of coincidences ever occurred."

But whence came the conviction that the novel must put no greater strain upon the credulity than the chronicle of happenings across the street? What authority has declared that the limit of our enjoyment of good fiction must be the limit of our actual experience? Are we to deny the title to every tale in which we cannot check off incident and character and scene as corresponding to incident and character and scene in our own knowledge?

He will be a real benefactor who will prepare a list of words like the "fantasy" with which the astute Mr. Barrie forestalled criticism. "Romance" has been given over to the swashbucklers; what are needed are words which, while describing a work as fiction, will not prescribe its mold. In this way it might escape criticism, though it were as un-

real as our old fairy stories, provided that it seemed as plausible in the reading; and though it were as artificial as the simplicity of Marie Antoinette, provided only that it were as graceful and charming.

"THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE"—
Senator Beveridge's interesting but
not very accurate book on Muscovite
expansion in Asia.

Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana, was lucky in publishing his book on "The Russian Advance" at a time when the attention of the civilized world is focused upon the far east. He was unlucky in having written it—it being just what it is—shortly before the present war demonstrated once more how perilous is the vocation of a self-appointed prophet.

"The Russian Advance" contains much that is interesting and much that is instructive, though its value is impaired by its lack of systematic arrangement, and still more seriously by the absence of an index. It records the superficial impressions of a clever traveler, not the digested information of a student. Two maps are printed with it. One, apparently intended as a comparison of Russia's vast territory with that of her neighbors, is utterly misleading. The projection used is Mercator's, which, as every schoolboy knows, distorts relative areas beyond recognition. Applied to North America, it makes the United States look like an insignificant appendage to a colossal Canada.

The other map is worse than misleading, being full of serious and palpable errors. For instance, it extends the Russia of the tenth century to the Baltic, which the Muscovites did not reach until seven hundred years later. On the other hand, the Vladivostok littoral, ceded by China in 1858, is marked as having been acquired previous to 1809. Indeed, it gives the comparatively tiny provinces of Khiva, Bokhara, and Batoum as the only annexations of the last ninety-five years—a curious contradiction of Mr. Beveridge's enthusiasm over the rapid growth of the empire of the Czars.

The Indiana Senator manifests himself as a great admirer of Russia, a firm believer in her practically resistless power. Some recent events must have surprised him. Admiral Alexieff, for example, impressed him as a man "of almost abnormal alertness. When one who had come to take the measure of this man

departs," he adds, "he will find this one expression repeating itself again and again: 'Equipped—well equipped.'" That is not what most people are saying to-day of the man whose extraordinary lack of foresight seems to have been the chief cause of his countrymen's disasters. But the Senator talks continually of Russia's "subtle yet solid and masterful advance," and tells how she "holds every foot of Manchuria in her firm, masterful, intelligent grasp." The present war is not over, and its ultimate issue no man can safely predict, but it has gone far enough to demonstrate that the Muscovite power is less "solid and masterful" than its admirers supposed.

Strangest of all, perhaps, in view of the events of this year, is Senator Beveridge's observation that Japan is hampered by a defective form of government, "which prevents her from making adequate preparation," while "Russia, on the other hand, takes her measures far in advance." This comparison reads almost ludicrously a few months after it was written.

It is a perilous thing, as we have said, to set up as a political and military prophet!

COUNTRY AND CITY MOUSE—
The perennial discussion as to the
proper literary environment.

What the question of the increase of the cocktail habit among women is to the Sunday supplement, that of city *versus* country as an abode for writers is to the minor literary journals. It marks the "silly season" after all the Christmas books have been reviewed and the winter crop of "American Dickensens" forgotten. It has recently been discussed in one New York periodical in a manner to increase the value of country real estate, and to make the suburban literary colony at Bronxville swell with pride and the consciousness of superiority.

In the city, the periodical declares, the writer suffers grievously:

That which marked him distinctive is rubbed off—writing which was once the spontaneous expression of something within himself, becomes deliberate, has a consciousness of its value, and partakes of the sophistication of the town. It is true that masses of clever, opportune, carefully prepared and vastly entertaining work come from the city writers. But where among it all is the thing that shall live?

Shakespeare left the murmuring peace of the Avon for the press of horses at the old Globe Theater doors in London. The pavements of that great city echo still with the steps of Thackeray making

his way from house to house and from club to club, with those of Dickens in old inn-yards and along the wharfs. Carlyle came from the quiet of Dumfriesshire to the aggravations of London before he did any great work. Every day, for years and years, Lamb sat at a desk in the India House. The Brownings were Londoners and poets before they went to Italy. Fielding was a London newspaper man in the beginning of his career. Swift, Dryden, Johnson, Goldsmith—was it in sylvan retreats or in the heart of the pulsing city that they did their work?

Dante himself was a man of affairs, busied on embassies between Rome and Florence, working for United Italy, the "first Italian." Balzac wrote in Paris; so did Molière. Indeed the roll-call of writers in the city is almost coextensive with the roll-call of writers.

Altogether, it seems to be a very fragile genius that needs perpetual country air for its nourishment.

PARADOXICAL MR. CHESTERTON

—The young critic makes some comparisons between Kipling and Watson.

George K. Chesterton, the young man whose "Robert Browning" last year revealed such a love of paradox and such a brilliant skill in its use, has been writing about William Watson, and comparing him with that other political poet of England, Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Watson, as every one knows, scolds his country roundly about once a year. When she goes to war he is very apt to break into verse censuring her fiercely for her barbarity, while Mr. Kipling at the same time is likely to publish a poem the ultimate meaning of which is, "Go in and smash 'em!"

The respective attitudes of the two poets being such, it is no surprise to discover that Mr. Chesterton finds the typical Englishman in the enraged judge of England's doings, and a quite foreign genius in the vigorous upholder of England's policies.

"Mr. Kipling's splendid realism and picturesqueness would appear original in any country," he says. "But they would not appear one half so original in France as in England. All his methods have long been employed in French literature, though it must be said scarcely ever with more talent and effect. His slang poems are an old device to the great French decadents who wrote verses in the argot

of the criminal quarter. His vivid pictures of physical sensations are part of the first lesson of the Zolaist. His quaint insistence on smell is already palling on the erotic Parisian esthete. His orientalism is perfectly French.

"Every poet has a landscape at the back of his soul. Mr. Watson's is a northern and English landscape—a landscape of great uplands and huge, pale dawns. It is so as surely as Mr. Kipling's is an alien landscape, with a stretch of dry places, palms, and a floor of fire."

The beauty of Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes is that they are generally convincing. If he should write a history of the Catholic church, he would doubtless be able to give plausibility to the theory that Luther was its loyal supporter and Leo X the earliest of the nonconformists. His manner at least makes stimulating and interesting reading.

A HUMOROUS BOOK—At least, the publishers assure us that it is humorous.

"The Gordon Elopement," by Carolyn Wells and Harry P. Taber, is a humorous piece of work. We have the publishers' word for it. We might have suspected that ourselves, as it could hardly be a historical romance or a problem novel. As for the side-splitting manifestations of mirth supposed to accompany a book of such character—they are, alas, like the wine in "Alice in Wonderland." There aren't any. We don't know when to laugh; we can't find anything to laugh at. We read on, page after page, with prepared attention, ready to burst into peals at any moment; but we lay the book down baffled.

It really seems as if two able-bodied writers might have done a little better by a defenseless public. The situation of two young married people, the Gordons, running away from home to avoid prospective guests, is not without possibilities. It would have been easy to introduce a few genuinely amusing situations. The deserted hotel, where they spend the period of their retirement, and the invisible landlord, need not have been robbed of all spontaneity.

"The Gordon Elopement" is the latest product of the school of patented automatic humorists. Our sense of grievance would be lessened if the latter-day wits would only insert stage directions. Then we would at least know when to laugh, even if the cause were too subtle for us to grasp.

Uncle Johnny Dodd's Church.

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG MINISTER AND THE OLD SEXTON AT SPRINGFIELD STATION.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

I.

THE little white church at Springfield had long been known among the initiated as "Uncle Johnny Dodd's church." Dignified bishops, reading out the appointments on that last heart-shaking evening at annual conference, always read, with a kindly twinkle of the eye, that the Rev. So-and-So was sent to Uncle Johnny Dodd's church, otherwise Springfield Station—and everybody laughed, for in the course of forty-five years, under the itinerant system, a good number of preachers will manage to form an intimate acquaintance with one church.

Generally, the Rev. So-and-So would be some old minister who was alone in the world, to whom Uncle Johnny's church would come as a welcome haven after many storms; but occasionally some young fellow, not yet graduated from under the wing of his presiding elder, would hear his appointment to the place, and turn a bewildered eye on his neighbor.

"Who is Uncle Johnny Dodd, anyhow?" he would ask with troubled forethought. "Biggest man in the place? Man that owns the town?"

"Naw! Uncle Johnny's the sexton," would be the astounding reply.

For forty-five years, now, Uncle Johnny had alluded to himself as the "sextant," and had taken such pride in his work as few men ever bring to the loftiest calling. Twice a week, during all that time, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, he had swept and dusted until every inch of floor was speckless and every bit of woodwork shining; on Wednesdays for the evening prayer-meeting, and on Saturdays for the services of the morrow.

There were other and special occasions for which it was his joy to make special preparation. When there was to be a great wedding, for instance, Uncle Johnny was rigorous in directing just where every palm and fern was to go, and which rows of benches were to be tied with white ribbon; and the hired decorators found that it saved time to yield.

"Hain't I been sextant o' this church goin' on forty-six year?" he demanded, if they were inclined to be urgent. "Pity if I don't know how to trim the church for little Belle Harrison to be married, when I polished the fount with my own hands, an' filled it with water for her to be baptized when she was a month an' four days old—yes, an' trimmed the church for her mother to be married, too, without nobody's hired help."

These arguments being unanswerable, Miss Belle Harrison, who had been at much expense to hire decorators, was married in a church adorned after Uncle Johnny's own devising; but she laughed merrily over it, thanked him in the loveliest manner, and no doubt was just as happy afterwards. Betty Robbins, on the other hand, who had been sorely puzzled to get together her modest trousseau, and had planned to be married quietly at prayer-meeting, gave a little cry of joy when she and her young lover stepped in at the door; for Uncle Johnny had borrowed a cart and gone to the woods, and the church was a bower of wild smilax.

"No, no, honey," said Uncle Johnny, stopping to pat the cheek of the pretty bride. "I warn't goin' to see your mother's baby married with no trimmin's in the church—not while the woods was handy, an' things growin' in 'em!"

So there was never any young bride so poor but that the church was in brave array for her; and the humblest baby that was ever dowered with a name in Uncle Johnny's church had the fount polished until it shone again, and flowers in the vases on either side, if it were only goldenrod or wild sunflowers.

"Jest to give it a good send-off, and to let its mother know folks wishes her an' the baby well," Uncle Johnny always carefully explained to the young ministers, who could not be expected to understand such things.

And then, the Christmas times! Where Uncle Johnny ever managed to find so much holly, none but he could have told; and he was a busy and a happy man, the day before Christmas, showing the decorating committee how to put it

up. There was but one thing in the year's work that really saddened him, and that was taking the greenery down after Christmas was over. It seemed like leaving Christmas behind—like forsaking it utterly; and so the holly was never disturbed until toward the last of January, when the withered leaves began to fall from the dried stems, and some of the ladies who were not given to sentiment complained that the church looked like a crow's nest.

So year after year Uncle Johnny had swept and polished the little church, adorned it for weddings, and tolled the sad and solemn bell for funerals. He was a bent old man, with gray hair that curled on his coat-collar, and with one foot that refused to be quite as agile or as willing as the other. Age had been creeping up on Uncle Johnny in these forty-five years.

The very old people sometimes spoke of other changes that the years had brought. They could recall the good old days when the Spirit had moved mightily upon the little church at Springfield; when the Word had been preached with power by Sons of Thunder, now, perhaps, gone on into the land of silence; and the people had not been ashamed or afraid to shout aloud. They remembered, those older ones, how Uncle Johnny, being greatly wrought upon, would sometimes rise up and send out a *claron* "*Halleluiah!*" that was like the clash of cymbals, and was followed by a soaring joy song, which began with "Glory and honor an' power——" and then trailed off into inarticulate remnants of speech—broken words that could not be understood; and then every one knew that Uncle Johnny was lifted into the third heaven.

Nothing of the kind happened now. Most of the old people had died off, and the younger generation took their religious pleasures as they did their temporal ones—calmly, and with due regard to decorum. Uncle Johnny, in his seat in the corner next the pulpit—the Amen corner, people had called it once—listened to the sermon with such a watchful face that young preachers were sometimes discomposed by it, so that they wandered from their subject.

II.

WHEN the Rev. Brice Carter was appointed to "Uncle Johnny Dodd's church," and heard the appointment so read out by the smiling bishop, and noted

the laugh that followed it, his face flushed hotly; for he was a young man, with university honors thick upon him.

"We'll send a college man out there and wake 'em up," the presiding elder had said in cabinet meeting; for he had been troubled by the fact that during the past three years Uncle Johnny's church had lost ground in membership.

"I'll unhinge that name from my church first thing!" said the college man to the professor who loved him, as he was starting for his new field.

There could be no doubt that he was an interesting lad. The people came out to hear him, and his sermons, replete with well-rounded periods and filled with classical quotations, attracted the young men and women, who crowded all the back benches at every service. The new minister was very well pleased. Uncle Johnny's watchful face had no terrors for him. Indeed, he was rather astonished to find that a man so manifestly ignorant and behind the times should have had the least influence in the church. The Rev. Brice Carter had learned one thing thoroughly in his college course—that sin may be forgiven, but ignorance which violates the rules of syntax is practically unpardonable.

"What we need is to get young blood into the church," he explained to Elijah Vane, one of the stewards. He was standing with his back to the fire, looking down upon the steward, whose middle-aged eyes were full of trouble. "The death of Brother May leaves a vacancy on the board, and if that young lawyer, Frank Tigert, joins us next Sunday, as he has promised, I am going to have him made steward. He'll be a hustler, and that's what we need. And then I'm going to have some young man appointed sexton."

Vane looked up quickly.

"Why, Uncle Johnny has held that place——" he began.

"For forty-five years—I know all about that," said the young man readily. "And therefore he ought to retire. He's getting too old. We need young men, I tell you. Young men are taking the lead in everything these days—business, politics, and everything else. It will be really a mercy to take the work away from that old man and give it to some one who is able to do it!"

The young lawyer joined the church the next Sunday, and was promptly made a member of the board of stewards; and with this ally by his side the young minister fought his fight against Uncle

Johnny Dodd, and won. The old man was to be given two weeks' notice, and by that time they hoped to find some one to take his place.

The minister did not take the message to Uncle Johnny himself. He incidentally asked Mr. Vane to call around on the old man on his way home. He felt relieved that an unpleasant duty was done. He went straight to a stationer's, and left an order for some visiting-cards to be used in his pastoral work, setting forth that he was pastor of the Springfield Methodist Church.

Mr. Vane found Uncle Johnny sitting outside the door of his two-roomed house, carefully mending one of the little red chairs from the infant class-room—the little red chairs that Uncle Johnny had mended with laborious patience for forty years, while those who had first sat in them had grown up to have little ones of their own in the infant class. In very brief and awkward terms the steward told Uncle Johnny that he was to be supplanted by a younger man; but Uncle Johnny looked up at him and laughed.

"They like to play jokes, them youngsters," he said peacefully. "But la, I don't mind 'em! I b'lieve I'm goin' to git this cheer to hold together for ten or a dozen years longer, after all. It beats everything how them babies does rack the furniture to pieces, bless 'em!"

Like the Magians of old, Elijah Vane returned home by another way; and curtly informed the board, next day, that they might appoint another messenger, for the task was not to his liking. Thus moved, three of the older men went down to the little cottage and told Uncle Johnny, with many stumblings and haltings, that the story was true—that no one was joking—that the minister thought the church would be better served if a younger man were in his place.

Uncle Johnny had the little red chair, which was almost finished, in his lap; and after the first shock he sat there and looked at it. They left him looking at the little red chair.

"The church ain't what it used to be," said the eldest of the stewards as they went home sadly. "Everything's turned around; everything's for show, and nothing for worship. I doubt if the young minister wouldn't like to have my resignation, so's he could put some young fellow that's never shaved in my place."

Uncle Johnny lived on the outskirts of the town, so that in going to the church he passed a goodly number of the resi-

dences of the members. The news of his deposition had gone about the town like wild-fire; and within an hour after the stewards visited him with the ill news, people saw him hurrying along toward the little church. He spoke to no one on the way; he seemed to see no one. His face was white and his eyes stared straight ahead. It was only Thursday—there was nothing to be done at the church on that evening—yet there he was going; and those who watched saw him go in there and close the door after him.

A great wave of pity and resentment swept over the town. People who were not given to sentiment found their eyes moist as they saw Uncle Johnny going up alone to the church that had been as his own for so long—the church that he had kept clean and sweet, and had adorned for feast days, through so many long years that he had seemed to become a part of it.

He must have stayed very late—no one saw him come away. On the next evening and the next he went again.

On Sunday the young preacher mounted his pulpit, well satisfied with himself and with the sermon which he had prepared. He delivered it faultlessly, but he was not satisfied when he came down. It was not that the white old face in the Amen corner troubled him, for he had already made arrangements to provide the old man with better employment, as watchman in a bank—and what was the use of all this stir over a mere sexton? It was that the people listened to him coldly; and he found himself preaching at them, instead of to them.

Somehow he had lost his hold on them in one short week. It was in vain that he went among them afterward with the winning smile and the cordial hand-shake they had liked at first. Something was between the preacher and his flock. He was very young, and knew little of men; but he began to feel, with keen irritation, that the something was an obscure and ignorant old man, who had no standing and should have had no influence.

The week was half over before he spoke of it to one of his members, whose greeting had been a little icy during the past ten days.

"The old man's broken-hearted," said the member abruptly. "He'll get over it? I tell you, he won't. He's an old man. He isn't saying anything to any one, but there's the look on his face. My wife weeps every time she thinks of it. What do your young men amount to, anyhow?"

Where is one of them that has the faithfulness and honor and religion that old Uncle Johnny has? Why, the poor old man's going into the church every night, and spending hours there, all alone—grieving because his work's taken away from him!"

The young minister was not at all pleased with this direct speech.

"Perhaps the old fellow's up to something with the church," he said; and because the member stared at him indignantly, he determined to prove that he was right.

III.

THE REV. BRICE CARTER had a key to the infant class-room. That very evening, in the sweet springtime gloaming, he approached the church by a side street and let himself in noiselessly and unobserved. The old man had not come yet. The saffron light of sunset streamed in at the western windows; in the east the full moon rose to meet it. The young man sat down in a dark corner, and waited.

An hour had passed, and the glow had gone from the west, before he heard the key turning in the lock. The moonlight streamed through the windows, and from shaft to shaft of moonlight the old man came on, until he stood beneath the pulpit, not ten feet from the silent watcher. The minister peered out curiously. What was the old man going to do? Why was he standing there, his old hat in his hand, apparently staring at the moon?

Suddenly Uncle Johnny Dodd fell to his knees, his head thrown back, his face lifted to the moonlit sky.

"Don't let 'em do it, Lord!" he cried beseechingly; and he was speaking as if face to face with One Whom the young minister had never yet seen face to face. "I've polished the benches, an' made the font shine for the babies, an' it was all I could do for Ye, Lord! Don't let 'em take it away! Or if they do take it, help me learn not to complain—but it'll be mighty hard! An' anyhow, Lord, ask 'em to let me fix for the brides—specially for the poor ones; an' to keep the little red cheeks in order for the babies—for they'd miss old Uncle Johnny, I do believe—an' thank God for that, anyhow!"

The old face glistened as it turned away. Uncle Johnny tottered down the aisle, but at the next patch of moonlight he paused and sent another trembling plea to the Friend with whom he spoke face to face; and at the next patch of moonlight he paused again. It was a long hour before he went out of the

church and the young minister heard the key turned in the lock. How was Uncle Johnny to know that a figure knelt in his place, with bowed head, and cried like one of old:

"Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

The next day was Saturday—Uncle Johnny's last Saturday of preparation for Sunday. He labored all day, making everything especially bright for the last time; and when the young minister walked into the pulpit that morning he found that a little cross of wood violets hung upon the altar-cloth.

Earlier in the week he had prepared a very eloquent sermon for that morning, dealing largely with the reconciliation between science and Scripture; but somehow, after that fleeting glance into the face of the old man in the corner the sermon would not preach itself; and he found himself talking to the people about an old man named Enoch, who "walked with God" in the dim beginnings of history. It was not a sermon—it was a burning of incense before the work of old men and women in the life of the church; but as he talked the frozen looks on the faces of the people began to melt away a little. As he closed the great Bible, he stood a moment, and they waited curiously, expecting something more.

"At a meeting of the stewards held yesterday," he said in quiet tones that penetrated every corner of the church, "a meeting that I called hurriedly, because I saw that I had made a mistake, it was unanimously decided to leave Uncle Johnny Dodd in his present position of sexton, and to ask him to accept it as a lifetime position."

A murmur began to go through the church—a murmur filled with sudden tears. The minister's hand was raised—he was about to call for the closing prayer, when he saw that all eyes were on the old man in the corner, who was standing up and beginning to speak. As he spoke, Uncle Johnny walked slowly out of his place, like one in a dream.

"Brethren," he said timidly, with broken utterance, "I don't wonder if ye got a little impatient, for maybe I've been a little slack about my work; but I haven't meant it." Then all at once his voice rose, filled with exultation. "Don't let nobody say from this time on that there ain't no God!" he cried. "Why, I've come to the church every night an' asked Him to let me stay—an' now look at this! He's heerd me—He's heerd me—He didn't let 'em take it away!"

And then suddenly the bent shoulders



BETTY ROBBINS GAVE A LITTLE CRY OF JOY WHEN SHE AND HER LOVER STEPPED IN AT THE DOOR.

straightened, and the dim eyes flashed; and Uncle Johnny Dodd, a transformed man, gave forth a shout that pierced every heart like an arrow:

"Halleluiah! Glory an' honor an' power——"

They did not hear the rest. Uncle Johnny was in the third heaven, and seeing things not lawful to be uttered.

The young minister who went down to

9 M

the next annual conference was a very different young minister from the one who had come up from the last. The old professor who loved the lad saw what had happened, and asked:

"Let me see—what church have you been serving this year?"

"Uncle Johnny Dodd's church," said the boy with an ingenuous blush; and the professor took his hand.

The Fatuity of Tompkins.

THE STORY OF THE FOOL, WHO DID A SURPRISING THING.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

I.

FROM the first it had been perfectly patent to every member of the party gathered at Grantleigh for the shooting that Tompkins' bride cared not a whit for Tompkins—which, if you happened to know the man, was scarcely a matter for surprise.

Tompkins, though not a bad fellow, was an unmitigated idiot. Not a mere insignificant unit in the world's noble army of fools, but a fool so conspicuous, so picturesque, and of so infinite a variety as to be at all times the cynosure of the general gaze.

When a man is a fool, and knows it, his folly not infrequently attains the measure of wisdom. Let him but conceal his motley beneath a cloak of weighty silence, and he may acquire a reputation for solid intelligence and a wise conservatism. But Tompkins was not one of these. He joyously jangled his bells in the presence of the multitude, wholly unaware of the spectacle he was making of himself. If he could have been persuaded to take on a neutral tint and keep himself well in the background, inanity might in time have assumed the dignity of intellectuality; but he had no sense of proportion, of values. He was always in the foreground, and always a more or less inharmonious element in the ensemble.

Tompkins had published—at his own expense—an impossible volume of prose, followed by a yet more impossible volume of verse. He had demanded recognition as a musician—a vocalist, specifically—though he had neither voice nor ear. A temperament essentially histrionic kept him constantly in the glare of the footlights, where he habitually took and held the center of the stage. With no remotest realization of his limitations, he had always aspired to play leads and heavies when fate had cast him for a line of low comedy. He had a faculty for doing the wrong thing which amounted to positive genius.

We had been wont to speculate, at the club, whether Tompkins would ever find a woman the measure of whose folly

should so far exceed his own as to impel her to marry him. We wondered much when we heard that he had at last achieved this feat. We wondered more when we saw the woman who had made it a possibility.

"Titania and Bottom, by Jove!" whispered Ronalds to me, as Tompkins followed his wife into the drawing-room on the evening of their arrival at Grantleigh Manor. Tompkins is asked everywhere, on account of his relationship to old Lord Wrexford.

My fancy, which I had allowed to play freely about the lady of Tompkins' choice since I had heard of his marriage, had wavered between a spinster of uncertain age, who had accepted him as a last resort, and a simpering schoolgirl too young to know her own mind. I now glanced at the bride, and gasped.

She was one of those women whose beauty is so absolute, so compelling, as to admit of neither question nor criticism. It quite took one's breath away. Every man in the room was gaping at her, but she bore the ordeal with all grace and calm, though she was the daughter of a struggling curate in some obscure locality remote from social advantages or influences.

She was of a singularly striking type. The beauty of her face was almost tragic in its intensity. The ghost of some immemorial sorrow seemed to lurk in the mysterious depths of her dark eyes; and when her face was irradiated by the transient gleam of her rare smile, she was positively dazzling. I am fully aware that I shall seem to "promulgate rhapsodies for dogmas," but surely my proverbial indifference to feminine charm should vouch for my truthfulness.

Her voice, when she spoke, proved just such a voice as might have been expected from her personality—a contralto, deep, low, and thrilling, with a wonderful vibrant quality. Her manner toward her husband nearly approached inspiration. It was a delicate blend of all the essential elements. With a tact most exquisite she tempered his crass stupidity; she translated his banalities into terms of reason;



AT LADY GRANTLEIGH'S ENTREATY, SHE GAVE A FAMILIAR, FLORID THING OF THE ITALIAN SCHOOL.

by some strange alchemy made his dross almost pass muster for gold. When, after dinner, Tompkins must needs sing, she accompanied him with no ordinary skill, contriving to lend dignity in some sort to the sorry performance. We had considered Tompkins absolutely impossible; she made him seem not possible only, but probable.

Later she herself sang. We had none of us heard her, but we knew, even before the golden contralto poured its first note upon the silence, that what we should hear would be a thing to remember. And it was, I cannot say what she sang, but it was singularly adapted to her dramatic voice and style. It had rather a suggestion of grief—a strange, haunting melody, the very prelude to which made one feel odd and eerie; and it ended abruptly with a single unexpected high note. The effect was startling, so altogether unconventional and uncanny that we sat spell-bound for a moment after the last note had died. Then, at Lady Grantleigh's entreaty, she gave a familiar, florid thing of the Italian school—the conventional drawing-room aria—with a flexibility and command of *coloratura* seldom concomitant with the contralto voice. Somehow the artistic finish of singers incomparably greater had left me less moved than the lesser art of this amateur, this unknown contralto, the wife—ah, the remorseless irony of it!—of little Algy Tompkins.

With a swift variation of mood, the singer had begun a gay little encore song popularized by a famous prima donna of the day before I roused myself to turn my eyes from her to her husband, who stood beside the piano. He had somehow never looked so small and mean. He was carefully—quite so, carefully—attired. Landys used to say that Tompkins' care in the matter of costume amounted almost to caricature. His dress, like his manner, was always somewhat exaggerated, a trifle over-elaborated. Though essentially commonplace, he was not bad-looking; some people even found him handsome after a fashion; but what a foil for the splendid creature beside whom he stood with an insufferable air of proprietorship which must have galled her like ball and chain!

The tragedy of the thing smote me with the poignancy of a physical pang. For the perfection of her manner and the entire consistency of her rendering of the wifely rôle were all inadequate to convince any individual in her audience—with the sole exception of Tompkins.

He, at least, was apparently harassed by no doubt whatever as to her entire devotion to himself.

II.

As the days passed—we were at Grantleigh for a fortnight—I found myself watching for some flaw in her conception, some inaccuracy in her interpretation of her rôle. But I watched in vain. There was always the perfect appreciation of the requirements of the situation, always the perfection of taste in its treatment; always that inspired manner where her husband was concerned. Evidently she had thrown herself into the part and was playing it—would perhaps play it to the end—with artistic abandon, tempered by a fine discrimination and discretion. If her yoke galled, this proud woman made no sign.

But even the subtlest artist has her unguarded moment, and it was in such a moment that I chanced to see her on the night before the last of our stay.

The men had come in late from a day's shooting, and were on their way to their rooms to dress for dinner. Tompkins had gone up-stairs just ahead of me—his apartments were next to mine—and had carelessly left a door opening on the corridor slightly ajar. In passing I unconsciously glanced that way, and my eyes fell full upon the mirrored face of Elinor Tompkins as her husband crossed toward where she sat before her dressing-table.

The flash of feeling that crossed her countenance held me for a moment transfixed. Such a look, such an unbelievable complex of shrinking, repugnance, utter loathing, and self-contempt I had never seen or even imagined. Like a flash it came and went. The next instant she had forced herself to smile, and was lifting her face for her husband's caress, while Tompkins, physically and mentally short-sighted, bent and inclined his lips to hers.

I caught my breath sharply. A choking sensation in my throat paid tribute to her power of control. Not Bernhard; not Duse even, was more a mistress of expression and emotion. But this was something more than mere emotional control. It was courage, the courage of endurance long drawn out—a greater than that which impels men to the cannon's mouth and the certain surcease from suffering.

That evening at dinner, Villars, who had run up to town for the day, told us of the sudden demise of old Lord Ilverton, and the consequent succession of Delmar to the title and estates. Just then I

chanced to look at Mrs. Tompkins. I had fallen into a way of looking often at her—she was an interesting study. Her face was white even to the lips, but she was, as always, perfectly calm and controlled.

She presently turned, and found my eyes upon her. In an instant she had somehow compelled the color to her cheeks, and was addressing her *vis-à-vis* quite easily and naturally.

In the smoking-room, Villars shed light upon the subject. Tompkins was presumably haunting his wife's footsteps at the moment. In his unconscious egotism, he never spared her. There was seldom an instant's respite, a moment when she might drop her smiling mask. The essence of his personality pervaded her whole atmosphere. His unremitting devotion must have made her life well-nigh unendurable.

"I met old Waxby at the club to-day," Villars was saying, "and—apropos of Delmar's succession to the title—he told me that there had been a serious affair between him and Elinor Barton, at present Mrs. Algernon Tompkins. It seems one of Ilverton's country places is near the village where she lived, and Delmar met her there last autumn. The affair soon assumed serious proportions; Ilverton heard of the rumored engagement, cut up an awful shindy, had a scene with Del, and finally bundled him off to India post haste.

"The girl had grit, though. She sent her compliments to Lord Ilverton with the assurance that he need have given himself no uneasiness in the matter, as she had already twice refused his son and heir, and was prepared to do so again should the occasion arise. And no doubt she meant it—she's as proud as Lucifer! They say that Ilverton, who had cooled down a bit, chuckled mightily over the message, and vowed that if it had only been one of his younger sons she should have had him, by Jupiter!

"But things weren't easy for the poor girl," Villars went on. "She had an invalid mother, a nervous, nagging creature, who dinned it into her ears that she had lost the opportunity of a lifetime; that they were pitifully poor; that she was the eldest of three marriageable daughters; that with her limited social advantages few matrimonial chances might be expected to come her way; and more to the same effect, until the poor girl was nearly driven frantic. She wanted to go on the stage—she'd had good training, and you know what a voice she has—but her father wouldn't have it. At this juncture

Tompkins presented himself; it was duly pointed out to Miss Barton by her parents that he was rather an eligible *parti*, rich, not bad-looking, and a cousin of Wrexford's, and that she'd better take the goods the gods provided, which, in sheer desperation, she ultimately did. You can see she loathes him, but she's evidently made up her mind to be decent to him—and, by Jove, she doesn't do it by halves! She's got pluck, all right, and I honor her for the way she makes the best of her bargain, though it's not a pleasant thing to see."

"It's an infernal pity!" broke in Landis warmly. "It makes me ill to see her wasting herself and her subtleties on a dolt like Algy! What a splendid pair she and Del would have made, and what a shame Ilverton didn't obligingly die a few months sooner, since it had to be!"

At this precise moment I caught sight of Tompkins standing just without the parted portières. How long he had been there I could not guess, but doubtless quite long enough. He looked like a man who had had a facer, and was a bit dazed in consequence. I think I gasped, for on the instant he looked my way with a glance that held an appeal, which I must somehow have answered. In an instant he had slipped noiselessly away, and the other men, all unaware of his late proximity, pursued their theme.

III.

I DID not meet Tompkins at our hurried buffet breakfast next morning, and I began to hope he would not go out with the guns that day, thus sparing me the awkward necessity of seeing him again. But he presently appeared on the terrace in his shooting togs, and I knew I was in for it.

His manner, however, which was entirely as usual, reassured me. Either he had heard less than I had feared, or the callousness of stupidity protected him. He chatted with his wonted gaiety with the other men; he made the ladies who were at hand to see us off—his wife was not among them—a labored compliment or two; and met my eye without any sign of consciousness or embarrassment. I wondered whether it was stupidity or stoicism.

All day he was in the best of spirits. He was positively hilarious when we gathered at the gamekeepers' cottage for lunch; and I decided that it was stupidity—with a sense of relief, for the thing had somehow got on my nerves.

But later, as we returned to the field, he so palpably waited for me to come up with him—we always put Tompkins in the van, for safety's sake; he did such fearful and wonderful things with his gun—that I was forced to join him. After a moment he said, with an effort:

"Sibley, I want to ask, as a very great personal favor, that you will never under any circumstances mention to any one—to any one," he repeated, with a curious effect of earnestness—"about—last night."

I made haste to give him my assurance. It was the least I could do.

"Thank you," he said simply. "I felt sure I might depend upon you. Be sure that I appreciate this."

Then, because we were men and Englishmen, we spoke of other things till chance separated us.

Late that afternoon, as we bent our steps homeward, Tompkins and I found ourselves again together. We had somehow strayed from the rest. Under the guidance of a keeper, who strode ahead laden with the spoils and trappings of the hunt, we were making the best of our way toward Grantleigh. Tompkins' manner was entirely simple and unstrained. A respect I had not before accorded him was growing upon me. We were both tired, and when we spoke at all it was of the sport of the day.

As we neared the manor, the keeper, far in the lead, vaulted slightly over a low stile in a hedgerow. I followed less lightly—my enemies aver that I am growing stont—with Tompkins in the rear. Suddenly a shot, abnormally loud and harsh in the twilight hush, rang out at my back.

Blind and deaf—fatally blind and deaf—as I had been, I realized its import on the instant. Even before I turned I knew what I should see.

Tompkins was lying in a huddled heap at the foot of the stile, and as I bent over him I saw that it was a matter of moments. He had bungled things all his life, poor fellow, but he had not bungled this.

"An accident, Sibley!" he gasped as I knelt beside him. "I was always—awkward—with a gun, you know. An accident—you'll remember, old man? Elinor must not fancy that it could possibly have been——"

Speech failed him for an instant. An awful agony was upon him, but no moan escaped his lips. His life had been a farce, a failure, but if he had not known how to live, assuredly he knew how to die. The darkness was closing round him. He put out a groping hand for mine.

"I think I'm—going, Sibley," he whispered. "Tell Elinor——"

And with her name upon his lips he went out into the dark.

RIDING SONG.

LET us ride together,
Blowing mane and hair,
Careless of the weather,
Miles ahead of care;
Ring of hoof and snaffle—
Swing of waist and hip—
Trotting down the twisted road,
With the world let slip!

Let us laugh together,
Merry, as of old,
To the creak of leather
And the morning's gold!
Break into a canter!
Shout to bank and tree!
Rocking down the waking trail—
Steady hand and knee!

Take the life of cities—
Here's the life for me!
'Twere a thousand pities
Not to gallop free.
So we'll ride together,
Comrade, you and I,
Careless of the weather,
Letting care go by.

Theodore Roberts.



THE STAGE

REVIEW OF THE SEASON 1903-04.



Almost unprecedentedly disastrous for managers and actors, but eminently satisfying to lovers of the drama—such might be the verdict inscribed on the theatrical year that has just passed into

history. More new productions have been made than ever before, more new theaters were opened in New York, and a greater percentage of failures scored. This on the one hand. On the other, the



CLARA BLANDICK, WHO WAS LEADING WOMAN WITH KYRLE BELLEW IN "RAFFLES," AND PLAYED "MARIANNE" IN THE ALL-STAR REVIVAL OF "THE TWO ORPHANS."

From a photograph by Savory, New York.

very fact of the failures made room for presentations of real worth, on which the managers fell back in sheer desperation. The American metropolis has had more Shakespeare than for a long time;

opera, and in music generally, the year was distinctly prosperous, so that the managers cannot ascribe their hard luck to hard times. But without doubt New York has too many theaters. One of the



WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, AS JOUVENEL, THE GRANDFATHER, IN "THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE."

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

and though little money may have been coined thereby, the artistic level of the year's record was notably raised.

Various reasons for the prevalent depression have been assigned; the real one is the dearth of good new plays. In

old ones remained dark almost the entire season, and another for half of it, after being shut by the mayor's order after the Chicago fire horror, which undoubtedly played its part in affecting the balcony patronage of the playhouses.



MARY MANNERING, WHO STARRED LAST SEASON IN "HARRIET'S HONEYMOON."

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



IRENE BENTLEY AS SHE APPEARED IN "A GIRL FROM DIXIE."

From a photograph by Marceau, New York.

The New York season opened on August 18 at the Garrick, with Leo Ditrichstein's farce, "Vivian's Papas," featuring John C. Rice and Thomas A. Wise, but proving so feeble that it was retired before snow began to fly. The next week another farce, "My Wife's Husbands," by Edwin Milton Royle, started off well at the Madison Square, with the author and his wife in the cast, and a fine part for clever Edward Abeles; but business dropped off unaccountably, and after a short tour the piece was sold to Nat Goodwin, who likewise failed to make a go of it. Still another August production fell by the wayside in the shape of the comic opera imported from London, "A Princess of Kensington," which was put on at the Broadway with James T. Powers as a star.

September first brought a cheering change in fortune with the arrival of the English musical comedy, "Three Little Maids," at Daly's. This attractive piece,

in which G. P. Huntley scored mightily as a drawling British nobleman, drew big houses until it was shifted to the Garden, in November, to make room for a failure.

An unhappy offering turned up at the Bijou in the same September week—"Personal," a comedy by Eugene Presbrey, serving to reintroduce William Collier as a star, this time under the auspices of Weber & Fields. Having failed flatly, the play was succeeded by a worse one—"Are You My Father?" Mr. Collier next fell back on "A Fool and His Money," in which Jameson Lee Finney did good business in the spring, but which came too late to save Collier's autumn season. He closed his engagement and the theater at the same time, and soon, by mutual consent, he and his new manager, parted company.

Meanwhile the Rogers Brothers had come to the Knickerbocker in themselves "In London," and appeared to

share the general depression. One of their songs, "By the Sycamore Tree," lifted itself into notice; for the rest, the famous comedians must have felt their

At the Savoy, Mrs. Langtry set the critics by the ears with a comedy from a new hand, "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," but the public seemed to like it, and it



MAXINE ELLIOTT, STARRING IN "HER OWN WAY," ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PLAYS OF LAST SEASON.

From a copyrighted photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

throne of popularity take on a slightly tottering motion. Hattie Williams was undoubtedly missed from their support, although they had a good recruit in Joseph Coyne.

drew very fair audiences. She had Paul Arthur, the American who has acted so long in London, for her leading man.

George Ade's "Peggy from Paris" reopened a refurbished Wallack's on Sep-



KATHERINE FLORENCE AS JULIA STANDISH, THE TEARFUL WIFE, IN "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS."

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

tember 10. It is understood that this was a product of Mr. Ade's youth, dug out of his portfolio after the hit of "The Sul-

tan," took no notice of the reviews, and the piece did a good business for two



VIRGINIA HARNED, WHO PLEASSED THE CRITICS WITH HER CAMILLE, AFTER FAILING IN "THE LIGHT THAT LIES IN WOMAN'S EYES," A PLAY WRITTEN FOR HER BY HER HUSBAND, E. H. SOTHERN.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

tan of Sulu." Mr. Ade himself protested, so did the critics, for neither the book nor William Loraine's music ranked much above mediocrity. The public,

months. Then it was sent on the road, to make room for the third Ade show at Wallack's—a straight comedy, "The County Chairman." This Mr. Ade wrote



ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO STARRED IN "COUSIN KATE" DURING LAST SEASON.

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

to carry out the idea advanced in the prologue to "Peggy," and afterwards dropped to make room for specialties.

the real star in the comedy, in which, however, no one was featured, proved to be Willis P. Sweatnam, the one-time



JANE PEYTON, WHO WAS LEADING WOMAN IN "THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET" DURING THE LATTER PART OF LAST SEASON—SHE HAD THREE PREDECESSORS IN THE ROLE.

From a photograph by White, New York.

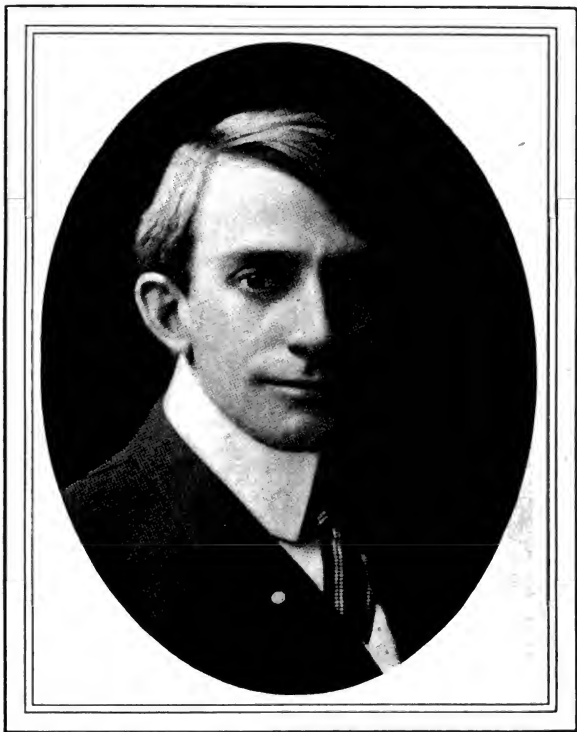
The "Chairman" redeemed the author's reputation in fine style, proving one of the substantial successes of the winter and spring, for it remained on view throughout both seasons. Maclyn Arbuckle filled the title rôle admirably, but

minstrel, in the guise of a no-account village dandy.

To return to the September productions, about the middle of the month one of the most notable first nights in years, in point of enthusiasm, took place at the

Murray Hill. The house had been abandoned by the stock company that had been so successful there of late, and turned over to Edward Harrigan for the exploitation of a new play from his pen,

foredoomed failure at the Garden Theater, in the shape of Stephen Phillips' poetical drama, "Ulysses," imported from London, where it certainly must have been put on in better form



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, STARRING AS ABELAH BOOZE IN "THE YANKEE CONSUL."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

"Under Cover." Besides Mr. Harrigan himself, such old-time favorites were in the cast as Mrs. Annie Yeamans, her daughter Jennie, Dan Collyer, and Joseph Sparks; but clever people could not save a dull play. It did not live to reach the road, and after a brief period of combination week stands, the Murray Hill stock was restored by Mr. Donnelly.

The next night witnessed another

than in New York. The stage effects were unconvincing, and the acting, save for that of Rose Coghlan (*Penelope*) and one or two others, not above mediocrity. The *Ulysses* of Tyrone Power—for whose services two managers actually went to law—was a distinct disappointment. In spite of the coldness with which it was received, Mr. Frohman kept the piece on the boards far into the au-

turn, playing to the scantiest audiences of even this notable season of small houses.

The same week brought forward still another weakling, this time to serve John Drew, who produced Anthony Hope's "Captain Dieppe" at the Herald Square, pending the reopening of the renovated Empire, to which the comedy was presently transferred. Mr. Drew retained Margaret Dale as his leading woman, but discarded the play from his repertoire after leaving town, falling back on "The Second in Command," of the season before last.

Charles Hawtrey, at the Criterion, fared better with his "Man from Blankley's," by Anstey, although the humor of this Dickensish offering was distinctly British. At the Victoria, Blanche Ring met her third Waterloo with "The Jersey Lily." Even her singing of "Bedelia" could not save this feeble "musical comique," whose score was by no less a personage than Reginald De Koven.

At the old Academy of Music, the Bostonians in "Robin Hood" were followed by the English actor, Charles Warner, in "Drink." Mr. Warner's work was praised for its realism, but the play itself was both unpleasant and old-fashioned. Passing to a livelier theme, Weber & Fields brought forth what has proved to be their last burlesque—"Whoop-Dee-Doo." It was not up to last season's offering, and even the famous little music-hall did not escape the blight of the prevailing bad business, although Louis Mann, replacing Willie Collier, turned out a trump card. Evie Stetson scarcely made up for the absence of Fay Templeton. On February 1 the house was closed, and the troupe started on a tour to the Pacific Coast. Rumors of the dissolution of the firm, who lost much money in outside ventures, were rife all the spring and had their verification late in April.

An unmistakable hit brightened things for the Garrick with Maxine Elliott in Clyde Fitch's play of New York life, "Her Own Way," which was done at two other houses before being suffered to leave town. But this good luck was only a flash in the pan, as Crane found "The Spenders" scarcely strong enough to fill the Savoy, and before the season ended on the road he had returned to "David Harum."

A still more unmistakable failure was achieved by Orrin Johnson, who attempted to star at the Broadway in "Hearts Courageous." Meanwhile, at the

Manhattan, where Mrs. Fiske had been giving a revival of "Mary of Magdala," her week devoted to Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" proved one of rare enjoyment, and set both Hobart Bosworth and Carlotta Nillson before the public in promising guise.

IN GAY VEIN AND IN GRAVE.

October started out with a decided improvement on the September offerings. Sothern produced Justin Huntly McCarthy's very striking and original play, "The Proud Prince," at the Herald Square, and pleased the public immensely, although a few critics and many lay spectators took exception to the unpleasant nature of some of its scenes. The piece served to open the New Lyceum, to which it was removed on the completion of that handsome house. This was Cecilia Loftus' last season as Mr. Sothern's leading woman, as she is to star in the autumn.

At the Victoria an unpretentious comic opera, "The Fisher Maiden," put in to stop a gap, pleased many by the real tunefulness of its music, but made only a small impression in the whirl of Broadway. "Checkers," over at the American, was more fortunate. Introducing a new man in the title rôle, Thomas W. Ross, it made its way and his into the affections of theatergoers, and later played a return engagement at the Academy of Music.

Another new theater, the Lyric, was opened by Richard Mansfield with "Old Heidelberg," a play from the German. This, too, caught the favor of the public, which another version shown the spring previous by Aubrey Boucicault had failed to do. Mr. Mansfield had Grace Elliston for his leading woman, and played to crowded houses for four weeks.

The middle of the month brought to the Majestic "Babes in Toyland," which, for some inscrutable reason, the critics praised, but which really had very little to recommend it in comparison with its predecessor, "The Wizard of Oz." The public, apparently, was of this mind, as its run was only half as long. William Norris, who was so clever last year in "A Country Girl," absolutely buried his talents as one of the *Babes*.

At the Manhattan, the thoughtful lover of the drama found much to admire in a play from the Spanish, "Marta of the Lowlands." In this Hobart Bosworth deepened the good impression he had made in "Hedda Gabler," while Corona Riccardi did very

well in the name part. But the piece was not of the sort to attract big houses. Nor was the "standing-room only" sign required by Ethel Barrymore, who opened the new and handsomely appointed Hudson Theater with Hubert Henry Davies' quiet but clever comedy, "Cousin Kate," a great hit at the London Haymarket. Nevertheless, she did well enough in it to warrant two brief return engagements during the season, one at Daly's and the other at the Hudson again.

MANY FAILURES—A FEW WINNERS.

The all-summer run of "The Runaways" gave way at the Casino, on October 19, to the fourth or fifth revival that Francis Wilson has made of "Erminie." He had associated with himself what the program styled "star players," including Jessie Bartlett Davis as *Captain Delauney*, Madge Lessing for *Javotte*, and Marguerita Sylva in the name part. The reproduction was fairly successful from a popular standpoint, although the opera undoubtedly suffers from age, and from comparison with modern imitations, which, although perhaps not as clever, have yet served to dull the edge of the enjoyment to be derived from the original.

At this time, Charles Frohman took over the management of Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, renamed it the Vaudeville, and presented there Mme. Charlotte Wiehe and a French company in a series of one-act plays in that language. Mme. Wiehe made a decided personal and artistic success, but the clientèle for her alien tongue was not sufficiently large to warrant an extended season.

Another short-lived offering of this same manager came from England to the Academy of Music—the melodrama "The Best of Friends." Provided with a fine cast, including Agnes Booth, Katherine Grey, Joe Wheelock, Jr., and Lionel Barrymore—the last-named being disguised very effectually as a veteran Boer general—the subject-matter failed to appeal to American audiences, and the company was disbanded at the close of the New York run.

Meantime Henry Irving appeared for three weeks at the Broadway Theater. Not making a favorable impression in Sardou's "Dante," he was obliged to fall back on repertoire for the last days of his stay. Every year this famous veteran is cutting shorter his term in New York, finding more appreciation and greater profit on the road.

Still more unfortunate was Nat Goodwin with his Shakespeare offering, a sumptuous presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," serving to inaugurate Klaw & Erlanger's gorgeous new theater, the New Amsterdam. Mr. Goodwin himself played *Bottom*, but did not win any more favorable comment than his *Shylock* had called forth. Ida Conquest was the *Helena*, Mendelssohn's music was used, and the whole production was magnificently staged. But the public would not come forth to see, and Mr. Goodwin's wife, Maxine Elliott, helped matters out by taking two weeks of his time. On the road he had recourse to his old success, "A Gilded Fool."

After an early autumn term with "The Earl of Pawtucket"—which had spent the entire summer in town—a play destined to run until spring came to the Princess on October 27—"Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," with Kyrle Bellew as the star. He had superior support from E. M. Holland as the detective, *Captain Bedford*, and although the ethics of the piece were debatable, perhaps it was this very invitation to discussion that gave the play its vogue.

The season went back to the bad luck side of the score-board with James K. Hackett in "John Ermine of the Yellowstone," written by Louis Evan Shipman, after Remington's frontier pictures and produced at the Manhattan. The piece had too much character-drawing and too little vivid action to suit the public, and did not last long, even on the road, where Hackett had recourse to "The Crown Prince," of decidedly inferior artistic merit but undoubted pulling power. This he brought to Daly's late in the spring.

November's second offering, Jessie Millward in R. C. Carton's "Clean Slate" at the Madison Square, was also a failure, although its press notices were almost without exception favorable. The play was somewhat deliberate in its movement, and many people objected to it on the ground that its theme was the love and marriage of a divorced man and a divorced woman.

A happier fate waited on Charles B. Dillingham's other offering made in the same week at the Victoria: Frank Daniels in Smith and Englander's musical comedy, "The Office Boy." Even more decided was the strike of still another musical comedy, "The Girl from Kay's," imported from London to the Herald Square, where it remained until May 14,

scoring more than two hundred performances. Sam Bernard was featured in the comedy part while Hattie Williams, in the title-rôle, justified the expectations she awakened last season while with the Rogers Brothers.

The hoodoo reasserted itself, however, when Forbes Robertson and his wife, Gertrude Elliott, reached the Knickerbocker with an adaptation of Kipling's "The Light That Failed." The play proved tedious, and the opportunity it afforded Mr. Robertson for strong acting in one portion was too brief to atone for the rest.

NEW STARS AND OLD ONES.

Naturally there was no question of the drawing power of Maude Adams, when she reappeared in New York after a year's absence. Her vehicle, supplied by Mrs. Burnett, "The Pretty Sister of Jose," was rather wobbly as a piece of dramatic construction—quite inferior, in fact, to any of the offerings in which Miss Adams has hitherto shown herself; but her immense personal popularity outweighed these shortcomings and filled the Empire, for the eight weeks of her stay, with the largest audiences it held during the year. The young English actor, Henry Ainley, made her a handsome and able leading man.

At the Savoy, Arthur Byron essayed to star in a Revolutionary play by Clyde Fitch, "Major André," but although Mr. Byron gave a fine realization of the British spy, and had such clever people as Arnold Daly and Guy Bates Post in his support, the public found the piece tiresome, and not nearly up to Mr. Fitch's earlier play of the same period, "Nathan Hale." Ten nights measured the run.

The new Lyric proceeded to live up to its name by presenting sweet-voiced Grace Van Studdiford as a star in "Red Feather," a romantic opera by Charles Klein and Reginald De Koven. The production was elaborately staged and mounted, and Miss Van Studdiford sang with her usual charm and acted the supposed brigand chief with dash and élan. Thomas Q. Seabrooke furnished most of the humor, and the opera had a good run.

The old Empire stock company being disbanded this season, Charles Frohman assembled several of its members in the support of Fay Davis, who opened at the Garrick in a dramatization of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter." The piece met with a chill reception, and was speedily retired in favor of Henry Arthur Jones' "White-

washing Julia," of which the troupe gave an admirable performance, although the business was at no time profitable. Guy Standing was Miss Davis' leading man.

At the new Lyceum William Gillette scored again, this time in a play not from his own pen—J. M. Barrie's fantasy, "The Admirable Crichton," which remained on view until the middle of March. He received able assistance from a company made up in the main from the London cast. His own performance of the imperturbable butler left little to be desired.

Fritzi Scheff, too, scored at the Broadway in the romantic comic opera, "Babette," by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. Not only did Mlle. Scheff, a recruit from the Grau grand opera company, make a personal success, but the piece itself proved pleasing. Eugene Cowles, the Bostonians' famous basso, sang the part of *Mondragon*, a soldier of fortune, and the opera remained at the Broadway for some two months. An altogether different verdict was registered on the long-heralded "Japanese Nightingale," brought out at Daly's, with Margaret Illington in the title rôle and Vincent Serrano, Orrin Johnson, and Fritz Williams as chief of support. The thing was incomprehensible and unconvincing, and after a short existence on the road was suffered to die, along with many other unfortunates of the season which should never have come into existence.

A like fate awaited "Captain Barrington," by Victor Mapes, in which Weber & Fields submitted Charles Richman as a star at the Manhattan. The play was of the Revolutionary period, and Richman had the dual rôle of twin brothers to enact. Joseph Kilgour scored a small hit by his make-up as *George Washington*, and Suzanne Sheldon did good work as the leading woman; but it seems that only in the rarest instances do plays of this character succeed. The company closed on the road early in March, making the third failure of Weber & Fields with outside ventures. Still another Revolutionary offering went by the boards at the same time—"Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," in which William Faversham stepped forth at the Criterion, and in which Hilda Spong, his leading woman, carried off all the honors that were to be plucked. Faversham soon revived "Lord and Lady Algy," which he retained on tour for the remainder of the season.

In refreshing contrast was "The Marriage of Kitty," in which Marie Tempest

returned to this country after a long absence. The piece was not a musical affair, but a clever comedy from the French, and Miss Tempest had a fine company from the other side, in which Leonard Boyne, Ada Ferrar, and Gilbert Hare were featured. Miss Tempest remained at the Hudson for a month and a half, and received some of the best press notices of the year.

Few similar attentions fell to "Win-some Winnie," a Casino show in which Paula Edwardes was starred. It was alleged to be an American version of a new opera by the authors of "Erminie," much of Jakobowski's music being discarded in favor of newer tunes by Gustave Kerker. The result was a fearsome jumble; Miss Edwardes herself proved scarcely able to carry a whole opera, and the run was neither as lengthy nor as profitable as the management could have desired.

SOME STRIKING CONTRASTS.

At the New Amsterdam, the Drury Lane spectacle "Mother Goose" showed an entertainment that improved with adaptation to the United States, and turned out to be one of the cleverest in the series of Klaw & Erlanger's importations, although for some reason or other it did not do the lucrative business of its two predecessors—"The Sleeping Beauty" and "Blue Beard." Joe Cawthorne filled the title rôle with striking ability.

Poor Alice Fischer, after her tenserike with "Mrs. Jack" of the previous season, met a Waterloo indeed with "What's the Matter With Susan?" a farcical comedy with a West Point setting, presented at the Bijou. Its career was brief and inglorious, leaving Miss Fischer free to enter a Casino musical show later on, and closing the Bijou so tightly that it did not reopen during the season.

It was about this time that Arnold Daly played his test matinee of George Bernard Shaw's clever and original comedy, "Candida," its first performance in America. The date was December 8, and the theater the Princess. The cast and the notices were equally good—Dorothy Donnelly being the *Candida* to the *Marchbanks* of Mr. Daly—and after some few scattering performances in the afternoons, the piece settled down first at the Madison Square and later at the Vaudeville for a run that reached into the hundreds and drew audiences of quality as well as quantity.

As usual, David Belasco's new production dominated the season. This time it was "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," with Henrietta Crosman for the star. The play was adapted by Mr. Belasco from Eger-ton Castle's novel, "The Bath Comedy," and Miss Crosman proved no less delightful as *Kitty* than she was as *Nell* in the Gwyn piece that made her famous not long since. The scenery, of course, was of the finest, the company clever—Edwin Stevens' *Colonel* being particularly good—and the run extended from December 9 to June 4.

Meantime the season's hoodoo was again at work, this time with "A Girl from Dixie" at the Madison Square, featuring Irene Bentley, but proving notable only as being the last show with which Arnold Daly was connected before the success of "Candida" turned him into an actor-manager. In "Dixie" he appeared as *Angelo Catalani*, the village music-teacher.

Only a mild ripple was created by Anna Held at the Knickerbocker in "Mam'selle Napoleon," the music by Luders of "King Dodo" and "Prince of Pilsen" fame. A similar verdict was registered for "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," starring Bertha Galland at the New York, and presenting May Robson as *Queen Elizabeth*. The play was by Paul Kester, dramatized from Charles Major's novel; it was later transferred to the Lyric Theater.

Christmas brought Clyde Fitch's "Glad of It" to the Savoy, where it remained but a brief period, and then, like many of its predecessors, went upon the shelf instead of the road. It was offered with an especially able cast, including Millie James, H. Hassard Short, and Edward Abeles. "Major André's" failure might be looked upon as regrettable, but the collapse of "Glad of It" was cause for rejoicing.

At the Criterion, a hit was disclosed in the shape of "The Other Girl," a comedy by Augustus Thomas, a worthy successor to this author's "On the Quiet" and "The Earl of Pawtucket." It was a New York play, as were these other two, and afforded young Lionel Barrymore another opportunity to distinguish himself, this time as a pugilist engaged to coach a clergyman (Frank Worthing) in the "noble art." Joe Wheelock, Jr., also scored with an "ether jag" scene, and the leaders among the women were the sisters-in-law De Wolfe, Elsie and Drina. The comedy was afterwards transferred to the Em-

pire, and thence in turn to the Lyceum, where it ran until May 14.

The first week in the new year witnessed two decided successes, counterbalanced by a couple of pronounced failures. One of the successes was Israel Zangwill's comedy, "Merely Mary Ann," exploiting Eleanor Robson, and playing in turn at the Garden, the Criterion, and the Garrick theaters until May 7; the other, "The Virginian," a dramatization of Owen Wister's novel. This latter ran at the Manhattan until May 1 and gave Dustin Farnum, a young actor hitherto quite unknown in New York, a reputation that many a seasoned star might envy.

One of the failures was J. M. Barrie's "stomach" play, "Little Mary," with Jessie Busley, Henry E. Dixey, and Fritz Williams, at the Empire; the other, a musical comedy from London, "My Lady Molly," which, already discarded by Andrew Maek, fared no better at the hands of Vesta Tilley. Still another mediocrity imported from London—as if we hadn't had enough of our own at home—was found in "The Médal and the Maid," a musical comedy by the authors of "Florodora" and "San Toy" respectively, and with James T. Powers as the comedy feature. The thing was only saved from a speedy funeral by an interpolated song, "Zauzibar," sung by Emma Carus with assistance from chorus girls dressed as monkeys.

No great stir was made at the Garrick by Mary Mannering in a comedy by Leo Ditrichstein, "Harriet's Honeymoon," and Amelia Bingham had a few miserable weeks of it at the Knickerbocker in "Olympe," dramatized by Pierre Decourcelle from a novel by Dumas. In refreshing contrast was the hit achieved by James K. Hackett's production of another play from the French—Pierre Wolff's "The Secret of Polichinelle." Clean and clever, it was admirably played by a company having W. H. Thompson, W. J. Ferguson, and Grace Kimball for its leaders. Starting at the Madison Square, it remained there until that house was closed by order of the mayor and the fire department. It then played at the Garden until this theater passed into new management, after which it removed to the Princess, and remained until the middle of May, scoring in all considerably more than a hundred performances.

Eight weeks were spent at the Hudson by Robert Edeson in Richard Harding Davis' comedy of American army

life, "Ranson's Folly," a cleverly acted story, which, however, was a trifle too slender to make the pronounced hit of its predecessor, "Soldiers of Fortune." Virginia Earl found success on her old stamping-ground at Daly's as star in a tuneful military comic opera, "Sergeant Kitty," with music by A. B. Sloane. This, like many another hit of the season, found a home in more than one playhouse, returning, after a sennight in Brooklyn, to play several more weeks at the Casino.

At the Savoy, Robert Hilliard came forward in "That Man and I," a dramatization by Mrs. Burnett of her story, "In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim." The play contained some exceedingly powerful situations, and was excellently acted by Mr. Hilliard and H. Reeves Smith, but its theme was too somber for the popular taste, and it ran only three weeks or so in New York, closing its career, after a short road season, in March.

Rather a wild, weird thing was Had-don Chambers' play from the French, "The Younger Mrs. Parling," presented by Annie Russell at the Garrick. Jeffreys Lewis made a hit as the happy-go-lucky mother of shady character, and "dear old Mrs. Gilbert" delighted every one by her bit as the mother-in-law. Miss Russell herself was rather ill at ease, and before the New York term closed she revived "Mice and Men." Over on the west side, at the American, some brisk work was done by Ralph Stuart in a dramatization of A. W. Marchmont's popular story, "By Right of Sword," but both critics and the public scorned the comedy, "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes," written by E. H. Soth-ern for his wife, Virginia Harned. It was played at the Criterion to audiences almost as slender as those that attended on "Ulysses" at the Garden. Meantime Messrs. Weber & Fields had their usual bad luck of the season with "An English Daisy," a musical comedy put on at the Casino under their management, with Charles A. Bigelow and Christie MacDonald as "head-liners."

MIDWINTER SHOWS.

New York now came in for a big inning of Shakespeare. At the Lyric Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner, starring jointly, played for three weeks to the best business the theater had yet done. Their winning card was "The Taming of the Shrew," with Sheridan's "School for Scandal" a close second, and "The

Merchant of Venice" a good third in the popular estimate. Viola Allen came to the Knickerbocker with her beautiful production of "Twelfth Night," but at the end of the first week was compelled to retire through illness, and could not resume for some four weeks. She made a good impression personally, but her support was not considered adequate. After a week of darkness, Charles Frohman reopened the theater with the same play, presented in the Elizabethan manner, minus scenery, by Wynne Matthison (best remembered as *Everyman*) and the Ben Greet troupe, who afterwards moved down to Daly's and gave "As You Like it" and "She Stoops to Conquer" in similar fashion.

Two nights before Lincoln's Birthday, Wilton Lackaye opened in "The Pit" at the Lyric, and remained there for two months, by grace of the mob scene in the wheat pit, the rest of the play being weak and vacuous. "Glittering Gloria" had no career at Daly's to remind one of the adjective in its title. Written by Hugh Morton, the pen name of an American responsible for "The Belle of New York," it was produced in London with some success last summer as a straight farce. The additions of songs for the home market did not seem to be an advantageous step. Cyril Scott and Adèle Ritchie were prominent in the cast, with an important part for Ferdinand Gottschalk.

On Washington's Birthday two other musical shows set up business with happier results. From Chicago came "The Tenderfoot," written by its comedian, Richard Carle, with music by H. L. Hartz. A noisy affair, with an incoherent story, its lively action and comely participants served to hit the public taste, and it remained at the New York for two months. At the Broadway, Henry W. Savage's "Yankee Consul" took the town by storm, and did the banner business of the season. Written by Henry Blossom, Jr., with music by Alfred G. Robyn, and exploiting Raymond Hitchcock as its star comedian, both story and melodies struck the bullseye square in the center, and at this writing the run is still going on, with no sign of a finish in sight.

IN EARLY SPRINGTIME.

At the New Amsterdam, Richard Mansfield appeared on March 1, and for two weeks, in Tolstoy's "Ivan the Terrible," making a personal success in a play of small value in itself. The last

fortnight of his stay was devoted to repertoire, and in this he played to immense audiences, especially in the case of "Beau Brummel."

Perhaps the most artistic performance of the whole season was that of Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet," on view for a month at the Knickerbocker, albeit the attendance was not what it should have been. Neither Mr. Robertson's support nor the stage management was of a superior order, but his own interpretation of the Danish prince outweighed all deficiencies.

"Man Proposes," a comedy by Ernest Denny, offered by Henry Miller at the Hudson, added another to the long list of failures. To be sure, there was no premature closing of the house, but after a brief term, the play was simply dropped as not suitable.

A much discussed feature of the winter was the stock company assembled by Sydney Rosenfeld under the title of the Century Players. They were to do wonderful things, according to Mr. Rosenfeld's prospectus; but the principal thing they failed to do, when they finally got under way at the Princess Theater, was to draw sufficient audiences to make the ghost walk on pay-day. Opening in Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," with Jessie Millward for *Beatrice* and William Morris as *Benedick*, they progressed as far as a half-baked rendering of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," when they reached a standstill in the middle of a week.

Nothing worse than harsh criticism fell to the lot of Katherine Kennedy, who about this time appeared at the Garrick in a weird hypnotic affair by Elwyn A. Barron, entitled "The Ruling Power." There was plenty of "angelic" money behind her, so that such men as Vincent Serrano and Orrin Johnson had no fear about throwing in their lot with the venture, which lasted for three weeks.

There is quite a different tale to tell of a notable revival which took place at the New Amsterdam on March 28, under the auspices of the veteran manager, A. M. Palmer, who had assembled a veritable all-star cast to present his triumph of thirty years ago. "The Two Orphans." With Kyrle Bellew, Clara Morris, Grace George, James O'Neill, Charles Warner, Elita Proctor Otis, Margaret Illington, and E. M. Holland as leaders in a company made up throughout of sterling stuff, it is no wonder that the venture instantly caught on,

nor did the piece seem as old-fashioned as one might have believed.

EASTER NOVELTIES.

The Casino's annual summer show was put on early—the Saturday night preceding Easter. It bore the title "Piff, Paff, Pouff," and gave its patrons what one might have expected under such an idiotic name. But a so-called "radium dance" introduced into the last act proved popular, and, with the assistance of Eddie Foy as chief comedian, landed the show in the ranks of box-office successes. Not even Charles Hawtrey's powers as an actor could do as much for "Saucy Sally," a farce by the editor of London *Punch*, with which the English actor came to the Lyceum on Easter Monday. It lasted just a month, and then the house opened its doors to "The Other Girl," ousted from the Empire—its second city home—by Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

The biggest hit of the spring season was achieved by William Collier at the Criterion, in a farce written especially for him by Richard Harding Davis, and called "The Dictator." After his series of autumn fiascos, Collier sank into a bed of roses with this success, and the prospects are that it will keep him working far into the summer. John, the latest member of the Barrymore family to reach the stage, did admirable work as a wireless telegraph operator, and Edward Abeles put up another of his finished portrayals of an imperturbable valet. Nanette Comstock made a comely leading woman, and Mr. Collier's wife, Louise Allen, did the heavy business in the shape of a vengeful *señora*.

Two other productions of Easter Monday lived only the week out—"The Superstitions of Sue," a farce by Paul Armstrong at the Savoy, and "An African Millionaire" at the Princess. The latter, called an original comedy, was dramatized by Fred Sydney from the stories woven by the late Grant Allen around that clever scoundrel, *Colonel Clay*, and H. Reeves Smith was featured in the leading part, which gave him opportunity to appear in no less than four different disguises. But "Raffles" had already skimmed the cream off the polished villains for the season, and good acting could not save the piece.

There was not even good acting to uphold "The Shepherd King," although the splendors of its mounting did manage to keep the piece on at the Knickerbocker for four weeks. Wright Lorimer,

hitherto unheard of in New York, was its co-author and star, but failed to convince the public that he possessed the qualities which won an assured position in a single night for people like Henrietta Crosman (with "Mistress Nell"), Thomas Ross (with "Checkers"), and recently for Dustin Farnum (with "The Virginian").

A RUSH TO REVIVALS.

Following close on the revival of "The Two Orphans," and just across the street, at the Lyric, De Wolf Hopper—taking his cue, perhaps, from Francis Wilson and "Erminie"—trotted out another old-timer, "Wang." The public did not seem to resent the fact that this "comedy operetta" is fourteen years old, and it drew better audiences than Hopper's previous offering, "Mr. Pickwick." He had Madge Lessing to sing the ballad about shady nooks and babbling brooks which Della Fox made famous.

In the same week New York was obliged to bear up under two "Camilles"—one at the Hudson, with Margaret Anglin as the exponent of the title rôle, and the other at the Harlem Opera House, having Virginia Harned for the lady with the cough. Happily both players reduced this unpleasant accessory to the smallest dimensions. Miss Anglin's rendering was adjudged to be entirely too lady-like for realism, and what artistic honors there were to be garnered went to Miss Harned, who certainly gave a powerful delineation of the unhappy Dumas heroine. For the rest, the version used at the Hudson—said to be Mr. Miller's own, prepared for himself and Miss Anglin during their San Francisco engagement—was much the more satisfactory from the story point of view. Mr. Miller's *Armand* will not rank very high in his list of impersonations, and the wild, helter-skelter fashion in which the famous denunciation scene in the fourth act was carried out absolutely robbed the episode of its effect. Mr. Miller, by the way, is the husband of Bijou Heron, whose mother, Matilda, was the first *Camille* in this country. The Harlem *Armand*, William Courtenay, possesses the youth and the good looks necessary to the part, and acted it with more fire than one would have supposed him to have in his make-up. New York will hereafter have a higher opinion of this young man's abilities. Neither of the "Camilles," be it added, drew very large audiences, although Miss

Harned's was put on at the Garrick for a week in May.

THE OPERA SEASON OF 1903-'04.

Mr. Conried's first season at the Metropolitan Opera House may be summed up as having been, on the whole, distinctly successful. Its financial result—not the truest criterion, perhaps, but the readiest, and one that this materialistic age considers of supreme importance—was unexpectedly favorable. The stockholders of the Metropolitan are pretty well used to making up annual deficits by putting their hands into their well-filled pockets; and it is understood that Mr. Conried told them, last November, to expect a loss of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars this year. Instead, a handsome dividend was declared. The total expenses were about a million dollars, of which two thirds went to the singers; the receipts were a hundred and fifty thousand dollars more than a million. The profits came from New York, for the road tour was not remunerative, the attendance in Chicago and Boston being particularly disappointing. "Parsifal" was by far the best drawing card, its eleven performances—not including Mr. Conried's benefit—bringing in nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

Turning to the artistic aspect of the season, there was matter both for commendation and for criticism. Its chief triumph and most memorable event, of course, was the production of "Parsifal," which had never before been staged outside of Bayreuth. Otherwise, novelties were conspicuous by their absence, though Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore" and the ballet "Coppelia" were new to the great majority of those who saw them. Mr. Conried promised Smetana's "Bartered Bride" and Maillart's "Dragons de Villars," but failed to give either.

The record of the New York season showed ninety-five performances. Counting each item of the double and triple bills, the figure becomes one hundred and six. This total was made up by the following twenty-seven operas, counting "Mefistofele," of which a single scene was given, and "Coppelia":

"Parsifal," twelve performances.

"Cavalleria Rusticana," eight performances.

"Aida," six performances.

"Walküre," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Rigoletto," and "Pagliacci," five performances apiece.

"Tristan und Isolde," "Magic Flute,"

"Carmen," "Faust," "Barbiere di Siviglia," "Elisir d'Amore," "Tosca," and "Coppelia," four performances apiece.

"Siegfried," "Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "Böhème," three performances apiece.

"Rheingold," "Götterdämmerung," "Roméo et Juliette," and "Mefistofele" (Prison Scene), two performances apiece.

"Le Nozze di Figaro," "Fidelio," and "Weisse Dame," one performance apiece.

Of the fourteen composers represented in the above list, Wagner led with thirty-eight presentations of eight operas. Verdi being a poor second with fourteen of three operas. As to the division by languages, forty-nine performances were given in Italian, forty-three in German, ten in French, and four—of "Coppelia"—in dumb-show.

In musical merit, the general level was high, of course, but there were some serious declensions. To lovers of the *bel canto*, the most delightful feature of the season was the discovery of Caruso's beautiful tenor voice, and his singing with Sembrich in the older Italian operas. Ternina, though her voice is no longer as fresh as it was, scored memorable triumphs as *Brunnhilde* and *Kundry*. Gadsby's excellent work may be said to have won her a definite place in the front rank of dramatic sopranos. Several other German singers—perhaps Kraus, Goritz, Klopfer, Burgstaller, Blass, and Reiss may be specialized—proved valuable members of the company, and as a "general utility" tenor the versatile Dippel would be hard to equal. Minor successes—which might have been great ones in less brilliant company—were scored in German opera by three sopranos of American birth or training, but new to our stage—Olive Fremstad, Edyth Walker, and Marion Weed. On the other hand, in spite of Pol Plançon, the French department was conspicuously weak. Calvé, reappearing after two years' absence, drew some good houses in "Carmen," but her mannerisms have increased while her vocal powers and dramatic graces have decreased. "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette," formerly two prime favorites, were sadly mediocre affairs with Naval and Akté as hero and heroine.

It was Mr. Conried's avowed policy to refuse to pay the extravagant salaries which certain great European singers have been wont to demand for coming to America. In view of the good financial

result of the New York season, and of the fact that it was carried through without once changing the opera advertised for performance, his plan must be called successful; but it is decidedly a risky one. Had either Sembrich, Ternina, or Gadski broken down—and Ternina's health has often been precarious—he would have found himself in a serious dilemma. It may be doubted whether he can get through another season with satisfaction to his directors and the public without opening his checkbook and lengthening his list of stars.

Stage management has always been a weak point at the Metropolitan. The difficulties of the situation were set forth in this department last February, and they have not been overcome. The equipment of the opera-house was improved at great expense last autumn, but the problem of adequate preparatory drill remains unsolved. Mr. Conried imported two German personages who are reputed masters of the mechanical craft of the stage, but their presence did not prevent a long and annoying series of mishaps. There is a lack of discipline behind the scenes at the Metropolitan, which Mr. Conried may possibly succeed in remedying next winter. He is said to have declared that at any rate he does not propose, another season, to have one of his own scene-shifters tell him to go to a warmer region when he gives the man an order.

To complete the record of grand opera in New York, it is necessary to mention the fiasco scored by a second-rate French company from New Orleans, which sang for three nights at the Casino, in March, and Henry W. Savage's successful four weeks' season of English opera at the West End, in December and January. A feature of the latter was the first production of Verdi's "Othello" in English.

FINAL BILLS OF THE SEASON.

After such a disastrous winter, it was not surprising to find the New York theaters closing early. A few went dark at the end of April, and by the middle of May open houses were almost the exception. A spring surprise was the success of Elizabeth Tyree at the Savoy in "Tit for Tat," a comedy from the French, cleansed for American audiences by Leo Ditrichstein—who also served as leading man for the first fortnight, after which he gave way to Aubrey Boucicault. Miss Tyree had been idle for most of the year, after a brief tour with "Vivian's Papas" in Hattie Williams'

part; and her previous season's experiences a-starring with "Captain Molly" and "Gretna Green" were anything but roseate memories. And deodorized French farce had been in such ill repute in New York of late, that the really pleasant entertainment afforded by "Tit for Tat" came like a bolt from the blue.

Quite of the opposite description was the impression left by "A Venetian Romance," the so-called "comedy opera" offered by the Frank L. Perley company at the Knickerbocker. Heralded long in advance as something altogether extraordinary in its line, the piece had been sent to the drydock for repairs soon after its provincial production; but an obstinate librettist with much money behind her still stood in the path of improvement, and the thing had no star to carry it, Harry McDonough bearing the heat and burden of the day as chief comedian. One looked in vain for either romance or fun in the book by Mrs. Cornelia Osgood Tyler, but some of Frederic Coit Wight's music was tuneful, and the bits done by the three widows were really worth while. Still, the outlook for the Knickerbocker is for another summer of closed doors.

Possibly vigorous work, with the cooperation of both composer and author, may prove sufficient to avert this catastrophe from the Majestic, where "The Man from China" was recklessly billed in advance as staying there "all summer anyhow." Devised by Paul West, with music by John W. Bratton, the piece was intended to serve as a starring vehicle for Charles A. Bigelow. The critics fell upon the show tooth and nail, but singled out Stella Mayhew for commendation. Miss Mayhew is a comedian of the May Irwin type, and has been traveling about as the colored mammy in "Way Down Upon the Suwannee River." With five minutes of the Radium Dance in "Piff, Paff, Pouf" at the Casino, and ten of Miss Mayhew at the Majestic with her "Fifty-Seven Ways to Woo a Man," New York may have at least two hot-weather shows below the roof-line.

An exceedingly bald English melodrama by Walter Howard, "Two Little Sailor Boys," closed the season at the Academy of Music, and, apparently by its very lack of pretension, won the favor of the reviewers, who had just been so severe on the Broadway shows of the same May week. The "boys" were played very acceptably by Léonie Darmon and Mildred Morris, the latter the younger daughter of the late Felix Morris, one time leading man with Rosina Vokes.

Love Unaware.

THE STORY OF A RICH YOUNG WOMAN WHO HAD NO OBJECT IN LIFE.

BY LOUISE ROBINSON RHODES.

I.

EDITH CARPENTER felt distinctly bored. Her attention wandered from the French novel in her hand. The kaleidoscopic emotions of the heroine seemed unreal. She, at least, had never felt anything at all approaching them. The half-dozen years of her young womanhood passed vaguely before her mind. There had been the chaotic dreariness of the months following her father's death; the old house had been sold; the familiar belongings which mean "home" had been stored in a warehouse, from which she and her mother had not even yet found the courage to reassemble them.

They had traveled until she hated the sight of a railroad ticket. She had danced through the seasons at home and abroad; she had gone in for athletics; she was a member of half a dozen charitable boards, where her money was of more value than her inexperience. Nowhere did she seem needed.

She glanced across at her mother, and smiled whimsically. Mrs. Carpenter was a mild little woman, content to labor over intricate lacework, with an hour's gossip or a light novel for diversion. Naples was associated in her mind with the elaborate piece of Honiton she had fashioned there; Cologne was represented by a bit of Battenberg. Indeed, nearly every stopping place in their wanderings was interwoven with some needlework design which had supplied for her the abiding interest her daughter lacked. Now her lips were moving slightly as she counted stitches. Clearly she did not need her daughter's attention.

Edith turned back to her novel with a sigh, only to drop it with a shrug of distaste. The hero had appeared now, and was declaring his undying affection with deep sincerity.

"Men don't really do it that way," she thought with the cynical smile of a connoisseur.

In her life, men had come and men had gone. They had wooed in every tongue. Some, perhaps, had been sincere, but

many had shown such an evident affection for her fortune that she had ended by distrusting them all. No, not all; there had been an evil day when one man had paid his ardent court so well that her heart had beat with answering love. But just as the declaration trembled upon his lips, a pretty girl whose face was her only dowry had come upon the scene, and the man, as if in spite of himself, had followed the bidding of real affection. Somewhere in the world he and the little girl were happy, no doubt, with never a thought of the heiress who had gone her restless way, bitterly flouting the lovers who gathered about her until only the most desperate dared to woo.

Edith threw down her book with some impatience.

"I am going for a tramp, mother!" she exclaimed.

"But, Edith," protested her mother, "there's the Carters' dance this evening, and Mabel Ford's tea this afternoon! You'll be all red and blowsy after a walk in this wind. You had better take the carriage."

"Deed and I won't take the carriage, mother," laughed Edith, "and if I don't look fit, I won't go to the parties."

"You are so headstrong!" sighed her mother.

"Of course, but you like me, so it's all right!" she replied, walking briskly from the room.

It seemed exhilarating to face the sharp wind and put up a good fight against it, even if there was nothing tangible to be gained; so Edith turned into Vine Place and walked into the gale.

Perhaps it was because she was a little breathless, or it may have been because of her real interest in architecture, that she soon stopped before a handsome house in the process of construction. The simple lines and massive stone pleased her artistic sense, and she ascended the half finished portico to get a glimpse of the interior.

"Come in, come in, Miss Carpenter!" called a cordial voice, as Stephen Wentworth, the architect, advanced to meet her. "I had been wishing for a woman's

opinion in the matter of these dining-room arrangements."

"I shall be glad to come in," said Edith, as she shook hands with the alert, elderly man who helped her through the temporary door. "If there is one subject that I thoroughly enjoy, it is architecture. Mother nearly went demented because I would poke around the old cathedrals and ruins for hours at a time; but their grace and strength appealed to me more than paintings."

"You ought to be an architect," said Mr. Wentworth laughingly.

Edith looked at him speculatively for a moment, and then turned her attention to the dining-room which had failed to satisfy. Her comments were practical and suggestive.

"I do like a woman's opinion on internal arrangements," said Mr. Wentworth when they had completed a tour of the house. "I often wish I had a daughter. I should work her into the business."

"Will you work me in instead?" asked Edith impulsively.

"You?" exclaimed Mr. Wentworth in astonishment. "You do not need to work!"

"I think I need work more than many people who earn their living," she replied seriously. "I get very tired of an aimless existence. I should really like to enter your office as an apprentice."

"If you are really serious," said Mr. Wentworth, "you may work there every morning; but you must be busy, for the sake of maintaining discipline among the real workers."

"I shall be a real worker myself," said Edith.

"Very well, it's a bargain. I'll teach you the craft as far as I can, and in return you shall furnish me with a woman's point of view."

II.

WHEN Mrs. Carpenter was informed of her daughter's plans, she protested weakly, and then yielded, with the tearful suggestion that Edith would surely ruin her figure stooping over a horrid desk.

There was a pleasant novelty in the quiet, orderly routine of the office, where so much was accomplished and so little said. Edith learned to be of real use to Mr. Wentworth, and he commended her work, but the young architects in the outer office, and the young women clerks and stenographers, held aloof. They knew her as the rich Miss Carpenter, and

resented her attempt at serious work. At first the gulf they placed between themselves and her troubled Edith, but she soon learned to go her busy way in peace.

"I wish you would go out to the Thompson house, Miss Carpenter," said Mr. Wentworth one morning, "and see if you can make any suggestions for the library. They are leaving everything to me, and I have been too busy to give the finish and decoration the attention it deserves. Tom," he added, beckoning to a young man in the outer office, "take Miss Carpenter out to the Thompson house."

Tom rose with alacrity, and smiled frankly at Edith, with a friendliness which had seemed lacking in the attitude of the outer office. During the short drive he took up the burden of conversation, carrying it lightly from one topic to another, but always returning to something of interest in their profession.

"I suppose Mr. Wentworth sent me with you because I am new in the office and can be spared easily, and because I might get some practical ideas from your suggestions," he remarked. "I think I have always been an architect," he continued laughingly. "My first recollection is of building houses with blocks, and my earliest playmate was a quiet little girl who let me make houses for her by outlining rooms with sticks and stones. She was very obedient, and would tend her doll in the enclosure which I said was the nursery, or make her mud pies in the kitchen. She never carried her primitive pastry into what I called the parlor."

"When I went to school," Tom went on, "I was easily reconciled to arithmetic, because the problems so often dealt with the dimensions of rooms or buildings. Spelling and reading were dull, but they led to history, and I was able to interest myself in the characters because I could imagine them living their lives in wonderful castles, or pining away in a moated grange. It was the same when I went to college. The classics had a fascination because of the work of the ancient builders and sculptors; geometrical calculations were applied architecture, and mechanical drawing became a hobby."

Edith did not interrupt his reminiscences, and he continued his simple story.

"The family intended me for a physician. My father and grandfather belonged to that real order of nobility, the country doctors, and it was their hope that I should take up the succession. I

really tried. I studied medicine for a year, but it was a hopeless failure, and father himself advised me to give it up. My younger brother is making it up to him, however, so I felt free to follow my bent."

Edith found the personal note in Tom's remarks interesting, and wondered a little why she had never seemed to get so near a man's ambitions before. Then she reflected bitterly that she herself had been the ambition of so many men that it had been impossible to find their hopes and plans interesting.

As they went through the Thompson house, plans in hand, she became absorbed in the work before her.

"Just a foot or two less space would have made this smoking-room more cozy," she said. "I love cozy rooms. I would like this one all in browns that would shade into the smoke and lighten into the lamp-light."

In the library she fell a dreaming. The wood in which the room was to be finished was very beautiful, and the irregular outlines of the apartment lent themselves to restful nooks and corners.

"There should be a low bookcase built in there, and a high one should reach from door to door on that side," she said. "I would have some book-loving verse done in old English over the mantel. There should be a great, sturdy table drawn up in front of the fireplace, and a tiger-skin stretched before it. The dear old books should be right here to my hand, and the chairs should be deep and roomy, so that I could curl up and forget myself. Oh, this could be such a charming room! But of course it never will be; people like the Thompsons, who leave all the planning to the architect and the furnishing to some fashionable dealer, will never get the real comfort out of their money!"

"I should love to build a house for you!" said Tom with enthusiasm. "You would be an inspiration. I can imagine you presiding over the daintiest old china in the dining-room, with just the right picture behind you, and the shine of the wood matching your hair. Or in a red dress in the library—you must be extra pretty in red," he added reflectively, while Edith suddenly regretted the whim which had made her wear her darkest and plainest gowns at the office.

"The fire would snap," continued Tom, "and throw red lights over your dress and face, and I never should be able to keep my eyes on my book!"

Tom was dreaming now, and Edith

turned away to hide a smile which would ripple over her lips. Tom caught a fleeting glimpse of it, however, and a slow red burned in his face as he remarked laughingly:

"Rather cheeky to put myself in the library, too, I suppose, but just the same I should like to build a house for you some day!"

There was a boyish earnestness in his manner which was irresistible, and Edith smiled now in frank good-fellowship. His open admiration was so evidently for herself alone that she found it genuinely delightful.

III.

MR. WESTWORTH was very busy that autumn, and Edith was often sent out to see that his plans were being carried out in the best possible manner. Tom was always deputed as escort, and each day he fitted Edith into the new rooms with a word here and there. It came to be like a child's game of "playing keep house," and Edith took up the sport with mock-serious discussions of her preferences in form and color.

"But really, I must have my way about some things!" said Tom one day. "I fully intend to be the head of the house," he added, "but I shall try to be a lenient master. You may have your way in the dining-room and library, but I shall assert my rights in the living-room."

Edith started at the underlying note of sincerity in his tone; but before she could frame any remark which should show that she saw only the play side of the game, Tom added dejectedly:

"But oh, dear, it will be years before we can really build a house. A flat will be our portion, and flats are so unpromisingly ready-made that I shall probably have lost all my independence before we come to the house."

"Doubtless," said Edith in what she intended for a very cold tone, but she only succeeded in making it regretful.

She tried to remonstrate with herself that night as she was going to sleep for not discouraging Tom's day-dreams and eliminating herself from them.

"But he isn't in earnest, any way," she consoled herself; "and if he should be, some one is sure to tell him soon that I am the rich Miss Carpenter, and then he will stop, for Tom's a gentleman."

She sighed as she said it, although she could not have told why. Surely she did not wish Tom to be less a gentleman!

"May I come to see you this evening?"

asked Tom simply, as he leaned over her desk one morning.

For a moment Edith was silent. This, surely, was the time to put an end to the play; but before she could utter a dignified refusal, her face dimpled with delight at the thought of having Tom come to see her as he might have gone to see the pretty stenographer.

"I can think of no engagement for this evening. My mother and I will be glad to see you," she said demurely.

"All right. You may expect me early," said Tom cheerfully. "I've something nice to tell you."

For an instant Edith felt vaguely troubled. There was something affectionately proprietary in the tone. But in another moment her head went down on her desk, and she was shaking with suppressed laughter.

"The idea, that I should think him lover-like when I don't know him well enough to know his last name! I'm a spoiled, conceited thing! He would probably be horrified if he knew what I thought."

Her cheeks burned uncomfortably as she raised her head, and it was some time before she could ask Mr. Wentworth what Tom's last name was.

"Lawton," said Mr. Wentworth without looking up. "He's a mighty bright fellow, and I'm sorry he's going to leave."

"To leave?" echoed Edith with a strange feeling of dismay.

"Yes. I'd be glad to keep him, but old Green, in St. Paul, has offered him more than I can afford just now, so he is going over there."

"Oh," said Edith faintly, as she resumed her work, half conscious of feeling relieved that Tom was not going far away.

When he arrived at the Carpenter apartment that evening Tom was expansively happy. He seemed determined that both Mrs. Carpenter and her daughter should share his pleasure; but after several attempts to talk to the elder lady, to whom conversation seemed but an interruption in her counting, he turned to Edith.

"Will you come for a walk? I want to tell you about my new position, and it's too nice a night to stay in, any way."

Mrs. Carpenter stopped counting to look at him in blank amazement, but Edith, with a little ripple of laughter at the thought of "walking out with her young man," hurried away for her hat and jacket.

Tom led the way toward the park, ex-

plaining as he did so the new work offered him in St. Paul.

"I'm very glad," said Edith hesitatingly, for she was suddenly aware that she was not at all glad, although she tried to assure herself that this was the most comfortable solution of what might have become an uncomfortable problem.

"Of course you're glad, Edith," said Tom, drawing her arm tenderly through his, "because now we can have the little flat, if we can't build the house of our dreams. It will have to be in St. Paul, but it shall be large enough for your mother if she wishes to be with us. You shall furnish it to suit yourself, though you cannot plan the rooms; and it will be a lot nicer than any ready-furnished apartment, even if the things are not very expensive."

Edith was silent with consternation. How could this boy be so sure she would share his flat when she had only idly played at sharing his castles in Spain?

Tom did not notice her silence, and the overhanging trees hid the dismay of her face. He went happily on with his plans for the little home in which she should be the central figure until the trembling of her arm within his own made itself felt.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked anxiously.

Edith faltered for a moment, and then said:

"I—I am very tired."

"Of course you are. I am selfish to drag you around this way! We'll go home slowly, and I'll come to-morrow night for a little while, instead of talking everything over now."

Edith smiled wanly into the darkness as she thought how small a part she had taken in the "talking over."

When they parted at the door, Tom drew her gently to him and kissed her fondly. Edith gasped, but before she could remonstrate he was gone. She went directly to her room, her cheeks burning with hot shame, and the tears standing in her troubled eyes. She paced the room restlessly.

"Oh, the shame of it," she exclaimed, "that a woman should be so callous, so heartless! What will he think of me? How can I ever tell him? I have led him on; I have played with him as a cat does with a mouse! He will never trust any woman again. I have been wicked, wicked! His was such simple faith and love, such honest tenderness! He will utterly despise me!"

She fell on her knees, longing to pray for help and courage; but between her

and the All-Prevailing Love her heartless cruelty seemed to come like a barrier. Words of penitence flitted through her mind, but Tom's face, hurt, scornful, and angry, rose reproachfully before her.

At last tears came to her relief, and she threw herself upon the bed in a passion of weeping.

"I cannot tell him!" she groaned at last. "I am a coward through it all. I'll just let things go on. I'll marry him and try to deserve such love. I simply cannot let him know!"

Somehow she felt comforted by the resolution, and was able to lie quietly waiting for the morning.

"When Tom comes to-night he shall find a loving sweetheart," she thought penitently. "I hope I shall be able to play the part well!"

She did not go to the office that morning, but spent the time in removing all traces of the night's suffering. But Tom did not wait until evening to make his call. Early in the afternoon he sent in an imperative message that he must see Miss Carpenter.

Edith went into the parlor, shy, yet determined to be tenderly loving in her manner. She need not have schooled herself so well, nor have lifted a smiling, waiting face to his. He made no movement even to take her outstretched hands. It was not Tom, her boy lover; it was a man, white and shaken.

"Miss Carpenter," he said haltingly, "I have come to apologize for my foolish words of last night."

"Foolish?" faltered Edith, letting her hands drop aimlessly.

"Yes," said Tom bitterly. "They amused you, no doubt. Probably you were

trembling with laughter when I thought you were overcome with timidity! I appreciate your hesitation to tell me the truth, but it would have been kinder than to leave me to learn it from others."

"The truth—from others!" echoed Edith faintly.

"Yes," said Tom, walking to the window to hide the tears which would rise to his eyes. "I was in such a fool's paradise that I could hardly wait to tell some one of my happiness. I went straight to Mr. Wentworth this morning."

"What—what did he say?" asked Edith timidly.

"That the care of the Carpenter money would be a better job than either he or old Green could give me."

"Was that all?" asked Edith, with a strange lightening at her heart.

"All he had time to say," replied Tom savagely. "I cut out of the office, and have been walking around ever since. I'm not going to say how unfair it seems. I shall forget it some day. I just came to say good-by."

He stopped abruptly, as if something choked him.

"But, Tom," said Edith impulsively. "I don't want you to say good-by. I need you—I want you to build my—our house, I mean."

She was blushing in beautiful confusion, and the light in her eyes gave no hint of the sacrifice that she had resolved to make.

Tom turned slowly toward her, and all at once the haggard man was gone. Her boy lover was at her side, and just as suddenly Edith knew that it was love, not sacrifice, that she would offer him all the rest of her life.

GOD'S GREATEST GIFT.

GOD pity those who know not touch of hands—

Who dwell from all their fellows far apart,

Who, isolated in unpeopled lands,

Know not a friend's communion, heart to heart!

But pity these—ah, pity these the more,

Who of the populous town a desert make,

Pent in a solitude upon whose shore

The tides of sweet compassion never break!

These are the dread Saharas we enclose

About our lives when love we put away;

Amid life's roses, not a scent of rose;

Amid the blossoming, nothing but decay.

But if 'tis love we search for, knowledge comes,

And love that passeth knowledge—God is there!

Who seek the love of hearts find in their homes

Peace at the threshold, angels on the stair.

Joseph Dana Miller.

ETCHINGS

LOVE LANE.

LOVE LANE, Love Lane, quiet, sweet, and shady;

Pansies by the gateway, and pansies by the door;

Old-fashioned blossom-beds—gay smock o' my lady,

Clove-pinks and eglantine, such a fragrant store!

Love Lane, Love Lane, wrens and robins tuning

In the boughs at dawn-break—ah, the crystal strain!

Little runs of melody through the golden nooning,

And, at dusk and dew-fall, still a glad refrain!

Love Lane, Love Lane, bursts of childish laughter,

Just the simple merriment that hearts untroubled know;

Love's smile from the casement, Love's light step, and after

Love's red lips uplifted as the sun droops low!

Clinton Scollard.

ARCADY À LA BOHÈME.

WHERE is the place of my delight,

And what the road that I must tread

Until, before my homesick sight,

The olden glories all are spread?

By what faint bird-calls am I led?

What shimmer of anemone

Defines the way to blisses fled?

Where lies my path to Arcady?

With clang of traffic fell the night;

The street-lamps flashed, a silver thread;

And, puffed with wealth and appetite,

To Jean's or François' we were sped.

"Monsieur, the white wine or the red?"

We chose our drink right swellingly,

And Alice broke the long, crisp bread—

Ah, straight the path to Arcady!

Was it the olives—one a bite—

That flavored of our food each shred?

Or was the ice, moist pink and white,

The only sweet on which we fed?

Did wit inform each word we said,

That we should laugh so rapturously,
Who found each night, 'twixt work and bed,

The pleasant path to Arcady?

The tawdry rooms, what made them bright?

What fused to silver spoons of lead?

What made the waiter, wild-eyed wight,

Of servitors seem the best bred?

And François' cat, sleek quadruped,

Why did we pat him lovingly?

Ah, place where joy and youth were wed—

Dear, dingy path to Arcady!

ENVOY.

Prince, not alone where overspread

The sylvan stars through many a tree,

Or violets show where love has bled,

Is there a path to Arcady!

Anne O'Hagan.

THE NEW YORKER'S SUMMER.

You will go to the mountains or the lakes,

You will sail o'er the placid summer seas;

You will hunt and fish till each muscle aches,

You will rest and will dream beneath the trees;

You will idle and court the kindly breeze,

Or you'll bask in the sun that makes you brown;

But you'll tire of pleasures such as these,

And be glad to get back to Gotham town!

You will stand by the roaring surf that breaks

O'er the shifting sands, and across the leas;

You will note how the lamb his gambol takes;

You will prattle of nature's harmonies;

You will poetize as you take your ease,

But at last you will ring the curtain down—

You will pine for the city's jollities,

And be glad to get back to Gotham town!

You will walk in the path the moonlight
 makes
 With the country lass whose hand
 you'll squeeze;
 She'll be sure to note when your love
 awakes,
 And you'll both grow "spoony" by
 quick degrees—
 Ah me, these delightful comedies!
 But she'll soon grow cold, and you'll
 play the clown,
 You will splutter and rail at fate's de-
 crees,
 And be glad to get back to Gotham
 town!

ENVOY.

Prince, start for whatever shores you
 please,
 Though surroundings new your woes
 may drown,
 You'll be sad outside of these boundaries,
 And be glad to get back to Gotham
 town!

Nathan M. Levy.

A MADRIGAL.

WAKE, for the lark has flown
 Straight to the blue;
 Sparkles of sun are thrown
 Back by the dew.
 Come, while the fields are yet
 Fragrant with violet—
 Love, by my castanet,
 Carols to you!

But when the night birds sing
 Out of the dusk,
 When the warm breezes bring
 Odors of musk,
 Then in impassioned tone
 Speak to me, oh, my own!
 Love finds full voice alone
 Deep in the dusk.

Charles Buxton Going.

HOW MYRTLE READS.

At four o'clock she snatched the book
 (At five, I think, a tea was due)
 And, rushing to her cozy-nook,
 Into the tangled plot she flew.

The book, a recent novel, was
 With numbered chapters forty-eight,
 And Myrtle picked it up because
 She wished excitement while-you-wait.

From Chapter One to Seventeen
 She took a quarter of an hour.
 She didn't like what came between,
 And so she skipped to Twenty-Four.

Past page and chapter, steaming hot,
 At breathless, railroad rate she sped,
 Her sole intent to catch the plot
 And cut descriptions while she read.

But here she checked her break-neck
 course—

'Twas sure that something had oc-
 curred.

She seized upon the plot perforce
 And slowly ate it, word for word.

It seems the lovers—foolish twain—
 Had quarreled, raised an angry scene.
 And then a handsome rival swain
 Came like a god from the machine.

To Forty-Five again she skipped,
 There disinterred the plot to find
 The lover from his horse had slipped—
 Love scene here, ardent but refined.

She saw the clock above the grate—
 "Good gracious, it is half past four!
 I'll rush through Chapter Forty-Eight—
 'Twill only take a minute more."

4:41—the book was done.
 She slid the volume from her lap,
 Arranged her side-combs on the run.
 And hurried for her hat and wrap.

And as she hastened through the door
 To catch a car, at breathless speed,
 She said, "I might have known before
 That book would take just hours to
 read!"

Wallace Irwin.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A LITTLE plaster-paris cast
 Above my desk I see;
 The Bard of Avon's grand old head
 Benignly looks at me.

He looks at me as I sit here,
 A smile upon his face,
 Amused, perhaps, to see me try
 His inmost thought to trace.

That's what we're doing, William—
 Pulling you all apart,
 Trying to find your motives,
 And analyze your heart!

Such subtle scholars we've become,
 So great our lore and skill,
 You'd be surprised to hear the things
 We've learned about you, Will!

In fact, if you could live again
 And as a mortal pass,
 You'd find you'd simply be obliged
 To join a Shakespeare class!

Mrs. B. Clapp.

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No. 5.



Motor Boating—A New Sport.

BY PARKER NEWTON.

THE SUDDEN POPULARITY OF THE LIGHT, HIGH-POWERED CRAFT WHICH MAY BE CALLED THE AUTOMOBILES OF THE WATER.

THERE is an unfailing demand for some new thing in the world of sport. When a novelty that seems worth while appears in the field, it always awakens keen interest. Its powers and its possibilities are sure to be tested and developed with untiring enthusiasm. However costly it may be, if it promises to give anything like a fair re-

turn, unlimited money stands ready to support it.

The new thing of 1904 is the motor boat. Not that it is actually an invention of the current year; but this season marks its debut as a prominent candidate for sporting popularity. It is so new that even its precise identity does not seem to be thoroughly established.



A MOTOR BOAT ON THE HUDSON RIVER RACING A TRAIN ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL, WHICH AT MANY POINTS RUNS CLOSE ALONG THE RIVER BANK.

Drawn by Parker Newton.

There is some little laxity in the use of the term "motor boat." It has been applied, especially in Europe, to many of the swift, small craft driven by steam-power. Scientifically, such a usage is not incorrect; but one would scarcely

To the uninitiated, indeed, it may well seem as if these wonderful little craft must be propelled by some mysterious power that needs no mechanism of enginery. They shoot over their native element like dragonflies, and ap-



THIRTY MILES AN HOUR—A HIGH-POWER MOTOR BOAT AT TOP SPEED.

Drawn by Parker Newton.

call the Celtic a "motor ship," though the huge engines that propel her vast weight through the water are undoubtedly a motor. And in America, at any rate, a stricter definition is accepted. With us, a motor boat is properly a light vessel built for speed and driven by some form of gas engine. Its fuel is usually gasoline, though naphtha, kerosene, and other liquids are also used.

pear too arrow-like and slender to hide in their interior so cumbersome a piece of furniture as a boiler.

A decade ago glowing predictions were afloat as to impending developments in electricity. Men with a smattering of the science were asserting that there was no reason why electrical power should not be used for all maritime purposes, even for the propulsion



WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND A HELPER IN HIS FORTY-FOOT MOTOR BOAT, THE HARD BOILED EGG, ONE OF THE SWIFTEST CRAFT IN NEW YORK WATERS.

of ocean steamers. As a matter of fact, invention in that line got no further than the building of launches driven by storage batteries. The silence and cleanliness of these craft made them extremely comfortable, but they have not proved capable of any very high speed.

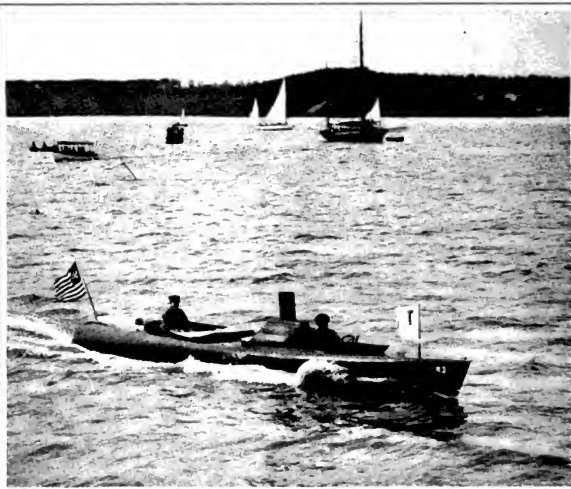
In this latter respect, greater things have been done by small steam-driven

boats of high power. In New York waters, during the past twenty years, some remarkable records have been made by the *Stiletto*, the *Norwood*, the *Vamoose*, the *Now Then*, the *Yankee*—all famous craft in their day—and most lately by the *Ellide* and the *Arrow*, for which last a speed of no less than forty miles an hour is claimed. Each of these



A DESIGN FOR A MOTOR CATAMARAN, WHICH WOULD COMBINE SAFETY, COMFORT, HIGH SPEED, AND CHEAPNESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

Drawn by Parker Newton.



IN MANHASSET BAY, DURING THE REGATTA OF THE AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION, ON MAY 30—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE PANHARD, AN EIGHTEEN-HORSE-POWER FRENCH BOAT.

vessels is or was the result of much thought, labor, and expense, and all were more or less experimental.

Last summer the New York newspapers repeatedly described the performances of a curious craft which appeared in and around the harbor. Most of the passengers on the ferries and on the Sandy Hook boats had never seen such speed as the needle-like newcomer displayed. It was learned that she was called the *Standard*, and was owned by E. A. Riotte, an automobile manufacturer of Jersey City. She measured fifty feet on the water line, had seven feet beam, with only two feet draft, and a speed of twenty-seven miles an hour was claimed for her. She was designed by Lewis Nixon, and was said to have cost ten thousand dollars.

The *Standard* probably deserves the honor of ranking as the pioneer motor boat of really high speed in New York waters. Unquestionably, the attention that she attracted did much to intro-

duce the new class of craft to yachtsmen and the public in general.

THE AUTOMOBILE OF THE WATER.

The typical motor boat of to-day is a natural sequel to the automobile. Both the makers and the users of the latter saw that the light and powerful engine of the road car could be installed in a hull and set to turn a screw just as readily as it can be set in a chassis and harnessed to a revolving axle. The first auto-boats in Europe and America proved such promising performers that there was a rush to construct more of them. Boat-building yards are now working overtime to fill orders. The leading yacht clubs have taken the idea up in such a serious way that it may be pronounced as having already passed beyond the fad stage. Valuable prizes have been offered, and some interesting races have been held. Almost every yachtsman who has the money to spare wants one of the new craft; and their

possession need not be limited to the millionaire class, for while the larger and higher-powered racers cost several thousand dollars, a serviceable but less ambitious boat can be obtained for a few hundred.

It would not be reasonable to expect perfection in so new a type of craft. It seems clear that builders have in many cases sacrificed too much to the desire for speed. The great and natural temptation toward extreme lightness of construction has proved dangerous to strength and seaworthiness. The races held at Monte Carlo, early in the present summer, are said to have enforced this moral with some emphasis. Most of the competing boats—practically all of which were French—proved to be over-engined. According to a reporter whose love of the picturesque seems to have led him into a pardonable exaggeration, their vibration shook out the loose teeth of the people aboard them. Rivets were started from the planking, and little streams from the sea poured into the hulls, so that the crews had to pump or sink. Only one competitor became a total loss, but several others were so badly racked as to need virtual rebuilding.

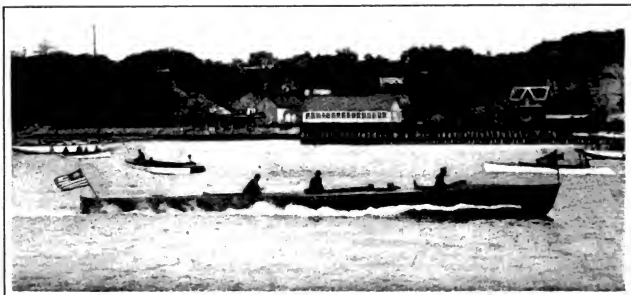
There is no doubt that the lesson of the French races, and others that they will learn from their own experience, will teach American builders to turn out a wholesome type that will combine speed with safety and efficiency.

A MOTOR CATAMARAN.

The motor catamaran, shown in the drawing on page 643, is put forward as a suggestion to auto-boat designers. Its advantages are cheapness and seaworthiness. Its twin hulls may be built in the same way as a fisherman's dory, with about two strakes in each side of a hull forty feet long. The deck beam is to be twenty-two inches; depth of the hull, twenty-six inches amidships, shallowing toward bow and stern. In profile the bows will be similar to those of the cup defenders Columbia and Reliance, the stern coming down square and straight. Each hull has a keel three inches wide, eight inches deep amidships, and tapering to nothing at the bow and stern. Each hull also has a twelve-horse-power motor, just forward of amidships. Over the motor is an open hatch with a high gunwale, to give easy access to the machinery. The hatch should be covered with canvas when there is a sea. The fuel tanks are well forward, and the extreme bow



THE SADA, OF THREE HORSE-POWER, OWNED BY C. A. GONSHALK, WHICH TOOK THE PRIZE FOR THE SMALLEST CLASS OF MOTOR CRAFT AT THE DECORATION DAY REGATTA.



THE STANDARD, A REMARKABLE CRAFT THAT MAY BE CALLED THE PIONEER HIGH-SPEED MOTOR BOAT IN NEW YORK WATERS.



MISS SWIFT, OWNED BY ROBERT JACOB, ONE OF THE PRIZE-WINNING BOATS IN THE DECORATION DAY REGATTA.



A BRUSH BETWEEN MISS SWIFT (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND ONE OF THE SMALLER CRAFT IN THE DECORATION DAY REGATTA.

THE COMING OF THE MOTOR BOAT—RECENT SCENES IN NEW YORK WATERS.

From photographs by the Pictorial News Company, New York

and stern have air tanks or collision bulkheads.

The two hulls of the catamaran are fastened eight feet apart and decked

in the field of motor boating is the British International Cup, commonly known as the Harmsworth cup, from the name of its donor. Last year this



THE ULTRA-MODERN AND THE MEDIEVAL.—A MOTOR BOAT FLYING PAST THE GONDOLAS ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

Drawn by Parker Newton.

over for a length of twelve feet. The helmsman or operator will sit forward, behind a wind-break, where he will control the motors and steering-gear. The whole craft will be light, and its draft will be extremely small—a condition, of course, which is strongly favorable to high speed. Its stability will make it perfectly safe in a sea that would swamp a single-hulled boat. Its roomy deck, whereon one can move about without drawing from the captain a warning cry of "Trim ship!" will add greatly to the comfort of its passengers.

Perhaps the most prominent trophy

was raced for in Queenstown Harbor, and was won by S. F. Edge's Napier. The next contest is scheduled for July 30, on the Solent, and at the time of writing there is every prospect of an interesting contest. France will be represented by a trio of her experts, and an American boat is being sent over of which great things are expected.

The most important races that have yet taken place in New York waters were held by the newly formed American Power Boat Association in Manhasset Bay on May 30 and on the Hudson River on June 11 and June 23.

HOW RULERS ARE GUARDED



BY SAMUEL M. WILLIAMS.

THE PERSONAL PERIL FROM WHICH KINGS, EMPERORS, AND PRESIDENTS ARE NEVER FREE, AND THE ELABORATE SYSTEM OF POLICE ESPIONAGE BY WHICH MOST OF THEM ARE SURROUNDED.

IT is a strange condition of modern civilization that a twentieth-century king should live in greater personal danger than his predecessors of any age. The medieval monarch often had to guard against conspiracies and revolutions that threatened to upset his throne. The ruler of a civilized country, nowadays, is secure against political perils, but it takes hundreds of soldiers and an unseen army of secret agents to protect his life from the individual assassin—the fanatic, the madman, and the anarchist.

This constant fear of assassination causes most of the kings of Europe to be slaves to precautions for their personal safety. While possessing the greatest power, they often have the least liberty. It is not exactly fear that haunts them, for centuries of inherited training have in most cases eliminated personal cowardice, but rather a natural dread of an untimely end and of the possible consequences to their subjects. Prudent considerations of statecraft compel the modern monarch to submit to a system of espionage always unpleasant and often intolerable. No strong man likes to feel that another's eye is upon his every movement, and kings are but men, with a more than ordinary dislike of restraint.

I have stood at military reviews with-

in ten yards of the Czar of Russia, the most carefully guarded of sovereigns, when his nearest escort was twice that distance away. My small boat on the Thames has bumped alongside King Edward's launch in the narrow river, and both parties apologized for the collision. I have encountered the Kaiser walking practically alone in the streets of Berlin; stopped to speak with genial President Loubet in Paris, and met King Leopold of the Belgians shopping in Piccadilly. Yet despite this apparent freedom, hundreds of the best detectives devote their whole time to safeguarding these rulers, taking most elaborate precautions to keep them from any possibility of danger.

It is not lack of surveillance that sometimes permits seemingly free access to the royal presence. On the contrary, it is the very perfection of system that allows the well disposed person to come near. How many suspicious men have been quietly turned aside is never known. The center of active work is often far away from the king's immediate presence. Assassinations are almost invariably hatched in foreign countries, and the assassin is rarely a resident of the place where his crime is committed. To strike at headquarters is the secret police rule. That is why Russian officials keep closer watch in

London than in many Muscovite cities, and the Italian government maintains numerous agents in and around New York.

LONDON THE ANARCHISTS' HEADQUARTERS.

It is strange, at first sight, that London should contain more dangerous rev-

all to be expelled, with no haven left in Europe. Therefore the word has gone out to conspirators and anarchists of every degree that King Edward's life must under no circumstances be jeopardized or threatened.

In the crowded East End of London I know a Russian nihilist. The presses of



THE QUEEN OF ITALY DRIVING THROUGH THE GARDEN OF THE QUIRINAL PALACE IN ROME, ESCORTED BY MOUNTED TROOPERS.

olutionists—men who would not hesitate at assassination—than any other city in the world, and yet King Edward's life is considered safer than that of any other sovereign in Europe. Exiles who openly vow dire vengeance upon their own kings and governments never utter a hostile threat against him. The accepted explanation is that England is their refuge, where they fear no extradition for political crimes and plots. A blow at the king would cause

his printing office are responsible for the circulation of much revolutionary literature in various languages. He is a rational, peaceable man until the Czar is mentioned in his presence. Then he exclaims vigorously:

"I would not change places with the emperor! He is certain to be assassinated. Some one will sooner or later remove him. But if I should see a man raise his hand against King Edward, I would be the first to strike him down."

Such expressions are no secrets in London. Russian and English detectives often hear them, and know the men who express them. Practically every nihilist or anarchist is listed on the police reports, not only in London but in other European capitals.

THE CZAR AND HIS GUARDS.

It is no wonder that those responsible

when necessary, any law or regulation. The army and police are in their entirety his bodyguards. Regiments of soldiers are stationed near each palace, and selected troops are detailed for duty in courtyards and buildings, where they form a cordon around the imperial apartments.

In addition to the regular uniformed police, who patrol the streets with par-



KING EDWARD DECORATING HIGHLANDERS WHO HAVE BEEN DETAILED AS HIS PERSONAL GUARDS AT BALMORAL.—PRINCESS VICTORIA AND THREE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' CHILDREN ARE STANDING IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE KING.

for preserving the life of the Czar should have instituted an elaborate defensive system. Indeed, the whole machinery of government in Russia is primarily devoted to safeguarding the imperial family. It is the duty of every official, military and civil, to think first of his royal master, and then of his other duties. The safety of the emperor is a sufficient excuse for setting aside,

particular care when the Czar is passing, there is a large body of secret police, whose duty it is to discover and frustrate any possible plot against him. They have agents in Berlin, London, Paris, Buenos Ayres, New York, Chicago, and Paterson, New Jersey. Spies are in every city in Russia and in every department of life. The censorship of mails and telegraphs, the passport sys-



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA DRIVING OUT FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN LONDON WITH AN ESCORT OF MOUNTED GUARDSMEN.

Drawn by E. M. Atte from a photograph.



GENERAL FULLON, PREFECT OF THE ST. PETERSBURG POLICE, ON WHOM FALLS THE CHIEF RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PERSONAL SAFETY OF THE CZAR.

tem, the protection of frontiers, the compulsory announcement of arrivals and departures to the police by every householder—all these are parts of the same system, whose principal aim is the protection of the emperor.

When the Czar travels other people wait. Not only stations, but entire railways may be blocked for hours at a time. Between St. Petersburg and Tsarkoi Selo a special line, with a private station at each end, has been built for the exclusive use of the imperial family. Every yard of it is guarded constantly, and particularly when a train is to pass.

The emperor goes about the St. Petersburg streets without a military guard. He may be seen driving down the Nevsky Prospekt in an open sleigh or carriage, drawn by a swift black horse, without a footman. About two hundred feet behind him, however, a police official is sure to follow. For many years this escort duty fell to General Kleigels, prefect of the St. Peters-

burg police, who has recently been appointed governor of the province of Kieff. His successor at the capital is General Fullon.

The Czar Nicholas appears to be personally courageous, and goes out a good deal, while his father, who lived under the terror inspired by the murder of Alexander II, was harassed with continual fear. At Tsarkoi Selo and Peterhof, his two favorite residences, he is understood to occupy small villas in the grounds in preference to the large palaces. He does not love pomp. He often attends theaters, but rarely concerts or balls. He always arrives late, and never until the secret police have reported that no suspected or unknown persons have procured admittance.

The Czar is not so carefully guarded that an evil-disposed person could not, sooner or later, find an opportunity to make an attempt on his life. Reliance seems to be placed in the ability of the police to keep persons who might be dangerous out of his vicinity. He is under closer surveillance when in his apartments than at any other time. The military guards inside the palace are never seen by the public. They are intended as a precaution against possible conspiracies in high quarters rather than against individual intruders, who are held off by the soldiers and police agents at the doors and gates.

During the Czar's visit to France in September, 1901, extraordinary precautions for his safety were taken by M. Cochefort, head of the French secret police. The palace at Compiègne was guarded like a fortress. Spies were everywhere, and thousands of troops lined the railways and the roads over which the imperial visitor passed. When he reviewed troops, he was surrounded by officers, among whom were special men ready to shoot on the slightest suspicion. When he drove through the streets, double lines of cavalry surrounded his carriage. On the footman's seat behind sat a Cossack, with one hand on the butt of his revolver and the other on the hilt of his short sword.

The Czar places great dependence on rapidity of movement when in public places. If on horseback in St. Peters-

burg, he always gallops, never remaining still. In a carriage, his horses are either on a sharp trot or running. In

has surrounded the bourgeois chief magistrate with an elaborate system of espionage.



GENERAL KLEIGELS, GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF KIEFF, WHO WAS FOR MANY YEARS PREFECT OF THE ST. PETERSBURG POLICE AND CHIEF GUARDIAN OF THE LATE AND THE PRESENT CZAR.

this way he hopes to dodge a bomb or a chance shot from a revolver.

THE MEN WHO GUARD PRESIDENT LOUBET.

It might be supposed that President Loubet of France would have the least to fear of any European ruler, but since the assassination of Carnot and of McKinley, this same M. Cochefort, a worthy successor of the great Fouché,

"What measures do you take to guard the president when he drives about in his unpretentious coupé?" I asked the chief one day, in Paris. "I notice that he is usually accompanied only by a member of his household."

M. Cochefort smiled.

"It may appear," he said, "that M. Loubet is without protection, but that is not the case. He is always carefully



THE CZAR AND PRESIDENT LOUBET DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF RHEIMS TO WITNESS THE FRENCH ARMY MANEUVERS, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901—GENERAL ANDRÉ, MINISTER OF WAR, RODE BESIDE THE CARRIAGE, TWO SQUADRONS OF CAVALRY FOLLOWED IT, AND EIGHT THOUSAND TROOPS GUARDED THE ENTIRE ROUTE.

guarded. There are men continually on the watch, who never permit any one to come too close to the president. They are picked men who understand their business. They are well educated and intelligent, and are usually unobtrusively dressed like gentlemen, although my men sometimes assume other disguises.

"Even when M. Loubet gives a state dinner or reception," continued the official, "he is never unguarded. That elegant man in evening dress who hands you an ice with such courtly grace may be one of our emissaries. Many of them are fitted to grace the highest society. Sometimes they may be dressed in the garb of a flunky; but whatever disguise they assume, be sure that they are always on the alert. Of course, when the president goes abroad on state occasions he is accompanied by a member of his military household, and, as you must have remarked, his carriage is encompassed about by the cuirassiers, who are a splendid body of picked men. And yet, in spite of all precautions, accidents will happen, as was proved by the assassination of M. Carnot. In the United States you do not seem to use proper precautionary measures for the safety of the head of the nation, for three of your last ten Presidents have met violent deaths."

THE ESPIONAGE ABOUT THE KAISER.

So far as immediate restraint is concerned, the Emperor of Germany moves about more freely than any of his fellow monarchs. He does not know what personal fear is. He hates police espionage, though on ceremonious occasions he

delights in a display of military escorts and bodyguards. Yet the fear of murderous anarchists compels the authorities to guard him continually. Their task is rendered much more difficult by the fact that it must be done without attracting his attention.



PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA, WHO IS PROBABLY THE MOST CLOSELY GUARDED RULER IN EUROPE.

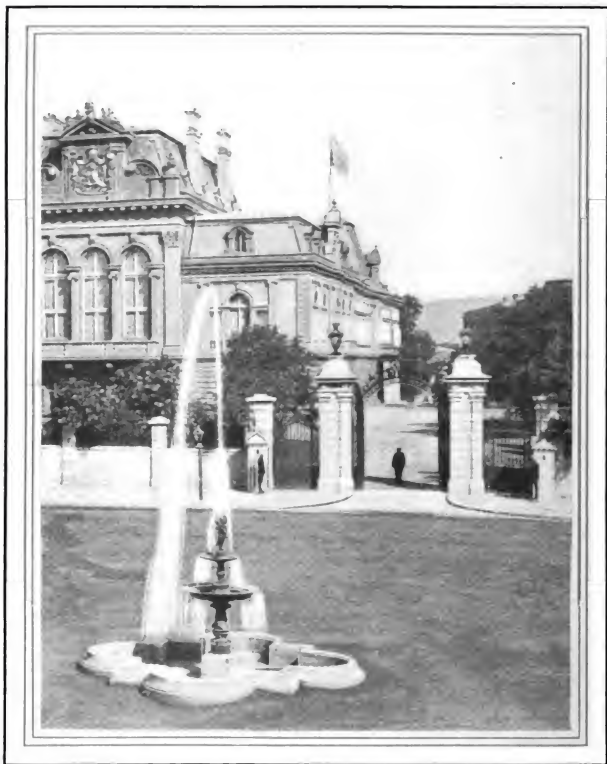
At Potsdam, where the Kaiser resides during most of the year, he walks and drives with democratic freedom. During the four months from January to May, when the court is in residence at Berlin, he has regular habits which the police know.

Four or five mornings each week he drives at half past eight to the Thiergarten, where he leaves the carriage to walk for an hour. He may be met striding briskly along secluded paths, sometimes accompanied by the empress. Two or three aides-de-camp make up an informal party, more for companionship than for protection. The park police never prevent any one from taking the same path, and only interfere when the intention of intruding becomes evident. There

are more policemen in the streets of Berlin than in any other European capital, so it does not strike the emperor as unusual if he occasionally meets an officer in the Thiergarten. But they must never be visible in too great numbers, for then royal wrath is aroused. The chief of police is sent for, and the emperor emphatically declares he will not be persecuted by espionage. The perplexed official promises reform, and devises new methods. One of his plans is to disguise detectives as gardeners, and scatter them among the regular workmen in the Thiergarten.

Whoever wishes to meet the Kaiser in Berlin need only take station near 136 Koeniggrätzerstrasse, where there is a doorway in the high wall enclosing the grounds of the Foreign Office. The

neighboring corners. Passers-by stop for a moment. The emperor and his aids soon approach. Hats are raised, ladies bow, and receive in return military salutes, for his majesty is always in



PRINCE FERDINAND'S PALACE AT SOPHIA, WITH THE SENTRY BOXES AT THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY
—A MILITARY GUARD, WITH ARTILLERY, IS ALWAYS STATIONED NEAR THE PALACE.

emperor, when he is in Berlin, enters this door nearly every morning between half past nine and a quarter to ten, on returning from his walk in the Thiergarten, to hear the daily report of Count von Bülow. Shortly before the hour, several policemen appear at the

uniform, and then he disappears into the Foreign Office.

As a rule, the Kaiser drives about Berlin without any escort. His carriage is visible from a distance by reason of the white plume on the footman's hat. Official policemen bustle about and

clear the roadway of vehicles. On state occasions there are two horsemen in front of the carriage, and two behind it. When the emperor rides, as he often does, through Unter den Linden and the Brandenburger Thor into the Thiergarten, and sometimes all the way out to Potsdam, two mounted policemen precede and two follow him; but their duty is rather to clear the roadways, which are sometimes crowded, than to exercise surveillance.

A couple of years ago there were two harmless attacks on the emperor by lunatics. As a result, the police, for a time, showed greatly increased activity. One day when he drove out in Berlin, half a dozen uniformed guards on bicycles followed him. The Kaiser was angry, the people laughed, and the bicycle soldiers quickly disappeared.

THE GUARDS OF ITALIAN ROYALTY.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is so closely guarded that the Duke of Aosta, heir to the throne, was recently arrested by a Quirinal guard while entering the palace. When the mistake was explained, the soldier received a handsome reward for his vigilance. But the late King Humbert, who fell by an assassin's hand, despised all personal protection, and had many a controversy with his perplexed chief of police. Some years ago I happened to be in the chief's office when there entered two agents of the flying squadron detailed to guard King Humbert.

"Why are you not at your posts?" demanded the chief sternly.

"His majesty sent us away," was the reply.

"What's that?"

"His majesty met us on the road, and recognized us. 'You are police agents,' he said. 'Well, you can go away. There is no need of surveillance.'"

"And you left?"

"Yes, sir."

"You fools!" cried the chief, jumping from his chair. "Let the king be king. I am the chief of police. Each to his own profession! Go back to your posts; only take care not to be seen by his majesty."

The particular agent who followed King Humbert's carriage was once sus-

pended for not being near enough to ward off an unsuccessful assailant. On hearing of it, the king sent for his minister of the interior.

"The agent has not committed any fault," said his majesty. "He ought not to be punished. Give him a better horse, and his carriage will not be out-distanced by mine."

The officer was reinstated, and a better horse provided; but the king slyly ordered the fastest horses in the royal stables attached to his own carriage, and took particular delight in leaving the policeman further behind than ever.

In Humbert's day the whole guard of the Quirinal police consisted of twenty-four men. Journalists freely entered and asked the king's aids and secretaries for news. Once a madman penetrated the king's private cabinet without having met a single guard in the long corridors of the palace. The royal train had no special guards. At Monza, where Humbert finally met his death, there was scarcely any pretense of surveillance, and the assassin's blow was easily delivered. Now, however, all is changed in Italy.

King Victor Emmanuel, though he has the same aversion to guards as his father, is always surrounded by secret agents, police on bicycles, or *enrassiers* on horseback. Only at very early or unusual hours does the king venture out without escort. Humbert wore citizen's clothes, and carried only a small cane; Victor Emmanuel always dresses in uniform, and carries a saber and a small revolver. It is said that he also wears the fine steel coat of mail which Queen Margherita gave to his father, who would not wear it.

When the king travels, the entire railway line is guarded, especially at bridges and tunnels. A pilot train goes in advance, and no one is allowed on the station platforms. About three years ago, all the station-masters on the line between Rome and Pisa were suspended for failing to carry out these orders to the letter. Around the royal palaces the military and police surveillance is rigid. No person can pass the threshold without encountering a dozen different guards, who demand to see his permit. Journalists are not admitted. The king

and queen delight in any opportunity to escape from all these restrictions and to spend quiet days in the country, where they are unrecognized, but they find it more and more difficult to obtain the freedom that their most humble subject enjoys.

PRECAUTIONS IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austro-Hungary is little guarded. He goes about his capital even more freely than does the German Kaiser. The police do not clear the street for his carriage. He refuses to have secret agents about him, even after the tragic death of the empress. When he travels, necessary precautions are taken by the authorities, but there is no elaborate system of surveillance such as is practised in almost all other countries.

In striking contrast to this is the closely guarded existence of Prince Ferdinand, who rules the little principality of Bulgaria. The royal palace at Sophia is always watched by soldiers, and artillery stands in front of it. His predecessor, Prince Alexander, was kidnapped and expelled, and in 1895 the Bulgarian prime minister, Stanbouloff, was cut to pieces in the streets of the capital. No crowned head in Europe, save only that of his neighbor, Peter of Servia, rests so uneasily as that of the Bulgarian prince.

In Greece, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium surveillance of royal families is reduced to simplest forms, for the rulers of these lesser nations are not the shining mark of the anarchist and the assassin. In turbulent Spain, prime ministers have fallen under the blows of political fanatics, but the young king, kept closely within royal palaces, and protected by his youth, has not yet been subjected to the dangers that threaten more important and conspicuous monarchs.

THE GUARDIANS OF KING EDWARD.

In Britain, that most democratic of monarchies, which has not lost a ruler by assassination for hundreds of years, where exiled revolutionists from other lands pledge themselves to protect the king's life, and he goes freely about in city and country, any elaborate surveil-

lance would seem unnecessary. Yet there is a double system, extensive in its scope, always in operation, and frequently expanded until it touches far corners of Europe. So secretly is it manipulated, however, that beyond a few policemen and an occasional sentry around royal palaces the public sees and knows nothing of the means by which King Edward is shielded from danger.

Neither king nor people desire the ostentatious and arbitrary methods adopted in Russian and Italy. That would be against national traditions. Therefore Scotland Yard, the greatest detective organization in the world, organizes a protection invisible and elastic, yet efficient. Except when in his own private apartments, King Edward is never beyond the shadow of numerous unobtrusive guards. The whole system is presided over by Inspector William Melville, of Scotland Yard, a man of remarkable detective ability and infinite resource. He accompanies the king almost everywhere, though he is rarely seen, and on an instant's notice he could, if necessary, summon the entire police and military power of the nation to guard the sovereign.

One part of the dual organization is the household police stationed at the various royal palaces. Windsor Castle has forty-five men, Buckingham Palace seventeen, Sandringham twelve, Balmoral nine. These men, assisted by a few soldiers, form a simple guard around the residences and grounds, keeping off all intruders. At night they draw a cordon through which no one can pass unchallenged. When his majesty drives about London, vigilant detectives are scattered along the whole route. On ceremonious occasions the police give over the immediate guard to the military, an escort of fifty cavalymen surrounding the royal carriage.

Inspector Melville does not place too much dependence on the anarchists' assurance that the king will not be attacked. There is no restraining a fanatic seeking notoriety. On the Scotland Yard books are the names and addresses of perhaps two hundred avowed anarchists residing in London. When the king is appearing in public, every one of these men must be accounted for,

and not allowed out of sight until his majesty is safely within palace walls. Seventy detectives, composing the anarchist division, devote most of their time to watching these dangerous people, both for home safety and for information to foreign police.

When King Edward goes to a country residence, such as Balmoral or Windsor, agents are sent in advance to watch for suspicious strangers. The railway companies guard all bridges, tunnels, and crossings. As the king frequently travels in other countries of Europe, a reciprocal system of secret service has been arranged between Scotland Yard and the foreign police. An unwritten code is that each country makes itself responsible for the safety of all visiting sovereigns. During King Edward's visits to Homburg, one hundred men of the German secret service are detailed to assist Inspector Melville during the entire sojourn.

Extraordinary precautions are taken

at times of supposed danger, and thousands of soldiers and police are drawn into service. Unfounded rumors and anonymous warnings often cause radical changes of royal plans or enormous increase of guards. There was a false alarm in England when Queen Victoria died. Warning was received that several anarchists were seen at Portsmouth, through which place the king was about to pass. Fifty of Scotland Yard's anarchist experts were on the ground in a few hours, troops were stationed, the entire police force of the district drawn into service, and nothing happened.

But with all these vast systems of surveillance, police officials, both in monarchies and in republics, admit that no king or president, unless imprisoned within palace walls, is sure of personal safety. The individual assassin, confiding his secrets to no confederates, and willing to sacrifice his own life, can find opportunity to strike at any sovereign.

IF I WERE KING.

If I were king, there should be no more cold ;
The blast that brings the snow,
And stills the thrush's note, and sears the wold ,
No more should blow.

If I were king, there should be no more tears,
For poverty and pain
In exile graves should sleep a thousand years—
Nor wake again.

If I were king, the shadows' eastward stride
No trembling eye should mark,
None watch the empty shallop with the tide
Drift out to dark.

'Twere not enough for me that hope should shine
Where grief and trial sit ;
From memory's book I would efface each line
In sorrow writ.

Each fleeting hour should know some greater joy,
Envy should lose its sting,
Nor plighted hearts grow cold, nor kisses cloy,
If I were king.

If I were king, and you, sweetheart, were queen,
Oh, halcyon days were they !
Such pageantry as mortals ne'er have seen
Should mark our sway.

At your dear feet the applauding world should lie,
For you the welkin ring—
If only you were queen, my love, and I,
Your slave, were king !

Charles Mumford.

The Awakening of the Lieutenant-Governor.

A PRESENT-DAY STORY OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

BY SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL.

I.

THE Governor of Iowa was sitting alone in his private office with an open letter in his hand. He was devoutly and gloomily wishing that some other man was just then in his shoes. The Governor had not devoted a large portion of his life to nursing a desire of that nature, for he was a man in whose soul, as a rule, the flame of self-satisfaction glowed cheerily; but just now there were reasons, and he deemed them ample, for deploring the fact that fate had made him chief executive of his native State.

Had he chosen to take you into his confidence—a thing the Governor would assuredly choose not to do—he would have told you there were greater things in the world than the Governorship of Iowa. He might have suggested a seat in the Senate of the United States as one of those things. It was of the United States Senate that his excellency was thinking as he sat there alone moodily deploring the Gubernatorial shoes.

The senior Senator from Iowa was going to die. He differed from the other Senators in that he was going to die soon, almost immediately. He had reached the tottering years even at the time of his reelection, and it had never been supposed that his life would outstretch his term. He had been sent back, not for another six years of service, but to hold out the leader of the Boxers, as they called themselves—the younger and unorthodox element of the party in Iowa, an element growing to dangerous proportions. It was only by returning the aged Senator, whom they said it would be brutal to turn down after a life of service to the party, that

the "machine" won the memorable fight of the previous winter.

From the viewpoint of the machine, the Governor was the senior Senator's logical successor. Had it not been for the heavy inroads of the Boxers, his excellency would even then have been sitting in the Senate Chamber at Washington. It had not been considered safe to nominate the Governor. Had his supporters announced that the time was at hand for a change, there would have been a general clamor for the leader of the Boxers—Huntington, undeniably the popular man of the State. And so they concocted a beautiful sentiment about "rounding out the veteran's career," and letting him "die with his boots on"; and by the omnipotence of sentiment, they won.

Down in his heart the venerable Senator was not seeking to die with his boots on. He preferred to sit in a large chair before the fire and read quietly of what other men were doing in the Senate of the United States. But they told him he must sacrifice that wish, for if he retired he would be succeeded by a man whose lack of conservatism would bring discredit upon Iowa. And the old man believed them, and went dutifully back into the arena.

And now it seemed as if a voice from somewhere beyond the dictation of man was declaring against the well-laid plans of the machine. As the machine saw things, the time was not ripe for the senior Senator to die. He had just entered upon his new term, and the Governor himself had but lately stepped into a second term. They had estimated that the Senator would live on for at least two years, but now they heard that he was going to die almost at once. It

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, a remarkably vivid portrayal of a political episode, is pure fiction, none of its characters or incidents being drawn from real life.

would hardly do for his excellency to name himself for the vacancy, and it seemed dangerous just then to risk a call of the Assembly. They dared not let the Governor appoint a weaker man, even if he would consent to do so, for they would need the best they had to put up against the leader of the Boxers. With the Governor, they believed they could win, but the question of nominating him had suddenly become a knotty one.

The Governor himself was bowed with chagrin. He saw now that he had erred in taking a second term, and he was not the man to enjoy reviewing his mistakes. As he sat there reading and rereading the letter which told him that the work of the senior Senator was almost done, he said to himself that it was easy enough to wrestle with men, but a little hard to try one's mettle with fate. He spent a gloomy and unprofitable day.

Late in the afternoon a telegram reached the executive office. Styles was coming to town that night, and wanted to see the Governor at the hotel. Things always cleared when Styles came to town; and so, though still unable to foresee the outcome, he brightened at once.

Styles was a railroad man, and vulgarly rich. People to whom certain things were a sealed book said that it was nice of Mr. Styles to take an interest in politics when he had so many other things on his mind, and that he must be a very public-spirited man. That he took an interest in politics, no one familiar with the affairs of the State would deny; but the real nature and extent of that interest was the subject, in some quarters, of no little speculation. The orthodox papers painted him as a public benefactor, but the Boxers arrayed him with hoofs and horns and clothed him in a flaming suit of Mephistophelian red.

The Governor and Mr. Styles were warm friends. It was said that their friendship dated from mere boyhood, and the way in which the two men had held together through all the vicissitudes of life was touching and beautiful—at least, so some people observed. There were others whose eyebrows went up mystifyingly when the Governor and

Mr. Styles were mentioned in their Damon and Pythias capacity.

That night, in the public benefactor's room at the hotel, the Governor and his old friend had a long talk. When twelve o'clock came they were still talking; more than that, the Governor was excitedly pacing the floor.

"I tell you, Styles," he expostulated warmly, "I don't like it! It doesn't put me in a good light. It's too apparent, and I'll suffer for it sure as fate. Mark my words, we'll all suffer for it!"

Mr. Styles was sitting in an easy attitude before the table. The public benefactor never paced the floor; it did not seem necessary. He blew several artistic rings of smoke and watched them fade gracefully into nothingness. Then he raised himself a little in his chair.

"Well, have you anything better to offer?"

"No, I haven't," replied the Governor, almost tartly, "but it seems to me you ought to have."

Mr. Styles blew another ring, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the fineness of its tissue until it spent itself in space. There were times when the philanthropic dabbler in politics was irritating.

"I think," he began presently, "that you exaggerate the unpleasant features of the situation. It will cause talk, of course; but isn't it worth it? You say it's unheard-of; maybe, but so is the situation, and wasn't there something in the copy-books about meeting new situations with new methods? If you have anything better to offer, produce it; if not, we've got to go ahead with this. And really, I don't see that it's so bad. You have to go South to look after your cotton plantation; you find now that it's going to take more time than you feel you should take from the State; you can't afford to give it up; consequently, you withdraw in favor of the Lieutenant-Governor. We all protest, but you say Berriman is a good man, and the State won't suffer, and you simply can't afford to go on. Well, we can keep the Senator's condition pretty quiet here; and after all, he's sturdy, and may live on to the close of the year. After due deliberation Berriman appoints you.

A little talk? Yes, but the American people, in Iowa at any rate, are excellent at forgetting. It seems to me the thing works out very smoothly!"

II.

WHEN Mr. Styles leaned wearily back in his chair and declared a thing worked out very smoothly, that thing was quite likely to happen. In three days the Governor went South. When he returned, the newspaper men were startled by the unexpected announcement that business considerations which he could not afford to overlook demanded his withdrawal from office. Previous to this time the Lieutenant-Governor and Mr. Styles had met in one of the cities of southern Iowa, but the result of their meeting had not been made a matter of public record.

As the Governor had anticipated, many things were said. Inquiries were made into the venerable Senator's condition—which, the orthodox papers declared, was but another example of the indecency of the Boxer journals. The Governor went to his cotton plantation. The Lieutenant-Governor went into office, and was pronounced a worthy successor to a good executive. The venerable Senator continued to live. As Mr. Styles had predicted, the gossip soon quieted into a friendly hope that the Governor would realize large sums with his cotton.

It was late in the fall when the senior Senator finally succumbed. The day the Iowa papers printed the story of his death, they printed speculative editorials on his probable successor. When the bereaved family commented with bitterness on this ill-concealed haste, they were told that it was politics—enterprise—life.

The old man's remains lay in state in the rotunda of the State Capitol, and the building was heavily draped in mourning. Many came and looked upon the quiet face; but far more numerous than those who gathered at his bier to weep were those who assembled in secluded corners to speculate on the wearing of his toga. It was politics—enterprise—life.

Mr. Styles told the Lieutenant-Gov-

ernor to be deliberate. There was no need of an immediate appointment, he said. And so for a time things went on about the State House much as usual, save that the absorbing topic was the Senatorial situation, and that every one was watching the new chief executive with alert and untiring eyes. The retired Governor now spent part of his time in the South, and part in Iowa. The cotton plantation was not demanding all his attention, after all.

It could not be claimed that John Berriman had ever done any great thing. He was not on record as having ever risen grandly to an occasion; but there may have been something in the fact that an occasion admitting of a grand rising had never presented itself. Before he became Lieutenant-Governor, he had served inoffensively in the State Senate for two terms. No one had ever worked very hard for Senator Berriman's vote. He had been put in by the machine, and it had always been assumed that he was machine property.

Berriman himself had never given the matter of his place in the human drama much thought. He had an idea that it was proper for him to vote with his friends, and he always did it. Had he been called a tool, he would have been much ruffled; he merely trusted to the infallibility of the party.

The Boxers did not approach him now concerning the appointment of Huntington. That, of course, was a fixed matter, and they were not young and foolish enough to attempt to change it.

One day Governor Berriman received a telegram from Mr. Styles suggesting that he should "adjust that matter" immediately. He thought of announcing the appointment that very night, but the newspaper men had all left the building, and as he had promised that they should know of it as soon as it was made, he concluded to wait until next morning. There was no pressing hurry.

Governor Berriman had a brother in town, attending a meeting of the State Agricultural Society. Hiram Berriman had a large farm in southern Iowa. He knew but little of political methods, and held primitive ideas of honesty. There had always been a strong tie between the brothers, despite the fact that Hiram

was fifteen years the Governor's senior. They talked of many things that night, and the hour was growing late. Both were thinking of retiring when the Governor remarked, a little sleepily:

"Well, to-morrow morning I announce the Senatorial appointment."

"You do, eh?" returned the old farmer.

"Yes, there's no need of waiting any longer, and it's getting on to the time the State wants two Senators in Washington."

"Well, I suppose, John," Hiram said, turning a serious face to his brother, "that you've thought the matter all over, and are sure you are right?"

The Governor threw back his head with a half-scoffing laugh.

"I guess it didn't require much thought on my part," he answered carelessly.

"I don't see how you figure that out," said Hiram warmly. "You're Governor of the State, and your own boss, ain't you?"

It was the first time in all his life that any one had squarely confronted John Berriman with the question whether or not he was his own boss, and for some reason it went deep into his soul, and rankled there.

"Now see here, Hiram," he said at length, "there's no use in your putting on airs and pretending you don't understand this thing. You know well enough it was all fixed before I went in." The other man looked at him in bewilderment, and the Governor continued, rather tartly: "The party knew the Senator was going to die, and so the Governor pulled out and I went in just so the thing could be done decently when the time came."

The old farmer was scratching his head.

"That's it, eh? They got wind the Senator was goin' to die, and so the Governor told that lie about having to go South just so he could step into the dead man's shoes, eh?"

"That's the situation—if you want to put it that way."

"And now you're going to appoint the Governor?"

"Of course I am; I couldn't do anything else if I wanted to."

"Why not?"

"Why, look here, Hiram, haven't you any idea of political obligation? It's expected of me."

"Oh, it is, eh? Did you promise to appoint the Governor?"

"Why, I don't know that I exactly made any promises, but that doesn't make a particle of difference. The understanding was that the Governor was to pull out and I was to go in and appoint him. It's a matter of honor," and Governor Berriman drew himself up with no little pride.

The farmer turned a troubled face to the fire.

"I suppose, then," he said finally, "that you all think the Governor is the best man Iowa has for the United States Senate. I take it that in appointing him, John, you feel sure he will guard the interests of the people before everything else, and that the people—I mean the working people of this State—will always be safe in his hands; do you?"

"Oh, Lord, no, Hiram!" said the Governor irritably. "I don't think that at all!"

Hiram Berriman's brown face warmed to a dull red.

"You don't?" he roared. "You mean to sit there, John Berriman, and tell me that you don't think the man you're going to put in the United States Senate will be an honest man? What do you mean by saying you're going to put a dishonest man in there to make laws for the people of Iowa, to watch over them and protect them? If you don't think he's a good man, if you don't think he's the best man the State has"—the old farmer was pounding the table heavily with his huge fist—"if you don't think that, in God's name, why do you appoint him?"

"I wish I could make you understand, Hiram," said the Governor in an injured voice, "that it's not for me to say."

"Why ain't it for you to say? Why ain't it, I want to know? Who's running you, your own conscience or some gang of men that's trying to steal from the State of Iowa? Good God, I wish I'd never lived to see the day a brother of mine put a thief in the United

States Senate, to bamboozle the honest, hard-working people of this State!"

"Hold on, please—that's a little too strong!" said the Governor.

"It ain't too strong. If a Senator ain't an honest man, he's a thief, and if he ain't lookin' after the welfare of the people he's bamboozlin' them, and that's all there is about it. I don't know much about politics, but I ain't lived my life without learning a little about right and wrong, and it's a sorry day for Iowa, John Berriman, if right and wrong don't enter into the makin' of a Senator!"

The Governor could think of no fitting response, so he made none. This seemed to quiet the irate farmer, and he surveyed his brother intently, and not unkindly.

"You're in a position now, John," he said, and there was a kind of homely eloquence in his serious voice, "to be a friend to the people of Iowa. It ain't many of us ever get the chance of doin' a great thing. We work along, and we do the best we can with what comes our way, but most of us don't get the chance to do a thing that's goin' to help thousands of people, and that the whole country's goin' to say was a move for the right. You want to think of that, and when you're thinkin' so much about honor, you don't want to clean forget about honesty. Don't you stick to any foolish notions about bein' faithful to the party; it ain't the party that needs helpin'. No matter how you got where you are, you're Governor of Iowa right now, John, and your first duty is to the people of this State, not to Tom Styles or anybody else. Just you remember that when you're namin' your Senator in the morning. Guess I'll go up to bed now. Good-night!"

III.

It was long before the Governor retired. He sat there by the fireplace until the embers had shriveled to a lifeless heap, and he was too deeply absorbed to grow cold. He thought of many things. Like the man who had preceded him in office, he wished that some one else was just then enumbered with the Gubernatorial shoes.

Next morning there was a heavy feeling in his head, which he thought a walk in the bracing air might dispel, so he started on foot for the State House. A light snow was on the ground, and the atmosphere had a crispness that was reassuring and stimulating. It would make a slave feel like a free man to drink in such air as that. The Iowa air was glorious—Iowa was a glorious State! From the foot of the hill the State House loomed up magnificently before him, its golden dome glistening through the snow. Somebody had asked, once, how they kept that dome so bright. The Governor laughed as gleefully as a boy. Such a question—when the dome was real gold! Everything in Iowa was real gold.

As he walked through the corridor to his office, the officials and clerks greeted him with cheerful, respectful salutations. It made a man feel like living to be spoken to like that. The Governor believed they did respect him, or they wouldn't get so much of it into their voices. Why, of course—why shouldn't they respect him?

When John Berriman reached his desk, he found another telegram from Styles. It was imperatively worded, and as he read it he put his hand to his throat—something seemed tightening there. The briskness and the satisfaction were gone from his bearing in an instant. He walked to the window, and stood there looking down at the city. It was a fine city—he loved that city! There were many fine cities in Iowa, there were great interests to preserve, there were thousands upon thousands of good, honest people to befriend. He wondered if many of those people looked to their Governor with the old-fashioned trust that his brother had shown. His eyes grew a little dim; he was thinking of the satisfaction it would afford his children, if—long after he was gone—they could tell how a great chance had once come into their father's life, and how he had proved himself a man.

"Will you sign these now, Governor?" said a voice behind him.

It was his pardon clerk, a man who knew the affairs of the State well, and whom every one seemed to respect.

"Mr. Haines," he said abruptly, "who do you think is the best man Iowa has for the United States Senate?"

The pardon clerk stepped back in amazement. Then he told himself he must be discreet. Like many of the people about the State House, in his heart Haines was a Boxer.

"Why, I presume," he said, "that the Governor is looked upon as the logical candidate, isn't he?"

"I'm not talking about logical candidates. I want to know who you think is the man who would most conscientiously and creditably represent Iowa in the United States Senate."

"If you put the matter in that way, Governor, Mr. Huntington is the man, of course."

"You think most of the people believe that?"

"I know they do."

"You think, then, if it was a matter of popular vote, that Huntington would be the new Senator from Iowa?"

"I guess they all have to admit that, Governor. The State's strong for Huntington."

"That's all, Mr. Haines. I merely wondered what you thought about it."

Soon after that Governor Berriman rang for a messenger boy, and sent a telegram. Then he settled quietly down to routine work. It was about eleven when one of the newspaper men came in.

"Good morning, Governor," he said briskly; "how's everything to-day?"

"Very nicely, Mr. Markham. I have nothing to tell you to-day, except that I've made the Senatorial appointment."

"Oh," laughed the reporter excitedly, "that's all, is it?"

"Yes," said the Governor, smiling too; "that's all!"

The reporter looked at the clock and gathered himself hastily together.

"I'll just catch the noon edition," he said, "if I telephone right away."

He was moving to the other room when the Governor called to him.

"See here, it seems to me you're a strange newspaper man!"

"How so?"

"Why, I tell you I've made a Senatorial appointment—a matter of at least some slight importance—and you

rush off and never ask whom I've appointed."

The reporter gave a forced laugh. He wished the Governor would not detain him with a joke now when every second counted.

"That's right," he said, with strained pleasantness. "Well, who's the man?"

The Governor raised his head.

"Huntington," he said quietly, and resumed his work.

"What?" shouted the astonished reporter. "What?" Then he stopped in embarrassment, as if ashamed of being so easily taken in. "Guess you're trying to jolly me a little, aren't you, Governor?"

"Jolly you, Mr. Markham? I'm not given to jolly newspaper reporters. Here's a copy of the telegram I sent this morning, if you are still skeptical. Really, I don't see why you think it so impossible. Don't you consider Mr. Huntington a fit man for the place?"

"May I ask," said the reporter weakly, "why you did it?"

Governor Berriman rose with dignity, and his small figure looked almost large.

"I had but one motive, Mr. Markham. You may say in your paper that I thought the matter over, and of all the men in Iowa whom I know, Mr. Huntington seemed best fitted for the place."

Tom Styles reached the State House just as the corners were growing indistinct in the long corridors that afternoon. Mr. Styles was not blowing rings that day, and he was not standing on ceremony. With a face upon which it was not pleasant to look, he rushed past the private secretary and into the Governor's office.

John Berriman was seated alone at his desk. Mr. Styles came close, and leaned down until he almost touched the Governor's face.

"And so you sold out, did you, you little sneak?" he hissed. "Tell me, how much——"

The Governor slid his hand underneath the desk.

"Mr. Jackson," he said, as the white-haired darky appeared in the door, "please show the gentleman from the room!"

Medical Science and Its Enemies.

BY JOHN H. GIRDNER, M. D.

NO OTHER SCIENCE HAS HAD TO FACE SUCH BITTER OPPOSITION AS THAT WHICH STRIVES TO HEAL THE ILLS OF THE HUMAN BODY—ONLY IN RECENT TIMES HAS LIBERTY OF THOUGHT AND OF SPEECH SET IT FREE TO WORK AND TO ADVANCE.

THE cultivation of the science and art of healing the ills and injuries of the human body has had to overcome more obstacles and opposition than any other science to which men devote themselves.

At any time in the history of the world, if a man was interested in astronomy, the heavens were spread out before him every clear night, and he was free to make observations of the movements of the heavenly bodies. If botany attracted him, he could go forth to study and dissect flowers and plants to his heart's content. But the science of medicine is based on a knowledge of human anatomy, physiology, and pathology; and this knowledge cannot be obtained except by careful and repeated dissections of the dead body. Both before and since the Christian era, down to a comparatively recent period, superstition, prejudice, and religious awe of death were so potent that to dissect a human body was not only a desecration, but an offense against its Creator. Students of medicine were thus shut off from the most important source of knowledge. Men would slaughter one another by thousands on the battlefield, but they would not allow a dead body to be examined by those whose object was to get information to aid them in prolonging human life.

It was not until the year 1615 A. D. that such a simple and seemingly palpable fact as the circulation of the blood was demonstrated; and it was twelve years later before Dr. Harvey published his discovery to the world. A historian of the time says:

The effect was such as greatly to deter Harvey from making any further discoveries known, and he positively lost several patients by publicly announcing his discovery.

At the very time when such arts and sciences as sculpture and architecture were at their height in Greece and Rome, the artists themselves knew almost nothing about the construction, movements, and nutrition of the arms and hands with which they produced their wonderful masterpieces.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

The Egyptians are credited with the earliest attempt to cultivate medical science and to formulate anything like a system of preventing and treating diseases. Moses was doubtless familiar with the methods of the Egyptians, and it was upon knowledge thus obtained that he founded the remarkable sanitary code which we find in his third book, "Leviticus." And some of our modern methods of stamping out infectious diseases—especially the isolation of the patient, and the disinfection or destruction of clothing and furniture used by infected persons—are closely allied to those taught by the great leader of the Israelites.

But among the Israelites and the Egyptians the practise of medicine was confined to the priests. Both these peoples believed that the infliction and the cure of diseases were direct interpositions of their respective deities, and the ministers of these deities were naturally regarded as the proper persons to intercede for a sufferer's restoration to health. This state of things seems to have continued until the fifth century before the Christian era, when, according to the historian Herodotus, the medical specialist made his appearance among the Egyptians.

Every distinct distemper had its own physician, who confined himself to the study and cure of that alone; so that every place was crowded with phy-

sicians; for one class had the care of the eyes, another of the head, and another of occult diseases.

Thus it seems that it was by means of specialism that the first steps were taken to rescue the healing art from the domain of superstition, magic, and mysticism, and to place it on a sound scientific basis. The patient was now placed in the hands of men known as physicians, and forming a distinct and separate class from the priesthood. It is doubtful whether he was any better off under the care and treatment of these early specialists, who were always ignorant and often merely charlatans; but the change marks the beginning of the long and hotly contested struggle between medical science and superstition.

But the foundation and the cornerstone of the grand structure which medical science presents to-day was laid by Hippocrates, one of the greatest men in history, who lived in the fifth and fourth century B. C. He broke away from the old traditions and superstitions regarding disease, and by thought, observation, and sound reasoning, began the development of scientific medicine. The school of Alexandria took up his work and methods, and it was there that anatomy was first studied by dissections of the human body.

For the next three or four centuries medicine, especially anatomy, continued to develop slowly along the same lines in Egypt and some of the eastern nations. Then came Christianity, that greatest event in the world's history; and because it dealt directly with man's welfare, both here and hereafter, it could not fail to have a tremendous effect on the healing art. The blessed doctrine of love and brotherhood for all, and of self-sacrifice for those distressed in soul or body, which was taught by Jesus of Nazareth, brought His followers to look at the whole subject of medicine from a new viewpoint.

DISEASE AS THE WORK OF DEMONS.

During the early history of the Christian church, however, through the middle ages, and down to comparatively recent times, medical science met with continued opposition. Much of the old pagan ignorance, prejudice, and superstition regarding the origin and cure of

disease passed on to the advocates of the new religion. Indeed, the zeal and enthusiasm of these new converts resulted in even more strenuous hostility to scientific medicine than it had encountered from some of the pagan nations in the centuries immediately preceding the coming of Christ. Healing by miracles was the order of the day. Persons suffering from all manner of diseases and injuries were taken to the shrines of the Saints, or to certain streams or pools or sacred relics, to be cured by their occult influences; just as in former times patients were taken to the temple of Esculapius, or that of some other heathen divinity.

The early Christians would not hear of rational causes for human maladies. Like the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Persians, they attributed all disease to malign and diabolic influence. The devout St. Augustine said:

All diseases of Christians are to be ascribed to these demons; chiefly do they torment fresh-baptized Christians, yea, even the guiltless new-born infants.

CLAUDIUS GALEN AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

The first great name that stands out in the history of rational medicine after the Christian era is that of Claudius Galen. Galen was born at Rome in the year 130 A. D. He was a man of pronounced individuality and force of character. His theories about disease, and the methods of treatment he advocated, were crude and inefficient; but nevertheless he gave a powerful impulse to medical science, and made for himself a reputation for skill and learning which extended beyond the confines of his native country. Galen's position in the medical world of the early Christian day may be compared to that of Hippocrates in the classic era of Greece.

Hospitals and infirmaries now began to make their appearance, generally in connection with monasteries; and some of the monks began to study the writings of Hippocrates and Galen. These early establishments were of the crudest kind, and the treatment they afforded their patients was a wretched mixture of the poorest kind of rational medicine and superstitious priestcraft.

The Jews, as a race, were better educated than other nations, and many

scholars among them took to studying and teaching medicine as a science. They founded schools at Salerno, in Italy, and at Montpellier, in France; and the influence of these institutions did much to advance the science throughout the then known world. The opposition of the church, however, continued, and it was doubtless the spreading influences of these schools of rational medicine that caused the fourth Lateran Council, in the thirteenth century, to forbid physicians to give medical treatment without calling in an ecclesiastic for consultation. Clerical extremists went so far as to brand all scientific men as sorcerers, magic-mongers, and atheists. Hence the old proverb—than which nothing is more untrue—that “where there are three physicians, there are two atheists.” It is hardly necessary to point out that the wiser a man becomes, the more he will be a worshiper of the Almighty Creator, and that there is perfect harmony between real religion and real science.

About this time the “signature” system of treating disease arose. It held that the Almighty had put a sign or mark on certain herbs and plants to indicate to man what particular malady each would cure. Thus liverwort had a leaf like the liver; hence it cured diseases of the liver. A plant named eyebright, because it had a spot on the leaf resembling the human eye, would cure eye diseases. Celandine, being yellow, would cure jaundice; and bear grease, being taken from such a hairy animal, would prevent baldness. This strange pseudo-science invested another system—that of dosing the unfortunate patient with unmentionable mixtures, and applying lotions and salves too filthy to describe, in order to render his body so loathsome that the demon tormenting it would depart in disgust.

THE SLOW DAWNING OF TRUTH.

The invention of printing, and the great geographical discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, gave new life to scientific investigation of all kinds. About this time arose Andreas Vesalius, a Belgian physician at the court of Madrid, and one of the world's greatest champions of scientific truth.

Devoting himself to the study of anatomy, he got dead bodies from the gibbet or the grave. He braved popular fury, threats of excommunication, and the terrors of the Inquisition, in his zeal for the quest after scientific truth.

The Reformation brought no slackening in the warfare against scientific medicine. Belief in demonology, witchcraft, and diabolic possession was as pronounced in the new church as it had been in the old. Martin Luther, John Calvin, Melancthon, and Beza held stoutly to the doctrine that bodily sickness was caused by Satan. Indeed, they taught that all the troubles and annoyances of Christians were little devils sent to torment them, in hope that they might, in a moment of irritation, curse God and return to the service of the Evil One. Beza, speaking of those who believed that insanity was a natural disease, said that “such persons are refuted both by sacred and by profane history.”

The period of witch-burning which followed the Reformation furnishes some of the blackest pages in the history of “pastoral medicine.” Unfortunate creatures, especially women, suffering from hysteria and neurasthenia, were tortured into confessing themselves witches, and into implicating others, who were in turn apprehended by the church authorities. Thus a steady procession to the stake was kept up, and the wide-spread terror that ensued only tended to increase the number of victims.

Down through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the struggle continued, with steady gains for scientific medicine. In 1725 St. André, a Parisian court physician, had the courage to publish a book showing that demoniacal possession was nothing but lunacy. In 1768 a French law declared that all persons who had heretofore been supposed to be possessed were to be considered in future as simply diseased, and were to be treated accordingly.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S GRAND WORK.

Not until the nineteenth century, so lately closed, was medical science able to throw off every vestige of ecclesiastical interference. This complete eman-

cipation resulted largely from the freedom of thought, of speech, and of the press, which came with the establishment of popular government here in the New World, and with its influence on other nations. In the matter of new discoveries and inventions for saving life and limb, for curing and preventing disease, and for assuaging pain, scientific medicine has accomplished more in the last hundred years than in any five previous centuries of the world's history. Anesthesia of various kinds; asepsis and antisepsis, which have enormously widened the field of operative surgery; the germ theory of disease, with the revolu-

tion it has wrought in curative and preventive treatment; the Roentgen ray, which lays the human frame before the surgeon's eye—these are only a very few of the great discoveries and inventions of modern medical science.

The one great lesson taught by the history of medicine is that freedom of belief, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of action are the roots from which it flourishes; and the peoples who enjoy these blessings to the fullest will always lead the world in finding out the secrets of nature and in applying them to the comfort and happiness of mankind.

The Fatted Calf.

THE STORY OF HIS SLAYING, AND OF THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

I.

BOURKE began it when we were at school. Bourke is my brother, three years younger, slim and wiry as an Indian—and something of that jealous complexion. I used to beat him in the class-room, while he beat me on the campus; and when I was finally found to be a fair center rush, largely on account of my weight, Bourke nicknamed me the Fatted Calf—and the name stuck.

I know now, and I knew then, that it stuck because I hated it. Folks in this world love to see other people writhe—especially when the other people are fat. There is something ludicrous, and nothing touching, in the anguish of the obese.

My brother Bourke is good to look at, and as fickle as the wind; he has been engaged in the breaking of female hearts since he was in pinafores—a pursuit at which I never strove to excel him. Therefore it was not a great surprise to me when I came upon him and Kate Heath, our next-door neighbor, spooning on the lawn between the two places, and they announced to me in one breath that they were engaged.

"Again?" I asked brutally. "That makes three times this year, doesn't it?"

"It's only two for me," pouted Katharine; "and I don't know whether I will be engaged to Bourke, after all. He says he's going to South America, and if he starts next week, so that he can't be up in the mountains, I don't see the use!" Bourke and I were shouting at her naïve admission, and she looked at us reproachfully. "I didn't say two at one time," she explained with some asperity.

Bourke quieted down and looked anxious.

"Oh, come, Katharine, you're not going to call the thing off for such a silly reason as that," he urged. "I'll be back from Buenos Ayres in less than six months—and think of the letters!"

"I do think of the letters—horrid bores!" his fiancée retorted ungratefully. "What I want is somebody up at Skyland to be nice to me. There's a honeymooning couple in the crowd, and two pairs of engaged wretches. No"—with sudden resolution—"if you're going to South America it's off!"

"See here, Charlie," said my brother, turning to me, as he always did in a

tight place; "you're going to be up at Skyland—what's the matter with you? One Langdon and another Langdon are pretty much the same thing—with the addition of a few pounds."

If he had spared me that last gibe, I might have agreed at once. As it was, I said grimly:

"It is, when you happen to be 'one Langdon'; but if, as in my case, you chance to be 'another Langdon'—that makes all the difference!"

I had loved Katharine Heath, patiently adored her, as many years as I had known her. When she and Bourke were in the kindergarten together, I, in the primary, used to be commissioned to take them to the seat of learning. I think I mentioned that Bourke was breaking female hearts at that early age; he broke Katharine's on an average about once a week—and I had to mend it as best I could in my clumsy, older-boy fashion. Of course she never noticed my devotion, then or later. Who attends to what a fatted calf does? Haven't we always heard disparagement of calf love?

To be a sort of fiancé emeritus to Katharine Heath—the situation promised some happiness, and a great deal of anguish. The latter I was used to; I had chummed with sorrow from the first in this my one love affair, and I dreaded it not at all; but I was afraid the happiness might hurt. Yet, of course, when I saw tears in Katharine's eyes, I took the old position of mender of breaks, patcher-up of torn places, and weakly agreed to all that those two madcaps proposed.

II.

We had been a week at Skyland. I found the sweet decidedly outweighing the bitter in my engagement. Katharine had told me that her grandmother—Heaven bless the old lady, and reward her with lengthened days for her good judgment!—said she was relieved to see that her granddaughter had shown some sense, and had taken me instead of my frivolous brother. Indeed, Kate showed a disposition to burn an almost more than legitimate amount of incense to my vanity, and my vanity wasn't used

to it. I was afraid, sometimes, that I should forget exactly who I was, and how placed, those potent fumes so intoxicating me.

We were lounging home from the links one afternoon, Katharine with her sleeves still rolled to the elbow, her cheeks pink from the exercise. We sought a quiet knoll, and sat where we were in sight of the hotel, with its cottages on the one hand and the shirt-waisted or scarlet-coated players upon the other.

"You make an absolutely perfect fiancé—in public," Katharine began abruptly, without looking at me.

I took from her hand the golf club with which she was digging in the sod.

"That thing is not a hoe," I said reprovingly, with the single intention of destroying her employment so that she might be more likely to look at me when she spoke. "You know I'm only half a fiancé," I went on, "and if I'm filling half the position well, what more can you expect?"

"What, indeed—from some men?" Katharine retorted, and she looked at me now oddly enough.

"Katharine," I said in my most elder-brotherly manner, "I find myself quite enjoying the arrangement. I have looked on at other fellows' mistakes—and I'm growing gray at the business. It always seemed to me that they filled the part rather clumsily. I've believed for years that I could do much better. I've actually been keeping up with the fancies of the modern young woman in the way of sweets and flowers, and such small attentions, with the idle notion of what an ideal fiancé I should be able to make. But of course I don't need to remind you that I am, as it were, on half pay. I trust I do the thing, as you so generously admit, up to the nines in public; that's what I was hired for, I believe. In private," I went on severely, "you would look for no change in my demeanor. You would reprehend anything of that sort, and be the first to reprove it, I am sure."

Her face was turned away, but I was certain she was blushing; and she answered in a small, muffled voice that might have been shaken by either tears or laughter:

"Oh, certainly!"

Somehow I felt pleased at the state of things. I sucked a sense of power from the atmosphere of it.

"Come," I said, rising and offering my hand, "let's go and sit in the pagoda, or joss-house, or whatever they call that absurd thing over there on the lawn. The sun is too warm for you here." She rose obediently, and walked beside me. I really believed I was getting somewhere, making some point, though Heaven knows it seemed unlikely. "And then, my dear Katharine," I returned to the charge in a rather patronizing tone, "you must consider *me* in this matter. I am aware that nobody ever does; but pray let me suggest that you should, for a moment only. I delight, I positively revel, in showing the devotion of a fiancé in public. But I should not wish, by my demeanor when we're alone together, to cheapen that sentiment which I hold sacred to—which I hold sacred to——"

"Oh!" cried Kate, pausing abruptly in the door of the little summer-house, and drawing back with wide, startled eyes. "Another girl!"

"An ideal," I returned loftily.

"How interesting!" she murmured, as we settled ourselves comfortably. I suspected latent irony in her tone; but she looked up very sweetly, and went on: "So you've got an ideal, you dear old Carl!" Everybody else calls me Charlie, which is absurd for a big man. "Please tell me all about her!"

Then I launched forth upon what I conceived to be the greatest piece of diplomacy of my life. The chances were even that Bourke would hold to this engagement, fickle as he was—who could ever weary of Katharine? Well, then, I would have her for a sister-in-law; and in that case, what more desirable than that my foolish infatuation should be buried, and hidden, and forgotten?

I looked at the dear girl before me, who had always appeared to me the most lovable and desirable creature on earth, and I described to her an ideal which was pretty near her opposite in every point I mentioned. I don't, as a usual thing, like inflicting pain, even when it is merely wounding a young coquette's vanity—and nobody could

deny that Kate was a good deal of a flirt; but it really was a pleasure to me to observe the trembling lip and moistened eye with which she received my statements.

"You see," I concluded, as a finishing stroke, "my tastes and Bourke's are quite different."

"Bourke! Don't mention Bourke, please!"

This was so open a bid for me to make a fool of myself that I remonstrated.

"See here, Katharine, I may be fat—well, I *am* fat—but I'm not everything that begins with *f*."

"You mean you're not a fool," she said. "I think you are. A man's never quite such an idiot about—about certain things as when he believes he isn't—when he thinks he knows it all!"

The speech was not conciliatory; but the tears which came with it were more than I could bear. I caught the two little hands, and drew her around to face me. We were quite alone in our joss-house, and I asked tremulously:

"What's the matter, dear? Tell me. You know I will make it all right for you. I always have—I always do, don't I?"

"You can't do anything about this," she mourned. "It's Bourke!"

I sat upright suddenly, and almost pushed her away. Here she was grieving for Bourke, and I had been such a conceited fool as to fancy that she cared about what my ideals were!

"He is coming home," she whispered. "I got a telegram. He turned back at Tampa."

In the excitement of this news it did not occur to me to observe that Kate ought naturally to have been delighted over it instead of weeping. I got abruptly to my feet. I went and stood in the summer-house door. How things had changed for me in one moment! And yet, what a fool a man can be! What had I had the moment before? A little cheat of happiness; a paltry and humiliating position which a man of spirit would never have accepted.

I looked out and saw Bourke descending from the auto which the hotel sent to the station to meet guests. I put my fingers to my lips, and gave the old-time

whistle with which all the boys on our block used to call one another. He turned, saw me, waved his hand, and I beckoned.

"Here comes Bourke," I said to the girl behind me in the summer-house. "I'm going."

There were two doors to the summer-house. Kate caught my arm as I passed her.

"Don't! You mustn't. Stay and tell him—tell him—you mustn't go!"

I looked down at her sternly, yet longingly.

"Tell him what?" I asked. "Tell him that I've been in love with the girl he's engaged to ever since we were children? Tell him that I can't get over it to suit him—just simply because she's to be my sister-in-law? Tell him—oh, Kate, you push a man's strength too far! You expect too much of me. I'm only human, like the rest of them. I can't help loving you, and I haven't the grace to keep still about it!"

All at once I knew why I had been made so big and strong; it seemed to me for one dizzy instant that it was to take care of this sweetest and tenderest of God's creatures. I dropped my hands softly down to her arms, and, lifting her as I had done many a time when she was a child, I kissed her softly and sorrowfully on lips that answered mine. Then I set her down.

"Bourke's coming," I whispered—of course I would put an anticlimax to a scene like that—and I shot out of one door as he entered by the other.

III.

I WALKED blindly for a few moments, with Kate's kiss on my lips, her voice in my ears—crying after me:

"Carl—Carl—don't go!"

When I thought they had had time for their lovers' raptures, I went deliberately back—better have it over now. They didn't look very rapturous as I went in. Bourke nodded a careless greeting; Katharine was in the middle of a sentence.

"I tell you I never cared anything at all about you, Bourke," she was saying. "I didn't think, and don't think, that you care anything about me. You just

have to flirt with every girl that's around. I engaged myself to you, to see if I couldn't make him notice it, anyhow. If I was mistaken, and have really hurt you, I'm sorry."

Oh, then it wasn't Bourke, but somebody else! I was surprised to find it a relief to know that I should not have Katharine for a sister-in-law. I wasted no thought upon Bourke's suffering from any sentimental wound.

And I was right in this, it seems; he looked from one to the other of us with dancing eyes.

"Well, then," he said gaily, "I'm to understand that you two are engaged—genuinely engaged. I call that a pretty state of affairs for a man to find awaiting him. You're a nice brother, Charlie, you are!"

"No, we're not," complained Katharine, between petulance and laughter. "It isn't my fault, I'm sure; but the stupid old thing won't ask me!"

A great light was breaking upon me. I don't think I said anything; I don't know what I did; but my next consciousness was that I was standing with my arm about Kate, facing my returned brother.

"The very thing!" exclaimed that individual. "Kate's been hopelessly gone on you for years; I knew it, but I never gave her any encouragement," he rattled on merrily. "Well, you two are engaged and I'm—married! Don't all speak at once, please. Yes, it's a new one. I met her at Tampa. She was staying with the Heywards. Her father had just died, and things were going to be pretty hard for her."

"Married!" repeated Katharine, with an incredulous note in her voice. "Where's your wife?"

But her suspicions were unfounded; the wife was produced in due season. We held a little family banquet that evening in one of the hotel ordinaries, to present Bourke's wife and announce my engagement. When it came to toasts and speech-making, Bourke made some extremely brilliant remarks about the return of the prodigal and the slaying of the fatted calf. He was supposably the prodigal, and he alleged that the latter animal had fallen to Katharine's bow and spear.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Three Famous Reformers.

Nothing is more interesting in American life than the appearance of a real reformer, one who by activity, courage, and genuine interest in the work at hand really accomplishes a material change for the better. In most of our large cities the last decade has been a period so productive of intolerable conditions that the better element, at times, almost lapsed into despair. Spasmodic reform movements met with only temporary success, and corrupt rings, backed by organized armies of heelers, grafters, and plunderers, dominated the situation.

About five years ago the tide began to turn, and some really great victories came within reach of the reformers. San Francisco turned things upside down. Minneapolis revolted against the ring; its government became involved in a most sensational boodle scandal. New Orleans cast off its leeches; Philadelphia upset the plans of its oldest pillagers. New York, writhing under the burdens put upon her by the criminal neglect of her officials and the industrious activity of her criminals, struck several vigorous blows for a readjustment. All over the Union the power of the collective conscience was made manifest.

Among the men who won public favor and applause, to say nothing of personal satisfaction, because of actual good accomplished, one may discern three distinct types; types represented by William Travers Jerome, district attorney of New York, Joseph W. Folk, circuit attorney of St. Louis, and Judge William H. H. Emmons, chairman of the Boston police commission. All these men have done things worth while. They have inspired law-breakers with fear, they have

smashed rings, they have broken up criminal alliances between classes whose very acquaintance means peril to law and order. They have done more, perhaps, than any three men in similar walks of life to remove contempt for the law and to substitute respect.

District Attorney Jerome represents the type that fights vice, and all that it stands for, with an ax. He believes in breaking down doors, and in battering his way to any spot where it is necessary



WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK CITY.

From a photograph by Foley, New York.



JOSEPH W. FOLK, CIRCUIT ATTORNEY OF ST. LOUIS,
MISSOURI.

*From a photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Straus,
St. Louis.*

to serve a summons. He fights cunning with force. When campaigns are on, he mounts platforms, and says just what he thinks about people whom he regards with disfavor. Rich and poor alike must pay the penalty of their misdeeds whenever their cases come within the radius of his official activity. He has harassed the gambling fraternity of New York so that there is a difference of several millions of dollars a month in their pool-room and card-table transactions. He has repeatedly raided top-floor faro tables where poor men are robbed of their wages and gilded roulette layouts at which only the very rich are allowed to play. Get-rich-quick concerns, confidence men, lawless corporations, jury fixers, false witnesses—all these recognize in him a terribly persistent enemy bent solely on filling the jails and penitentiaries with their kind. Jerome at times may seem spectacular, but this impression is generally offset by his effectiveness.

Joseph W. Folk, circuit attorney of St. Louis, belongs in an entirely different class. He began to attack corruption

among the politicians, bending his energies to the work of purging the city council of St. Louis. He set his course straight ahead, and, hewing to the line, let the chips fall where they would. In a very short time he developed the astounding fact that the boodlers were in absolute control of the city, that money was being used in every direction, that hardly an official hand had escaped the stain of bribery. Folk struck at the very root of things, and of the eighteen corruptionists whom he brought to the bar, seventeen were convicted. Through the intervention of a higher court they escaped punishment, but there was a healthy state of panic among the men at whom he pointed accusingly.

The people of St. Louis recognized traits in Folk that make for popularity. His fame spread from the city to the country, and he was suggested as the best candidate for the Governorship of Missouri on the Democratic ticket. The convention named him with four hundred and thirty-eight votes from the country delegates, as against one hundred and eleven votes from St. Louis. The machine beat him out in the Missouri



JUDGE WILLIAM H. H. EMMONS, CHAIRMAN OF
THE POLICE COMMISSION, BOSTON.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by Purdy, Boston.

metropolis, but the rural vote seems tolerably certain to elect him Governor.

When this magazine reaches its readers, it is barely possible that New York's district attorney may be seriously considered for a similar honor in the Empire State. Apparently it pays to be a reformer who really reforms something.

"Some one told the Governor I had

effectively disciplined the police under him, not to mention such side enterprises as a tour of the churches and Sunday school classes for the purpose of delivering lectures on morals. He has organized support all over the city, and spends half the night exploring the dives in the slums. He is a terror to evil-doers, and frequently appears, phantom-like, in the



MRS. FREDERIC SCHOPP, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS, WHO HAS COMPILED TWELVE RULES WHICH SHE CLAIMS WILL AID IN ABOLISHING THE DIVORCE EVIL.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Philadelphia.

been talking too much. The Governor said that if that was my only fault, they had little to complain of." This from Judge William H. H. Emmons, chairman of the Boston police commission. He was appointed to his post by Governor Bates of Massachusetts. His whole policy, since he appeared on the horizon of Boston's criminal zone, has been to make it so hot for the lawless element that quick exits were found preferable to long conversations. Judge Emmons has succeeded in putting a stop to prize-fighting, has driven the gamblers into hiding, restrained public drunkenness, and has

midst of high revelers, clapping the hand of the law tightly about the sinful. He is a constant round of distressing surprises to the submerged tenth.

In appearance he resembles a Quaker—tall, severe, and plainly attired in frock coat, black tie, and slouch hat. For seventeen years he was a justice in the Boston police courts. He knows almost every "tough" in and around the city, and invariably acts quickly whenever any of the belligerent gentry fall into his clutches.

While his picture would give one the impression of unchangeable sternness,

Judge Emmons greets everybody with a most fascinating smile. Even the crooks have witnessed this bland expression in all its ambiguous qualities. Owing to his judicial training, he takes great delight in tendering legal lectures to any and all classes, summing up with a vehemence that leaves little to be said. Hence, no doubt, arose the impression that the commissioner talks too much. But the Governor holds that a man who effectively upholds public order in a great city, as does Judge Emmons, has accomplished something worth talking about.

Will These Prevent Divorce?

MRS. FREDERIC SCHOFF, president of the National Congress of Mothers, at the annual convention held in Chicago a few weeks ago, set forth some rather interesting rules, twelve in number, which she declares will go far toward abolishing the divorce evil. Briefly stated, her twelve matrimonial commandments are as follows:

1. Begin at the beginning by teaching children the real meaning and sacredness of marriage.
2. Teach them that it is a permanent relation, for life or nothing.
3. Enlighten girls as to their duty as future wives and mothers.
4. Impress upon boys the fact that marriage is the holiest bond in life.
5. Never advise girls to marry for any other motive than love.
6. Money should be strictly ruled out of the marriage consideration. Character is the chief requisite.
7. Make re-marriage for divorced people impossible.
8. Ostracize absolutely divorced couples who re-marry.
9. Let ministers all over the country unite to refuse sanction to such marriages.
10. Let unhappily mated pairs focus every effort to making the best of the situation.
11. Let impossibly mated couples separate, but not remarry.
12. Let parents, teachers, clergymen, legislators, and all reformers unite to utterly discourage the evil and stamp it out of the country.

Mrs. Schoff further gave it as her opinion that the solemn formula "for better, for worse, until death us do part," was the only basis upon which the bond of holy wedlock should be established.

Colonel John S. Mosby.

IN order that he might accept an appointment as assistant attorney in the



COLONEL JOHN SINGLETON MOSBY, NOW IN HIS SEVENTY-FIRST YEAR, WHO ORGANIZED AND LED THE FAMOUS "MOSBY GUERRILLAS" DURING THE CIVIL WAR, AND WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN APPOINTED TO AN ASSISTANT ATTORNEYSHIP IN THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, AT WASHINGTON.

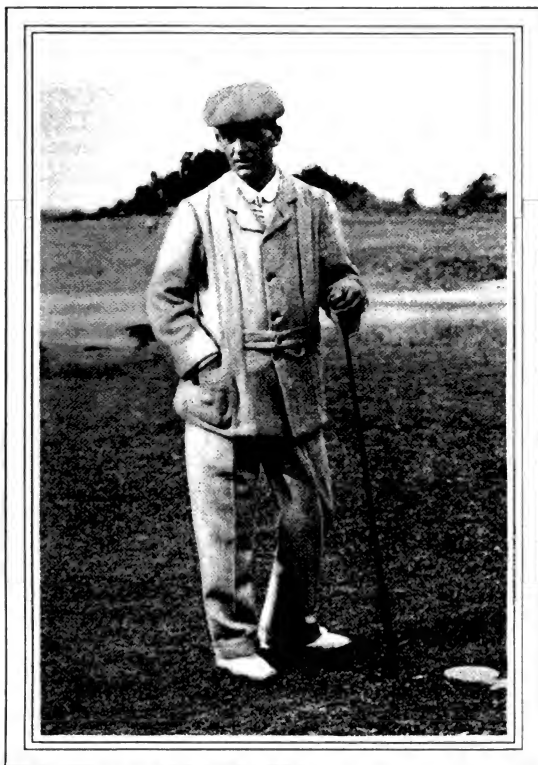
From a photograph.

Department of Justice, Colonel John S. Mosby has taken up his residence in Washington. There was a time in the early sixties when the arrival of this intrepid Southerner at the capital of the United States would have meant a tragedy. Every man who remembers the Civil War will appreciate this statement.

It was this same John S. Mosby, a young Virginian, who organized the corps known to history as Mosby's Partizan Rangers. The mission and the pleasure of the colonel and his men consisted in harassing the Union army by cutting communications, destroying supply trains, capturing pay wagons, and otherwise doing every possible sort of mischief in the rear of the Federal troops.

His command of cavalry, while officially under Lee, was practically independent of all army restrictions, and his movements were directed solely by the skill and energy of Mosby himself.

The greatest punishment Mosby could inflict upon a member of his command was to send him back to the "regular" army. Mosby had between six and seven hundred troopers under him—soldiers of fortune, officers from the regulars, free-lance Southerners aflame with patriotic love for the South, boys who broke from their mothers' very arms to follow him, and civilians clamoring for a fight to the finish. No more mixed command, and no braver one, ever went forth to war. The story of its engagements and its exploits is the most romantic historical



WALTER J. TRAVIS, WHOSE DEFEAT OF EDWARD BLACKWOOD ON THE SANDWICH LINKS, IN ENGLAND, WON FOR HIM THE TITLE OF AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

From a photograph.

picture of the Civil War, each chapter of which is a record of heroism.

Among the boys who came to Mosby begging for leave to join his command was one John W. Munson, from Richmond. Munson was but sixteen years of age, raw-boned, and large for his years. Mosby looked him over and detected the fighting characteristics evident in every inch of the Richmond youngster, with the result that John Munson joined Mosby's Guerrillas, as they were commonly called in the South, and remained at the

colonel's side, frequently sleeping on the same pillow, until the close of the war.

Colonel Mosby has often said that no man living to-day is better equipped to write the story of those eventful years than this same John Munson, who now resides, surrounded by a large family of boys, in Orange, New Jersey. The stirring incidents that swirled about his youth are still fresh in his mind, and his pen is busy setting down the story of "The Recollections of Mosby's Youngest

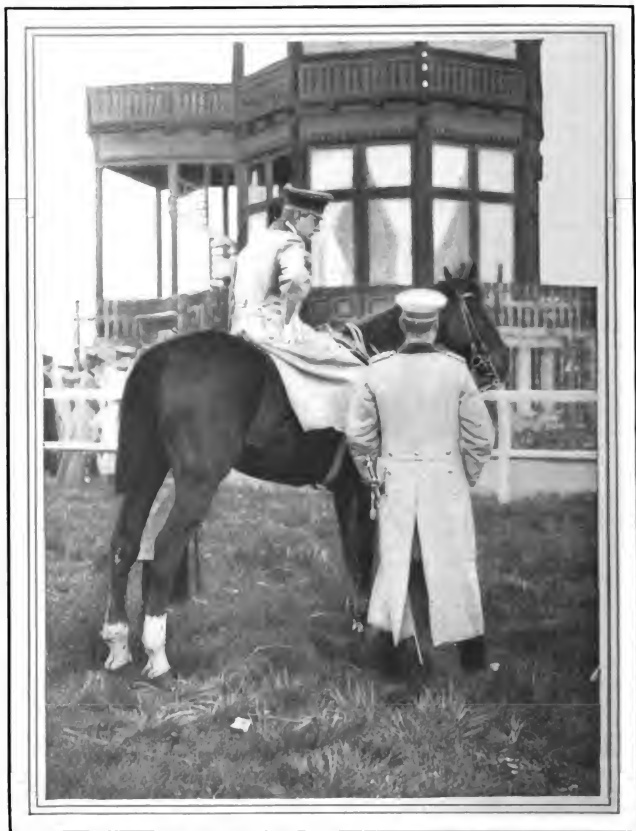
Guerrilla," which will begin in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at an early date, illustrated with some hitherto unpublished pictures.

Mr. Munson will relate countless untold stories of Mosby's Guerrillas, and tell how it came about that Mosby, who neither drank, smoked, gambled, nor swore, and who weighed but one hundred and twenty-three pounds, ruled with an

iron hand the wildest, fiercest, and most terrifying cavalry command that ever raided a supply train.

Travis, the Golf Champion.

WALTER J. TRAVIS, an American, three times amateur champion of his own country, has won a similar title in Great



CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM ON HIS FAVORITE STEEPLECHASER KERIMAN, ON WHOM HE RAN THE FAMOUS DEAD HEAT WITH LIEUTENANT VON PLESSSEN IN BERLIN.

From a photograph by the Berlin Illustration Company.

Britain, where he defeated some of the best golfers in the world on the Sandwich links, in Kent, at the beginning of June. In the early rounds of the British tournament he had to meet a series of redoubtable antagonists, including Holden, of Liverpool, Robb, of St. Andrews, and Reade, the Irish champion. His closest match was that with Robb, whom he defeated by a single hole; his easiest victory was in the fifth round, when he won from Hilton, a former English champion, by five up and four to play. In the semi-final he vanquished Hutchinson, of Liverpool, who had put out Maxwell, the title-holder, in the previous round.

Edward Blackwood, of St. Andrews, the last hope of Britain, who met Travis in the final, is a Scottish player, magnificent in driving and accomplished in putting. The concluding match was at thirty-six holes, and it was played in a gale of wind, which did not seem to trouble Travis any more than his antagonist. Both were more or less erratic in the long game, but on the greens Travis gave a display of steadiness and accuracy that astonished the spectators and won the coveted trophy, his margin of victory being the decisive one of four holes, with three to play.

Next year Travis will have to defend his title at Prestwick, in Ayrshire, the famous links there having been selected as the scene of the British amateur championship of 1905.

Travis is a man of forty-two, but he did not take up golf till 1886. Within a year or two he was carrying off club honors, but he gained no prominence in the sport until 1898, when he tried for the United States championship, but was defeated by Findlay Douglas in the semi-final round. Two years later he won the title, a success which he repeated in 1901 and again last year.

No golf player here or abroad has the



COURTENAY PERCY ROBERT VERNON, BARON LYVEDEN—AS CHAIRMAN OF A LONDON MUNICIPAL COMMITTEE LORD LYVEDEN RECENTLY COMPLETED A TOUR OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN CITIES. IN HIS YOUTH HE SPENT SOME YEARS IN AMERICA, SERVING FOR A TIME AS A WAITER ON THE NEW YORK BOWERY.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

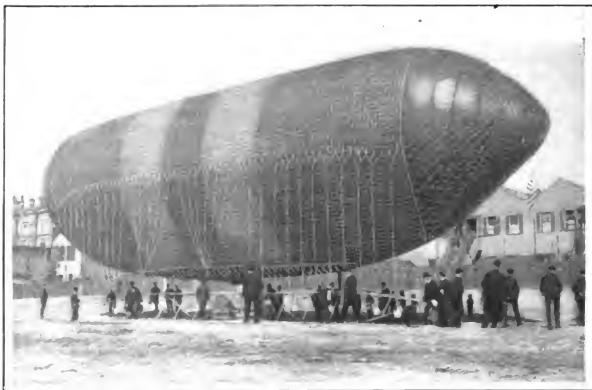
Travis originality. He has little regard for the strict rules of form, scoffs at players who are attached to particular clubs, and holds to the theory that a good sportsman should play a first-class game with any set of clubs over any links. It is said that he frequently selects a new style of putter on the eve of a tournament, and plays with it as skilfully as if he had handled it for years.

The only consolation that England found in the defeat of her champions lies in the fact that Travis was born in Australia. No doubt the entire British empire regrets that he did not remain under the old flag.

The Strenuous Crown Prince.

GERMANY has not only its emperor, but its emperor's son and heir as well. What of his imperial sire's characteristics the crown prince has inherited will be left for the court biographers to record. Just at present the young man is attracting attention because of his somewhat unusual achievements on horseback. A few months ago he startled the army by riding in full accouterments, mounted on one of his best gallopers, to the head of the marble stairway approaching the Sans Souci Palace at Potsdam with a full company of infantry at his heels. The maneuver did not meet with his royal father's approval. It elicited much applause on the part of the populace, however, and Prince Frederick William was frequently thereafter pointed out as the strenuous son of a strenuous sire. It was even whispered that the Kaiser, while publicly frowning upon the exhibition, privately considered it a daring piece of horsemanship—as indeed it was.

Recently the crown prince on his favorite steeplechaser Keriman, on the course of the Berlin-Potsdam Riding Club, ran a dead heat with Lieutenant von Plessen, a nephew of General von



A GENERAL VIEW OF DR. AUGUST GRETH'S DIRIGIBLE BALLOON, WITH WHICH HE MADE HIS EXPERIMENTS IN CALIFORNIA THIS SUMMER.

From a photograph by Backus, San Francisco.

Plessen, who was here as adjutant to Prince Henry during his American visit. Under ordinary circumstances the race should have been run off. The prince, immediately after dismounting from his horse, bowed to his opponent and resigned the prize. It was a gracious act which lost none of its luster from the fact that Plessen is regarded as the best horseman in the German army; and when the story came to the emperor, he smiled with that keen satisfaction which is the outward expression of inward pride.

Lord Lyveden's Career.

COURTENAY PERCY ROBERT VERNON, third Baron Lyveden, who recently visited America for the purpose of studying the management of our chief cities, with thirty members of a municipal committee from London, is not ashamed of his previous association with the industry of the United States.

As a boy, Lyveden selected, at the request of his father, the late rector of Grafton Underwood in Northamptonshire, a career in the army, but failing in his examinations enlisted as a private in the Royal Artillery. From the field he drifted to the stage, playing in several English productions. In 1884 he came to the United States, met with financial losses, and accepted employment as a waiter on the New York Bowery. Not

unnaturally, he soon tired of his occupation, and went to North Carolina, where he engaged in the fishing industry. This, too, proved to be a life that did not suit him, and he fled from it to become a sailor on a steamship in the South American trade. Finally he wound up his American career on the liner *Paris*, now the Philadelphia. On this boat he became head steward, an occupation which he is said to have adorned.

In 1901 he succeeded, on the death of his uncle, the second Lord Lyveden, to the family titles and estates, and since that time he has become one of the most popular peers in the United Kingdom. He is proud of the honest dollars that he earned in the United States, and on his recent visit entertained his associates with many interesting narratives of his early life on this side of the water.

The municipal committee of which Lord Lyveden was chairman visited St. Louis, Washington, Niagara Falls, and other points of interest, and received various courtesies at the hands of public officials.

Dr. Greth's Dirigible Balloon.

DR. AUGUST GRETH, the Californian whose dirigible balloon has attracted the attention of aeronauts all over the world, is to give at St. Louis an exhibition of his ability to steer his air-ship whither he

wills. That Santos Dumont, the Lebaudy brothers, and others equally anxious to depart from and return to the earth gently and with their skins intact are keeping a professional eye open on Greth, there is no doubt, for it is generally admitted that the California genius, but for a slight accident to his machinery, would easily have beaten the thirty-eight-mile record for a single flight, made by the Lebaudys in France.

Incidentally it should be stated that, according to the newspaper reports, the Greth experiment in San Francisco contemplated carrying as passengers Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, a veteran balloonist, and Frederick W. Belcher, an expert machinist, to whom the operation of the motors was to be intrusted. For some reason or other, never satisfactorily explained to the interested spectators, or even to Dr. Greth and Mr. Belcher, Captain Baldwin, after making a short speech to the assembled guests, stepped into the car, gave the signal to the men at the ropes, and the air-ship slowly rose from the ground.

Dr. Greth and his machinist, gathering the impression that the captain was merely trying out the mechanism, remained out of the car. Great was their astonishment when the lone occupant

signaled to free the monster tugging at the ropes, and the next instant sailed away, putting the air-ship through a series of evolutions that were remarkable exhibitions of the ease with which the operator could control the vessel in a north wind that was blowing. Presently the machinery stopped, and the American Eagle, as Dr. Greth calls his creation, settled to the ground. The inventor and the machinist reached the scene of the descent on trolley cars. Baldwin blamed the motors for the stoppage. Belcher, with wrath in his eye, stepped over to the machine, touched a wheel, and set it whirring at a great rate. Apparently Baldwin was confounded. Dr. Greth holds that had Belcher been at the mechanism during the trip, the American Eagle would have beaten all records.

The propellers of the Greth air-ship, there being one on each side, have a diameter of six and a half feet, and are built of aluminum. The motor used is a fifteen-horse-power automobile engine, delivering about five horse-power to each propeller.

Dr. Greth is at work upon a dirigible balloon about twice the size of his present air-ship. He will construct three new types in all. One of them will have four propellers and two motors, with a lifting



THE MOTOR MECHANISM OF THE GRETH AIR-SHIP—DR. AUGUST GRETH, THE INVENTOR, IS SHOWN WITH HIS HAND RESTING ON ONE OF THE PROPELLER BLADES.

From a photograph by Backus, San Francisco.



GENERAL OKU, THE JAPANESE OFFICER IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY BESIEGING PORT ARTHUR—HIS COUNTRYMEN REGARD HIM AS A STRATEGIST OF UNUSUAL BRILLIANCE.

From a photograph by Maruki, Tokio.



REAR-ADMIRAL NASHIBA, SAVED FROM HIS FLAGSHIP, THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP HATSUSE, WHICH ON MAY 15 STRUCK A FLOATING MINE TEN MILES FROM PORT ARTHUR AND SANK.

From a photograph by Maruki, Tokio.

capacity of nearly four thousand pounds, qualifying it to carry several passengers.

Congressman Dick's Successor.

ONE of the political surprises of the year is the nomination of W. Aubrey Thomas, of Niles, for Congress, from the famous old Garfield district in Ohio. Nomination in that district, when the nominee is on the Republican ticket, means election. Mr. Thomas is thirty-five years of age, and a bachelor. He is rated as a millionaire, having business interests all over Ohio, the most important being in the manufacture of steel machinery and clay products. If the election goes as is expected, he will take his seat at Washington in December next, to fill out the unexpired term of General Dick, who resigned in order to take the late Mark Hanna's seat in the Senate.

The old Garfield district is famous for the reason that it has had but five Congressmen to represent it in the last fifty-eight years. What is still more interesting, all five figured in the history of the country. The first was John R. Giddings, the celebrated anti-slavery agitator. Following him was James A. Garfield, who was Senator-elect and President-elect while yet in Congress. Garfield's election to the Presidency made room for Judge Ezra R. Taylor, who served twelve years, at the end of which time he declined further honors, resigning from political life. He was followed by Stephen A. Northway, who died during his fourth term. The mantle then fell upon the shoulders of Charles Dick, whose recent promotion left the field open again.

Thomas, while not especially experienced in the game of politics, was induced to enter the lists. In the light of

circumstances that subsequently developed, he found himself in the position of a compromise candidate. Warring factions turned to him for peace, and drawing his strength from all quarters he was nominated.

The younger political generation in

is composed of men who with but three exceptions are over fifty years of age.

Gen. Kuropatkin's Icon.

AN icon is a religious picture associated with the worship of the Russian



W. AUBREY THOMAS, REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL NOMINEE FROM THE OLD GARFIELD DISTRICT OF OHIO, FROM WHICH GENERAL CHARLES DICK DESIGNED TO SUCCEED THE LATE MARK HANNA IN THE SENATE.

From a photograph.

Ohio seem to be reaping the rewards of youth. Eight of the twenty-one members who seem sure of election to the next Congress are under thirty-nine years of age, and five are under thirty-five. The present delegation from Ohio

church. Any sort of a picture may be converted into an icon by receiving the blessing of a priest. Mosaics, bas-reliefs, enamels set in brass and gold, and miniature oil paintings are preferred.

Since Russia found herself plunged in-

to war there has been an unprecedented demand for icons among the soldiers, the faithful regarding the possession of one as a protection against death and disaster. All the Russian generals have been presented with these religious pictures, some of them being magnificently worked and very expensive. The icon shown in the illustration on this page is one that was given to General Kuropatkin when he left St. Petersburg for the front.

Every Russian regiment has its icon, which is carried aloft when the soldiers go into battle. Many wonderful stories are told of the power of these talismans, and almost all devout members of the Greek church possess one in some form or other.

David d'Angers' Washington.

It is probably true that the French are entitled to be regarded as the most appreciative of peoples. America has from time to time had ample evidence of this pleasant national trait; and it recently manifested itself again when there was presented to the people of America a duplicate of David d'Angers' famous bust of George Washington, the original of which was destroyed in a fire at the Capitol in Washington about the middle of the last century.

The duplicate bronze, now occupying a place of honor in the United States Capitol, was brought into existence at the suggestion of the descendants of Rochambeau and other prominent Frenchman who visited this country last year. As one way of paying us a delicate compliment, and of recalling the early struggles for independence in which France had a memorable share, the idea of duplicating the bust took shape, and by popular subscription a fund was raised which has reproduced the lost work of the great French sculptor.

Seventy-Five Miles an Hour.

THE American traveling public is familiar with the famous New York Central tunnel on Manhattan Island. It is perhaps the most uncomfortable, soot-filled, sweltering tunnel on the American continent, made so because it is the only avenue through which three hundred and sixty trains a day come and go from the New York Central terminus on Forty-Second Street. To relieve the traveling public along this stretch of roadway has been one of the greatest problems with which the company has had to contend.

It appears that the situation is soon to be mastered by the use of electric locomotives, fifty of which are now being con-



A REPRODUCTION OF THE ICON, OR HOLY PICTURE, GIVEN TO GENERAL KUROPATKIN BY HIS FRIENDS WHEN HE LEFT ST. PETERSBURG FOR THE SEAT OF WAR—AN ICON IS THOUGHT, BY DEVOUT RUSSIANS, TO GUARD ITS OWNER AGAINST DISASTER.

From a photograph by Bulla, St. Petersburg.

structed in Schenectady for the tunnel traffic. These powerful engines will develop twenty-eight hundred horse-power each, or, to be more explicit through comparison, one thousand horse-power more than that developed by the steam locomotives now hauling the Empire State Express and the Twentieth Century Limited when running at a speed of sixty miles an hour.

The electric motors will weigh about eighty-five tons apiece, and are constructed to run with safety at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. Their length will be thirty-seven feet, and they are built on the double-ender principle, so that they will run in either direction with equal facility. They will take the place of steam locomotives on all through trains as far north as Croton, thirty-four miles on the Hudson division, and White Plains, twenty-four miles on the Harlem division.

This means the elimination of the old steam locomotives from the New York terminal of the road, and the restoration of normal temperatures in the Manhattan tunnel, the most important and widely popular improvement made by the New York Central company during the last decade.

Canada's New Governor-General.

THE advent of a new Governor-General of Canada means no such unsettling of policy and upheaval of personnel as are wont to follow a change of Presidents at Washington. The functions of the Canadian viceroy are mainly ornamental, and it makes small practical difference whether they are performed by one suave aristocrat or by another. Britain turns out



THE REPLICA OF DAVID D'ANGERS' BUST OF WASHINGTON, PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA—ITS DUPLICATE WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE IN WASHINGTON YEARS AGO.

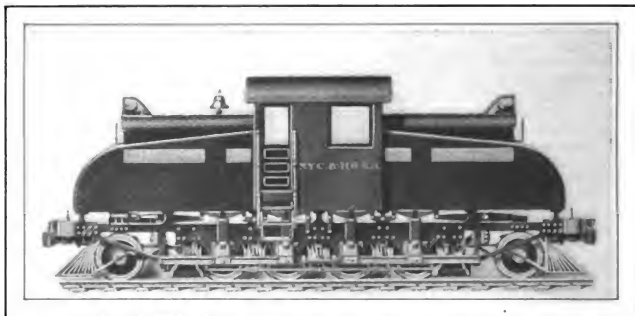
From a photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Walden Lawcett, Washington.

a whole class of these soldier diplomats, and excellent service, on the whole, they have done for the empire. In its newer lands they stand sword in hand, as it were, as pioneers of organized government and pro-consuls over unruly savages. In its established and self-governing states they don gorgeous uniforms and hold miniature courts as representatives of the throne that forms the one great tangible bond of imperial unity.

Hence the appointment of Albert Henry George, fourth Earl Grey, to succeed Lord Minto at Ottawa is a matter of personal rather than political interest. The two earls are brothers-in-law, the Countess of Minto being the sister of her husband's suc-

cessor. Both come of old Border families—Minto from the Scottish side of the once blood-stained line, Grey from the English. Each, by a curious coincidence, is the fourth holder of his earldom, Minto's title dating from 1813, Grey's from 1806. Both are men a little beyond fifty, the newcomer being four years the younger. Both know the world and have seen service. In a word, both are good types of their class.

The Greys have helped to make the last hundred and fifty years of British history. The peerage was created for Major-General Charles Grey, who commanded a brigade of Howe's army at Germantown in 1777, and who afterwards took St. Lucia and other West Indian islands from the French. The second earl was the English prime minister who passed the Reform Bill and abolished slavery. The third was twice a cabinet minister; his cousin, Sir George Grey, served in four cabinets. The third earl dying childless, the title is now held



TYPE OF ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE SOON TO BE INSTALLED ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD TO HAUL TRAINS THROUGH THE MANHATTAN TUNNEL.—THESE MOTORS HAVE A SPEED OF SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

by his nephew, a son of the General Grey who was private secretary to the Prince Consort, and who piloted King Edward through the United States in 1860.

The present Earl Grey is one of the men who have done most to build a great British state in South Africa. He was one of the close friends and allies of Cecil Rhodes, and stood with him in organizing and financing his pet enterprise, the Chartered Company, which seized the empire between the Orange and the Zambesi just in time to forestall the greedy hands of other nationalities. When Dr. Jameson's suicidal raid on the Transvaal ruined its leader and sent him from high command in Africa to an English prison, Lord Grey succeeded the adventurous Scottish doctor as administrator of Rhodesia. His work there was warmly commended, and set him in line for some such high position in the imperial service as the post to which he has just been appointed.

People Talked About.

PHILANDER C. KNOX, Attorney-General of the United States and Senator-designate succeeding the late Matthew Stanley Quay from Pennsylvania, is one of the most democratic Cabinet officers that ever lived in Washington. In most of the cases that have signalized his connection with the Department of Justice, he has made it a point to lay great stress upon the part played by his subordinates. His manner is frankness personified, and his straightforward style of speech is suggestive of the West. While he lives in a fine home well equipped with attend-

ants, he not infrequently answers his own door-bell and ushers his visitor into the reception-room.

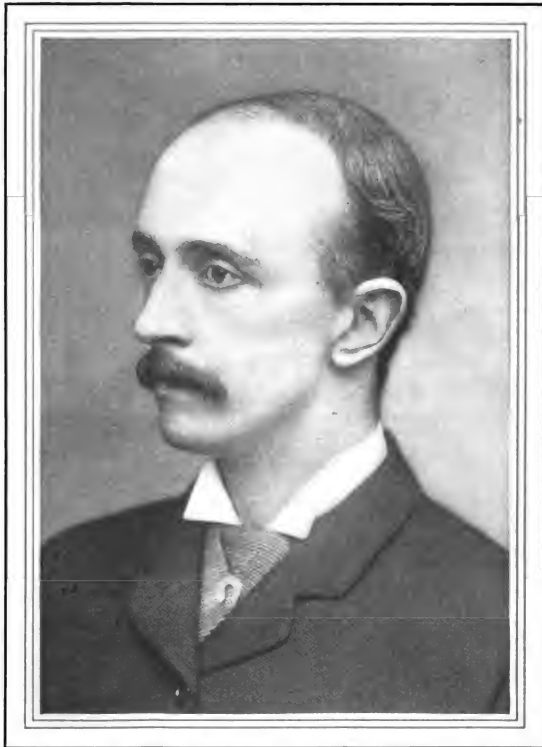
ALBERT, Prince of Monaco, it has been announced from the tiny principality whose chief attractions are its scenic beauty and its famous gambling resort, is about to visit the United States in his steam yacht, the *Alice*. The prince is devoted to the study of oceanography, and will explore American and West Indian waters. It is his desire that the people of the United States should be made familiar with the fact, or alleged fact, that the entire profits of his gaming tables are devoted "to the cause of charity, to the advancement of science, and to good works." Small consolation this to the player who lays his odds on red when the ball rolls into the black!

ADJUTANT-GENERAL SHERMAN BELL, who held command in Colorado during the recent campaign between the union miners and the National Guard of that State, first attracted attention as one of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, subsequently known as Roosevelt's Rough-Riders. He developed an almost dog-like devotion to his lieutenant-colonel, and followed him through the war of 1898 with a fidelity that won for him the confidence and good will of the man on horseback, who later became President.

During Roosevelt's tour of the country in the 1900 campaign, the first man to meet him on the Colorado State line was Sherman Bell. When the Vice-Presidential candidate spoke in the town hall

of Victor, some miners started a racket, and continued the disturbance after the visiting party left the building. Sherman Bell followed Roosevelt to his special car, and climbed up on the rear plat-

editor of royal blood in Europe. He edits and publishes what he chooses to call *Glas Czernogorca* (The Montenegrin Voice). The policy of his newspaper is to print such things as will attract the



ALBERT HENRY GEORGE, FOURTH EARL GREY, APPOINTED TO SUCCEED LORD MINTO AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

form. There was blood in his eye, and a very lively time ensued. Roosevelt said to some of the newspaper correspondents, afterward, that his principal fear in that distressing hour was that Sherman Bell would begin killing people.

THE Prince of Montenegro is the only

notice of foreign diplomats and draw attention to the little principality and its ruler. It is whispered that the royal editor is not infrequently under the influence of strong drink, a condition that leads to the appearance of some surprising things in his official and personal organ.



"I HOLD IN MY HAND CONVINCING EVIDENCE OF YOUR GUILT. YOU CAN'T DENY YOUR PROPERTY!"

(See story, "The Cap-Boss.")

The Cap-Box.

THE STORY OF A SOUTHERN GIRL AND HER PRISONER.

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

I.

ON the brow of the rise, Alspaugh's mare halted in obedience to her rider's unspoken wish. Alspaugh himself crooked a lanky leg over the pommel of the saddle. Then he produced, filled, and lighted a corn-cob pipe, and gave himself over to a dreamy contemplation of the countryside, surveying the lay of the land through narrowed eyelids.

It drowed in a shimmer of heat—a fair prospect of undulating farmlands, golden and green, diversified with patches of timber, threaded by narrow streams that laughed back at the smiling skies, compassed round with rugged foothills; all infinitely peaceful.

Yet to the north, up the road over which Alspaugh had traveled, Morgan's division of the Army of the Ohio was resting warily on its arms; and to the south, somewhere in the hot, hazy distances that even the soldier's keen glances could not pierce, an army of ragged Confederates skulked defiantly, looking ever hungrily back to Cumberland Gap, which they had evacuated only a day or two gone, retreating before the Union advance.

Between the two armies there lay a debatable ground. Alspaugh considered it, sucking uneasily the reed stem of the corn-cob; for he found it of a questionable aspect. To his mind a menace lurked in the hollows of those hills, masked by the very peacefulness of their showing. In particular he pondered on the dense column of dun-colored smoke that rose steadily a mile or more to the south—rose from behind a hill, without a break through the still air, spreading out at a height to foul the brilliant skies.

"What's that, d'ye think?" Alspaugh wanted to know. "Brush burn-

ing, or guerrillas? Maybe I'll run over and find out, later."

Knocking the ashes from his pipe against his calloused palm, he chirped cheerfully to the horse, swung off from the road, and entered upon a narrow driveway, rankly weed-grown, that wound a serpentine course through grounds manifesting a like state of long neglect.

It was just eleven o'clock in the morning of the 20th of June, 1862. Before him, through a fringe of beeches, loomed a gray, rock-ribbed mansion, shuttered and gloomy. To all appearances it might have been deserted for years; but across a more distant stretch of lawn Alspaugh could see a frantic negro scuttling as for dear life, his rags weirdly fluttering. Alspaugh was moved to howl after him, and the darcy discovered, mended his pace marvelously, giving vent to unearthly screeches. Alspaugh chuckled, but forbore to give chase; the incident merely served to reassure him. He would have no trouble getting what information he desired, for no men were about.

A quizzical grin played in the corners of his mouth as he neared and remarked the expressionless face of the mansion.

"Watching me through the shutters," he said to himself. "Wonder if I look so perfectly awful as all that? Well, war's—business." He clucked to the mare again. "I'm not proud; if they won't welcome me at the front door, I'll go 'round, like common folks."

In the rear he found the evidences of human tenancy that he had expected—a pile of kindling-wood fresh cut by the kitchen door; abundant moisture around the well-curb; a number of haughty fowls subservient to a domineering rooster. Also, an upper window, the only one unshuttered, betrayed

a sash-curtain of snowy whiteness, drawn back by fresh pink ribbons. But his hail went unanswered.

Dismounting, he marched to the kitchen door and raised his hand to knock a thunderous summons upon the panels. His descending fist, however encountered nothing more substantial than air; the door had opened before him.

"Well?"

The Northern soldier stared, a pleased surprise kindling in his gray eyes. His cap came off abruptly, and he bowed—but mutely.

"Well? What do you want?"

The tone was as repellent as the speaker was decidedly to the contrary. A girl stood upon the threshold; a girl, but almost a woman, dark, rebellious, and wonderful in a number of ways which Alspaugh had scarce time to enumerate: a beauty in a temper. She frowned upon him, fearless, eyes snapping a challenge beneath her level brows; and she stamped a foot which Alspaugh thought absurdly inadequate for the purpose.

He recovered from his wonder and smiled cheerfully, meditating an excuse for his presence.

"I belong to a foraging party," he said glibly. "We are levying on the neighborhood for food for the army——"

"We have nothing!"

"So I observe," he agreed ingenuously, glancing absently toward the rooster and his family. "That being the case, I shan't disturb—you."

She ignored the emphasis, staring through the intruder, who would not budge. He shifted upon his feet, his spurs jingling, and smiled in the face of adversity.

"Could I have a glass of water, if you please?" he asked finally. "I'm powerful thirsty."

Without a word she turned her back and disappeared; when she returned it was with a glass in her hand.

"There!" she said, and indicated the well.

Alspaugh regarded it with interest. It was of the old order—an endless chain of small buckets operated by a crank; and he decided that it would be

a matter of some difficulty simultaneously to raise and catch the water.

"Would you be so kind as to hold the glass for me?" he requested diffidently.

The girl hesitated, her frown deepening. Then, still quietly, she stepped out, taking the glass from his hand.

"Thank you," he remarked; but she would not reply.

He labored at the creaking windlass. She stood with face half averted, but he had time to appraise her more specifically. Presently the water gushed from the iron lip and brimmed the glass. To escape the splashing the girl drew her skirts away, daintily, and proffered the drink. Alspaugh courteously demurred.

"After you——?" he suggested, his eyes full upon her face.

She debated his case for a brief instant, her anger rising—rising with the flush that crimsoned her cheeks beneath his ardent gaze. Then, without warning, the water struck Alspaugh between the eyes; he jumped, gasping, and remembered to swear inwardly.

"That's how we treat Abolitionists!" she stormed. "How—how dared you—an enemy of my country——"

Blindly he groped for his handkerchief—a bandanna—thanking Heaven that it was presentable. Secretly he was amused, outwardly dignified and stern, drying his eyes and dripping cheeks in uncompromising silence.

"With your permission," he said to her, and took the glass. With some trouble he managed to draw himself the drink, swallowing it with composure; the girl remaining mute and almost shamefaced after her first violent outburst. "Thank you," he said coldly, returning the glass.

She struck it from his hand, dashing it against the well-curb, to fly into a thousand fragments.

"Because a Northern soldier drank from it?" asked Alspaugh, gravely interested.

She nodded furiously, eyes blazing, lips set and hard; perhaps she dared not trust them. Alspaugh laughed softly, bowed, got to his horse and mounted.

"Good-day," he said pleasantly, from the saddle; adding as an afterthought,

as he rode away: "My, what an angry child!"

II.

A LITTLE patch of swampy timber land, a few acres in area, lay steaming and sweltering under the sun of high noon. Along its eastern edge ran what was by courtesy a road, in reality a broad ribbon of mastic mud, black, knee-deep, and treacherous. Technically both were within the sphere of Union occupation, but actually they were a half mile or so beyond the picket lines.

Within the timber, however, a detail of some fifty private soldiers of the Federal Army, under the watchful eye of a corporal, were felling saplings wherewith the swamp road was to be "corduroyed" for the passage of artillery and supply trains. The grove resounded with the staccato clamor of the keen ax-bits and the crashing of the fast-falling young trees. The men of the detail drawn from Alspaugh's regiment, Alspaugh himself among them—came from the half-cleared swamps of the Northwest, where they, even as their forebears, had hewn them their homes out of the living wilderness forests; past-masters in the art of the ax were they, before whom the slender saplings swept down like timothy before a scythe.

Alspaugh, inclined to grumble because of the labor involved, nevertheless found, after the first few blows, that the ax just "fitted" him, was of the right weight, and hung true on the handle. Presently he began to enjoy himself, and mowed a swath in the swamp like the expert woodsman that he was.

In time, however, he suspended operations; he was breathing fast, and the perspiration fairly ran down his cheeks. Taking off his little fatigue cap, he fanned himself with it, ineffectually.

"Sa-ay!" he hailed the corporal. "Has it struck you that this is a mighty reckless way we're a doin' of this?"

"How's that, Adam?"

"You know the Johnnies are over the hill yonder, not more than a mile from here?"

"What of it?"

"What of it?" Alspaugh selected a fallen tree and deliberately seated himself. "Why, the racket we make might draw the enemy's fire."

"What of that?" said the corporal.

"It's too risky," argued Alspaugh. "You send word to the general that I say so, and I'll wait here till I hear from him."

"By thunder, if you don't get to work, I'll report you!"

"But, corporal, these brave boys are perishing of thirst. Hi, boys, give me your canteens. I'm going for water!"

And he did go for water. Taking half a dozen canteens, he sauntered off to the right, in which direction he declared he was positive there must be a spring; and was soon lost to the view of his laughing comrades. In time, on rising ground, he came upon a patch of dewberries, and set to work upon it, oblivious to all else until—it came suddenly: "Surrender, or I'll shoot you!"

"The devil you say!"

Reaching for a particularly ripe berry, Alspaugh tipped his face slightly and gazed into the muzzle of a rifle. Promptly he straightened up; after which he stood at attention.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Why, certainly!" he assured his captor.

His first definite impression was of a pair of velvety black eyes glancing purposefully down the barrel of the rifle. Then he found that they were the eyes of a girl, and at once understood that they were eyes wherein one might fall and drown—by good fortune. Afterwards he recognized the girl; only a day had passed since the affair of the well-curb.

"Ah!" he said. "You didn't need the gun; your eyes are enough!"

"You are impertinent, sir!" And the eyes flashed dangerously, like unto summer lightning. "Precede me, and remember that an attempt at escape will be fatal!"

"With pleasure. But what makes you think that I'll try to get away from you?"

In obedience to the command he passed through the underbrush and came out upon the road. He found that the girl was mounted; she wheeled her

horse cautiously, keeping the muzzle of the gun full upon the young man. "Do you see that big oak on the hilltop there?" she demanded frigidly.

Alspaugh nodded pleasantly, watching her face. She flushed angrily.

"There's a Confederate sharpshooter up that tree," she proclaimed, "and his rifle is trained on you!"

"Why, the mean thing!" protested Alspaugh.

She bit her lip; he sighed with mock dolefulness.

"Yes, ma'am," he continued cheerfully. "I hope he'll miss me, but I want you to hit me—if I'm fool enough to run away from as——"

"Sir! Your insolence——" She paused. "You talk too much," she concluded.

"It is a bit wearing," he admitted cheerfully; "but, bless you, I don't mind!"

"Get on, sir!"

Despite the quiver of the suppressed smile upon her lips, her tone was resolute; Alspaugh knew that she meant it. He stepped out at a livelier pace, the horse treading sedately behind him, the girl relaxing no jot of her vigilance. Alspaugh told himself that he could "sense" the gaze that she fixed upon the small of his back.

"If only you'd let me walk backward, so that I might see you, ma'am——"

"Keep straight ahead, sir! You see that big chimney over yonder? Well, go that way; that's Lee & Gordon's mill."

"Fine mess of grist you're bringing them! I say, what are you going to do with me, anyhow?"

"Turn you over to General Forrest. Move faster!"

"What are you going to do that for? I'll get away from him, sure's you're a foot high; but you couldn't drive me away from *you* with a dog!"

"If he permits you to escape, that is his fault. My duty will be done when I've turned you over to him."

"Yes, I reckon so," Alspaugh agreed, adding in a tone of whimsical remonstrance. "But I don't see how you can bear to part with me."

To this she did not reply. Undaunted, he tried again.

"Do you make a habit of this sort of

thing? Or did you just happen to gather me in?"

No answer.

"What did you do it for, anyhow?"

This time the reply came explosively.

"Because I'm a Southern girl—that's why! I saw my chance to help weaken the Yankees, and I improved it."

"H'm," he assented gravely. "You hurt 'em badly, too. The army of the Ohio's going to have a mighty tough time without me!"

But the élan was gone from his railery. Things were going much too far, he believed; the capture which he had been disposed to treat as a joke bade fair to become a most serious matter. He had not been awed by the imaginary sharpshooter, but he was convinced that the girl herself would stand no trifling.

"Forrest!" he said to himself as he plodded. "That's bad. They say he hangs every Yankee who falls into his hands—if he doesn't eat him. I wonder if she knows that? Guess not; though that's no consolation."

Abruptly he faced about; the girl was startled, but ready.

"Don't do that!" she warned him. "I'll shoot—indeed I will!"

"Shoot, but hear me!" he said gayly; but she saw that his eyes were serious.

"I want you to do me a favor; there's no telling what will happen, you know. No, I'm not going to beg off; but I've a mother living up in Ohio. Will you send her this if—if you hear of anything happening to me?" He held out his hand; in the palm lay a ring. The girl was relenting. He saw that; she knew that he saw it. But ere she could speak, he interposed. "It's an heirloom; she would like to have it. Just that and my name—won't you, please? It would be a small thing to do for a dead man, wouldn't it?" He took from his pocket a battered diary and the stub of a pencil, and tore out a leaf whereon he scribbled his name and address. "You'll do it? I can trust you?"

She accepted the ring; the hostility was gone out from her face, a grave tenderness was come into her eyes. But her resolution to hand him over remained unshaken.

"I will do that for you," she conceded.

ed, slipping the ring upon a finger. Then, gathering up the reins: "Move on, sir!" she commanded.

III.

FORREST'S face was long, lean, pallid; the face of an ascetic lit by the eyes of a zealot. He was a brave, keen soldier, a very representative petal of that brilliant blossom, the flower of Southern chivalry; but in his attitude, as he slouched across the table, twisting his slender white fingers together, eying Alspaugh, the prisoner found something suggestive of wolfishness.

Alspaugh himself stood upon his two feet and faced the man with a high fearlessness. A Confederate cavalryman stood at his either side; an orderly was erect in the doorway. The girl sat uneasily upon the edge of a chair near General Forrest. She was speaking.

"I heard the sound of axes in the distance. Then I saw the prisoner; he was alone, in a berry patch. A little while before I had picked up this rifle——"

Forrest examined it carelessly.

"It is unloaded and the hammer is broken," he announced wearily.

"But I did not know that; neither did he. He seemed to come quite willingly."

Forrest coughed discreetly; he turned upon Alspaugh a non-committal expression.

"Your name?" he demanded.

"Alspaugh."

"Ah! You admit it?"

Alspaugh stared.

"Certainly. Why not? Adam Alspaugh, private, Twenty-First Ohio."

"Yes." A long pause and tense; Forrest shaded his eyes and studied a paper on the desk. "Orderly," he said suddenly, "call the officers of the brigade for a drum-head court-martial."

The girl started, paling.

"General Forrest!" she gasped.

"What are you going to do?"

"Hang him, Miss Thorpe."

For a moment the room in the mill swam around Alspaugh; then he set his teeth grimly, and steadied himself. That was absurd, of course. Why should he be hanged? Forrest merely

wanted to scare information out of him, probably.

By twos and threes the brigade officers arrived; they whispered to one another, conferred with Forrest, looked coldly at the prisoner. As for the girl, she sat with her head bent low, fidgeting with her riding-whip. She was breathing rapidly, and Alspaugh knew that she was repenting.

Forrest convened the court-martial without ceremony; his voice was hard and unemotional.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this morning I was called upon by a Mrs. Swain. Your neighbor, I believe, Miss Thorpe?"

"She lived two miles down the pike, sir. But——"

"Pardon me. I am coming to that. Mrs. Swain's home was robbed and burned to the ground yesterday by a gang of bushwhackers led by this man, Alspaugh——"

"A lie!" Alspaugh branded it calmly.

"Silence, sir! Mrs. Swain's description of the leader fits this hound in detail—tall, well-built, wearing a blue uniform, a man with gray eyes. The outrage was perpetrated at eleven in the forenoon——"

The girl fairly jumped with relief.

"That proves that he had no part in it," she gasped.

"Why?"

"Because the prisoner was at my home at that hour."

"Indeed?" Forrest seemed not greatly impressed. "For what purpose?"

"He—he asked for a glass of water." She flushed slowly, nor dared to meet Alspaugh's eyes. "I gave it him. He went away at once. He was very gentleman-like, I thought. I am sure he had no part in the crime, General Forrest."

"Thank you," Alspaugh said gratefully.

"You are sure of the hour, Miss Thorpe?"

"I looked at the clock a moment or two after he left."

"In what direction did he ride?"

She hesitated; seemingly it was with a distinct effort that she managed to answer:

"Toward the south."

"He was mounted—yes? He rode away rapidly?"

Strangely enough, she was finding it extremely hard to give evidence that would go to condemn an enemy of her people. Alspaugh came to her rescue gallantly enough.

"It is unnecessary to question Miss Thorpe further on that point," he volunteered. "I readily admit that I rode south, even that I was at the Swain homestead. In point of fact, I arrived in time to see it a deserted, smoking ruin. But it is absurd to connect me——"

Forrest smiled acidly.

"I hold in my hand convincing evidence of your guilt. This belt was wrested from you in your struggle with Mrs. Swain. You can't deny your property!"

Suddenly the girl found herself on her feet, strangling a cry in her throat. Alspaugh's stare of blank surprise as he took the belt in his hands had been succeeded by an appalling pallor that bespoke his hopelessness.

It was a plain strap of worn black leather, with a brass buckle bearing the Federal "U. S." But attached to it was a cap-box; and on the under side of the flap, Alspaugh read his own name, in his own hand: "Adam Alspaugh, Twenty-First Ohio." He moistened the corners of his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"It is my name," he said slowly. He fumbled with the cap-box, stuck one finger through its bottom. "You see?" he said. "I don't expect you to believe me, but I threw that cap-box away while we were camped at Sandy Springs. Some camp-follower must have picked it up."

He returned the belt and spread out the palms of his hands helplessly.

The girl could not face him.

"We don't believe you," she heard Forrest announce in his passionless voice. "The case is too plain. Can you explain what you were doing within two miles of Mrs. Swain's house yesterday morning, if you are innocent on this charge?"

Alspaugh's lips tightened; he threw a quick, furtive glance about him. He had no chance for escape. He knew

himself damned already in the hostile eyes of the judges; and what he was about to reply would be misconstrued.

"I was on a reconnaissance," he said; "under orders."

"Ah! A spy?"

"If you call a man in full uniform between the lines a spy, yes."

"And may I inquire what information you got on your expedition?"

Forrest put the question absently, as if he attached no importance to it; but Alspaugh was prepared.

"Certainly you may inquire," he answered cheerfully. "But you don't expect me to answer, do you? I think you may as well sentence me to be murdered and have done with this farce, gentlemen."

"Yes," agreed Forrest slowly.

The girl turned and left the room.

IV

UPON the homeward road her horse set his own pace, a slow one, unchidden; the girl herself was scarcely conscious of her whereabouts. She rode with a drooping head, wrapped in musings. A dying sun bathed her in a crimson splendor, and upon her hand the carnelian in the ring blazed like a drop of living, palpitating blood—upon her hand! She shuddered.

Clouds gathered; and the night's shadows closed about her swiftly. It was to be a black night, moonless; and when it had passed swiftly, as it would surely pass—— She shuddered again, and was shaken by a sigh deep as a sob.

The guard tent was backed up against the edge of the woodland, whose nocturnal stirrings made sibilant the long hours to Alspaugh. He sat in the center of the plot of moist earth, painfully hunched up; his wrists bound behind his back, his feet similarly secured. There was no one to talk to, not a chance for flight. His hands and feet were numb, and within the tent was black darkness.

In the dawning he was to hang. It was very unpleasant to think about. So he tried to think about the girl. He felt very sorry for her. He could imagine how the horror of it would sting her.

The long hours dragged. At midnight there was a change of guard, and he was inspected by lantern-light. He bore it stolidly, without replying to the friendly overtures of the officer of the guard. Then again the prisoner was left alone, with nought but his own conscience and the monotonous pacing to and fro of the sentry to keep him company.

Once he napped lightly. But a slight rustling in the rear of the tent roused him, and he sat for what seemed like ages straining his ears to catch a repetition of the sound, which did not come. Something else did, however—the coolness of a knife-blade against his wrists. He held his breath, a cold perspiration breaking out upon his face, his heart hammering like distant thunder.

The knife sawed through strand after strand; and when it was done, the hilt was thrust into his aching palm. He grabbed it with a silent prayer of thanks, and attacked the ropes upon his ankles with desperation. In a moment he sat free. The sentry still paced up and down, to and fro, unconsciously.

Noiselessly Alspaugh turned over and lay prone, wriggling toward the spot where the canvas had been slashed. As he reached it, the groping hand met his face; he seized it, and its mate pressed a revolver into his palm. They were the soft hands of a woman. He could put one and two together very satisfactorily; so he pressed her one hand to his two lips.

Stealthily as thieves in the night they made an arduous passage through

the woodland. In one place they waited twenty minutes—as many years!—for a sentry to move to the further end of his beat. At length they were without the lines. Somewhere they came out upon an open road; and the starlight struck down and faintly outlined the face of the girl.

She had stopped; he saw that she was weeping, very softly but intensely. He stood speechless, amazed, until she turned upon him.

"Oh!" she cried. "Why, why did you do it?"

"But I did not do it," he expostulated. "If you believed I did, why did you come to me?"

"I don't mean that!" she whispered passionately. "I know that you were innocent. But why—why did you kiss my hand? I hate you!"

"But I love you," he explained in a breath. "How could I help it? You can't blame me." He paused. "Is it the pollution of my lips? You broke the glass. Will you cut off the hand? Or will you give it to another, to cleanse it of dishonor? Or"—he faltered—"can it wait? Will you keep it so, for me, until—"

Both were silent.

"I'm afraid of this country," Alspaugh laughed tenderly, after a while. "It's full of surprises. But I'm coming back to it—I'm coming back—I'm coming back!"

But the girl was gone from him, alone through the night; and on her finger the carnelian ring was like a drop of living blood.

WHY ASK FOR PROMISES?

WHY ask for promises? Yet, if you will,
 For all these things can I swear faith to you:
 For these my eyes that ever shall be true
 To mirror back your eyes in good or ill;
 For these my hands that ever shall lie still
 In your own hands; for these my feet that knew
 One time the path love's footsteps loitered through;
 For these my words your name alone shall fill.
 But till that day death calls me to its own,
 For this my heart, no promise small or great!
 The oath that keeps my lips inviolate,
 That sets its seal on speech, is broken, thrown
 In empty fragments by, when sure, alone,
 The free, wild heart goes speeding to its mate!

Theodosia Garrison.

Society's Writing Craze.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

A NEW AND ALARMING IRRUPTION INTO THE OVER-CROWDED FIELD OF LITERATURE—THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE WORK OF THE CHEERFUL, BUSINESSLIKE "HEN-COOPER" WHO WRITES FOR HER DAILY BREAD, AND THE MORBID AND EGOISTIC OUTPOURINGS OF THE IDLE WOMAN WHO SCRIBBLES TO "FIND EXPRESSION FOR HER SOUL."

ONLY those familiar with the inner workings of the American publishing houses have any conception of the craze for writing that now rages like a forest fire among the women of New York's fashionable society. The epidemic may be traced directly to the legitimate success achieved by a few book women who were well known in the social world before they betook themselves to the pen.

The most distinguished of these literary women knows the secret of getting down deep into the hearts of her sex with stories that appeal to the entire sisterhood of the weary, the overwrought, the supersensitive, and the heart-hungry. But it is unfortunate that so gifted and forceful a writer should have sprung from the same social strata as those idle, imaginative persons who think that to make black marks on white paper is to be literary, and who cannot distinguish between the classic laurel wreath of Olympus and the printer's ink with which Park Row bedaubs its counterfeited heroes.

New York scribblers of this class seek the applause of the so-called "society people" whose gabbling tongues and clattering heels are wont to echo through the corridors of the Metropolitan Opera House on gala nights. The pages of triviality that set these people talking are, in the opinion of their authors, quite equal to those inspired by the divine gift that brings the flush to the cheek of a tired seamstress, or an hour of blissful, soothing forgetfulness to that worn-out house-

hold drudge called the mother of a happy family.

I do not mean, of course, that society contains only one woman of literary attainment, for I know of fully half a dozen who have done, and are still doing, work of genuine merit, while there are others who are striving honestly and capably for success. But after all, the number of those who know how to write seems pitifully small when, as a publisher recently put it to me, "every woman in New York society is having a go at the literary business, while those who are not trying to write are crazy to act." As to this mania for the stage, that is, as Mr. Kipling would say, "quite another story," and one that I shall perhaps discuss at some future time.

SOCIAL POSITION AS AN AID TO SUCCESS.

The mania for writing has taken such a firm hold on the fashionable feminine mind that it has long since ceased to be a mere temporary fad. Some philosophers are wondering, with no small degree of apprehension, to what lengths it is likely to be carried. Curiously enough, a great many of these scribbling women imagine that what they call their "social position" is going to prove an enormous help to them in their literary labors. Some have the impertinence to assume that the great success achieved by the woman to whom I have already referred is due chiefly to her social connections, which they argue are no better than their own.

I fear that no feeble words of mine

can dispel this absurd delusion. Nevertheless, at the risk of seeming ridiculous in the eyes of the sex that I always desire to please, I solemnly assert that this woman's wit, humanity, and insight into her own sex have proved factors of infinitely greater importance to her success than all the "social position," with its accompaniments of invitations to balls, dinners, and musicals, that ever made envious the heart of the outsider.

At the present moment at least four thousand pretty forefingers within the golden portals of fashion are smeared with ink, while a like number of white brows are ruffled, and usually dormant brains stirred, in the mad struggle for literary fame. If by my humble yet earnest words on this subject I could smooth out one of those brows, cleanse one of those forefingers of its unbecoming and unaccustomed ink-stain, and reduce one of those tired craniums to its normal state, I should feel that I had not labored in vain. I fear, however, that nothing that I can say will have any effect in stemming the tide of incredible folly which is bearing so many toward bitter disappointment. I can, however, assure the four thousand industrious members of a usually idle Four Hundred that, although membership in their sacred order will perhaps gain for them a little misleading and short-lived newspaper fame, it will not be worth anything at all as an aid to genuine literary attainment. Let them consider this hard, cold fact before they bend their delicate fingers and still more delicate brains to the stern toil that authorship necessarily involves. A knowledge of the truth may save them no small labor and much ultimate humiliation.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND THE AMATEUR.

It has been my privilege to read some of those manuscripts which owe their existence to the delusion that almost any vain, idle, and ignorant woman can produce fiction, provided only she be "in society." I have long since learned how to distinguish work of this class from the honest effort of those who are sincerely trying to learn the profession of writing. I have made a point of

studying the difference between the two, as I have conscientious scruples in regard to aiding and abetting frivolous persons in any attempt to take money which they do not need out of the pockets of hard-working women who have laboriously learned how to write, and who need every penny that they can make. And at the same time I have some regard for a reading public which has never done me any harm.

As a general thing, the cloven foot of the fashionable amateur betrays itself in the very manner in which she seeks to dispose of her wares. A professional usually sends a story by mail, enclosing with it a brief, businesslike note and return postage. Occasionally she may call with her work, but as a rule she is seldom seen in a publisher's office. The society scribbler, on the other hand, is almost sure to try to use some sort of social leverage, or "pull," as the ungodly put it. She comes to the office with a card of introduction from somebody—it makes very little difference from whom—or with a sponsor who introduces her personally. She never fails to smile graciously on the editor, the office-boy, the cashier, or anybody who she thinks may facilitate the sale of her manuscript. Sometimes she tells the principal editor—if she succeeds in reaching him—that she is at home on Thursday afternoon from four till six.

THE BUSY AND CHEERFUL "HEN-COOPER."

The "hen-cooper," as professional writers are called among themselves, is never sure of being home on Thursday or any other afternoon, and the editor would not care if she were. She is likely to be out, even if the day be stormy, racing through the town to sell her manuscript, to make collections, or to gather fresh material for her pen.

I have heard of manuscripts that were tied with blue ribbon, but I never saw one of them. Nor does feminine amateurism reveal itself in defective punctuation. Punctuation is the very last accomplishment that a woman masters on this side of the grave, and in nine cases out of ten death overtakes her before she does so. There are, however, a few women who know that there

are some punctuation marks beside the dash, and not one of these but is a professional writer of thorough training and ripe experience.

One difference between the woman who writes because it is her profession, and the woman who writes because it is not, is to be found in the spirit that animates their work. The one is inspired by cheerfulness, the other by morbid sentiment. There is nothing that is not cheerful and wholesome in the works of Louise Alcott—with the possible exception of "Moods"—and Miss Alcott's early life was one of constant drudgery and pitiful self-denial. "Rebecca," the creation of a professional writer, is sunshiny on every page, and so is that charming story "The Colonel's Opera Cloak," which came from the pen of the hard-working, self-denying wife of a poor clergyman. The same cheerful, optimistic spirit pervades the work of the whole sisterhood of "hen-coopers" who write about fashions and society for their daily bread, and who interview opera singers, murderesses, social leaders, and dressmakers for their butter and jam.

THE WAIL OF SELFISH IDLENESS.

The idle woman, on the other hand, sounds the note of morbid discontent in unmistakable tones. To express her woes and her longings she seeks the very easiest of all literary forms, showing an instinctive skill in avoiding that which is most difficult in the art of story-telling. Eight times out of ten, her effusion takes the form of either a woman's diary or a series of letters, and seven times out of the eight it voices the wail of the unappreciated, the discontented, the disillusionized, or the selfish and greedy woman.

Indeed, if I were to judge by her writings, I should say that the fashionable American woman of to-day lives for the gratification of but two great and noble desires. One of these is to be "understood," as she terms it, and the other, amounting in many instances to a hysterical passion, is to get more spending money. As for poor man, he has shrunk sadly from his former high estate in the dominion of the world. Nowadays he is merely a male animal who not only fails

to earn enough to satisfy his mate, but is also too much of a brute to appreciate her finer instincts, or to sympathize with her attempts to find voice for her soul.

Curiously enough, women who write because they need the money seldom clamor to be "understood"; and so far from revealing their hatred for man in every sentence, they actually display a partiality for our society—in print, I mean—which I find extremely gratifying, indicating as it does that we have not completely lost our traditional hold on the lovelier sex.

A SAMPLE OF THE EGOISTIC LITERATURE.

Here is a sample of the sort of literature produced by the fashionable woman who has lived chiefly for the gratification of her own impulses and fancies, and who gives expression to her feelings under some such title as "Innermost Heart-throbs," "The Wail of a Human Soul," or "A Bruised Reed":

CROFTSIDE, January 1, 1904.

MY DEAREST MIGNONNE:

At last I am free! I received this morning the papers that give me the legal right to resume my own name! It is difficult for me to realize that my ten years of martyrdom are over. When Judge Huydercooper—who has managed my case wonderfully—called to tell me the glad news I broke down and sobbed like a child. Frederick swears that he will never pay a dollar of the beggarly hundred a week that that contemptible mean Judge Beeswax awarded me. But Judge Huydercooper says he will land him in jail within twenty-four hours if he does not pay up instantly. You ought to have heard what a beautiful plea he made when he asked for four hundred a week, just enough to enable me to keep body and soul together!

Ah, Mignonne, it is a bitterly sad thing to be born a woman! No more now from your broken-hearted
FIFI.

CROFTSIDE, January 15, 1904.

MY DEAR MIGNONNE:

I don't see how you can be so unreasonable as to regard one hundred dollars a week as a liberal award! As if such a paltry sum as that could compensate for the years of agony and the cruel, bitter disappointments that have been my lot! You say that Frederick has been unfortunate in business, and will find it impossible to pay this sum and at the same time support and educate our little Susie? You seem to forget that it was distinctly understood when I allowed him to keep our child that he should not oppose my demand for a suitable allowance. Do you suppose that I would have permitted our little one to be torn from my arms if it had not been for some agreement of this sort? Ah, Mignonne, you little know what it is to be a mother!

William—that is to say, Judge Huydercooper—called last evening to tell me that that infamous

wretch whose name I once bore is ten dollars short on his second week's payment.

Oh, the bitterness of it all! Before the honeymoon of my freedom is half over the clouds of perfidy and ingratitude begin to gather on the horizon.

I often wonder, Mignonne, if, when I am dead, the world will realize how I have been misunderstood. My only prayer for you, darling, is that you may never be made to realize, as I have, how much better and nobler we both are than this cruel world in which we live.

FIFI.

PALM BEACH, March 1, 1904.

MY OWN DARLING MIGNONNE:

I wonder if I dare trust you with a secret that is too sweet for me to keep all to myself? A fortnight ago I came here, as you know, utterly crushed in spirit, disillusionized, weary of the world, and hoping in the quiet of a large seaside hotel to find once more that peace of mind to which I have been so long a stranger. During my first week here I seemed as one in a dream. I spent my time in wandering aimlessly up and down the long piazzas, or in sitting hour after hour on the white sand with my gaze fixed on the blue sea. It was from one of these reveries that I was awakened quite suddenly yesterday morning by the sound of a familiar voice. On looking up I saw Judge Huydercooper coming toward me with both hands outstretched, and with a look of ecstasy on his face that brought the quick color into mine.

He sat down beside me, and, taking my hand gently in both of his, said with oh, so much tenderness, that he had come all the way from New York to break some bad news to me. For a moment my heart stood still, for I thought that that miserable Frederick had defaulted on his alimony.

"Don't tell me that he is short again!" I began, but William read my thoughts at a glance and interrupted.

"No, not that," he said. "I bring the last installment with me. He has paid it in full. It is of Susie that I come to speak with you. You must be brave and listen to me. She has the croup."

Of course it was lovely of him to come all this way to tell me that, and you can imagine how relieved I felt. Why, Mignonne, I'm almost ashamed to tell it, but before I knew what I was doing I was sobbing on his shoulder, and he, with his arm around my waist, was whispering words of consolation in my ear. I did not know it until then, but I have loved Judge Huydercooper with all the intensity of my trusting, simple nature ever since the day that he made his beautiful plea to Judge Beeswax asking for suitable alimony.—How that miserable, dried-up specimen of humanity could have listened, as he did, without a sign of emotion on his face, except when he actually grinned, I utterly failed to understand. It was in that speech that he compared me to a dove mated with a fish-hawk and then cruelly deserted in her nest. And everybody said that they had never listened to words so replete with beautiful poetic imagery. When he said that I was burnished, and that a livelier iris changed on me in the spring-time, he was simply eloquent, and Judge Beeswax had to grin in a horrid way to conceal his emotion.

You must be careful not to say a word of what I have told you, dearest Mignonne, because before our engagement is announced William is going to try to induce Frederick to commute the alimony for a lump sum. I only write to you because of my great and overpowering joy. It seems that at last after

years of heart-ache and unhappiness, I am destined to be understood.

Ever your own

FIFI.

A DELUGE OF LITERARY EGOISM.

From signs visible on the literary horizon, I can predict with almost absolute certainty a perfect cyclone of wails and outcries and rhapsodies that will burst over our heads in the very near future, in the form of letters and diaries and intimate, introspective studies of unappreciated femininity. This tornado of literary egoism will be the certain fruit of the craze for writing to which I have already alluded. If I am not mistaken it will be greatly stimulated by the popular interest awakened by a recent novel written by a young New York matron who is famous for her wealth, her prominence in society, and her personal beauty. Time was when such a woman would have been content with her social honors. Time was when, if she wrote at all, it would have been for private circulation among her friends. Time was, too, when the publication of a story, even under such a name as hers, would have awakened merely the idle curiosity and interest of her friends, and would have enjoyed but scant attention from the press.

We toilers of the pen who have long since given up all hope of becoming beautiful, and who are familiar with the almost impenetrable safeguards with which the money-bags of the town are encompassed round about, are prone to wonder why any one should take the trouble to write when it is so easy to remain wealthy and beautiful.

However this may be, this young woman of society will have the satisfaction of knowing that, apart from any success that may or may not have attended her trip into literature, she has inspired the inky forefingers of thousands of snowy hands and started them off in the swift race for fame. Possibly her conscience will reproach her for what she has done when the book market becomes choked with the glaciers of morbid egoism that her pen has helped to loosen from her ice-clad native heights of society, upon which we in the valley gaze from afar off; but that is quite another story.

The Class Boy.

THE EVENING WHEN ANABLE, CLASS OF '80, TALKED FREE TO ERASTUS HENDRICK.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

ERASTUS HENDRICK pulled off his green eye-vizor, removed the books from the wire standards which held them open and upright on the table, and wiped his pen carefully. Then he arranged the books in a methodical pile, the largest underneath, and glanced at the alarm-clock with an apprehensive shrug of his shoulders. It was time for him to go over to the campus and make his monthly call on Clement Anable.

Although he was a senior in college, Hendrick did not lodge off the campus. He had never been asked to share a room with anybody and single rooms in the dormitories were expensive. Several gentlemen who had been classmates of Hendrick's dead father were paying Erastus' way through college, and every penny counted, so Hendrick lived cheaply and alone on an obscure side street. By lamplight the scant furniture of the room looked particularly cheerless and barren. Hendrick sniffed the stuffy air, raised the window, and went to the closet for his hat and his other coat.

On an upper shelf in the closet was a tall silver-plated cup which had been given to Hendrick's father twenty years ago by the members of the class of '80, because he was the first man among them to have a son. Hendrick's father was a favorite in those prosperous days. Engraved on the cup were the names of the class committee, headed by that of James Anable. Hendrick had heard Mr. Anable complain humorously because his Clement was not the '80 class boy instead of Erastus. The class of '80 was famous for college loyalty, and it was something of a distinction to be its eldest son. During freshman year Hendrick kept the cup on the mantel; but its bright splendor contrasted so emphatically with the shabbiness of the room, and, in a way, with Erastus him-

self, that he had relegated it to the closet.

The honor of being the '80 class boy could hardly have added to Clement Anable's popularity. In the entry of the dormitory Hendrick hesitated, enjoying the social buzz and bustle of the campus after the loneliness of his lodgings, and listening wistfully to the laughing babble behind the door. He knew from experience that it would subside when he went in, that the other visitors would gradually drift away, and that within ten or fifteen minutes he would be left alone with Clement.

Hendrick's prediction was accurate. Young Anable yawned resignedly and stretched himself on the window seat. He was a lithe, handsome fellow, but his blond comeliness was perhaps not quite manly. The luxuriously fitted room was blue with pungent tobacco-smoke, and Hendrick's dull eyes watered behind his spectacles. Clement was forced to a laborious search for possible topics of conversation.

"Well, Rastus," said he, "I suppose you've tried for the essay prize—the '80 medal?"

"No, I have not, Clement," replied Hendrick in his finical voice. "I read up a little on the assigned subject, but I decided I could not afford the time from my studies. Have you sent in your essay to Professor Budlong?"

Anable nodded.

"The copy just came back from the typewriter's," he said. "You see, I felt bound to try, on account of '80 giving the prize. Father would be pleased as Punch if you or I should win it, Rastus. You ought to have sent in an essay. It would be a great card if you should win their medal, being the class boy;" and he laughed indulgently.

"Yes, I should have competed, I dare say," acknowledged Hendrick; "but my studies——"

"He broke off with a weary little sigh, for his scholarship record was not

credible, although he toiled unceasingly over his lessons.

Clement bounced briskly from the window seat.

"Well, I have to dress for a dancing thing at the Van Steubens," said he. "Don't go, Rastus. Stay here while I change my clothes, and then walk along with me. You look yellow—you don't get outdoors enough. There are some magazines on my desk. I won't be fifteen minutes."

He swung through the crimson portières into his bedroom, and was soon heard splashing in a bath. Hendrick picked up a magazine. Underneath it were loose sheets of manuscript, scrawled with Anable's bold handwriting. The title and the first sentence stamped themselves on Hendrick's mind sharply before he was quite aware of it. Evidently it was the original draft of his classmate's prize essay. Hendrick read a full paragraph. He moved toward the bedroom, scowling hard at the carpet. The phrasing of the paragraph affected him curiously.

For a moment he halted at the crimson curtains. Then he returned to the desk and skimmed hurriedly through the composition. His face twitched as the words sank deep into his memory. He lost sight of propriety in his amazement and troubled chagrin.

When Anable emerged, obtrusively modish in his evening clothes, Hendrick made an excuse and hurried back to his own quarters. He did not stop to touch a match to the lamp, but grabbed up a tattered book from his table, and carried it eagerly to the window, whence a steely glare of electric light streamed in. The book was a bound volume of an old Berlin periodical. When Hendrick was thinking of writing for the '80 medal he had chanced on the book in the cellar of a second-hand shop. He opened it at a turned down page.

II.

MR. JAMES ANABLE irritably puffed a big cigar in the library of his classmate, Professor Budlong. The chair in which he sat was massive and ornately carved, and the florid banker seemed to be precisely the proper figure of a man to oc-

cupy it. The professor, thin and stooping, smoked a cigarette in a quaint meerschaum holder which he thought gave him a certain European air.

"I claim we've done our duty by Tom Hendrick's boy," asserted Anable, "when we've paid his college bills. That's enough, it seems to me, under the circumstances. Buddy, he's not much account, now, is he?"

The professor adjusted the broad eyeglass ribbon over his ear.

"Rather negative, perhaps," he murmured.

"Negative!" ejaculated Mr. Anable. "He's a disgrace to his father's class. He's a disgrace to '80, that's what Erastus Hendrick is."

"Oh, not quite that," gravely protested Budlong, who had no sense of humor. "He's never done anything disgraceful, Jim."

"He's never done anything at all, Buddy. That's the point. It isn't for the lack of trying, either. Seems as if the poor chap realized that we'd like to see him make a mark somewhere. My Clem tells me that Hendrick has attempted nearly everything in college. He's tried debating, and writing, and chess—yes, sir, chess! No use at any of 'em. He tried to run with the hundred-yard men, and lasted two days with the cross-country squad. He grinds like an old-fashioned valedictorian, and he stands a good show of missing his degree. He never had a smell of a society. It's too bad. Our class boy! Now, if Clem Anable had only been born a few months earlier—by Jove, I simply can't help contrasting those two youngsters, Buddy!"

"So I have perceived," remarked the professor dryly.

Anable recovered his equanimity with a laugh. He never took any pains to conceal his pride in his son's achievements, and he boasted about it almost as much as he boasted about Clement himself.

"Well, how about the essays for our medal?" he asked, in order to change the subject. "Have you examined them yet?"

Budlong shook his head and indicated a bundle of papers on the desk. His visitor fluttered them lazily. All were

typewritten and unsigned, and to each was attached a sealed envelope containing the author's name. Anable wondered if his son's manuscript was among them. He hoped so, but he did not know. He had urged Clem to try for the medal.

While he was inspecting the essays, Budlong opened the door in response to a knock so timid that Anable had not heard it.

"Why, good evening, Hendrick," said the professor, in dignified surprise.

Anable leaned forward genially.

"How goes everything, Erastus?" he inquired. "How's the '80 infant?"

"I am in excellent health, thank you, sir," said Hendrick. "I didn't know you were in town, Mr. Anable. Perhaps I'd better call later, but I—I wish to avoid delay." As he blinked at Anable through his spectacles, the banker noted with a mild disgust that he was the picture of the goody-goody divinity student of comic caricature. Hendrick fumbled nervously with his rusty black hat. "I called," he went on, "I called in connection with the essay competition, Professor Budlong."

"Don't mind me," suggested Anable. "I'm glad you're interested in the '80 medal business, Erastus. You ought to be. That's your class, you know."

"Yes, sir," said Hendrick. "I've come to—to withdraw a thesis. I want to take it away. I don't wish it to be entered for the prize." Mr. Anable sank back a trifle in his chair. "I want to withdraw an essay," doggedly repeated Hendrick.

The professor and Anable exchanged glances.

"Of course you have that privilege, Hendrick," conceded Budlong. "It's somewhat extraordinary, though. May I ask why——"

"I'd rather not say."

"But we are bound to be strictly fair." The professor meditatively handled the papers on the table. "I must ask you to prove to me which is your essay. It would not be fair to open any of these envelopes and by mistake disclose another author's name."

"I can prove which essay I mean, sir," said Hendrick. "I can quote a good deal of it, almost word for word."

"Well, give me the opening sentences."

Hendrick complied, and the professor hesitated over one of the manuscripts to which a blue envelope was fastened.

"This seems to be it," he decided.

"Wait a minute!" interposed Mr. Anable. The others looked at him, for there was a sharp rasp in his voice. "In court," he proceeded, "that quotation wouldn't be evidence that the essay is Hendrick's, would it? I don't mean to reflect in the least on your word, Erastus, but—well, we must have everything aboveboard, that's all. I'm on the medal committee, you know, and we can't return an essay to you without positive proof that it's yours. Now, the only positive proof of the authorship is sealed up in that envelope. Have we a right to open it?"

"I dare say that the original draft of the essay would be good evidence, Hendrick," hinted Budlong.

Hendrick mumbled unintelligibly. His sallow face became pink, and he twitched his thick spectacles as if they hurt him. The signals of his distress did not pass unchallenged by Mr. Anable's keen eyes.

"Erastus," said the banker quietly, "you're concealing something, aren't you? Is this essay yours or not? And why do you wish to withdraw it?"

"Because it was stolen!" blurted Hendrick abruptly. "Because it's a piece of dishonest work!"

"What? Stolen?"

"Your essay, Hendrick? Stolen?"

The questions came simultaneously from Budlong and Anable. The latter picked up his cigar mechanically, lit a match, and blew it out before breaking the silence again.

"What do you mean by 'stolen'?" he asked. "Plagiarized?"

"I mean that the '80 medal was a great temptation," stammered Hendrick, wiping his forehead. "A great temptation, sir, to a student having reasons to wish—to wish to distinguish himself in the eyes of you gentlemen who established the prize. Don't be any harder on him, sir, than you have to be. He isn't the only one who ever gave in to temptation. The boy who wrote that

essay—this temptation was too strong for him!”

“For him?” echoed Anable unpleasantly. “Why not put it in the first person?”

“Was too strong for me, then,” corrected Hendrick, with a defiance which contrasted oddly with his customary meekness. “The essay there was plagiarized. I can prove that, any way.” He thrust his hand into his coat pocket and produced the worn leaves of the German periodical. “Read that, sir,” he said to Budlong. “I think you’ll see why this essay shouldn’t be entered for your prize.”

Budlong scanned the printed pages. Hendrick’s little burst of vehemence subsided, and left him leaning against the table edge like a criminal in the dock.

“Yes, the essay should be destroyed,” said the professor, turning to Anable. “It is an audacious theft, beyond any doubt. I——”

“Let me tear it up, then,” interrupted Hendrick earnestly. “Surely you need not keep it any longer. Give it to me, sir. Give me—my essay!”

Budlong passed the manuscript to him, and he held it loosely, as if it was contaminated.

“Have you nothing more to say, Erastus?” demanded Mr. Anable.

“No, sir,” murmured Hendrick, shifting the essay indecisively from one hand to the other. “Only—since there’s no harm done—that you won’t find it necessary to tell——”

“Tell?” cried Anable hotly. “Do you think we’d shame the class of ’80 by telling such a shameful story about Tom Hendrick’s boy? Do you think we’d tell how one of our sons tried to steal the class medal?”

“No, sir,” gulped Erastus.

The banker waved a wrathful dismissal with his cigar. Hendrick was very glad to go. He shuffled out hastily with his eyes set straight ahead.

III.

“WELL, that’s the limit!” complained Anable, pacing about. “I knew the poor fellow was weak-kneed, but, by George, a contemptible trick like that

makes me downright sick. A fine specimen of a boy we’re sending through college!”

“At any rate, Jim, he confessed in time,” observed the professor mildly. “He’s hurt nobody except himself.”

“How about me, Buddy? Remember, I raised the subscription for him. I’m hurt down to the toes. What are we going to do?”

“I fancy there’s nothing to do,” said Budlong, glancing thoughtfully at the floor. “Hendrick appears to feel sufficiently remorseful. Hello, what’s this?”

He picked up a blue envelope that lay on the rug.

“Hendrick must have dropped it out of his essay,” Anable said. “I remember the look of it. Let’s see the thing,” and he tore off the end of the envelope carelessly. “Yes, sir,” he went on, “there’ll be a howl if this ever gets out, this—this—this——”

“Jim! Jim! What in the world is the matter?”

For a panic-stricken second the professor suspected apoplexy. Anable, staring wildly at a card, had collapsed into a chair.

“Great heavens!” he gasped. “Clement! Clement wrote that essay—that stolen essay! Erastus Hendrick was lying!”

Professor Budlong was not a man whose ideas were capable of any very speedy readjustment.

“What was Hendrick lying for?” said he, bewildered.

“To save him—to save me!” retorted Anable. “He discovered it somehow. But, Clem, how can I believe it? How can I make my son—my own son—realize his disgrace?”

“You mustn’t be too hard on him, Jim. Nobody will ever know. A disgrace—yes, but he isn’t the only——”

“Listen!”

A shuffling step was audible on the mat outside the door.

“It’s Erastus,” whispered Anable. “He’s come back for the envelope. I’ll take off my hat to him, Buddy; he can have anything I’ve got. Let me do the talking, the apologizing. We can talk free to Erastus because he’s our class boy, thank the Lord!”

Nine Points of the Law.

THE STORY OF BELLE FIELD'S SURRENDER IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

BY AGNES MORLEY CLEVELAND.

I.

THE Drag A. wagon was camped a hundred yards from Lower Water, waiting for the D. Cross outfit to "throw in" with it. The D. Crosses were a day overdue, and Westley was out of humor. So he grumbled:

"I'll wait till after dinner, and if that man Heffner don't git his wagon here by then, I'll move and let him work this range best he can with that layout of town bums he's got for punchers! I hope he don't git half the cattle. Thunderin' outrage, this sale, any way!"

"Did you know that Heffner attached Gray Dick the other day?" asked Gavalan, dropping the horse's hoof from which he was removing a shoe. "I saw Miss Belle yesterday, when I was hunting horses, and she told me that Heffner sent Dopy Mike after Dick, and she had to turn him over. She was all shot to pieces about it, but she said she had to do what a officer told her to."

Westley narrowed his eyelids and spat reflectively at the fire.

"Does Reed know that?" he asked after a pause.

"Maybe so he does, and that's why the D. Cross wagon ain't here," laughed Gavalan.

"If he don't know it, don't you go to givin' up no loose head about it when he comes," Westley warned him. "Reed ain't the man to handle this job."

"No, he ain't," agreed the other, "but I think Phil Gavalan is!"

"You're working under orders," retorted Westley, "and you'll jump in this deal when you're told to."

"Sure," laughed Gavalan, with such readiness that Westley regarded him suspiciously. "Anyhow, somebody is goin' to officiate at the grandest knock-

down-and-drag-out that ever come off in these mountains, and it ain't certain who the feller will be!"

With this Gavalan mounted his horse and left camp. Westley did the same thing, but took another direction. On the first ridge he met Belle Field, riding toward camp.

"Was headed your way," he announced abruptly. "Did Heffner take Gray Dick?"

A sudden light leaped into the girl's black eyes, and a pink spot glowed on either brown cheek.

"Yes, he's got him!"

More bitterness could not be compassed in four small words.

"Why did you let the fellow take him?" demanded Westley shortly.

"He sent me an order for him signed 'Abner Heffner, deputy sheriff,' and I thought I had to."

"Confounded shame your dad's away!" growled Westley.

The girl opened her lips to speak, and then hesitated. Westley was watching her.

"Say it," he prompted kindly. "I know what it is, anyhow. You was goin' to ask where Reed is. He's on the Alamosa, and won't git back till to-night."

The girl flushed. She was slight and willowy, half-child, half-woman. She sat her horse like a young Indian. With the glow that came into her cheeks, she was the picture of untrammelled young womanhood.

"It's because I'm afraid he might—it would only make it worse—I don't want him to——" she was stammering uncertainly.

"I'll keep the boy out of trouble," Westley considerably interrupted her.

"Of course I—you must not think—it's only because I do not want to be the cause of trouble!"

Westley laughed, which was reassuring.

"You've had a split. I know it by the way Clint's been actin' lately; but them's your affairs, and I'm old enough not to keer anything about such as that. In this other trouble I can help you, and I'm goin' to do it. Heffner is part fool if he thinks he can make that sort of a razee and git clear off with it!"

"Mr. Heffner is not doing this from a mistaken idea of duty." Belle's eyes blazed again. "He's doing it to hurt me!"

"Heffner's part fool, I say, and the other part is—fool, too!"

Westley had not intended to finish the sentence that way, but he bethought himself in time. Then he rode back to camp, and ordered the cook to move to Blue Spring immediately. An hour later, when the D. Cross wagon halted at the appointed meeting-place, it found only a smoldering fire.

"Now, if some jabbering idiot don't go and tell Reed about this as soon as he gits in to-night, we'll git that horse without any spillin' of human blood," said Westley, as he and Gavalan were hobbling horses on one side of the ramuda.

"I don't think anybody's anxious to let the job out, so I don't see what they'd tell him for," Gavalan replied. Then, as an after-thought: "Still, I don't know but what it's Clint's job, all right. I'd like to see the man that could take it away from me, if I was in his place! There he comes now, and I guess he knows about it—that's one of the D. Cross boys with him."

Clinton Reed rode up, threw himself to the ground, and, with half a

dozen motions in as many seconds, unsaddled his pony and started for the ramuda, rope in hand. Westley went to meet him.

"What you goin' to do?" the older man demanded.

"Catch a night horse," was the reply, as the young fellow strode past.

Clinton Reed was tall, well-built, and with a crude beauty in every outline. His face at the moment, however, was black, and the look in his gray eyes was not good to see.

"Did you tell Reed about Belle Field's horse?" Westley exploded to the D. Cross man, who sat stupidly staring.

"Not all," answered the man uneasily. "He bowed up so quick I couldn't."

"Not all!" repeated Westley, coming close up to him. "What do you mean by that?"

"Heffner's been fightin' the horse somethin' scandalous," the man answered, half frightened by the menace in Westley's manner. "I come to find where you was camped," he added, relieved to change the subject. "We'll come up to-morrow."

Westley watched the fellow ride away, and

swore at him as long as he was in sight. Then he turned to Reed, who came up with his pony saddled.

"I'm going to Lower Water," Reed said in that sort of even tone which range men respect when they hear. "I may be back to-night, and I may not."

Westley spat deliberately.

"Course you ain't under orders," he began slowly, "and I can't tell you to stay; but since your cattle is in our herd, I'd like to ask you to wait till mornin'. The cattle have been actin' suspicious all evenin', and I'm afraid



CLINTON REED, COWBOY.

that big Box Bar-steer will start a run to-night. We're pretty short-handed to handle a stampede."

Westley knew that he had played his highest card. If any power under high heaven could influence the determined boy before him, it would be the hint that Reed was shirking his part of the difficult task.

"Of course, if there's any real danger of the cattle running, I won't go," Clinton said; "but the longer I put off my meeting with Heffner, the less agreeable company I'll be when we do come together!"

"If you need any help in workin' his head over, call on me!" sung out Gavalan, coming up within hearing.

Reed laughed.

"All right, kid; when I can't settle my own troubles, you're the man I'll holler help to."

Westley caught Gavalan's eye, and in obedience to his signal the "puncher" strolled casually away. Westley followed, and when they were out of Reed's hearing, and apparently engrossed in the inspection of the horse-shoe keg, the older man spoke low and hurriedly.

"Squall just before day," he said. "Cut out the Box Bar steer and shove him toward the pinnacles. Let him trail a bunch, but keep the biggest part on the flat."

Gavalan's eyes sparkled.

"That's the business," he whispered approvingly.

II.

REED stood his guard over the cattle between midnight and three o'clock. Then he called Gavalan, who rolled out of his blankets with surprising and unusual alacrity.

"They're bedded down plumb quiet," Reed grumbled. "The boss must have been excited."

"Oh, they're apt to run yet," retorted the other, trotting off in the dark towards his picketed pony.

Reed threw himself on his bed, and lay looking up into the star-sprinkled vault of the heavens. Life seemed to him a miserable affair just then, for the only thing in it that he thought worth

having was farther from his reach than ever. Belle Field had refused to give him one specific word until she should return from college.

Return from college! Reed clinched his fists. Would she ever return? Out there in the world were there not men waiting for such a prize, men who could put him to shame in every polite accomplishment? And would not a girl reared on a cattle-ranch be sure to fall an easy victim to fine manners and graceful speech?

His great bitterness was the thought that perhaps he was not worthy of her; and yet when he recalled the men who had not been troubled by such scruples, and had brazenly sought her, he took heart; for Clinton Reed was a man who knew his strength—the strength of honesty, of cleanness, of manly honor. There was Heffner. He ground his teeth when he thought of Heffner. Worthless as the fellow was, he had shamelessly asked Belle to marry him, and had vowed vengeance when she refused. And now the scoundrel's hour of triumph seemed to be at hand. The D. Cross Cattle Company, of which Belle's father was the principal owner, had failed, and Heffner had succeeded in having himself appointed receiver and deputy sheriff for the purpose of gathering the cattle for the foreclosure sale. He had again offered marriage to Belle Field, and because she scornfully refused this second impertinence he attached her own pony, on the pretense that it was company stock. Her father was away, vainly trying to raise the money he needed, and so he could not protect her.

As Reed lay with these thoughts running through his head, his wrath against Heffner swept aside his own pain, and he thought only how he could stand between the girl he loved and the evil that had befallen her.

Suddenly his ears caught a suspicious sound, and he sprang to his feet just as a wild yell rent the still air. Gavalan's squall was an artistic triumph of simulated alarm.

"They've run, by the eternal!" Reed ejaculated, dashing for his horse. "That crazy kid must have scared them somehow or other. Hey, Westley and



"COME HERE! NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU DID TO THAT HORSE!"

the rest of you fellows, turn out! The cattle have run!"

Westley was already in the saddle; the others hurriedly tumbled out of their blankets.

"Stay right with the Box Bar steer, Clint!" yelled Westley, as Reed plunged past him, mounted on the best cow-pony in the Southwest. "We'll handle the others!"

Reed promptly headed for the pinnacles. Westley grunted with satisfaction as he swung around in front of the surprised cattle, who were wondering why they had been jumped out of a peaceful morning nap by a frantic cowboy who howled and urged them forward one minute, and whistled and tried to quiet them the next. When the other boys reached the flat, Gavalan and Westley were "milling" the herd and singing out to each other in great good humor.

"That steer will take him to the wild bunch, but he'll stay with him till he gits him!" shouted Gavalan.

"And he won't find a fresh horse when he gits back to camp!" roared Westley in reply.

White day was sweeping away the night when the boys returned to camp. Breakfast was ready. As Westley was saddling his fresh horse, Gavalan approached him.

"I think," he began, "I sorter belong in on this deal. I think the boss better give me orders to ride to Lower Water this morning."

Westley looked hard at the speaker. Gavalan returned the look squarely, and spoke again:

"Whatever might happen, two is better than one. Heffner has a tough set with him—and two is better than one."

Westley smiled grimly.

"All right, kid, come along! But don't you bat an eyelash till I say the word—sabe?"

Down the green canyon in the rare morning light the two men rode—knights errant, bound to redress the wrongs of the other fellow's lady-love, because in this unchivalrous age and clime a lady's wrongs may not be satisfactorily redressed by filling the villain full of bullets from a Colt's forty-five. Therefore the lady's own knight was

chasing a long-horned steer to the north, while the usurping knights rode gaily away to the south.

III.

THE D. Cross outfit was not yet ready to leave camp when Westley and Gavalan arrived. Although the sun was high in the heavens, the men were just roping their first mounts from the ramuda. Westley greeted Heffner shortly, but Gavalan sat staring at something a little distance away. Westley saw his black look, and followed it; then he opened his mouth to speak, but a low oath from Heffner stopped him for a moment.

Gavalan's hand went to his six-shooter, but Westley sent him a warning look.

"It's her trick. You let her take it if she can!" the older man said.

The camp waited in silence until Belle Field rode up and stopped before Heffner.

What it was her purpose to say was never known, for before she spoke her eye fell on the object that had arrested Gavalan's attention, and the color went from her face. A choking sound came from her, and she moistened her lips as if in physical pain. Heffner, watching her, grew ashen, for fear was in the man before the might of her passion.

"How long has he stood that way?" she demanded hoarsely.

The smoldering light in her eye wrung from the wretched Heffner a truthful reply, not the flippant retort which he had coached himself to give when that question should come.

"Since last night."

The torrent came and engulfed the fear-stricken man.

"You coward!" gasped the girl, and the words stung his flesh.

Then she struck her pony so that he reared and lunged forward frantically.

"Tramp him down, kill him, tramp him!" she cried, and dug her heels into the frightened animal's side, all the while keeping his head turned toward the livid Heffner, who dodged wildly backward and forward in his effort to keep out of the path of the plunging, kicking, snorting horse.

"Put up that gun, you fool!" growled Westley meanwhile, but Gavalan did not obey.

Belle slipped suddenly to the ground.

"Give it to me!" she said imperiously, and Gavalan handed her his revolver.

"Oh, God, boys, don't let her kill me!" shrieked Heffner.

Not a man stirred.

"Come here!" The girl's voice was like a whip-lash, and Heffner stood before her, grinning with terror. "Now tell me what you did to that horse!"

The heavy weapon shook in her hand, and Heffner watched its motion with fascinated horror.

"I rode him to town and back yesterday," he gurgled.

"You rode him ninety miles! What else?"

"I beat him over the head."

Heffner had imagined that he would tell her this with a triumphant leer.

"What else?"

"I spurred him in the shoulder."

"What else?"

"I never watered him for two days."

For a full minute the girl looked at him, and he knew that his life lay in her hand. He was on the point of sending out a wail for mercy when the girl spoke.

"Ab Heffner, if you were a man I'd kill you! But you're only a cringing beast, and I can't do it. I say only this. I hope that God will never let you get away from the memory of that suffering horse standing there, as he has stood for twelve hours; that when you come to die, your last earthly vision will be that poor horse yonder!"

She handed the six-shooter back to

Gavalan, and walked out to Gray Dick. He raised his head and whinnied at the sound of her voice. Westley came to her with a bridle.

"Miss Belle," he said in a whisper, "there is a horseman coming from the direction of Blue Spring. I'll go meet him."

"No, I'll go myself," she answered. "Thank you for what you have done. I believe that I have resisted an officer of the law, and have used force in doing so. I may need your help later, but not now."

Westley brought her pony, and when she was mounted he handed her Gray Dick's bridle. The men stood motionless, and watched her ride away slowly, Gray Dick following painfully but with new courage. By Lower Water the girl met Clint Reed riding swiftly in her cause.

"Oh, Clint!" There were tears in her eyes and sweet appeal in her voice. "Oh, Clint, I need somebody!"

The man's heart stood still. And there, in sight of the staring camp, she promised him that never again would she try to fight one of life's battles without his help.

Could any man go forth and do murder after that? So Heffner rode out of camp with only Gavalan's taunts and Westley's quiet threats ringing in his ears, and ever in his mind's eye the group on the near-by slope—his dumb victim with its nose in the cool mountain spring, and the girl he had coveted looking into the stern but tender face of the man whom Heffner knew in his heart to be worthy of the trust she put in him.

A SONG IN DOUBT.

Is it lover or friend that she holds me?

I know not, but know

That she shapes me and molds me

As sculptor the pliable clay;

My longing, it floods and enfolds me

As does earth the snow,

Or as, at the lapse of the thrush song, the darkness the day.

Her eyes are as skies at their fairest,

Unfathomably blue;

Her lips are as rarest

Anemones touched by the sun;

Ah, heart of my heart, if thou carest,

Then give me the clue

That shall point out the radiant pathway to paradise won!

Sennett Stephens.

A Unique American Church.

BY ROBERT SCOTT OSBORNE.

THE GORGEOUS MEMORIAL OF THE LATE SENATOR STANFORD OF CALIFORNIA, RECENTLY COMPLETED AT A COST OF MORE THAN SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

VERY seldom, if ever, has a grander and more costly monument been built of stone and mortar than those which perpetuate the memory of the late Senator Stanford of California and his son. The great university at Palo Alto bears the name of the younger Stanford, who died prematurely in his father's lifetime; the special memorial of the Senator is the remarkable church which has recently been completed after several years of work and at a cost of fully six hundred thousand dollars, borne by his widow.

It is its extraordinary richness of decoration that makes this latter building

notable. No other church in America, and few in the world, can compare with it in this respect. Its sculptures and mosaics represent the skill and patient toil of some of the best artists of both the Old World and the New. It recalls St. Mark's at Venice in that even its exterior is adorned with elaborate mosaic pictures. The climate of California permits of external ornamentation which the rains and frosts of less fortunate regions would speedily ruin.

The upper portion of the main façade of the church is occupied by a mammoth mosaic representation of "The Sermon on the Mount," designed by an



THE ALTAR AND CHANCEL OF THE STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH, WHICH FORMS PART OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY, AT PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA.



THE STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH—THE MAIN DECORATION OF THE FAÇADE IS A GREAT MOSAIC OF "THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT." THE INSCRIPTION ABOVE THE DOORS READS:
 "MEMORIAL CHURCH, ERECTED TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN LOVING MEMORY
 OF MY HUSBAND, LELAND STANFORD."

Italian artist. On this alone a dozen expert workmen labored for almost two years. The rose window below it is a costly piece of stained glass, whose subject is "Christ in the Temple."

The dimensions of the building are not large, but its interior is lofty and gives an impression of ample space. The ceiling, composed of fine Moorish tiling, is seventy-five feet above the floor. The walls glow with mural paintings and mosaics. The richest of the decoration centers in the chancel, where three tiers of figures run around the

semicircular walls. In the topmost row are prophets and judges of the Old Testament, done in mosaic, heroic in size and gorgeous of hue. The panels below are filled with angels celebrating the triumph of the risen Saviour; and below these are a series of niches, with marble statues of the twelve apostles. The statues, massive figures weighing about two tons apiece, were modeled in Italy, and by a curious miscalculation they were made too large to fit into the niches reserved for them. The difficulty was surmounted by placing them

in front of the niches, which thus form a background instead of a canopy, with an effect that is not unpleasant, although unusual.

The altar itself is carved from a solid block of the purest Carrara marble. It is decorated with an elaborate bas-relief interpretation of Rubens' famous "En-

practical, the useful, rather than the ornamental, and our architects, until quite recent years, have given comparatively slight attention to the purely decorative side of their art. Their most characteristic creations were the austere simple Colonial style, and the huge, box-like masses of the modern



WINDOWS AND INTERIOR DECORATIONS OF THE STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH—THE WHOLE AUDITORIUM GLOWS WITH COLOR, THE WALLS BEING COVERED WITH MOSAICS AND PAINTINGS.

tombment." The three windows above it are particularly fine specimens of American stained glass—and stained glass is the one artistic product in which American workers admittedly excel those of all other lands.

It is said that the chancel, with its windows and decorations and the beautifully carved altar, cost three hundred thousand dollars—nearly half of the entire outlay on the church.

The whole building is a significant example of some of the latter-day tendencies of American architecture. Our national bent has always been for the

American business building. Of late, however, there has been a marked development of interest in decoration. Mural painting has received a great impetus, mosaic work has been revived, and stained glass has been brought to a perfection hitherto unknown. The Boston Public Library was the first triumph achieved in the new artistic field, and the deserved admiration that it aroused was an incentive to other designers of public and private buildings. The Stanford Memorial Church is the latest and one of the most notable products of the movement.



A GLIMPSE OF NATURE FOR CITY CHILDREN — MINIATURE FARMS IN THE COURTYARD OF A NEW YORK SCHOOL.

Play as a Means of Teaching.

BY BERTHA H. SMITH.

WHAT NEW YORK AND OTHER GREAT AMERICAN CITIES ARE DOING TO MAKE THEIR CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS A TIME FOR LEARNING HELPFUL LESSONS INSTEAD OF EVIL ONES.

IN cities, the problem of unemployed children is as urgent of solution as the problem of unemployed adults. More so, perhaps, for as the child is bent, the man's inclined. In the recognition of this fact, a new obligation has fallen upon our boards of education, the guardians of Young America.

In New York, daily at mid-afternoon, half a million children are freed from the restraint of the schoolroom—thrown out, most of them, upon their own resources. For five hours they have sat under the watchful eye of their teacher, their animal spirits curbed by a salutary discipline. For five hours their little minds have been as busy as a teacher could make them. Now, at stroke of three, they are turned loose

in a wild burst of freedom—upon the streets.

Where else can they go? In the building of great cities, the child is forgotten. No place is left for him to play. And in New York, particularly, necessity has forced a large proportion of the people into mean, cramped quarters, unworthy the name of home.

New York has no curfew. Play, begun at mid-afternoon in summer, lasts till late evening; later and later, as one goes from the streets of few children to the streets of many. Where children are reasonably few, mothers call them in at bedtime, and even count them over to see that none are missing. In the swarming tenement districts, many of the babies are on the street till well to

ward midnight, dropping asleep, when too tired for play, on a box on the sidewalk. Boys past eight or ten are not always called to account if they do not come to their share of a bed at all.

five million dollars' worth of school property should stand idle for all but five hours a day, two hundred days in the year, in the face of an obvious need of its fuller use?



DEVELOPING A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY—SWIMMING LESSONS FOR VACATION SCHOOL CHILDREN AT A NEW YORK PUBLIC BATH.

Summer vacation gives just so many more hours for the street; and every hour means ugly lessons learned that years of school cannot erase from the mind; every day means a step further away from good citizenship.

THREE PRACTICAL QUESTIONS.

A while ago thinking people in New York began to ask themselves these significant questions:

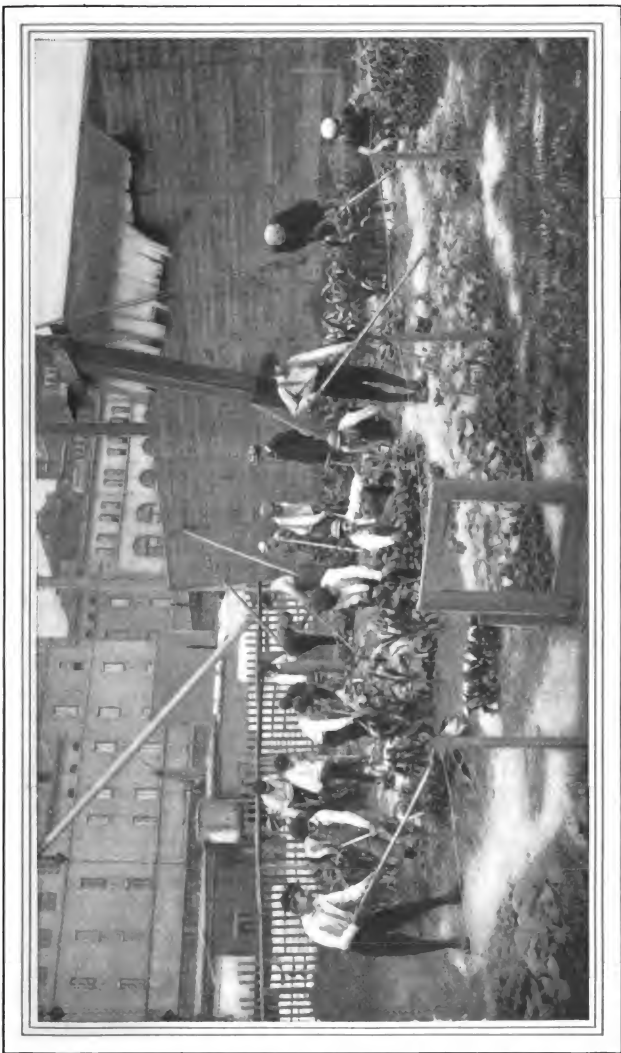
Is it right that half a million children should be sent to the street after three o'clock every afternoon during the school term, and all day during the long summer vacation?

Is it right to allow the good effects of school work to be dissipated for lack of regular occupation and discipline in the summer vacation?

Is it right that something like sixty-

These questions were asked not only in New York, but in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other great centers of population. The obvious answer crystallized into action, and public playgrounds were built. Then came a movement to institute recreation work in connection with the school systems. Sometimes this is done by educational, philanthropic, or civic organizations, sometimes by boards of education.

In New York the recreation work is made a part of the school system, under the jurisdiction of the Board of Education. It is divided into three departments—the vacation school, open on five mornings in the week, where manual training is made the special feature; the afternoon playgrounds, which are entirely separate from the public playgrounds supported by the Park Depart-



MODEL FARMING IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK—A VACANT LOT AT SIXTY-SIXTH STREET AND AVENUE A ON WHICH VACATION SCHOOL BOYS ARE RAISING CORN AND PUMPKINS.



TEACHING THE FUTURE HOME-MAKERS—A MODEL AFTERNOON TEA-PARTY FOR VACATION SCHOOL GIRLS.

ment; and the evening recreation centers, open throughout the year save for the few weeks of hot weather in summer, when they are supplanted by the school roof-gardens.

It is because New York has the greatest necessity, and because New York has gone the greatest length in meeting this necessity, that a study of the method employed in the American metropolis is of particular interest.

WHAT NEW YORK DOES FOR ITS CHILDREN.

Since the experimental days of 1899, when the New York authorities thought fifteen buildings enough to devote to vacation schools, the demand for admission—a purely voluntary demand on the part of pupils—has increased until now fifty-four schools, all that are available, fail to accommodate the thousands that apply each year.

July and August are the months for the vacation schools. This is the trying period when the children are in the streets all day, when mischief is rampant, when policemen are kept busy and the juvenile courts full. If vacation schools meant study, children would not come, and they could not be compelled to come. But in the vacation school

there is no sitting at stiff desks under the rigid discipline of regular school days, no bugbear books to tax sluggish minds, no classes called by teachers who have a habit of asking you to recite just when you are not prepared. There is no requirement for regular attendance, no set course of work. The idea is to make the school so attractive that children will come of their own accord.

Manual work is the magnet that draws an average of twenty thousand children daily to the vacation schools. The industrial instruction of the six-week summer term equals the entire course prescribed for the regular school year. Of the crafts taught, basketry perhaps stands first in popularity and educational value. So popular is this work with both boys and girls that more baskets are made in the New York vacation schools in two months than by all the tribes of North American Indians in a year. The reed and raffia are furnished by the school board, and the children are allowed to keep the things they make, which adds to their interest in their work.

Boys show an eagerness to learn things that promise speedy profit. Chair-caning has become quite a thi-



TEACHING THE FUTURE HOME-MAKERS—A CLASS IN NURSING AT A NEW YORK VACATION SCHOOL.

ving industry in the summer schools, and in some neighborhoods not a chair remained uncared at the end of last term. It was not unusual to see a boy coming to school with his little sister's high chair swung over his shoulder, or one that he had bargained to reseat for some tenement neighbor.

Bench-work and fret-sawing always have a good following, and many boys learn enough in this way to shorten their apprenticeship in carpentering. Venetian iron-work is still more popular. Last year, at the closing exhibition of summer school work, the pride of all the teachers was centered in a miniature Brooklyn Bridge modeled by one boy and wrought in iron by him and a number of his comrades.

In the matter of equipment for this work, New York has been distanced by some of the other American cities, notably Cleveland, where workshops are built in all the school yards. But no matter how meager and insufficient the facilities, the main object of the vacation school is accomplished. Underlying it, too, is a teaching still more vital to the future citizen of the republic—that the work of one's hands, that all work which contributes to the comfort

and pleasure of life, is both dignified and honorable.

TEACHING THE FUTURE HOME-MAKERS.

An effort is made to interest the girls in domestic science. Millinery is well enough, and the girls are taught not only to make raffia hats, but to construct frames and trim them simply and neatly. Knitting and crocheting are all right in their way, too; but what is vastly more important among the class which these schools aim to help is, the teaching of the rudiments of house-keeping—to them an unknown art.

Some of these girls have never seen a bed properly made up, and wonder what sheets and pillow-slips are for when they see the models, complete to the last detail. The needle most of them know. It is by the needle they get their bread and a roof over their heads. Where women do the finishing of factory garments at home, little tots of four or five are often kept busy pulling out basting-threads until long after the sand-man's time, and girls of kindergarten age hem or baste at their mother's side. It is something new, however, when they are taught to cut and make a garment for themselves, as is done in

vacation school when they can be spared to go there.

What they learn in the cooking classes is quite different from anything they see at home. The wholesome preparation of simple food is a practical lesson that has been carried into many tenement homes, together with revolutionary ideas as to the use of table-cloths, brooms, and dusting-cloths. Girls who learn the possibilities of neatness and

mens of field and water life as the teacher can procure. It takes little urging to get children to spend some time each day in these rooms. Many of them get here their first idea of growing things, and of the feathered and finned creatures of the woods and streams—a strange and distant realm to the boys and girls of the streets.

Asked why he liked to stay there so long, one little fellow said:



KEEPING THE NEW YORK CHILDREN OFF THE STREETS—A TYPICAL SCENE IN ONE OF THE VACATION PLAYGROUNDS, OF WHICH THE CITY MAINTAINS MORE THAN A HUNDRED.

order, and the simple details of household arrangement, will not, after they are married, hang out of a window idly watching the scene below while their dishes stand unwashed on the table and untidy children crawl over a dirty floor.

Nursing is another of the useful lessons taught. Accidents and sickness are every-day things in the tenements, and it will never come amiss to know how to bandage a gashed finger, bind a bruised forehead, and perform the simple duties that add so much to an invalid's comfort.

A GLIMPSE OF THE OUTER WORLD.

Almost every school has a room filled with growing plants, birds in cages, small fishes, and as many more speci-

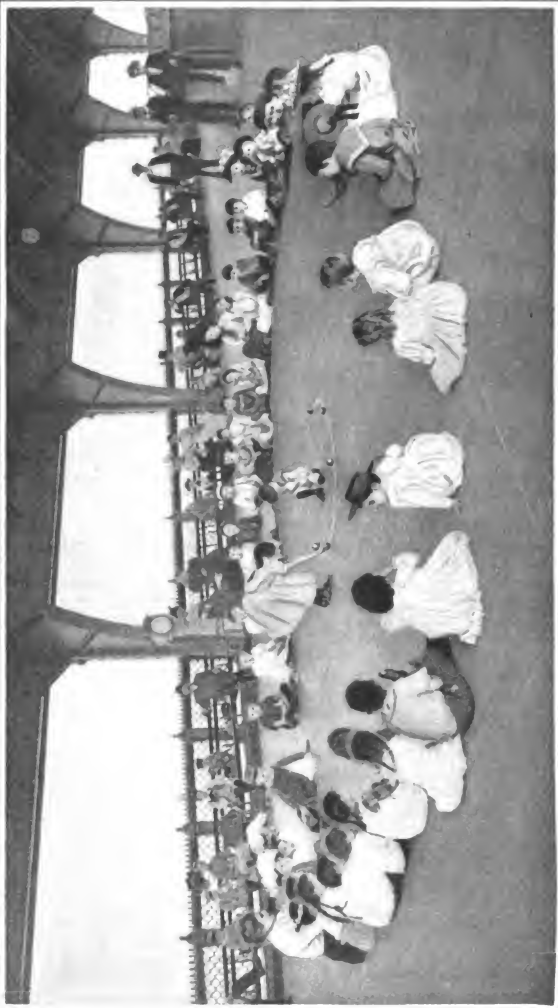
"Oh, I like it because everything is alive. I hate dead things!"

"What do you mean by dead things?" he was asked.

"Bugs and butterflies, and all the things they kill for us to look at."

There are kindergartens a plenty in the vacation schools, where the "littlest ones" are made happy with songs and games and the kindergarten tasks that help children to discover what fingers are for. To show the aggressive spirit of the movement, it may be mentioned that the school board does not wait for the children to come to the kindergarten, but sends the kindergarten to children who would otherwise be without it.

The recreation piers built by the city



ON A NEW YORK RECREATION PIER, AT TWENTY-FOURTH STREET AND THE EAST RIVER—TWO KINDERGARTNERS ARE STATIONED AT EACH PIER TO ORGANIZE GAMES FOR THE SMALLER CHILDREN.



THE ROOF PLAYGROUND OF A NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOL, WITH A VACATION GYMNASIUM ATTACHED.

along the New York water front are filled every day with tired women bringing puny babes for a breath of air, and by "little mothers" with their charges. Two kindergartners are sent to each pier, and kindergartens are held which have new members every day, but which relieve mothers of their cares for a little while. They also relieve the girls who must otherwise spend their entire morning looking after younger brothers and sisters, and give them a chance to go to the nearest school and learn to make a hat, to prepare a soup, or to give the baby a bath.

Another feature of this aggressive policy is the placing of instructors in the public baths. Thousands of children who go there to splash about aimlessly have been taught the useful lesson of swimming, and every year hundreds of boys and girls receive certificates of proficiency.

THE VACATION PLAYGROUNDS.

If the gates of the school yards swung shut after the vacation school session, the children would go back to the street and much of the work of the

morning would be lost. It is to prevent this that the yards are kept open in the afternoon, that vacant lots are equipped with gymnasium apparatus, that the roofs of schoolhouses are pressed into service, and that corners of parks and piers are given over to instructors employed by the Board of Education.

The playground idea antedates the other branches of recreation work. Its advantages are too generally admitted to need exploitation. The value of play intelligently directed, the physical benefit of the exercise, and the moral lesson of fairness, are worth as much as the mental and manual training which the vacation school provides. Indeed, it is frankly acknowledged by educators that the playground is the more important of the two. As a result, the number of vacation playgrounds in New York has been increased from the original twenty to one hundred and ten.

Perhaps the good results are not always as immediate or as radical as those revealed when a boy said to his principal at the close of the last vacation:

"Say, I'll tell you something, if you won't tell the gang. You've broken up

a gang of thieves by letting us fellows come here and have a good time!"

Nature study finds its way into the playgrounds where eight or ten square feet of space can be spared for model farms and gardens, or where a box can be allowed in an angle of the courtyard. City children are not to blame if they think that only skyscrapers and billboards grow out of the ground. There is something pathetic in their delight in watching the mystery of a seed changing to a little green shoot that gradually develops into a plant that blossoms, and mayhap bears fruit.

The school roof-gardens, although much fewer in number—New York has eleven of them—appeal to a larger class of people. Men and women who have toiled all day, boys and girls from factories and shops, are not too tired to climb half a dozen long flights of stairs to get a whiff of air that is free from the noisome odors of the street, up here where the starry sky gives them a moment's inspiration that may or may not last till the morrow. A brass band is stationed on each roof, and the programs are arranged to suit varied tastes, from those that really appreciate good music to that of the woman who one night touched the leader's arm and said:

"I don't expect to go to the graveyard but once—won't you please give us a jig?"

PLACES FOR WINTER RECREATION.

With all these summer activities the school doors have grown so used to swinging outward that it no longer seems possible to swing them back again. Even during the school term, more than twenty buildings in the more crowded districts of New York are thrown open as recreation centers. The name only half describes their work. It would be hard to find a term to cover a plan so wide in its scope.

Winter evenings bring new dangers to those who prefer the street to the stuffy, ill-kept, overcrowded tenement rooms. Cheap dance-halls are at every corner, where for five cents any girl can go and whirl the evening away with just as questionable company as she chooses. Cheap billiard-rooms, cheaper saloons and worse dives, are open to young men

and boys—and young women, too, for that matter. It is to compete with these that recreation centers exist.

The school basements are not as cheerful as might be, but they are light and warm and full of life. In the game room, the tables are full of boys having a good time at checkers, chess, authors, and a dozen other harmless games. It was found necessary to remove the crokinole boards because the boys gambled over the game. Over in a corner, as far as possible away from the noise, are young boys—pitifully young when you think about it—who come in body-fagged, if not brain-weary. For these the greatest pleasure is in a book, and they can always find a good selection on the librarian's desk, brought from a public library. These little chaps are the ones who deliver parcels at your door, or who answer all day long the call of "Ca-a-sh!"

Through the door comes the noise from the basket-ball court, or from the gymnasium, where classes of boys are receiving instruction, perhaps from some college champion. The men in charge of the boys' centers are big-shouldered, broad-minded fellows all; and if perchance one shows by a few gold-braced front teeth that he has been in the thick of 'varsity football matches, so much the better. There are gangs that get tired of the regular rounds outside, and think it amusing to break in upon a recreation center for the purpose of seeing if they cannot "start something." It is the best thing in the world for them to meet somewhere near the door one of these big, good-natured football fellows, with his forbidding shoulders, his maimed front teeth, and his sympathetic interest.

FROM THE "GANG" TO THE BOYS' CLUB.

"These gangs are just what we are looking for," declared one principal. "They are the boys we want. They always throw us a look when we say 'Hats off' to them, and more than once I've had to show them down the hall before they knew I meant it; but we want them to stay, and we always let them know it. Of course," he continued, "moral suasion, not muscular, is the prescribed method of dealing with fel-

lows of this sort, but there are some on whom moral suasion operates only after physical preparation. We give our instructions this interpretation: 'You are not expected to resort to corporal punishment—and get caught at it.'"

Boys of this class are born for gangs. They love a leader, and will follow one to the very doors of the Refuge or the Tombs; then they turn their backs on him and choose another. Instead of trying to thwart the gang instinct, the idea of the recreation center is to direct it toward the formation of clubs. Gangs that come to scoff remain to become Milton and Howells Literary Circles, Demosthenes Debating Societies, and Star Athletic Clubs, with preambles to their constitutions something like this:

Whereas it is known that in the field of literature knowledge ever awaits reapers, and by combination of efforts greater and grander results may be obtained, we whose names are hereon annexed do form a society whose object shall be the cultivation of the argumentative faculties and training of the members in the art of public reading, speaking, and parliamentary law.

Once organized, the dignity that maintains in these clubs would grace the halls of Congress. Boys who outside the door are "kids," inside are "gentlemen of the club." "Reddy," "Skinny," and "Humpy" become "Mr. Solomon," "Mr. O'Brien," or "Mr. Schmidt."

Every club has the use of a separate room for business meetings one night each week, and stated hours for the use of gymnasium, basket-ball courts, ping-pong tables, and the like. The same bond of sympathy that formed the gang holds the club together.

Every recreation center has its study room, for children who cannot get their lessons in the midst of the confusion of the home living-room, and for young men who would not have the courage to undertake civil service examinations if they had not a quiet place to study.

There are those who claim that women are not social creatures, but there is no evidence of this in the girls' centers. They are well attended, and the girls show no less enthusiasm than the boys. They have not the same genius for organization, however, and their clubs, while no less earnest, lack the parlia-

mentary smoothness of their brothers. The girls care more for reading than for gymnastics, yet the gymnasium is never deserted. Their gymnastic exercises are always taken in classes with an instructor, and many of them, with their teacher's encouragement, have made themselves gymnasium suits. These girls of from fifteen to seventeen have spent the day in factories, sewing on buttons, making suspenders, trimming hats, packing factory goods; but they are not too tired for a good time, and they like nothing better than the last half hour, which is devoted to dancing. By way of promoting social spirit, an interchange of hospitalities occasionally takes place between neighboring girls' and boys' centers, each in turn playing the part of host.

THE SMALL COST OF A GREAT WORK.

The yearly cost of the three divisions of this recreation work in New York is something like two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, a mere scratch in the twenty-million budget of the Board of Education. How much it makes for good citizenship that by these various means possibly three hundred thousand children are kept off the streets at least a part of every summer day, and that thousands of young men and women out of school are provided with a place where they can spend their evenings, only the future can tell. But to quote Miss Evangeline Whitney, district superintendent in charge of vacation schools, playgrounds, and recreation centers:

"The city of New York can say for the encouragement of other cities that feel the menace of an alien population that by means of this humanitarian work it has at least crippled the gigantic octopus of evil which would sap the life of our nation. Long after the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence it keeps its own distinct color, and the two streams refuse to mingle until they are mixed by the Lachine Rapids. We can never unite into one people our 'congeries of races' until we teach them to speak our language, read our books, appreciate our institutions, and find happiness in honest toil and wholesome recreation."

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

WHEN Des Ageaux, Lieutenant-Governor of Périgord, is bidden by his master, King Henry IV of France, to put down the peasant uprising in and around Vlaye, he seeks aid from the Duke of Joyeuse, who is under some obligations to him. In a moment of pique the duke declines to help him, then thinks better of it, and in his characteristically reckless way sets out alone after Des Ageaux, who has gone to the scene of the uprising to look over the ground. The peasants, known as Crocans, have been driven to revolt through the cruelty and exactions of M. de Vlaye, a soldier of fortune, who is betrothed to the Abbess of Vlaye, Odette de Villeneuve, daughter of the Vicomte de Villeneuve, an impoverished old nobleman who is living in seclusion with his hump-backed son, Roger, and his younger daughter, Bonne, both of whom he despises and derides. His other son, Charles, has been driven from home by the old man's taunts, and has joined the Crocans. While seeking Des Ageaux, the Duke of Joyeuse stops at the Villeneuve château, where he finds some of Vlaye's men in possession, guarding the young Countess of Rochechouart, whom their master privately intends to compel to marry him, thinking thereby to better his fortunes. Not suspecting the duke's identity, Vlaye's troopers are impertinent to him, whereupon he kills their leader in a duel and is himself grievously wounded. The other soldiers recognize him when they remove the mask he wears, and after giving him every attention, send word to Vlaye. Before the latter can arrive, however, Des Ageaux appears on the scene with a small band of followers, and, becoming cognizant of the true state of affairs, overpowers Vlaye's men, and with the duke, the countess, and the Villeneuves, seeks safety in flight. But it soon becomes apparent that the wounded duke cannot stand the strain of the journey, so Des Ageaux decides to leave him in a near by chapel, in care of Odette de Villeneuve, who has volunteered for the duty because she sees therein a way by which she may help Vlaye, her betrothed husband.

XII (Continued).

" 'T seems a good plan, if *mademoiselle* be indeed willing," Des Ageaux said. He wished, nevertheless, that he could see the abbess' face.

"I have said," she replied coldly, "that I am willing."

But her women on the instant showed they were not. What? Remain in this wilderness in the dark with a dying man? They would be eaten by wolves, they would be strangled by witches, they would be ravished by thieves! Never! And in a trice one was in hysterics, deaf to her mistress' threats and to the Bat's grim hints. The other, after a conflict, allowed herself to be browbeaten, and yielded, sullenly and with tears; but not until the water of the ford rippled about their horses' hoofs, and the tiny spark of light that through the open door beacons the shallows shone in their eyes.

Had it been day, they would have had before them a scene at once wild and peaceful. On their right, below the ford—which was formed by the passage of the stream from one side of the narrow valley to the other—a lofty bluff over-

hung a black pool. Above the ford, on the level meadow, a stone's throw from the track—if track that could be called which not a hundred persons traversed in a year—stood a tiny chapel and cell; which some hermit in past ages had built with his own hands. The approach of the Crocans had driven his latest successor from his post; but Des Ageaux, passing that way in the day, had noted the chapel, and with the forethought of the soldier who expected to return in the dark, he had seen the lamp relit, that its light might, in case of need, direct him to the ford.

That lamp, a tiny spark in the blackness, was all they saw. Making for it through the shallows and over a bed of shingles across which the horses clattered noisily, they reached the door of the chapel; where in a trice—for if the thing was to be done it must be done quickly—they aided the abbess and the lay sister to alight, and bore in the litter with the wounded man. Then, closing the door on all, that the light might no longer be visible from the ford, they got themselves to horse again, and away at a round trot.

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Not without repugnance, Des Ageaux' heart smote him as his horse's feet carried him farther away; it seemed so cowardly a thing to leave women to bear, in that wild and lonely place, the brunt of whatever might befall. And Charles, ready as he had been to acclaim the notion, wondered if he had erred in leaving his sister thus lightly. But in truth they were embarked in an enterprise whose full perils it lay with time to disclose; and other and more pressing anxieties soon had possession of their minds.

They had been less troubled had they witnessed the abbess' demeanor. While her companion, overcome by her fears, sank down in a fit of hysterical weeping, Olette de Villeneuve remained standing within the low doorway, and with head erect listened, frowning, until the last sound of retreating horsemen died to the ear. Then she drew a deep breath, and, turning slowly, allowed her eyes to take stock of the place in which she so strangely found herself.

It was a tiny building of rough-hewn stone, with an altar and crucifix of the same material placed at the end remote from the door. Along either wall ran stone benches, on which the good fathers must have spent many a summer day watching the ford; for at a certain point the seat was polished and worn by their robes. The litter and the wounded man filled half the open space, leaving visible elsewhere a floor of trodden earth foul with the droppings of birds and sheep, and betraying in other respects the results of neglect. Here and there on some stone larger than its fellows, and particularly on the lintel, a prentice hand had carved symbols; but this notwithstanding, the whole wore, by the light of the smoky lamp, anything but a sacred aspect.

Yet the prospect of passing several hours in so poor a place did not appear to depress the abbess. Her inspection finished, she nodded an answer to her thoughts, and, sitting down on the bench beside the litter, rested her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand. Fixing her large dark eyes on the wounded man, she gave herself up to her thoughts as completely as if she had been in her own chamber.

Her woman, whose complaining, half fractions, half fearful, had sunk to an occasional sob, presently looked at her. Fascinated by that gloomy absorption—which might have had to do with the mysteries of the faith, but turned in fact on the faithlessness of man—she could

not look away. Time passed; the first pale glimmer of dawn appeared, and still the two women faced each other across the insensible man, whose heavy breathing, broken from time to time by some momentary obstruction, was the one sound that mingled with the low, faint murmur of the stream.

Suddenly the abbess lifted her head. Above the water's chatter there rose a harsher sound—a sound of rattling stones, and, a second later, of men's voices. She rose slowly to her feet, and as the other woman, alarmed by the expression of her features, would have screamed, she silenced her by a fierce gesture. Then she stood, her one hand resting against the wall beside her, and listened.

She had no doubt that it was he. Her parted lips, her eyes, half fierce, half tender, told as much. It was he, and she had but to open the door, she had but to show herself in the lighted doorway, and he would come to her! As the voices of the riders grew, and the rattle of hoofs among the pebbles ceased, she pictured him just abreast of the hermitage; she fancied, but it must have been fancy, that she could distinguish his voice.

Or no, he would not be speaking. He would be riding, silent, alone, his hand on his hip, the gray light of morning falling on his stern face. And at that, at that picture of him, the man and his career, his greatness who had made himself, his firmness which no obstacle stayed—all rose before her embodied in the solitary figure riding foremost through the dawn. Her breast rose and fell tumultuously. The hand that rested on the cold wall shook. She had only to open the door, she had only to cry his name aloud, only to show herself, and he would be at her side! And she would be no longer against him but with him, no longer would be ranked with his foes—who were so many—but for him against the world!

The temptation was so strong that her form seemed to droop and sway as if a physical charm drew her in the direction of the man she loved, the man to whom—in spite of his faults, or by reason of them—she clung in the face of defection. But powerful as was the spell laid upon her, pride and her will proved stronger. She stiffened herself, and for an instant she did not seem to breathe. It was not until the last faint clink of iron died away that she turned feverish eyes in search of some crevice, some loophole, some fissure, through which she

might yet see him; yet see if it were but the waving of his plume!

She found none. The only windows, two tiny arrow-slits that had never known glass, were in the wall remote from the track. She set her teeth hard to control the moan of disappointment that rose from her very heart; and slowly she sank into her old seat.

But not into her old reverie. The eyes which she bent on the sick man were no longer dreamy, but set in a gaze of eager scrutiny that sought to drag from the duke's pallid features the secret of his weakness and waywardness, of his strange nature and bizarre fame.

Unconsciously, as she gazed, she bent nearer and nearer to him; her look grew sharper and more imperious. All hung on him now; all! Her mind was made up. Fortune had not cast him so timely in her path, had not afforded her the very opportunity of which she had dreamed, without intending her to profit by it, without proposing to crown the scheme with success. The spell of M. de Vlaye's presence, the spell that had obsessed her so short a time before that the interval could be reckoned almost by seconds, was broken! Never should it be hers to play that part, to fight for him in that way, to return to him tamely, empty-handed, a suppliant for his love! No, not while it might be hers to return a conqueror, an equal, with a greater than the Captain of Vlaye in her toils!

She rose to her feet, and, tasting triumph in advance, smiled. With a firm hand, disregarding her woman's remonstrance, she extinguished the lamp. The pale light of early morning stole in through the arrow-slits, and then for a brief instant the abbess held her breath; for the gray light, falling on the duke's face, so sharpened his temples and his nervous features, showed him so livid and wan and death-like, that she thought him gone.

He was not gone, but she acted none the less upon the hint. If he died, where were her schemes and the clever combinations she had been forming? Quickly she drew from the litter a flagon of broth that had been mixed with a cunning cordial, and, first moistening his lips with the liquor, by and by contrived to make him swallow some. In the act he opened his eyes, and they were clear and sensible; but it was only to close them again with a sigh, half of satisfaction, half of weakness. Nevertheless, from this time his state was rather one of sleep, the sleep craved by exhausted na-

ture, than of insensibility or fever; and with every hour the forces of his youth and constitution wrought at the task of restoration.

Odette, brooding over him, watched with satisfaction the return of a more healthy color to his cheeks. Time passed, and presently, while the light was still cold and young, there came an interruption. A murmur of voices, and the jingle of spur and bit, warned her that M. de Vlaye, baffled in his attempt to cut off the fugitives before they found refuge, was returning through the valley. This time, how different were her sensations! She started to her feet and listened; and her face grew hard, but under pressure of suspense, not of desire. Suspense—for if they turned aside, if they entered the deserted chapel and discovered her, her plan—and her very soul was now set on its success—perished still-born.

It was a trying moment, but it passed. Probably Vlaye knew the chapel of old, and knew that the good father had fled from it. At any rate, he rode on his way. She heard the trampling of the horses on the shingle break into the singing of the ford; and then only the murmur of the water and the morning hymn of a lark that hailed the warm rising of another day.

Whether the lark's song appealed to some softer strain in her, or she began to hate the sordid interior with its gray half-light, the moment she was sure that the riders had gone on their way, she opened the door and went out.

The sun was just peeping into the valley, and all nature was astir. The laughing waters of the ford, the steep bluff, darksome by night, now clad in waving tree-tops, the floor of sward emerald green, all reflected the brightness of a sky in which not one but half a dozen songsters thrilled forth the joy of life. After the gloom, the vigil, the danger, the scene appealed to her strongly. For a brief time, while she stood gazing on the vale, unmarred by human works or human presence, she felt a compunction; such a feeling as in face of a similar scene invades the breast of the veteran hunter, and whispers to him that to carry death into the haunts of nature is but a sorry task.

It was a feeling as quickly suppressed in the one case as in the other. A few minutes later, the abbess appeared in the doorway and beckoned to the woman to join her outside.

"Give me your hood and veil," she

said in a tone that forestalled demur. "And your outer robe! Don't stare, woman!" she continued fiercely. "Is there any one to see you? Can the hills hurt you? Obey! It is my pleasure to wear the dress of the order, and I have it not with me!"

"But, madam——"

"Obey, woman! And take my cloak!" the abbess retorted. "Wrap yourself in that!" And when the change was made, and she had assumed over her dress the loose black and white robe of the order, "Now wait for me here," she said. "And if he call, as is possible, do not go to him, but fetch me!"

She departed, with that, towards the pool below the ford, and, disappearing behind a clump of low willows, made some further changes in her toilet, using the still water for a mirror.

Not fruitlessly; for when she returned to the door of the chapel, the woman who awaited her stared; thinking that she had never seen her mistress show fairer in her silks than in this black and white. And soon there was another who thought—if not that thought—a similar one. The duke, opening his eyes—which had so nearly closed for good—on the glory of sunshine and summer warmth that invaded even the chapel, saw at the foot of his litter a wondrous figure kneeling before the altar.

Her face was turned from him, and for a time, between sleeping and waking, he considered her idly; supposing her now an angel interceding for him in the other life on which he had entered, now a nun praying beside his bier—for he took it for certain that he was dead. By and by he passed over altogether to the theory of the angel; for the figure moved, and the sunlight, passing in through a tiny window-slit, formed a nimbus about her head. And then again, moving afresh, as in an ecstasy of devotion, she lifted her eyes to the crucifix, and her hood, falling back with the movement, revealed a profile of a beauty and purity almost unearthly.

The duke sighed; he had sighed before, but apparently, for the sigh had not changed her rapt expression, she had not heard. Now she did hear. She rose, and with a deep genuflection turned from the altar, and glided with down-cast eyes to his side. Eyes softened to the meekness of a dove's looked into his, and found that he was awake. Then, angel or saint, or whatever she was, she made a sign to him not to speak; and producing, by magic as it seemed, am-

broslal food, she fed him, and with a finger on his lip bade him in gentle accents:

"Sleep!"

Sleep! To think he could sleep when an angel—and while he laughed in thought at the notion, he slept; that heavenly face framed in its nun's hood, that drooping form with the hands crossed upon the breast, moving before him into the land of visions. He was back again in those earliest days of his cloistered existence, when it had been his dream to live in an atmosphere pure and apart, innocent of the passions and desires of the world. He had learned—only too soon—that that atmosphere and that innocence were not to be maintained, though the walls of a monastery be ten feet through; for the nature which the thought of such a life had enraptured was, of all natures, the one most open to more worldly fascinations. He had fallen, and had presently replaced the vision of being good by the enthusiasm of doing good. He had lifted his voice, and the preaching of Père Ange had moved half Paris to a twenty-four hours' repentance. His own had lasted a little longer.

Now, weak and unnerved, he reverted, at sight of this beautiful nun's face, to his old views of a saintly life; and in innocent adoration of her could not take his eye from her countenance. When he awoke again and found her still at her devotions, though the sun was high, still at his service when she found him waking, still moving dove-like and silent about her ministrations—he watched her everywhere. Several times he wished to speak, but she laid a finger on her lips, and, covering her hands with her sleeves, sat on the bench beside him, reading her book of hours.

And so, during the hazy period of his return to consciousness, he saw her. Awake or drowsing, stung to life by the smart of his hurt, or lulled to sleep by the music of the stream, he had her face always before him.

At length there came a time, a little after high noon, when he awoke with a clearer eye and a mind capable of feeling surprise at his position. He saw her sitting beside him, but he saw also the gray, rough walls, the altar, the crucifix; and to wonder succeeded curiosity.

What had happened, and how came he here? His eyes sought her face and remained riveted there.

"Where am I?" he whispered.

She marked that his eyes were clear and his strength greater.

"You are in the chapel in the upper valley of the Dronne," she answered.

"But I——" He stopped and closed his eyes, brought up by some confusion in his thoughts. Then: "I fancied I fought with some one," he whispered. "It was in a courtyard—at night! And there were lights? It was one of Vlaye's men, and the place was——" He broke off, in the painful effort to remember. His lips moved without sound.

"Villeneuve," she said.

"Aye, Villeneuve," he whispered gratefully. "But this is not Villeneuve?"

"We are two leagues from Villeneuve."

"How come I here?"

She told him, preserving the gentle placidity which, not without thought, she had adopted for her rôle. The repulse of Vlaye's men and the lieutenant's decision to quit the château—that, and the night retreat up to the arrival of the party at the ford, were told. Then she broke off.

"But Des Ageaux?" he murmured. "Where is he?" And again, that he might look round him, he tried to rise. "Where are they all?" he continued in wonder. "They have not left me?" he asked, with a querulous note in his voice.

"They are not here," she answered; and gently she induced him to lie back again. "Be still, I pray," she said. "Be still. You do yourself no good by moving."

He sighed. "Where are they?" he persisted.

"We were hard pressed at the ford," she answered with feigned reluctance. "And your litter delayed them. It was necessary to leave you, or all had been lost."

He lay in silence awhile with closed eyes, considering what she had told him. At last:

"And you stayed!" he murmured in so low a voice that the words were barely audible. "You stayed!"

"It was necessary," she answered.

"And you have been beside me all night?"

She bowed her head. His eyes filled with tears, and his lips trembled; for he was very weak. He groped for her hand, and would have carried it to his lips—but as men kiss relics or the hands of saints—if she had not withheld it from him. Settling the thin coverings more comfortably about him, she gave him to drink again; softly chiding him and bidding him be silent—be silent and sleep.

"You have been beside me all night!" he repeated. "All night, alone here! And a woman! A woman!"

She did not tell him that she was not alone; that her woman was even then sitting outside, under strict order not to show herself. For now she was assured that she was in the right path. She had had opportunities of studying his countenance while he slept; and she had traced in it those qualities of enthusiasm and weakness, of the libertine and the ascetic, which his career so remarkably displayed. The beauty which his jaded eye, versed in women's wiles, might neglect if encountered in ordinary circumstances, would appeal with irresistible force in a garb of saintliness. Nay, more, as he recovered his strength and returned to his common feelings, it would prove, she felt sure, more provocative than the most worldly lures.

Her resolve to carry the matter through was now fixed, therefore; and to that end she neglected no precaution that occurred to her mind.

XIII.

SOMETHING after high noon Des Ageaux appeared, and was overjoyed to find the three undisturbed. He despatched a flying party down the valley that he might have notice if the enemy approached, and then bent himself to remove the duke in safety to his camp.

In this the abbess had her own line to take, and took it with decision. She represented the patient as worse than he was, and described the fever as still lingering upon him. Using the authority which her devotion of the night before gave her, she insisted that the duke should see no one. A kind of shelter from the sun was woven of boughs, and placed over the litter. He was then borne out with care, the abbess walking on one side, and her woman on the other.

In the open air Des Ageaux would have approached and spoken to him; for between gratitude and remorse the lieutenant was much touched. But the authority of the sick nurse was great, then as it is now; the abbess repelled him firmly, and, refusing the horse which had been brought for her, persisted in walking the whole distance to the camp—a full league—by the side of the litter. In this way she fenced others off, and the duke had her always before him.

She gave her mind so completely to him that, save that they kept the valley, which now ran between hills of a wilder

aspect, she took no note of their route. It was only when the troopers, at a word from the lieutenant, closed in about the litter, that she observed—though it had been some time in sight—the object which caused the movement. This was a small hill-town, girt by a ruinous wall and buckled with crazy towers, which topped an acclivity on the right of the valley, and from the road by the river.

The suspicion with which her escort regarded the place did not surprise her when she marked the filthy forms and wild and savage faces which swarmed upon the wall. There were women and children as well as men in the place; and all mopped and mowed at the passers, or, leaping to their feet, defied them with unspeakable words and gestures.

The abbess looked at them, half daunted. There was something inhuman in their squalor and wildness.

"Who are they?" she asked.

"Croicans," the nearest rider answered.

"But we are not going to them?" she returned in astonishment.

She had heard that they were bound for the peasants' camp; and her lip had curled at the information. But if these were Croicans—horror!

The man spat on the ground.

"That is one band, and ours is another," he replied. "All *canaille*, but—not all like that; or we had some strange bedfellows, indeed!"

He would have said more, but he caught Des Ageaux' eye, and was silent; and five minutes later the abbess saw a strange sight. The riders before her wheeled to the left, and, bending low on their saddles, vanished bodily in the rock that walled the road on that side.

A moment later she probed the mystery. In the rock wall, between which and the river the track squeezed its way, was an arched opening, resembling the mouth of a cave—of one of those caves so common in the Limousin. Within was no cave, however, but a spacious circus of smooth green turf open to the heaven, though walled on every side by grassy slopes which ran steeply to a height of a hundred or more feet. There was no other entrance to the basin; but neither its defensible strength, nor the wisdom of the Croicans in choosing it, was apparent until the green rampart east about it by nature was examined. Then the rocky barrier was found to be so scarped on the outer side as to form here a sheer precipice, there a descent trying to the most active foot.

A spring near the inner margin of the amphitheater fed a rivulet, which, after passing across it, and dividing it into two unequal parts, escaped to the river through the rocky gateway.

The smaller portion of the sward thus divided, which was also raised very slightly above the rest, had something of the aspect of a stage. About its middle a flat-topped rock, rising to a man's height from the ground, had the air of an altar; and this was shaded by the only tree in the enclosure, a single plane-tree of vast size, whose ancient, smooth-barked limbs shaded almost a half acre of ground. Probably this rock and this tree had witnessed the meetings of some primitive people, had borne part in their human sacrifices, and echoed the cries with which they acclaimed the moment of the summer solstice.

To-day this basin, long abandoned to the solitude of the hills, presented once more a scene of turmoil, such as might rival the strange gatherings of that remote age. Nor, save for a circumstance to be named, could even the abbess' sullen curiosity have withheld a meed of admiration as the panorama unfolded itself before her.

Round the edge of the larger half of the amphitheater ran a long line, in parts doubled and trebled, of booths and sheds open at the front, and formed, some of branches of trees, some of plaited rushes or osiers. Under these swarms of men, women, and children lounged in every posture; while others strolled about the ground before the sheds; which, crowded with sheep, oxen, and horses, wore the aspect of a rustic fair. The turf that had been so fair a fortnight before was trodden bare in places, and in others worn and stained by the crowds that moved on it. Only the immediate bank of the rivulet had been kept clear.

The smaller portion of the enceinte had been given up to Des Ageaux and his band of troopers and refugees. A dozen horses tethered in an orderly row at the rear of the plane-tree—with a pile of gear at the head of each—spoke of military order; as did the three or four booths which had been erected under the tree for the accommodation of the *vicomte's* party. But in such a place, and under such circumstances, it was impossible to enforce strict discipline.

The curious among the peasants, and not men only, but women and children, roved in small parties on this side also, staring and questioning; some with fur-

tive eyes, as expecting a trap and treachery, others watching in clownish amazement the evolutions of a picked band of threescore peasants whom the Bat was endeavoring to instruct in the use of their weapons and in the simplest movements of the field. Here and there, on the steep slopes about the saucer, were groups of peasants; and on the encircling ridge, which was forbidden to the mass of them, were five sentinels, stationed beside as many cairns of stones piled for the purpose at fixed distances.

These last were of the lieutenant's institution; for though the safety of the camp hung wholly on the command of its natural battlement, which, captured, would convert the basin into a death-trap, the Crocans had kept no regular guard on it. On his arrival, Des Ageaux had entrusted its oversight to the two young Villeneuves; and one or the other was ever patrolling the length of the vallum, or from the highest point searching the chaos of uninhabited hills and glens that stretched on every side.

This hasty sketch of the scene leaves to be fancied those worst traits of the camp, whose wildness and savagery could not fail to disquiet the mind even of a bold woman. Many of the peasants were half naked, others were clad in cow-skins, in motley armor, in sordid, blood-stained finery. All went unshaven; many had long, filthy elf-locks hanging about their faces, and ragged beards reaching to their girdles. Some had squalid bandages on head or limb; and all were armed grotesquely with bill-hooks or scythes, with stakes pointed and hardened in the fire, or with knotty clubs. M. de Vlaye and his kind would have seen in them only a horde to be exterminated without pity or remorse; nor could their looks have failed to startle the abbess, high as was her natural courage—if a certain thing had not at the very first engaged her attention.

In the entrance, under the archway, sat a group of six men on their hams, their backs against the rock. And these were so foul in garb and repulsive in aspect, that the common peasants of the camp seemed by comparison civilized. The abbess shuddered at the mere look of them, and would have averted her eyes if they had not, as Des Ageaux entered, risen to their feet and barred the way. The foremost, a tall, meager figure with a long, white beard, and the gleam of madness in his eyes, seized the lieutenant's bridle, and, raising his other hand, seemed to forbid entrance.

"Give us our man!" he cried.

The abbess expected Des Ageaux to strike the fellow from his path, or bid his men ride him down. But the lieutenant considered with patience the strange figure clad much as John the Baptist is portrayed in pictures; and when he answered he spoke calmly.

"You are from the town on the hill?" he said.

"Aye, and we claim our man!"

"The man, do you mean, whom we took from your hands last night?"

"Aye, that man!"

"For what?"

"That we may burn him!" the man answered, his face lighting up with a gleam of frightful cruelty. "That we may do to him as he has done to us and our little ones. That we may burn him as he and his have burned us, from father to son, father to son, by the light of our own thatch! They have smoked us in our holes," he continued with ferocity, "as they smoke foxes; and we will smoke him! He has done to us that! And that!" He turned, and at a sign two of his five fellows stepped forward and held aloft the maimed and ghastly stumps of their arms. "And that! And that!" Again two stepped forward and pointed to their eyeless sockets. "And what he has done to us we will do to him!"

The abbess turned sick at the sight; but Des Ageaux answered with quietness.

"Yet what has he done to you, old man," he asked, "that you stand foremost?"

"He has blinded me there!" the madman answered, and with a strangely dramatic gesture pointed to his brow. "I am dark at times, and boys mock me! But to-day I am whole and well!"

"I will not give him up to you," the lieutenant replied with calm decision. "But if he has done the things of which you tell me, he, the man I hold, I will judge him myself and punish him. Nay"—staying them sternly as they began to cry out upon him—"listen to me now! I have listened to you. For all who come in and cease from pillage and burning and murder, I give my warrant that the past shall be overlooked. They shall be free to go back to their villages, or, if they dare not go back, they shall be settled elsewhere, with pardon for life and limb. But for those who do not come in, the burden of all will fall upon them! The law will pass upon them without mercy, and their gibbets will be on every road!"

"Not so!" the other cried, raising him-

self to his full height, and flinging his lean arms to heaven. "Not so, lord, for the time is full! Hear me, too, man of blood! We know you. You speak softly because the time is full, and you would fain cast in your lot with us and escape. But you are of those who ride in blood, and who trust in the strength of your armor, and who eat of the fat and drink of the strong, while the poor man perishes under the feet of your horses, while the earth groans under the load of your wickedness, and God is mocked. But the time is full, and there is an end of your gyves and your gibbets, your wheels and your molten lead! The fire is kindled that shall burn you. Is there one of you for ten of us? Can your horses bear you through the sea when the fire fills all the land? Three months have we burned all ways, and no man has been able to withstand our fire! For it grows! It grows!"

Fierce murmurings from the madman's fellows almost drowned Des Ageaux' voice when he went in answer.

"Your blood be on your own heads!" he said solemnly. "I have spoken you fairly. I have given you the choice of good and of evil."

"Nought but evil," the other cried, "can proceed out of your mouth! Now give us our man!"

"Never!"

"Then will we burn you for him!" the madman shrieked, in sudden frenzy, "when you fall into our hands! You and these—women with breasts of flint and hearts of the rock-core, who bathe in the blood of our infants and make a holiday of our torments! Beware, for when next we meet, you die!"

"Be it so," Des Ageaux replied, sternly restraining his men, who would have fallen on the hideous group. "But be gone!"

They turned away, mopping and mowing—one was a leper—and lifting hands of imprecation; and the abbess, while the litter was being lifted, was left for a moment with Des Ageaux. She hated him, but she did not understand him, and it was the desire to understand him that led her to speak.

"Why did you not seize the wretches," she asked haughtily, "and punish them?"

"Their turn will come," he replied coldly. "I would have saved them if I could."

"Saved them?" she exclaimed quickly. "Why?"

"Who knows what they have suffered to bring them to this?"

She laughed in scorn of his weakness—who fancied himself a match for the Captain of Vlaye! His cold words, his even manner, did not deceive her. He was a fool! Clearly, if she detached Joyeuse, there was nothing in this man that M. de Vlaye need fear.

She left him then. She had had no sleep the previous night, and, loath as she was to lose sight of the duke, or to give another the chance of supplanting her with him, she knew that she must rest. So weary, indeed, did she find herself after she had eaten, that the rough couch in the hut set apart for her—her women, after the mode of the day, slept across the door, or where they could—might have been a chamber in the heart of some guarded palace instead of a nook sheltered from curious eyes only by a wall of boughs. She had that healthiness which makes nerves and even conscience superfluous; and could not anywhere have slept better, or been less aware of the wild life about her. The slow tramp of armed men, the voices of the watch upon the earth-wall, which to waking ears told of danger and suspicion, were no more to her than the silent march of summer stars across the sky.

When she awoke on the following morning, refreshed and full of energy, the sun was an hour high, and the peasants' camp was astir. In one place the Bat was drilling his threescore men as if he had never ceased; in another food was being apportioned and forage assigned. Neither Des Ageaux nor her brothers were visible, but hard by her door the *vicomte*, with Bonne and Solomon in waiting, sat, a hand on either knee, and piteously gazed on the abnormal scene.

The uppermost feeling in the old man's mind was a querulous wonder—first, that he had allowed himself to be dragged from his house; secondly, that things were suffered to come to this pass, even since Coutras. How things had come to this, why his life and home had been broken up, why he had no voice in the matter, and why his sons, even crooked-back Roger, went and came and ordered, without so much as a "by your leave" or an "if you please," were points which by turns puzzled and enraged him; and in the consideration of which he found no comfort so great as that which Solomon assiduously administered.

"Ah!" the old servant said more than once, surveying with a jaundiced eye the crowded camp beyond the rivulet. "They are full of themselves! But I

mind the day—it was when you entertained the governors, my lord—when they'd have looked a few beside the servants we had to supper in the courtyard! A few they'd look, I'd sixty-two men, all men of their hands, and not naked gipsies like these, to my own table!"

Which was true; but Solomon forgot to add that it was the only table.

"Ah!" the *vicomte* said, pleased, though he knew that Solomon was lying. "Times are changed!"

"Since Coutras—devil take them!" Solomon rejoined, wagging his beard. "There were men then. 'Twas a word and a blow, and if we didn't run fast enough, it was to the bilboes with us, and we smarted! Your lordship remembers. But now, Heaven help us," he continued, with growing despondency as his eye alighted on Des Ageaux, who had just appeared in the distance, "the men might be women! Might be women, and mealy-mouthed at that!"

The *vicomte* laughed a cackling laugh. "You didn't think, man, that the Villeneuves would come to this?" he said.

"Never! And would nowise ha' believed it!"

"Who were once masters of all from Barbezieux to Vlaye!"

"And many a mile further!" Solomon cried, leaping on the proffered hobby. "There were the twenty manors of Passirac"—he began to count on his hands. "And the farms of Perneuil, more than I have fingers and toes. And the twenty manors of Cordé and the great mill there—the five windmills of Passirac I don't think worth mentioning, though they would make many a younger son a portion. Then the abbey lands of Vlaye, and the great mill there that took in toll as much as would keep many a *vicomte* of these times, saving your lordship's presence. And then at Brenau—"

Bonne, listening idly, heard so much. Then the abbess, who had joined the group unseen, touched her elbow, and with a low chuckle muttered in her ear:

"Do you see?"

"What?" Bonne asked innocently.

"Why he has dragged us all here."

Bonne followed the direction of her sister's hand, and slowly the color mounted to her cheeks.

"Why?" she asked, nevertheless. "I don't understand."

"His object!" Odette answered. "Don't you? It is plain enough—for the blind." And she pointed again to the lieutenant, who was standing at some distance from the group, in close talk

with the countess. "The Lieutenant of Périgord is a great man while the king pleases, and when the king no longer pleases is an adventurer like another—a broken officer living at ordinaries, at other men's charges. Such another as the creature they call the Bat! No better and no worse! But the Lieutenant of Périgord with the lands and lordships of Rochechouart were another and a different person. And none sees that more clearly than the Lieutenant of Périgord. He has made his opportunity, and he is not going to waste it!"

"At least, he is not the first to see his interest there!" was the retort that lay ready to Bonne's tongue; but she did not utter it.

She was silent, but her color fluttered, as the tender, weakling hope that she had been harboring died within her. Of course she should have known it! The prize that had attracted the Captain of Vlaye, the charm that had ousted even her handsome sister from his heart—was it likely that M. des Ageaux would be proof against it—proof against it when she had no prior claim, nor such counterclaims as beauty and brilliance? When she was but plain, homely, and country-bred, as her father often told her? She had been foolish; foolish in harboring the unmaidenly hope; foolish now in feeling so sharp and numbing a pain.

But perhaps most foolish in her inability to await his coming. For he and the little *countess* were approaching the group, though slowly; the girl talking with an animation of which a mere acquaintance would not have thought her capable. Bonne marked it, muttered something, and escaped before the two came within earshot.

She wanted to be alone, and to that end made for a tiny cup in the hillside, hidden from the Villeneuves' camp by the thick branches of the plane tree. She had discovered it the day before, but when she gained it now, in the hollow sat Roger looking on the scene below.

He nodded as if he were not in the best of tempers; which was strange, for he had been in high spirits an hour before. She sat down beside him, but some minutes elapsed before he opened his mouth.

"Lord, what a fool," he exclaimed finally, with something between a groan and a laugh, "a man can be!"

She did not answer; perhaps for the word "man" she was substituting the word "woman." He moved irritably in his seat.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed, "say something, Bonne! Of course it seems funny to you! Because she thanked me prettily the day I tried to cover her retreat to the house, when I tried to get her through the brook, you know; and—and because she talked to me the night before last as we rode—oh, you know—as if she liked it, I mean—I forgot!"

"Who she was," Bonne supplied quietly; thinking of some one else who had forgotten.

"And who I was!" he answered. "As if the *vicomte* had not ground it into me enough! If I were Charles, she would still be—who she is, and meat for my master. But as I am what I am," he laughed ruefully, "would you have thought I was such a fool, Bonne?"

"Poor Roger!" she said gently.

"She clung to me that day, but confessed it—" rubbing his head—"I must not think of it. I suppose she would have clung to old Solomon just the same!"

"I am afraid so," Bonne said, smiling faintly.

It was certain that she had not clung to any one; yet there were analogies.

"I suppose you—you saw them just now?"

"Yes, I saw them."

"She never talked to me like that! Why should she—a thing like me!" Poor Roger! "I knew the moment I cast eyes on them. You did, too, I suppose?"

"Yes," she answered.

Perhaps Roger had secretly hoped for a different reply; for he stared gloomily at the swarming huts visible above the trees.

"There is Charles," he said, "walking the ridge—against the sky-line there! Why cannot I be like him, as happy as a king, with his head full of battles and sieges, and the Bat more to him than any woman in the world! Why cannot I? With such a pair of shoulders as I have——"

"Dear lad!"

"I should be in his shoes and he in mine! Lord, what a fool!" with gloomy uncton. "What a fool! I must needs think of *her* when a peasant girl would not look at me! I must needs think of the Countess of Rochechouart! Oh, Lord, as if I had anything to give her, or aught I could do for her!"

Bonne did not reply on the instant; but presently she ventured: "There is something you could do for her. It is not much, but——"

"What?" he said. "I know nothing."
"You could help him."

"I?"

"The mouse helped the lion. You could help him and be at his side, and guard him—for her. Just as if you were a girl," Bonne continued, her voice sinking a little, "and—and felt for him as you feel for her, you could watch over her and protect her and keep her safe—for his sake. Though it would be harder for a woman, because women are jealous," Bonne added thoughtfully.

"And men too!" Roger rejoined from the depths of his small experience. "All the same, I will do it. And I am glad it is he. He won't beat her or shut her up and leave her in some lonely house, as court people do, I believe," he continued gloomily. "I'd as soon it was he as any one!"

Bonne nodded.

"That is agreed, then," she said softly; though a moment before she had sighed.

"Agreed?" Roger answered rather grumpily. "Well, if one person can agree, it is!" And then, thinking he had spoken thanklessly to the sister who had been his friend and consoler in many a dark hour when the shadow of his deformity had clouded his sunny nature, he laid his hand on hers and pressed it. "Well, agreed it is!" he said more brightly. "They came from their outside world to our poor little life, and we must help them back again, I suppose. I would not wish them ill, if—if it would make me straight again!"

"That is a big bribe," she said, smiling. "But neither do I—if it would make me as handsome as Odette!"

"No!"

They sat silent then. Far away on their left, where was the entrance to the camp from the river gorge, men were piling stones under the archway, so as to leave but a narrow passage in the middle. Below them, on the right, the Bat was drilling his forty pikemen, and alternately launching his lank form this way and that in a fever of impatience. On the sky-line men were pacing to and fro, searching with keen eyes the misty distance of glen and hill; and ever and anon the squal of a war horse rang above the multitudinous sounds of the camp. On every side, wherever the eye rested, it discovered signs of strife and turmoil, harbingers of pain and death.

But—though the two who looked down on this scene neither knew it nor thought of it—with them, in their little hollow above the strife, was a power mightier

than any; the power that in its highest form does indeed make the world go round; the one power in the world that is above fortune, above death, above the creeds—or shall we say behind them? For such is love in its highest form, the love that gives and does not ask, and being denied—loves. In their clear moments men know that this love is the only real thing in the world—and a thousand times more substantial, more existent, than the objects we grasp and see.

XIV.

THERE is born of the enthusiasm of self-denial a happiness which, while the fervor lasts, seems sufficing. The skirmish that has routed the van of jealousy stands for the battle; nor does the victor foresee that with the fall of night the enemy will flock again to the attack, and by many an insidious onset strive to change the fortune of the day.

Still, once to have felt the generous impulse, once to have trodden down the foe, and stood god-like above the baser thoughts, is something. And if Bonne and her brother were presently to find the victory less complete than they thought, if they were to know moments when the worse in them raised its head, they were but as the best of us.

And again—a reflection somewhat more humorous. Had these two been able to read the mind of the man of whom each was thinking, they had met with so curious an enlightenment that they had hardly been able to look at each other. To say that Des Ageaux entertained no tender feeling for any one were not quite true; but if during the last few days a weakness of that kind had, unwelcome and unbidden, crept into his heart, he kept it sternly in the background. He had naught to do with such things; and certainly it did not tend in the direction of the countess.

In point of fact, the lieutenant had other and more serious food for thought: other and more pressing anxieties. Forty-eight hours had disclosed the weakness of the position in which he had placed himself. He foresaw, if not the certainty, the probability of defeat. And defeat in the situation he had taken up might be attended by hideous consequences.

These were not slow to cast their shadows. The two on the hill had not sat long before the sounds which rose from the camp below took insensibly a sterner note. Roger was the first to mark the

change. Rousing himself and shaking off his lugubrious mood, he asked:

"What is that? Do you hear, Bonne? It sounds like trouble somewhere."

"Trouble?" she repeated, still half in dreams.

"Yes, by Jove, but listen! And what has become?"—he was on his feet by this time—"of the Bat's ragged regiment? They have vanished."

"They must be behind the tree," Bonne answered.

Moved by the same impulse, they walked a little aside along the slope until they could see the section of the camp immediately below them, which had been out of sight before. The little group which Bonne had left when her feelings compelled her to flight remained in the same phase; but all who formed it, the *vicomte* and his eldest daughter as well as Des Ageaux and the countess, were now on their feet. The *vicomte* and the ladies stood together; while Des Ageaux, who had placed himself before them, confronted a body of men, full a hundred in number, composed in great part of those whom the Bat had been lately drilling.

Whether these had broken from his control, and gathered their fellows as they moved, or the impulse had come from outside and they were but recruits, their presence rendered the movement formidable. They were not, indeed, of so low and savage a type as the creatures who had met Des Ageaux in the gate the previous day; but viewed in this serried mass, their lowering faces and clenched hands called up a vivid sense of danger. They must have made some noise as they approached; that it was which Roger had heard. But now they were fallen silent. A grim mass of scowling, hard-breathing men, their small, suspicious eyes glaring through tangled locks irresistibly reminded the observer of that quarry the most dangerous of all the beasts of chase, the wild boar.

Bonne's color faded as her eyes took in the meaning of the scene; she grew still paler as her brain pictured for the first time the things that might happen in this camp of outlaws, of whose real sentiments the intruders had so little knowledge, at whose possible treachery it was so easy to guess! Time has not wiped, time never will wipe, from the French memory the fear of a *jacquerie*, a peasant rising. The horrors of the hideous revolt, of its outbreak and its suppression, are stamped on the minds of the unborn.

"What is it?" she repeated more than once, her heart fluttering.

How very, very near he stood, alone and unarmed, to the line of scowling men!

"A mutiny, I fear!" Roger answered hastily. "Come!"

With face slightly flushed he hurried, running and sliding down the slope. She was not three paces behind him when he reached the foot. Here they lost sight of the scene for an instant, but quickly passed between two huts and reached the *vicomte's* side. Des Ageaux was speaking.

"I cannot give you the man," he said; "but I can give you justice."

"Justice?" the spokesman of the peasants retorted bitterly; he wore the dress of a smith and belonged to that craft. "Who ever heard but of one sort of justice for the poor man? Justice, sir governor, is the poor man's right to be hanged! The poor man's right to be scourged! The poor man's right to be broken on the wheel! To see his hut burned and his wife borne off! That is the justice the poor man gets—be it high or low, king's or lord's!"

"Aye! Aye!" the stern chorus rose from a hundred throats behind him. "That is the poor man's justice!"

"It is to put an end to such things I am here," Des Ageaux replied, marking with watchful eye the faces before him.

"There was never a beginning of such things, and there will never be an end!" the smith returned, the hopelessness of a thousand years of wrong in his words. "Never! But give us this man—he has done all these things, he and his master—and we will believe you."

"I cannot give him to you," Des Ageaux answered. It was a question of a prisoner, one of Vlaye's followers, whom the Old Crocans had yesterday required to be given up to them. "But I have told you, and I tell you again," the lieutenant continued, reading mischief in the men's faces, "you shall have justice. If this man has wronged you, and you can prove it——"

"If!" the peasant cried, and, baring his right arm, he raised his clenched fist to heaven.

But the lieutenant went on as if the man had not spoken. "If you can prove these things upon him by witnesses here present——"

"You will give him to us!"

"No, I will not do that!"

"You will give him to us!" the smith repeated, refusing to hear the denial.

All along the line of scowling faces—the line that wavered ominously at moments of emotion, as if it would break about the little group—ran a swift gleam of white teeth. But Des Ageaux did not blench. He raised his hand for silence, and his voice was steady as a rock as he made answer.

"No," he said, "I will not give him to you. He belongs neither to me nor to you, but to God and the king, whose is justice."

"To God!" the other snarled. "Whose is justice! Rather, whose servants hold the lamb that the devils may flay it! And for the king, sir governor, a fig for him! Our own hands are worth a dozen kings!"

"Stay!" The line was swaying; in the nick of time the lieutenant's voice, and perhaps something in his eye, stayed it. "Listen to me one moment," he continued. "To-morrow morning—for I have not time to-day—the man you accuse shall be tried. If he be guilty, before noon he shall die. If he be not guilty he shall go!"

There was a murmur of protest; but Des Ageaux only raised his head higher and spoke more sternly.

"He shall go!" he repeated—and for the moment he mastered them. "If he be innocent he shall go! What more do you claim? To what beyond have you a right? And now"—as he saw them pause, angry but undecided—"for yourselves! I have told you, I tell you again, that this is your last chance. That I and the offer I make you are your last hope! There is a man there"—with his forefinger he singled out a tall youth with a long, narrow face and light blue eyes—"who promises that when you are attacked he will wave his arm, and Vlaye and his riders will fall on their faces as fell the walls of Jericho! Do you believe him? Will you trust your wives and children to him? And another"—again he singled out a man, a beetle-browed dwarf, hideous of aspect, survivor of some ancient race—"who promises victory if you will sacrifice your captives on yonder stone! Do you believe him? And if you do not trust these, in what do you trust? Can naked men stand before mailed horses? Can you take castles with your bare hands? You have left your villages, you have slain your oxen, you have burned your tools, you have slain your lords' men, you have taken the field. Have peasants ever done these things, and not perished sooner or later on gibbets and in dungeons? And such will be

your fate, and the fate of your women and your children, if you will go your way and will not listen!"

"What do you promise us?" The question in various forms broke from a dozen throats.

"First, justice on the chief of your oppressors."

"The Captain of Vlaye?"

"The same."

"Aye! Aye!" Their harsh cries marked approval. Some with dark looks spat on their hands, and worked their right arms to and fro.

"Next," Des Ageaux continued, "that which never peasant who took the field had yet—pardon for the past. To those who fear not to go back, leave to return to their homes. To those who have broken their lords' laws, a settlement elsewhere with their wives and children. To every man of his hands, when he leaves, ten deniers out of the spoils of Vlaye to carry him to his home."

Nine out of ten marked their approval by a shout; and Des Ageaux heaved a sigh of relief, thinking all well. But the smith turned and exchanged some words with the men nearest him, chiding them and reminding them of something. Then he turned again.

"And for all this what pledge, sir governor?" he asked with a sneer. "What warranty that when we have done our part we shall not to gibbet or gallows like our fellows?"

"The king's word!"

"Aye? And hostages? What hostages?"

"Hostages?" The lieutenant's voice rang sharp with anger.

"Aye, hostages!" the man answered sturdily, informed by the murmurs of his fellows that he had got them back into the road from which Des Ageaux' arguments had led them. "We must have hostages!"

Clearly they had made up their minds to this beforehand; for with one voice, "We must have hostages!" they cried.

Des Ageaux paused before he answered. He was dismayed. It looked as if he had put out his hand too far—as if he had trusted too implicitly to his management of men, and risked not himself only, but women; women of the class to whom these human beasts set down their wrongs, women on whom the least accident or provocation might lead them to wreak their vengeance! If it were so! But he dared not follow up the thought, lest the coolness on which all depended should leave him.

"We are all your hostages," he said, instead.

"And what of those? And those?" the smith answered. With a cunning look he pointed to the two knots of troopers whom Des Ageaux had brought with him. "And by and by there will be more. *Madame*"—he pointed to the little countess, who had shrunk to Bonne's side, and stood with the elder girl's arm about her—"madame has sent for fifty riders from her lands in the north—oh, we know! And the duke who is ill, for another hundred and fifty from Bergerac! When they come"—with a leer—"where will be our hostages? No, it is now we must talk, sir governor, or not at all."

Des Ageaux, his cheek flushed, reflected amid an uneasy silence. He knew that two of his riders were away bearing letters, and that four more were patrolling the valley; that two, with Charles de Villeneuve, were isolated on the ridge, unable to help; in a word, that no more than twelve or thirteen were within call. These, separated from their horses, were no match for a mob of men outnumbering them by five or six to one, and whom the first blow would recruit from every quarter of the camp.

He had indeed miscalculated, and saw it. He had miscalculated fatally; and the consequences he dared not weigh. The men in whose power he had placed himself—and so much more than himself—were not the dull, honest clods he had deemed them, but alike ferocious and suspicious, ready on the first hint of treachery to exact a fearful vengeance. No man had ever kept faith with them; why should they believe that he would keep faith? He shut his teeth hard.

"I will consider the matter," he said, "and let you know my answer to-morrow at noon;" and he made as if he would turn on his heel.

"When *madame's* fifty spears are come?" the smith cried. "That will not do! If you mean us well, give us hostages. If you mean us ill—" And he took one step forward with an insolent gesture.

"Fool, I mean you no ill!" the lieutenant answered sternly. "If I meant you ill, why should I be here?"

"Hostages! Hostages!" the crowd answered, raising weapons and fists.

Their cries drowned his words. A score of hands threatened him. Without looking, he felt that the Bat and his troopers, a little clump apart, were preparing to intervene; and he knew that on

his next movement all depended. The pale faces behind him he could not see, for he was aware that if his eye left his opponents they would fall upon him. At any second a hurried gesture, or the least sign of fear, might unloose the torrent; and well was it for all that in many a like scene his nerve had been tempered to hardness. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "you shall have your hostages."

"Aye, aye!" A sudden relaxation, a falling back into quietude of the seething mass approved him. "You shall have my lieutenant," he continued, "and——"

"And I will be the other," cried Roger manfully. He stepped forward. "I am the son of *monsieur le vicomte* there. I will be your hostage," he added.

But the smith, turning to his followers, grinned.

"We'd be little the better for them," he said. "Eh? No, sir governor! We must have our choice!"

"Your choice, rogues?"

"Aye! We'll have the pick!" The crowd shouted. "The best of the basket!" added the smith, amid ferocious laughter.

Des Ageaux had known for some hours that he had done a foolish, a fatally foolish thing in trusting these men, whom no man had ever trusted. He saw now that only two courses stood open to him. He might strike the smith down at his feet, and risk all on the effect the act might have on his followers; or he might yield what they asked, allow them to choose their hostages, and trust to time and skill for the rest. His instincts were all for the bolder course; but he had women behind him, women!—and their chance in a conflict so unequal must be desperate. With a quietness and firmness characteristic of the man, he accepted his defeat.

"Very well," he said. "It matters nothing. Whom will you have?"

"Then we'll have you," the smith replied, grinning, "and her!"

With a grimy hand he pointed to the little countess, who, with Bonne's arm about her, and Fulbert at her elbow, was staring on the line of savage faces with fascinated eyes.

"You cannot have a lady!" the lieutenant answered, with a chill at his heart.

"Aye, but it is she who has the riders who are coming!" the smith retorted shrewdly. "It is her we want, and it is her we'll have! We'll do her no harm, and she may have her own hut on our

side there, and her woman with her, and a man, if she pleases. And you may have a hut beside hers, if one"—with a wink—"won't do for the two!"

"But, man," Des Ageaux cried, his brow dark, "how can I take Vlaye and his castle while I lie a hostage?"

"Oh, you shall go to and fro, to and fro, sir governor!" the smith answered lightly. "We'll not be too strict if you are there at night. And we will know ourselves safe. And as we live by bread," he continued stoutly, "we'll do her no harm if faith be kept with us!"

Des Ageaux endeavored to hide his emotion, but the sweat stood on his brow. Defeat is bitter to all; most bitter to the man who has long been successful.

"I will go!" said the countess suddenly; and she stepped forward by the lieutenant's side, a little figure, shrinking, yet resolute. "I will go," she repeated, trembling with excitement yet facing the men.

"No!" Roger cried—and then was silent. It was not for him to speak. What could he do?

"We will all go!" Bonne said.

"Nay, but that will not do," the smith replied with a sly grimace. "For then they"—he pointed to the little knot of troopers, who waited with sullen faces a short arrow-shot away—"would be coming, too. The lady may bring a woman if she pleases, and her man there, as I said." He nodded toward Fulbert. "But no more, or we are no gainers!"

To the lieutenant that moment was one of the bitterest of his life. He, the king's governor, who had passed as master, who had forced the *vicomte* and his party to come into his plans, stood outgeneraled by a mob of peasants whom he had thought to use as tools! And not only that, but the young countess, whose safety he had made the pretext for the abandonment of the château, must surrender herself to a risk more serious—aye, far more serious, than that from which he had made this ado to save her!

Humiliation could scarce go farther. It was to his credit, it was perhaps some proof of his capacity for government, that, seeing the thing inevitable, he refrained from useless words or protest, and sternly agreed. He and the countess would remove to the farther side of the camp in the course of the day.

"With a man and a maid only?" the smith persisted, knitting his brows; for having got what he had asked, he doubted.

"The Countess of Rochechouart will

be so attended," the lieutenant answered sternly.

"And you, sir governor?"

"I am a soldier," he retorted so curtly that they were abashed.

With some muttering, they began to melt away, and gradually retired across the rivulet to their quarters. He had been almost happy had that ended it. But he had to face those whom he had led into this trap, those whom he had forced to trust him. He was not long in learning their views.

"A soldier!" the *vicomte* repeated, taking up his last word in a voice shaking with passion. "You call yourself a soldier, and you bring us to this! To this!" With loathing he described the outline of the camp with his staff. "You a soldier and cast women to these devils! Pah! Since Contras there may be such soldiers! But in my time, no!"

Des Ageaux did not reply; and the abbess took up the tale.

"Excellent!" she said with bitterest irony. "We are all now assured of your prudence and sagacity, sir! The safety and freedom which we enjoy here, the ease of mind which the countess will doubtless enjoy to-night—"

"Do not frighten her, *mademoiselle*!" he said, repressing himself. Then, as if an impulse moved him, he turned slowly to Bonne. "Have you nothing to add, *mademoiselle*?" he asked.

"Nothing!" she answered bravely. It needed some courage to speak before her father and sister. "Were I in the countess' place I should not fear! I am sure she will be safe with you."

"Safe!" Odette cried, her eyes flashing. In the excitement of the moment the plans she had so recently made were forgotten. "Aye, as safe as a lamb among wolves! As safe as a nun among robbers! So safe that I for one am for leaving this moment."

"*Mademoiselle*—"

"No, sir!" she retorted, turning from the lieutenant. "I did not speak to you—but to you, *monsieur le vicomte*! Sir, you hear me? Is it not your will that we order the horses and go from here?"

"If we can go safely—"

"You cannot go safely!" Des Ageaux said with returning decision. "If you have nothing to fear from Vlaye, the countess has. Nor is that all. These men"—he pointed in the direction of the peasants, who were buzzing about their huts like a swarm of bees—mean us no harm if we mean them none. But the Old

Crocons, as they call themselves, in the town on the hill—if you fall into their hands, *monsieur le vicomte*, God help you!"

"God help us whether or no!" the *vicomte* answered in senile anger. "I wash my hands of it all, of it all! I am nothing here and have been nothing! Let who will, do! The world is mad!"

"Certainly we were mad when we trusted you!" the abbess cried, addressing Des Ageaux. "Never so mad! But if I mistake not, here is another with good news. Oh"—to the Bat, who with a shamefaced air was hovering on the skirts of the group, as if he were not sure of his reception—"speak, sir, without reserve!"

Des Ageaux turned to his follower.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The prisoner is missing, my lord."

The abbess laughed. The others looked at the Bat with faces of dismay. This was a fresh blow, and a serious one.

"Missing? The man they wish tried? How?" Des Ageaux exclaimed.

"When I saw, my lord, we were like to be in trouble here, I drew off the two men who were guarding him. He was bound, and we had too few as it was."

"But he cannot pass the ramparts!"

"Any way, we cannot find him," the Bat answered, looking uncomfortable. "I've searched the huts, and—"

"Is it known?"

"No, my lord."

"Then set the guards over the hut in which you had him, and see that the matter does not leak out to-night."

"But," the Bat objected, "if they discover that he is gone while you are in their quarters, my lord! They are in an ugly mood, and—"

"They must not discover it," Des Ageaux answered firmly. "Go, see to it yourself. And let two men whom you can trust continue the search, but as if they had lost something of their own."

The Bat went on his errand. The abbess, with this fresh weapon in her quiver, prepared to resume the debate; but the lieutenant would not have it.

"*Mademoiselle*," he said, with a look which silenced her, "if you say more to alarm the countess, whose courage"—he bowed in the direction of the pale, frightened girl—"is an example to us all, she will not dare to go this evening. And if she does not go, the lives of all will be in danger. An end of this, then, if you please!"

He turned on his heel, and left them.

(To be continued.)

Cartoons and Their Makers.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE EDITOR OF JUDGE WRITES OF THE LEADING AMERICAN CARTOONISTS AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS, AND TELLS FROM INSIDE ACQUAINTANCE OF THEIR METHODS, THE DIFFICULTIES UNDER WHICH THEY WORK, AND THE STRANGE MISTAKES THEY HAVE SOMETIMES MADE.

THE great editors of the past are no more, but the cartoonist's influence as a regulator of public morals and as a foe to official wrong-doing is as potent now as it was in the days of Hogarth. They are only thoughtless observers who say that his art has seen its most brilliant triumphs, and that the best cartoons were drawn long ago. As a matter of fact, there will always be inspiration for new ones while frail human nature remains what it is.

While the dishonest official and the

candidate of doubtful record stand in salutary dread of the cartoonist's power, many public men regard his pencil with a peculiar spirit of yearning. To not a few of them, the honor of appearing in a cartoon, even in the background of the picture, is a gratifying admission of their importance. It is a matter of history that almost any political light will send his photograph for such purpose on demand. Indeed, Congressmen have forwarded portraits unsolicited, on the chance of dropping into a place in some picture which in their native towns would be sufficient evidence of their political eminence.



"SENATOR PLATT SMILES"—
A SPECIMEN OF DAVENPORT'S HUMOROUS
DRAFTSMANSHIP.

Copyrighted by Homer C. Davenport.



HOMER CALVIN DAVENPORT, WHO HAS MADE A
GREAT REPUTATION AS AN ASSAILANT
OF THE TRUSTS.

From a photograph by Russell, San Francisco.

THE CARTOONS OF JOSEPH KEPPLER.

It has often been said of the cartoon that its chief force lies in the fact that it conveys an idea, tells a story, or provokes a smile, any or all of which results could not be reached in columns of cold, clammy type. In other words, a cartoon conveys at a glance as much as one could gain from an hour's reading—which is a great saving of time and an undeniable benefit to weak eyes. I should like to see some particularly good word-painter attempt, for instance, a description of the late Joseph Keppler's cartoon on the death of

Brigham Young that would make any one smile. At best, it would be as realistic as a quotation from an instalment furniture catalogue, and nothing more. And yet this cartoon was one of *Puck's* earliest great hits. It produced no end of laughter from one end of the country to the other, and no one could look upon it to-day without feeling and appreciating all its force and yielding to its mirthful influence. There never lived a man who could set forth Roscoe Conkling's topknot in a column of words as Keppler did it with a stroke of the pencil.

Many of Keppler's cartoons will be enjoyed when the events that suggested and inspired them are mere moth-eaten memories. His sallies at the expense of the late Dr. Talmage are still fresh in minds already old, as is the letter of this divine to their author, in which his genius was generously and gracefully extolled, and the wish expressed that the spirits of Michelangelo and Correggio might continue to hover about him.

An illustration of Keppler's quickness to grasp an idea and turn it to account may be given by reference to a trifling incident. One day, when the Chinese exclusion bill was attracting public attention, a member of the *Puck* staff playfully asked him if he thought the President would veto a Chinese laundry bill. His reply was to call the office-boy. When that dignitary appeared on the scene, he was ordered to take Keppler's cuffs, which the artist had pulled off for the purpose, to a Chinese laundry. The boy returned with the Chinaman's bill, which was reproduced, and on the front page of *Puck*, the following week, was displayed "The only Chinese Bill that the President Cannot Veto."

BERNHARD GILLAM'S WORK IN 1884.

Probably no one understood the power of Bernhard Gillam's crayon bet-

ter than did Mr. Blaine, who as "Phryne Before Her Judges" became the central figure of one of the strongest and most telling cartoons ever designed. This, however, was not the Maine statesman's debut as the Tattooed Man. If my



"THE LADY AND THE TIGER, OR COLUMBIA'S PERIL"—
ONE OF THE LATE THOMAS NAST'S ANTI-TAMMANY
CARTOONS.

memory does not play me false, that famous figure first appeared in a cartoon called "*Puck's Dime Museum.*" One of the great dime museum attractions of the early eighties was the Tattooed Greek, Captain Costentenus; and when the cartoon was being constructed, and the various candidates for the Presidential nomination, then almost due, had been transformed into ossified men, bearded women, and what not, the question came up who should be the exemplar of artistic tattooing. David



THOMAS NAST (1840-1902), THE PIONEER OF MODERN CARTOONING IN AMERICA.

From a copyrighted photograph by MacDonald, New York.

Davis was the original selection, it being at first considered that his Falstaffian proportions would in themselves give him the necessary laugh-provoking qualifications. But afterwards it was decided that, considering his opportunities, he was much too exemplary a statesman, and that the part of the Tattooed Man would be wantonly wasted and thrown away on him. In casting about for one whose shortcomings, actual or fancied, would fit him for this great

rôle, it was suggested by Carl Hauser, the Hungarian Douglas Jerrold, that Blaine should be used, and that reference to certain scandals that had been connected with his name should be interwoven among the tattoo-lines with which he was so generously embroidered by the artist.

One of the many effects of the instant sensation created by the Tattooed Man cartoons was the declaration of a Western statesman—Senator Windom, I be-

lieve—that after Mr. Blaine's election a law would be passed to regulate cartooning, or to fix limitations and restrictions on the cartoonist which would virtually gag him. The threat, of course, proved an idle one.

MISTAKES IN CARTOONS.

A cartoonist will often reveal his early environment unconsciously in a picture. He will supply the interior of a town house, for instance, with farm-house furniture, and put a rag carpet in the drawing-room. He will set glass kerosene lamps on the table, and a door-mat at the front

"NO MAN IS GOOD ENOUGH TO GOVERN ANOTHER MAN WITHOUT THAT MAN'S CONSENT."



"LEST WE FORGET"—BUSH SHOWS THE SHADE OF LINCOLN WARNING UNCLE SAM AGAINST IMPERIALISM.



CHARLES G. BUSH, FORMERLY CARTOONIST OF THE NEW YORK HERALD, NOW OF THE NEW YORK WORLD.

door whose bosom is emblazoned with the legend "Home, Sweet Home." The man still lives in the enjoyment of a national reputation and a handsome income who once drew a cornfield in which all the ears of corn grew at the top of the stalks. Letters poured into the office from all over the country calling his attention to the mistake; for such an error never fails to stimulate the ever-ready letter-writer to action. One facetious correspondent suggested that in his next cornfield picture he should show the ears growing in great pendulous bunches like bananas.

The same artist once had occa-



JOSEPH KEPPLER (1838-1894), THE FAMOUS CARTOONIST WHO WAS ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF PUCK.

From a photograph by Kurtz, New York.



EUGENE ZIMMERMAN, WHO HAS FOR MANY YEARS BEEN ONE OF THE CARTOONISTS OF JUDGE.

From a photograph by Phelan, New York.

sion to satirize the authorities for allowing steamboats which should have been condemned to take out great excursion parties. He drew a huge craft, like one that had recently been blown up—the accident had given rise to the cartoon—and represented it as gliding along at a great rate of speed without paddle-wheels. The paddle-boxes were there, but they were superfluous so far as utility was concerned, as they contained no wheels.

Perhaps the most curious mistake



J. S. FUGHE, ONE OF THE CARTOONISTS OF PUCK.

From a photograph by Harris & Greene, Utica, New York.

that was ever made by an artist may be credited to Graetz, a Viennese importation who created more merriment in the office of *Puck* than he ever did among that paper's readers. This merry jester made the hit of his life when he drew a political cartoon in which John Kelly figured centrally. The picture represented the then Tammany chief keeping a mill-stream in check by holding the wheel against it. The action in the holder of the wheel was perfect, so far as protruding muscles

were concerned; but the most casual observer was likely to notice that Mr. Kelly was throwing his weight and strength in the direction in which the stream was

were laid out for him. He was told where to put the "independent voter," or "John Sherman," or "monopoly," and the other conventional ingredients



"GRAB ANYTHING IN SIGHT, GENTLEMEN, BUT DON'T TREAD ON MY FEET!"—ZIMMERMAN'S DEPICTION OF UNCLE SAM CHECKMATING THE EUROPEAN LAND-GRABBERS.

Copyright, 1907, by the Judge Company, New York.

running, and that his efforts should have increased the speed of the wheel as well as that of the stream. The author of the above masterpiece could not speak English, and only drew pictures that

of the cartoon. To ask him what they meant would be to cause him to hold his hands up and cry:

"Don't can tell!"

Other mistakes quite as laughable

were made by the paper itself. Its subjects for cartoons were selected by the staff, with a view to producing as strong a picture as possible. After the subject had been selected and the editorial conference was ended, the design was laid out in a sketch and worked up, frequently by more than one hand, even as it had been thought out by more than



ARTHUR YOUNG, A CLEVER CARTOONIST ON THE STAFF OF THE NEW YORK JOURNAL.

From a photograph by Feeley, New York.

one head. It was often necessary to use the finest judgment, when a picture was made to hit off an event that had not at the time taken place. To make, for instance, a cartoon on Wednesday to suit an election that would not be decided until the following Tuesday was often a piece of work that required the most elaborate and subtle reasoning. To hit the situation and be simultaneous with it was always a great triumph. At the same time, to miss it, while it raised a laugh at the expense of the paper, was sometimes considered a good joke which did no harm.

Puck's cartoon on the victory of Cleveland over Folger in 1882, in which Folger was running to catch the ferry-boat of victory which was quite

beyond his reach, with the simple word of explanation, "Left," made a sensation never to be forgotten. That cartoon, made a few days before the election, came out on the day following the contest. Another, made on the same plan, was not so successful. When Hill was running for the Governorship, a couple of years later, his defeat seemed almost certain, and the nearer the day of election came the more firmly the people were convinced that a Republican victory was about to go on record. About this time the celebrated elephant Jumbo was killed by being thrown off the track by a locomotive. The particulars, as given by the newspapers, were that Jumbo's baby was on the track, and that the parent pachyderm tossed it out of the way and into safety, and then met the oncoming locomotive with outstretched trunk and head. *Puck* saw in this tragedy a fine parallel of the political situation in the State of New York, and the incident was utilized as the basis of a cartoon in which Hill figured as Jumbo knocked off the track by the Republican express. I cannot recall what Hill had tossed off the track as the equivalent of the baby elephant, but I do remember that there was a good deal of fun in the cartoon, chiefly owing to the fact that Hill was elected—in other words, he was the express train and his opponent was the badly battered pachyderm.

Often, in an uncertain contest, a picture was made to cover the case no matter which way the election might go—some such thing as a picture of Uncle Sam dancing a jig and exclaiming: "Everything is right!"

An idea derived from a newspaper incident, like that of the death of Jumbo, is usually more acceptable to the people than one taken from a mythological or Biblical story. The average man is not always familiar with the latter, and then the effect is lost. But show him a folding-bed marked "Trusts" in the act of reducing to pulp a dreamer branded "Honest Workingman," and you have something that will thrill him to the core.

Still, classic canvases are constantly being reproduced with new characters and with quaint variations. "Phryne

Before Her Judges," before mentioned, is a notable example. Raphael's cherubs are another favorite subject. Belshazzar and the handwriting on the wall, and Persens breaking the fetters of Andromeda, have also done royal service. Well-known advertising cuts have also been used with great effect. One that set forth the virtues of some patent medicine and consisted in a back view of a boy and a dog sitting on a plank, leaning against each other, while looking across a great stretch of marsh-land, was reproduced by Bernhard Gillam in his celebrated "Me and Jack" picture, which showed Blaine and Logan as the small boy and the black dog in a manner that caused people of both parties to laugh in their keen appreciation of an uneclipsable good thing.

Bernhard Gillam's drawing was often such that one could not make up one's mind if his shortcomings were as a draftsman or as an anatomist, or both. He was sensitive on this point, and was once cut to the quick by a companion's remark that if his salary ever got as



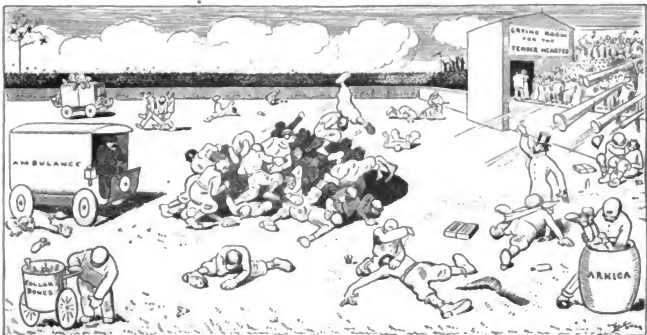
"RETRIBUTION; OR, THE FATE OF THE INVENTOR OF THE BARBED WIRE FENCE," AS PICTURED BY ARTHUR YOUNG.

much out of drawing as some of his figures, even with the assistance of the cashier he would never be able to gain anything like a fair idea of how his account stood. He never drew a hat that appeared to fit the wearer. It would seem as if the man had his brother's tile, or had taken a stranger's on coming out of a restaurant. Yet it must be acknowledged that Gillam's cartoons were as powerful, in their

way, as were Nast's in the early seventies. The Tweed Ring is remembered to-day chiefly by Nast's cartoons, notably the one entitled "We Are Innocent—Too Thin!" which represented Tweed and his compatriots drawn up into a most fearful and wonderful condition of tallness and thinness, and with facial expressions calculated to establish their innocence beyond all reasonable doubt.

NAST AND WALES, PIONEER CARTOONISTS.

Wales made a companion picture, called simply "Too Thick," which represented the four leaders of the ring as standing about four feet high and four feet wide, dressed in convict stripes and



"INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL"—A CHARACTERISTIC DRAWING OF ARTHUR YOUNG'S, FULL OF HUMOROUS DETAIL.

fastened together with chains upon which the conventional balls were attached. These cartoons attracted wide attention at the time, and neither Nast nor Wales ever made greater hits subsequently, although the former will long be remembered by his pictures of Horace Greeley with a tag on his coat-tail upon which was inscribed "And Gratz Brown."

Wales, at his best, was a strong cartoonist. He was, moreover, a man who knew how to draw, and did not belong to the stencil-plate school. At that period an inferior draftsman had a much better chance of



BERNHARD GILLAM (1858-1896), WHOSE DEATH
LOST TO AMERICA ONE OF HER STRONGEST
CARTOONISTS.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

survival than he would have to-day, partly on account of the general heightening of our artistic standards, and partly for a reason less obvious to the lay reader. The cartoons of the old days were drawn on box-wood, which was passed on to the engraver, who went to work upon it with his burin; and when he finished with it, there was of course nothing left of the original drawing. In consequence, the draftsman always held the engraver responsible for any fault or error that might appear on the printed page, and was wont to accuse him, with fine emotion, of having whit-



"THE REAL YELLOW PERIL"—AN EFFECTIVE RECENT CARTOON FROM PUCK, IN WHICH JOSEPH KEPPLER (SON OF THE LATE JOSEPH KEPPLER) GIVES HIS CONCEPTION OF THE TRUE RELATIVE STATUS OF JAPAN AND RUSSIA.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE—WITH APOLOGIES TO A POPULAR PICTURE"—VICTOR GILLAM USES A WELL-KNOWN ADVERTISING DESIGN AS THE FOUNDATION OF A JUDGE CARTOON ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

tled out the picture with an oyster-knife or an ax.

Much of the success of *Puck's* cartoons, in the old days, was due to Bun-

ner's accompanying editorials, which were always able, convincing, and to the point. He wrote them in prose or verse, as the occasion demanded, and with equal grace and finish. The threnodies which appeared on the editorial page on Grant, Sherman, Garfield, and Longfellow, when their portraits were printed in *Puck*, will compare favorably with anything else of a like character, especially when it is considered that each of them was thrown off in an hour or two. It was often said of Bunner that he could write any-

thing well, from a novel to a soap advertisement, and it was no exaggeration of his versatility.

No one will fancy that the cartoon-

ists' art is decadent who has followed Grant Hamilton and Zimmerman in *Judge*, and Taylor, Dalrymple, and the younger Keppler in *Puck*, for the past few years. They have proved by their clever utilization of subjects, as well as by their skill in execution, that cartooning will always be a force so long as there are topics to treat and men who can turn them to account. A more recent light is Homer Davenport, who came out of the wilds of Oregon about eight years ago. He had not been in the office of the New York *American* very long



VICTOR GILLAM, ONE OF THE CARTOONISTS OF *JUDGE*.

From a photograph by Phelan, New York.

before he made the late Mark Hanna's dollar-sign raiment as famous as Rogers had made the "grandfather's hat" which almost entirely concealed President Benjamin Harrison's head in

which appeared in the *New York Evening Journal*, created something like two million simultaneous and continuous laughs a day—until it was abruptly discontinued at the time of Mr. McKinley's assassination.

Another side-splitting series by the same artist was one in which Mr. Roosevelt was put through a number of perilous hunting adventures. It is said that the President greatly enjoyed these friendly sallies, and wrote a letter of appreciation to their author. Mr. Oppen has recently been lightening the cares of farming in Connecticut by drawing a series entitled "The Gold Brick Guards," in which the trusts are unmercifully hammered, but in a way that forces a hearty laugh from men of all shades of political belief.

Among the other men who are doing good work two of the most prominent are Eugene Zimmerman and Victor Gillam, of *Judge*. The former, whose broadly humorous drawings bear the brief and

familiar signature of "Zim," was one of the late Joseph Keppler's discoveries. He was a sign painter when some of his rough sketches fell into Keppler's hands and revealed the possibilities of genius. Victor Gillam, whose cartoons are signed with his Christian name, is a younger brother of Bernhard Gillam, and a more artistic if less forcible draftsman.

Others whose names should not be



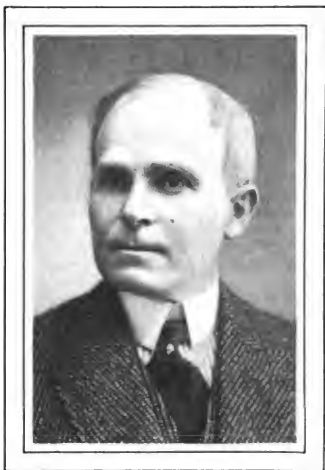
"FRIENDS!"—OPPEN'S CARTOON ON THE FRATERNAL CORDIALITY OF UNCLE SAM AND JOHN BULL.

many a good cartoon. The Davenport cartoons were so successful that they were afterwards brought out in book form. Some of the originals were bought by Mr. Hanna, which fact should be sufficient proof that he thought them artistic triumphs.

But perhaps the best cartoons of the Presidential campaign of 1900, for pure and simple fun, were Oppen's drawings of "Willie and His Papa." This series,

omitted are Powers, Griffin, Nelan, Richards, Howarth, Flohri, Swinnerton, Dan Smith, C. J. Taylor; Rudolph Dirks, originator of the Katzenjammer Kids; and Schultz, the genial creator of "Foxy Grandpa." This last famous series, which began in the New York *Herald*, is still going on in the *American*, with no apparent likelihood of stopping. Like Palmer Cox' "Brownies" and Outcault's "Buster Brown," it has been successfully staged.

Almost every Western newspaper of any con-



FREDERICK BURR OPPEN, FOR MANY YEARS A
PUCK ARTIST, NOW ON THE STAFF OF
THE NEW YORK JOURNAL.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

sequence, from Cleveland to Chicago and from Minneapolis to St. Louis, has its favorite cartoonist. Many of our best pictorial wits have been developed in this fertile field before being lured to New York. New geniuses are constantly arising, and men who were famous ten or twenty years ago are still in the harness; for the demand for good cartoons has quadrupled, and more, since the days of the pioneers. And it seems probable that the art will continue to extend and develop in the coming years.



WILLIAM ALLEN ROGERS, THE VETERAN CAR-
TOONIST OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

From a photograph.



GRANT E. HAMILTON, ONE OF THE CARTOONISTS
OF JUDGE.

From a photograph by Phelan, New York.

STORIES

The Brick on the Trail.

It was a marvelous day. Bobby sat on a pine-tree stump long enough to catch his breath and look over across the canyon at the bald tops of the Colorado mountains, brown and jagged, cutting into the fat, pillowy clouds that rolled on the blue ceiling of sky.

"Fine day, Snipe!" said a voice.

Bobby jumped. About ten yards behind him stood a man with short, coarse hair and straight, hard mouth. He wore a blue shirt that fell open at the neck, and he stood with careless grace, one thick arm around a rifle.

"Hello, stranger!" replied Bobby. "Where did you come from?"

"Well, I'll ask you a question first and then answer yours, youngster. Have you been in these diggings long?"

"No," said Bobby. "My father is a prospector, looking for silver in the mountains, like all the rest of them; but we haven't been here long."

The man came nearer, and sat down on the ground.

"I see you haven't got a gun with you," he said, as if explaining something. "Let me tell you, boy, you can always ask a man out here who he is and what he is going to do; but never ask who he was or what he has done or where he came from. You might strike a sensitive feller, like me, for instance."

Bobby shook his head. He did not understand.

"But that isn't what I had in mind," the man went on. "I want to know what's in that pail."

"Oh," said Bobby, "that's my dad's dinner. I come down from the North Peak every day, and he rides up on a mule and meets me at the elbow of the canyon over yonder. He's prospecting on the South Peak."

"Hand it over," said the other abruptly. "I need it where it will do some good."

Bobby thought that his new acquaint-

ance was joking. He turned, smiling, and looked down the barrel of the rifle.

"Hand it over!" repeated the man, more peremptorily.

The boy stared very hard, and put the pail into the outstretched hand of the stranger. Then tears came—miserable tears of anger and shame.

"You wouldn't dare do that if I was your size and could handle a gun!" said Bobby spitefully, pulling his sleeve across his eyes.

The man was too busy devouring the thick pieces of bread and meat; he ate with no slow enjoyment, but with the haste of sharp hunger. Once he stopped, grunted, and looked up at Bobby.

"Your dad's dinner is a good one—or was," said he. "Shooting is mighty poor in these parts. There's no game, and I'm not making more noise than I have to."

"I wish you were my weight and hadn't got a gun!" returned the boy, too angry to notice what the other said. "I'd black your eyes for you!"

The man put down his slice of apple pie and laughed aloud.

"Well, I believe you would!" said he. "You're spunky, aren't you, youngster?"

Bobby got up and started up the incline.

"Hi!" cried the man. "Come back here! I want you to stay here and talk to me while I rest a bit. I'd hate to shoot a ten-year-old."

The boy came back, with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets.

"What do you want to talk about?" he asked sulkily.

"To begin with," said the other, smiling, "take a look over across that canyon. See that white rock?"

Bobby nodded.

"See those two men to the left; you know what they're doing?"

"Yes, they're laying a blast. That's Mr. Henderson and Bill Chambers. I heard 'em say they would put giant powder into their tunnel last night."

There was no answer to this informa-

EDITOR'S NOTE—MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE invites contributions to this department, and will pay good prices for those found available. Manuscripts submitted should preferably be from three hundred to fifteen hundred words in length.



"I WISH YOU WERE MY WEIGHT AND HADN'T GOT A GUN. I'D BLACK YOUR EYES FOR YOU!"

tion. The man blinked in the warm sunlight, leaned back with his hat over his face, and yawned loudly. Bobby watched an eagle swoop around in circles over the tall pines in the valley below; no sound disturbed the hush of high noon.

"Grab hold of my wrist, sonny," said the man. "It's time to get a nap. I reckon. If you let go, I'll wake up and fill you full of lead. We're good friends, sonny, and you wouldn't do anything so I'd have to hurt you, would you?"

"I'd smash you if I could!" said the boy.

With his hand counting the beats of the stranger's pulse, he watched him relax into a heavy, snoring sleep.

Many patient minutes went by before Bobby moved. Then, slowly and with minute care, he moved his free hand behind him until it finally came into light contact with the revolver in the man's belt. For a moment he stopped to think of the best way, and then, in exact time to the man's heavy breathing, marked by the rise and fall of the broad chest, Bobby drew out the revolver little by little. He heard his own heart thumping

as he worked, and was frozen with terror when the man gave a sleepy grunt.

The feeling of the fat handle of the revolver in his hand gave him confidence. He gradually relaxed his grip upon the man's wrist, and reached for the little ball of heavy twine that every boy carries, or ought to carry, in his right-hand trousers pocket. Bobby knew the kind of knot he wanted. Success had made him daring, and the idea that had worked itself into his brain gave him courage in his own power to outwit his enemy.

It took several minutes to slip the cord between the back of the man's neck and the rough ground, but it was done at last, and the other end of the noose was tied to the base of a sapling. Then, suddenly, the man stretched himself, threw the hat off his face, and, brought to his senses by the broad glare of the sun, tried to sit up. The tough cord bit into the flesh of his neck.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "Let me loose!"

"Lie down!" said Bobby, his voice trembling, and the point of the heavy revolver in his hand wagging about like a dog's tail in front of the man's face. Suddenly the trigger fell with a snap.

"The joke's on you, sonny," laughed the other, in spite of his pain. "Your gun isn't loaded!"

The boy's mouth fell open, and the revolver left his hand and dropped with a clatter on the rocks. With a quick dart of his arm, the man reached for his rifle. He came a few inches short, and his face twisted in pain as the cord tightened once more around his throat. Bobby reached the butt of the gun and snatched it up, trembling with excitement.

"The joke's on you, mister!" he said, with little creeps of victory running up and down his back. "Rest there a bit—I want to talk to you! We're good friends, and you wouldn't do anything to make me hurt you, would you?"

The stranger turned on his side toward Bobby.

"I wish you were my son," said he solemnly. "You've got the grit of a grizzly and the brass of a rattler!" For a moment he lay looking over across the cañon. "What's that over there?" he asked suddenly.

Bobby came very near turning around, but he stopped himself in time. "No, you don't!" said he. "If I look you'll grab the gun."

"No, I won't," said the man harshly. "Get behind me if you're scared of that. Now, what's going on over there across the cañon?"

Bobby looked. A fine curl of smoke rose in the still air beneath the white face of rock.

"They've started the fuse for the blast and gone down into the ravine," said the boy. "I bet it will cut up a big fuss over there!"

"No, you blockhead!" cried the man, pointing. "Do you see that feller on horseback? He can't see the smoke from there. He'll be on top of that blast. There won't be enough of him or that horse to bury!"

"It's not a horse," said Bobby, turning white. "It's a mule, and that's my dad."

"Your dad! Look here, boy, I don't want to see your dad die that way! Put the rifle in the air and shoot four shots. He'll stop to see what the shooting is."

"No, he won't," said Bobby, in a whisper. "He's deaf."

"Deaf!" repeated the man, with a rattle in his throat. "Can you shoot, boy? Can you pick that mule? No, of course you can't."

"No," Bobby sobbed. "I couldn't hit a thing!"

"Then turn me loose. Quick! Give me that gun. I may kill him, but it's the only chance."

Bobby handed the rifle to the man, never taking his eyes from the thin, vicious curl of smoke and the mule and rider that came nearer and nearer to it around the bend.

"Can you shoot?" asked the boy, his lips shut tight together.

"With any other man in these mountains," said the man, throwing himself on his stomach. "You've heard of me. I'm Harry Albany. Now keep still!"

Bobby watched the cords in the man's hand tighten on the rifle barrel. It seemed as if he would never shoot. "Harry Albany—five hundred dollars reward," Bobby remembered just where he had seen the man's picture and the sheriff's notice.

Craek! Neither moved a muscle. Both stared out across the cañon. Mule and rider were going peacefully on their way, closer and closer to the danger-point.

"Missed!" gulped the man. "Don't move, boy! We've got to do it now."

Bobby waited for the second shot, trembling. Almost before he had heard it, he saw the mule come down on the dusty trail and his father pitch headlong over its head. Then he saw the mule kicking feebly, and his father standing over it. Bobby burst into tears.

"That's shooting some, sonny!" said Harry proudly. "Don't cry. It's all

right—your dad's safe, if flying rocks don't hit him."

The curl of smoke ended in a little spit of flame, a roar, a roll of thick smoke, and the clatter of falling rocks in the ravine below. The man across the canyon was running back along the trail.

"See, sonny—your dad's safe! I reckon that was shooting, eh?" said Albany.

"You're a brick!" said Bobby simply.

"Thank you, stranger. We've had a pretty good time together, haven't we? You foxed me once, and you're as gritty as I am. I wouldn't admit that about most men. I reckon I better be going." He hitched up his belt, picked up the revolver. "Shake, sonny!"

Bobby gravely put out his hands.

"When they find out the truth, and I can come back into the State, I'll drop you a line by the stage-driver."

Bobby watched the big man swing down the mountainside.

"Hi!" he shouted. The man turned around. "Say, Harry!" shouted the boy. "Good luck!"

R. W. Child.

How the Campbells Came.

THEY were a capitally matched couple—both of a size, both good to look upon, and each wholly absorbed in the other. "The Campbells," their set facetiously termed them, for although Arthur Campbell had met Grace Ainsworth but two months since, a week of that time had been passed on shipboard, where, as every one who has crossed the ocean can testify, acquaintanceships move rapidly.

They took the teasing in very good part. Arthur seemed rather to enjoy it, and Grace blushed prettily when the others went on ahead, leaving "the Campbells" to saunter on at their leisure, unobserved. The one fly in their ointment was Papa Ainsworth, who cherished Grace as the apple of his eye and looked askance upon every man who approached her.

"That young Campbell is going to be there, I suppose?" said Mr. Ainsworth to his wife, when the matter of allowing Grace to accept the invitation to the Stocktons' house-party came up.

"Certainly; he is one of the set. Why do you ask?" and Mrs. Ainsworth arched her eyebrows.

"Well, he has known the child only a few weeks. He seems to forget that."

But the consent was given, and a company of lively young people half filled the last Pullman of the Berkshire

express on a certain October Friday afternoon, en route for a week-end of jollity among the hills. Mrs. Sabers, scarcely more than a bride herself, acted as chaperon, and her efforts to do her duty by "the Campbells" with blinded eyes made half the fun of the journey.

They were due at the station for Outlook at half past six, but about five the train came to an unexpected standstill at a mere village not down on the timetable. A slight accident to the engine, it seemed, would delay them about half an hour.

"Let's explore," proposed Thorne Gates. "There's a bonny, brawling brook down yonder."

Having arranged with the conductor that three warning toots from the locomotive whistle should call them back, they one and all sallied forth. Of course no one was surprised when "the Campbells" lingered in the rear until after the others had started, and then blissfully strolled off in the opposite direction. Their talk was not of a sentimental nature. They were both practically minded, and they discussed horses and dogs and golf, with now and then a reference to their steamer days. Nevertheless, it was all very absorbing, and when they heard the three whistles they had wandered farther afield than they had realized.

"I am afraid we shall have to run for it," said Arthur.

"But they'll wait for us, surely," rejoined Grace.

Still, run they both did, only to find, on arriving at the tiny station, an empty track where their train had stood.

"Why, it can't be!" Grace kept repeating. "Mrs. Sabers would not let them go on without us! Why, we can't be left here alone—together——"

Grace glanced around at the few houses and the tumble-down station as if she expected an ogre to issue from one or the other of them at any moment.

"Oh, it's all right," Arthur assured her. "We'll go on by the next train. I'll go in and inquire."

"Well?" she asked anxiously, when he reappeared.

"That was the last train," he said, trying to speak cheerily. "But never mind! We'll get through somehow. See any signs of a livery stable?"

Grace laughed nervously.

"You might as well expect to find a motor garage in a place like this! Why, there isn't even a hotel. Oh, why did we walk so far?"

"Don't worry," he begged. "There isn't any danger."

"Nor any chaperon, either," she retorted quickly.

That was what caused Arthur his chief perturbation. He knew Mr. Ainsworth would never forgive him for getting Grace into a position of this sort.

"Come, let's spy out the land," he said, conscious that the station-agent was peering out at them interestedly.

They started off, he without the least idea of just what they were trying to find, she striving courageously to hide her nervousness as the sky began to darken with the approach of the autumn dusk. The outlook certainly seemed dubious. The street was lined on both sides with only the most humble dwellings, and there appeared to be but one store in the place. Thither Arthur directed their steps.

There was a man in his shirt-sleeves behind the counter. Trying to ignore the stares of the barrel loungers, Campbell put the query to him:

"Where can I hire a carriage?"

"How fur might you be wantin' to go?" was the reply, accompanied by a glance at Grace that made Arthur clench a fist in his coat pocket.

"To Fountaindale. We were left behind by the express."

"To Fountaindale!" repeated the storekeeper. "Why, that's all of twenty miles from here!"

"I know it," rejoined Arthur. "But we must get there to-night. The rig can be kept in the Stocktons' stables until morning. I'll see that it is returned."

"Wall, I don't know," retorted the other slowly, while the loungers leaned forward so eagerly that one of them nearly slipped from his perch. "I don't know as there's any horse in this community that's fitten to go so fur 'ithout a night's rest after his day's work."

"Pete Tyler might let 'em have his rig, Jake," spoke up one of the idlers. "He was took sick and warn't able to do no harvestin' to-day."

"Where can I find him?" eagerly demanded Arthur.

"I'll show you," volunteered the stranger.

Ten minutes later Arthur and Grace were standing in the low-studded, damp-smelling "best room" of the Tylers, dickering for the hire of a crazy buggy and a half-lame horse. But they were so delighted to leave the village behind that they cared nothing for the looks of the turn-out that bore them away

from it. Their joy, though, was short-lived. The horse could be made to move only at a snail's pace, and they had covered but a few miles out of the twenty when the moonless night wrapped them about. Ignorant of the neighborhood, Arthur would not have dared to drive fast, even had they been behind a trotter. Nor was this all. The wind had turned nipping cold, and their wraps were all aboard the train. Hunger, too, began to assert itself.

Grace fell into a gloomy silence, while Arthur was possessed of a dumb despair.

"This," he told himself, "is the end of all my hopes. Even if Grace could bring herself to forgive me, I am sure her family never can!"

Villages were few and far between, and all that inhabited them lay locked in the slumber that follows hard daily toil. There was no one of whom to inquire the way. Arthur was able to follow it only by driving up close to every signboard and lighting matches until he had deciphered the directions. He finally grew afraid to look at his watch. The last time he had consulted it, the hands pointed to well past midnight.

"How are we going to find the Stocktons' place after we get there?"

It was the first time Grace had spoken in what seemed hours to Arthur; and she voiced a difficulty that had been causing him no little uneasiness.

"We'll simply have to stop somewhere, wake them up, and ask," he answered.

"Yes, that's about the only thing we can do," she murmured, and relapsed once more into her stony silence.

Then, "The next turn should bring us to Fountaindale," he said presently.

"See," Grace exclaimed, after they had rounded the bend in the road, "there are lights in that big house on the hill. That must be the Stocktons'. You know they have named it Outlook. At any rate, there is some one there of whom we can inquire."

"Oh, it must be the Stocktons'," said Arthur, "but I didn't think they were going to have the dance until to-morrow night. Why should they have such an illumination at this hour? It must be all of three o'clock." This last to himself.

He urged the old plug forward, and soon they turned in at an imposing gateway and were driving up a pretty avenue to an almost palatial mansion. But they saw and heard no signs of jollity, although there were lights in nearly every room. Indeed, an uncanny quiet seemed to reign over the place.

"What can it mean?" Grace demanded. "I know this must be the Stocktons'. There's Thorne Gates now, standing in the doorway, waiting for us. They've heard the wheels on the gravel."

"Here we are, Thorne!" called out Arthur, as he drew rein at the stepping-stone.

But instead of rushing down to welcome them, Gates uttered a sort of inarticulate cry and staggered back against the door-frame. Then he seemed to rally himself, and with one shriek inside of "It's the Campbells!" he flew down the steps and fairly flung his arms about Arthur's neck.

A minute later the girls were weeping over Grace as if they had never expected to see her again.

"Quick, Thorne," called out Mrs. Sabers, "get the Ainsworths on the long distance, and head off that telegram. Thank Heaven for all its mercies! How ever did you escape?" she added, turning once more to Grace.

"Escape?" said the latter, mystified.

She looked inquiringly at Arthur, who, however, was no wiser over this reception than she. He had expected either the worst "rigging" of his life, or else all manner of reproaches; not a welcome as if they had both returned from the grave.

"Why, don't you really know what I mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Sabers. "Where have you come from?"

"From that miserable little village, Squankum, where we were left behind."

"Then you weren't in the wreck at all?"

"What wreck?" demanded Grace and Arthur in a breath.

"You two have saved all our lives," explained Mrs. Sabers. "That last Pullman, you know, that we had all to ourselves after Forestry—well, when we got back from our walk in Squankum, we thought it would be a good joke to let you two have it all to yourselves for a while. So we sneaked aboard the forward cars from the off side, intending to peep in on you later and remind you that we were on the train. But the engineer put on such a speed to make up the lost time that that last car flew from the rails on a curve, and the brakeman went down to his death in the river, where we thought you both had gone with him. Oh, I can't bear to talk of it! Just think, if it hadn't been for our teasing of you two, we none of us should have been here! We had to telegraph your people, Grace."

But Grace had quietly fainted in Arthur's arms, where, it was unanimously agreed, she now rightfully belonged.

Matthew White, Jr.

The Night-Stand Man.

On the edge of a wretched bunk in one of the night-stand lodging-houses in New York sat a man of thirty-five or forty. It was after twelve, and most of the bunks were already claimed; only the middle row was unoccupied. The smoky lamps were placed on the beam above that row, and a man doesn't take any of the middle bunks from choice. He goes to the side, and turns his face to the wall before he sleeps. There isn't any sense in tempting Providence by bunking in the middle row, for even after the lamps have flared up and out with a sputter and a smell, there is always the door just at the end of the room whence in uncanny hours the bull's-eye may come glinting down that middle row. Of course if you are really wanted, the long white finger will go slipping over every bunk, and the tall, strong watch-dog of the law will say "Turn over, man!" and look into every hidden face. But on nightly rounds he only sweeps his lantern once through the room and goes on again.

The man didn't intend to stay in that middle row. He was no new hand. When the rest got to sleep he knew what he would do. He would go over to that tenderfoot kid and roust him out. He would tell him he was "wanted," and when the lad sprang up—for that word meant more than the cock of a forty-four—then he would drop his shoes and tumble into the bunk himself.

He couldn't do it until the rest were asleep. Not that it wasn't allowable to get ahead of a tenderfoot, but they wouldn't let *him* do it. They didn't like him, and he didn't like them, confound them! But after he once got into the side bunk it would be all right, for the kid couldn't make a racket. Nobody ever made a racket in a night-stand. It didn't matter what happened, you couldn't make a racket. The first time you made a sound, a dozen of them would call out, "Shut up!"

They might not even waken. It had become second nature. If *he* were sound asleep—as sound as a night-stand man ever sleeps—and heard a noise, he said, "Shut up," and never waked. If the tenderfoot did row, he would hear that ominous chorus, and that would quiet

him. And if any one really should waken, and take the trouble to ask the kid what was up, it wouldn't make any difference. If the kid said, "He swiped my bunk," the man would say, "Whose shoes are those?" The kid would say, "His," and the man would answer, "Then you're lyin'," and go back to sleep.

The kid was evidently a tenderfoot; he slept with his shoes on. In the nightstand you don't do that. You put your shoes down by the corner of your bunk, and nobody touches them. That's the way you hold your place. After the lamps have gone out, and you come stumbling in for a bunk, you walk down the row with your arm out. Every time your hand passes an end post you kick out with your foot, and if you don't strike a pair of shoes, you put your own there and turn in.

He would attend to that kid; but first he would look over his haul. Five dollars that day, and an old silver watch. That was the first he had struck for a week. He was almost starving. He had stood in the bread-line that night, and just afterwards he had run into it rich and picked a five. He would blow it tomorrow, but first of all he would bunk up for the next week.

He took up the watch, shook it, and held it to his ear. It wasn't worth much. He had snatched it that morning from a woman in the crowd. He remembered her distinctly; she was the kind of woman who would carry a silver watch with a ball on the end of the chain. He remembered her, though he wished he didn't. She had smooth gray hair and brown eyes; she was soft, he was sure, for her mouth had that sweet look and her eyes were tired; that soft kind of a woman that has suffered a lot and still keeps on looking sweet.

He pried the watch open with his thumb-nail, and lifted out a slip of paper cut to fit the case. He turned it over and looked at the face photographed on it. It was the face of a boy about ten years old. He had curly, light hair and sturdy shoulders, and his features were expanded in an impish grimace. The man looked at it a while, and smiled.

"Spunky kid—didn't smirk up to have his picture taken!"

Then he thought of the woman again. She was awfully soft, a downright softy; worse than he thought they ever were. Some one had seen him and screamed, and a cop had come up and she called out, "Never mind, it's all right;"

and while the cop had stopped to see what she meant, he had skipped. He wished she hadn't; he could have got away without that."

He snapped the watch together, kicked off his shoes, and looked over the bunks. The broad backs in their miscellaneous shirts were all still. Two of the lamps had gone out, the one over his head was flaming brightly. The little picture lay on the floor, and he pushed it with his foot. It caught against a nail, curved into a bow, and turned over, face upwards. He looked at it again.

"Spunky kid," he muttered; and then picked up his shoes and took a step toward the side bunks.

But just then the kid opposite gave a long sigh, turned in the rough straw, and flung his head back. He looked up at the man for a moment with wide, unconscious eyes of sleep; an impish grin flickered over his face, and then left it pale and worn, with deep lines of poor living and rough experience. His hair was light brown, and tumbled in curls all over his head.

The man stood and looked into his face, a gleam of surprise and then of amusement in his own.

"Why, it's the same kid!"

He took another step forward to mutter into the boy's ear the word that would bring him out of his bunk in a flash, but something crackling at his own feet drew his attention. The little picture had caught against his rough sock, and trailed along the boards as he moved. He picked it off and held it up to the lamp. The same impishness, the same hair, the same jaunty strength!

Suddenly the lamp went out. The man sat down in his bunk again. He wished he hadn't looked at the woman that morning! How did the kid happen to be down in this place? Ran away like any fool, no doubt. He had come to this God-forsaken life from choice. He was born to it. But the kid would never make a go of it; he was too soft. The man swore under his breath. He felt the watch again. It was very smooth and old.

Why did she have to go around with that look on her face? He knew well enough why she was sad. That was her boy over there with his shoes on.

The man's black brows came together fiercely. Why hadn't she trained her brat, then, if she didn't want him to go wrong? She was awfully soft. Her mouth had a sort of quivering look. He wished she hadn't said that! What made her do it?

He knew why. He settled down in his bunk, drew his knees together a little, and rested his head between his hands. She was thinking of the kid when she did that. She was thinking that the kid might be needing something. She was thinking that he might be starving and wretched. He tried to stop thinking then, but the thought was already there. She was wondering if the kid had come to the same thing.

The kid hadn't come to it. The kid was just beginning; he knew well enough that the kid was a new hand.

He pulled his boots on, and walked over to the boy.

"Come along," he muttered, giving him a shake. "You're wanted!"

The boy stumbled to his feet, and followed him out of the room. In the wretched front hall, where an old woman nodded by a lamp, the man looked into the boy's face.

"Where do you live?" he said.

The boy told him.

"What are you doing here?" he went on.

The boy, hardly wakened, told him that, too. He and his father had quarreled four years ago, and he had skipped. He had kept straight until a few months since, when he had lost his job and come to New York. Then he had gone to the bad.

"Why don't you go home?" said the man.

"I'm afraid to now," said the boy doggedly. "I haven't any money, any way."

"What's the fare to your place?"

"Six dollars."

"Here's five, you can start with that. There's a train out that way about two o'clock. You're going home, kid!"

"They don't want me," said the boy.

The man pulled out the watch and gave it to him, with the crumpled picture cut to fit the case. The boy took them, tried to look as if he didn't care, and then threw his arm across his face with a sob. The man swore.

"Shut up!" he growled.

Something hot was rising in him. He hated the kid for having a mother.

"Where did you get this?" said the boy.

The man hesitated for a second.

"Found it," he said with steady eyes.

"I picked the money, but I found the watch."

"Is this all the money you've got?" said the boy.

"Yep."

"I can't take it all. I'll wait awhile, and earn some."

"You're going to-night. Go on!"

The man followed him out to the street and down to the ferry. The boy pulled out the watch and fumbled it falteringly. Then he put out his hand to the man.

"What do you want?" said the man. "I've given you all I had."

"I wanted to shake hands," said the boy.

"What for?"

"To thank you," said the boy. "I don't know what to say to you. I don't know why you have done this for me. I hope your life—I mean I hope that it will be—I mean—"

"It's hell," said the man, and he went back to the night-stand and tumbled shivering into the kid's bunk.

Lena Jane McCurdy.

An Idyl of the Links.

On the golf special, bound east, She-of-Fifteen and She-of-Twenty sat side by side.

"Yes, I'm through school this year," said She-of-Fifteen, "and I'm coming out next winter. Papa says it's rather young, but mamma seems to want it."

A pause.

"Isn't this a perfectly lovely day for the tournament? And"—whispering—"Hal Worthington is going to play."

She-of-Twenty showed the first sign of interest.

"Now you promise on your word of honor you won't tell anybody, if I tell you something?"

Of course She-of-Twenty promised.

The whisper sank even lower.

"I dream about him almost every night."

The whisper slid into a sigh.

They met on the golf links later in the day. She-of-Fifteen was carrying something that she tried in vain to conceal. Finding the pocket inadequate, she produced it and made frank confession. It proved to be a bottle filled with sand.

"You see," she said, "Hal is making a perfectly splendid score to-day. These are his tees. I just wait till after he has driven off, and then I—scoop them up!"

The next day She-of-Fifteen heard of her friend's engagement. Yes, it hurt mightily—for a week. But on the whole it was better that way; for She-of-Fifteen was in love with love, while She-of-Twenty loved Hal Worthington.

Burke Jenkins.

LITERARY CHAT

THE MARRIED HEROINE.

When Homer wrote of Helen's deeds—
Nor nodded when he wrote about her—
The married heroine arrived;

Since then the scribes can't do without
her;

But whether Helen sinned the more,
Or Homer singing the fair Trojan,
And thus seducing later bards—
I leave that to the theologian!

Francesca, Cleopatra, too—
Each was a duly married lady;
And Dante's love and other shades,
Some blameless, some a trifle shady;
These heroines I tolerate,
For I can keep them in their places;
I simply lay them on the shelf
When weary of their classic faces.

But I protest with vehemence
Against the modern married sirens
Who roam the field of literature
And its immediate environs;
In paper, cloth, or vellum clad,
They reign in poem, story, novel;
E'en staid old family magazines
Have had to yield at last and grovel!

In self-defense I seek the play—
She treads the boards in full-blown
splendor

'Mid adulation and applause,
And few there be to reprehend her.
Irate, I try the social swim—
In real life I'd fain forget her—
Alas, I find her prototype,
The married flirt, and fare no better!

Fair mesdames, I am tired of you,
Your charms mature, stale airs and
graces,

The challenge in your roving eyes,
Sophistication in your faces;
You've shared the center stage too long
With divorcee and widow knowing;
Go, get you to a nursery,
And give the demoiselles a showing!

Oh, maiden heroine, return
From whate'er literary limbo
You have been banished to by these
All-conquering dames with arms
akimbo;

Come with illusions and ideals,
Bring blushes, dimples, and soft titter,
And e'en the last, for your sweet sake,
My nerves shall bear with scarce a
twitter!

Then youth and maid shall once more
tread
Convergent paths through fiction's
pleasance,

With trembling lips and reverent eyes
Together face Love's sacred presence,
And find an Eden blest as that
Where fell, we're told, the primal curse
on—

Through flattery administered
To Madam Eve, the Married Person!

**"THE YELLOW VAN"—A novel
dealing with the old, old problem of
poverty and wealth.**

The splendor and comfort of life on
the great English country estates have al-
ways appealed strongly to cultivated
Americans as the perfection of living,
a perfection not to be obtained in their
own land, no matter how lavish the ex-
penditure, because it is the result of gen-
erations of selection, combined with the
conservatism of an old and settled civiliza-
tion.

In "The Yellow Van" Mr. Whiteing—
best known as the author of "No. 5 John
Street"—shows us the other side of the
picture, and portrays the clumsiness
of great inherited wealth, the social
and political duties incumbent upon
those born to high position. He depicts
their life as a hard and fast routine, not
necessarily unpleasant, but one which
they must follow with little opportunity
of personal freedom.

The story mainly concerns itself with
an American girl from the West, who has
married an English duke and goes to
take her place in English society, and
with a wandering socialist, who goes
about the country in a yellow van, distrib-
uting pamphlets and making speeches.
In the wide field lying between these two
social extremes—the great noble, who em-
ploys four hundred men on his estate,
and the itinerant lecturer—Mr. White-

ing finds material for a rather pessimistic sketch of contemporary life. The tyranny—often an unconscious one—of the rich over the poor, the abject attitude of the villagers towards the gentry, the lack of popular education, the hopeless poverty, all this is depicted without rancor, but with a deep sense of something seriously wrong with that well-ordered civilization which is the pride of all Englishmen.

"A most appalling poverty, a still more appalling wealth." This is the problem which is before the political economist in Britain to-day—and no doubt in other countries, too.

PATHOLOGY AND SENTIMENT—

A new book which endeavors to mingle them.

"Heart of my Heart" is a book that may have a disastrous vogue among women who take their sex and its entailed functions with that self-conscious earnestness which approaches hysteria. It belongs to the same school of sentimental autobiography as the now happily forgotten "Confessions of a Wife." It is physiological emotion, or emotional physiology, and many details commonly reserved for serious pathological works are set forth upon its pages.

It purports to be a record of the intellectual and emotional experiences of a woman about to become a mother. Such a work, if it is to be written at all, should be undertaken only by one who has had a direct and miraculous visitation assuring her of high genius; for only genius should dare approach the great mysteries of life. That Ellis Meredith, the author of this book, waited for any such message cannot be believed after reading the volume. That she has succeeded in being less offensive than she might have been is therefore something for which to be grateful.

A GREAT BOOK—At any rate, certain impartial reviewers praised it highly.

An odd little tale that is going the rounds of the literary guild seems to have some pith for those who care to study modern conditions in literature.

A certain man, experienced in story-writing, produced a novel. The house that published it publishes also a "literary magazine." In this the book was ecstasically reviewed. The firm happened to have, just then, several "trades"

due it from the "literary magazines" published by other houses. That is to say, it had praised books issued by the other people, and was entitled to some "boosting" in return. This particular book chanced to be the beneficiary. The author read his clippings, and saw plainly that he was a great man.

Then a writer whom the firm hires under six different names to further its interests, praised the book in each of his six capacities. The author now saw that he was one of the greatest.

Then various newspapers with a genial eye for advertising commented at length upon the splendor and vitality of the book. Their eulogies coming duly to hand from the faithful clipping bureau, the man warmed himself in the sun of his glory and planned a trip to Europe that would astonish the natives.

Until settlement day arrived. Then he drew from the firm's envelope a check for six months' royalties on the book. It was for seventeen dollars and sixty cents.

This fable—only it isn't a fable—teaches that while the boomers boom, the canny readers heed them not a whit. For the canny readers have learned by experience, probably more or less painful, not to trust the flattering pens of the self-constituted high priests of literature.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION—A novel illustrating the possible evil of lax marriage laws.

The latest contribution to the list of "novels with a purpose" is "He That Eateth Bread with Me," by Mrs. Mitchell Keays, in which the evils that may result from lax divorce laws are plainly and rather effectively shown.

It is the familiar story that tells how a man, married to a wife of great beauty of character and delicacy of feeling, becomes infatuated with a woman whose charms are of a different order. His love for his little son hardly causes him to hesitate; he divorces his wife on some flimsy pretext, the object of his fancy does the same by her husband, and the two are married.

A year or two later, the sickness of his child brings him back to his former home. By this time his second wife's real inferiority has begun to dawn upon him, and as he renews his visits to his son, his love begins to turn once more to the boy's mother, who has borne her grief with a dignity which has deepened and ennobled her character. The second wife dies, but

not before she has discovered that her husband's heart has gone back to its first allegiance, and that the woman whom she has always despised as unable to hold her husband's affection has prevailed, by the simple beauty of her character, over her own more brilliant but shallow personality. The book ends here, but we are given to understand that ultimately the man remarries his first wife, so that the conclusion is the conventional happy one.

Such a story sets before us the possible evils of our divorce laws more vividly than pages of statistics, because it enlists our sympathies as would a case in real life. The author depicts very clearly the depths through which the first wife goes, loving her husband even when the law has given him to another woman. We are made to feel that his return could never atone for the wrong she had suffered, but was more in the nature of an added humiliation, although it may have been, from her own point of view, the best that life held for her.

The style of the book is rather serious, but that is not surprising in view of the nature of the subject.

CALMADY ON THE STAGE—What actor will chop off his nether limbs to fit himself for a striking part?

At the time when "Sir Richard Calmady" was published, the dramatized novel craze was raging in the theatrical profession with an intensity that seems incomprehensible to persons of ordinary sanity. Actors and theatrical managers are not usually given to much reading, but for a time they were eager to peruse almost any work of fiction that appeared in the vague hope of finding a dramatic plot or a character fitted for stage representation. A New York newspaper man of humorous tendencies took advantage of this condition of things to go about among his acquaintances of the stage with the solemn suggestion that the dramatic rights of "Calmady" could be had at a reasonable figure, and that the book offered unusual opportunities to the adapter.

Now, when we consider that the hero of the book is born without legs, the point of the journalist's joke is quite apparent; but it seems that a great many of our astute managers and actors took his suggestion quite seriously. The author, Lucas Malet, has received a number of offers for permission to place her novel on the American stage. One correspon-

dent even offered to send a professional adapter across the ocean to confer with her on the subject, and to explain how the play could be made. To the credit of the author be it said that she has refused every one of these offers.

It would be interesting to know what actor would be cast for the part of *Calmady*, and whether he would be willing to have his legs cut off in order that he might secure the engagement.

AN ORIENTAL CRITIC—who relentlessly assails occidental ideas and institutions.

It is the age of problem literature. The old slogan, "art for art's sake" has been drowned in fierce efforts to adjust a chaotic society. So thoroughly has the new school done its work that there is left no relation in life which has not been laid upon the operating table and treated with the knife. Our analytical experts have reduced life to pathetic values; they have created impossible characters; they have detailed indecent incidents; and yet an anonymous Chinese official has put them all out of the running with one of the latest and most unique contributions to this weighty mass of literature.

The author of "Letters from a Chinese Official" offers a collection of eight brief epistles, purporting to be written to friends in England, and discussing Occidental civilization from an Eastern standpoint. It is a trenchant arraignment of Western morals, Western economics, Western religion. Its writer launches no tirade against us. He heaps upon us no railing abuse, but he puts a sure finger on the weak points in our social system, and with an unemotional calmness picks us and our institutions to pieces. He finds the cause of our troubles to lie at the economic and material foundation of our society.

Economically, your society is so constituted that it is constantly on the verge of starvation. You cannot produce what you need to consume, nor consume what you need to produce. . . . You have liberated forces you cannot control; you are caught yourself in your own levers and cogs.

During the past hundred years you have dismantled your whole society. Property and marriage, religion, morality, distinctions of rank and class, all that is most important and profound in human relationships, has been torn from the roots and floats like wreckage down the stream of time.

I cannot see that your society is based upon religion at all. If there is one feature more marked than another in the teaching of Christ it is his condemnation of every form of violence. But what fills

me with amazement is that there should be found among the nations of Europe a Christian potentate who in sending forth his soldiers on an errand of revenge should urge them in the name of Him who bade us turn the other cheek, not merely to attack, not merely to kill, but to kill without quarter.

Thus does the audacious Chinese official dare to criticize nations who consider him fit only to plunder and to Christianize. Not only are the "Letters" of interest as an expression of Eastern opinion, but there is much in them that is really convincing.

A NEW HICHENS BOOK — "The Woman With the Fan" shows both the skill and the peculiarities of its clever but eccentric author.

The son of an English clergyman, and starting out in life as a musician, Robert Hichens has come to be the manipulator *par excellence* of the small talk that is, or is supposed to be, the conversational currency of London society. He possesses a real faculty for invention, too, though at times he wastes his powers in a manner to make his fellow fictionists stand aghast, for, after leading up to a scene tense with possibilities in the way of plot, he will sweep the whole situation into chaos, as one would a house of cards, for the sake of a clever repartee or an unexpected situation.

His latest book, "The Woman With the Fan," has a peculiar plot of some strength, with a dénouement of striking force and originality. English society—which by this time must have grown pretty well accustomed to raps from English novelists—comes in for some straight-from-the-shoulder blows, as for instance:

Her lack of affectation hit you in the face on a first meeting, and her sincerity was perpetually embroiling her with the persistent liars who, massed together, form what is called decent society.

He was a man who talked a great deal without having anything to say, who had always had much success with women, perhaps because he had always treated them very badly, who dressed, danced and shot well, and who never, even for a moment, really cared for any one but himself. A common enough type.

An important character in the book is an American actress, apparently modeled on Edna May, though Miss May will scarcely feel flattered by the likeness. It was Oscar Wilde who served as the model for *Esmé Amaranth* in Mr. Hichens' first book, "The Green Carnation," published anonymously ten years ago, and for some time attributed to Wilde himself.

As yet, Mr. Hichens has not entered the dramatic arena, but he is to make his début therein the coming autumn, in a small way, having prepared the English version of the French comedy, "Business Is Business," in which William H. Crane is to appear in New York next autumn.

MORE RACE SUICIDE—A treatise on a much exploited sociological question thinly disguised as a novel.

Mrs. John Van Vorst evidently knows, to speak vulgarly, a good thing when she sees it. The book which she wrote in collaboration with her sister-in-law, "The Woman Who Toils," was widely advertised through President Roosevelt's race-suicide comment thereon. The same advertisement is being made to do duty for a so-called novel, "The Issues of Life" in which Mrs. Van Vorst discusses at somewhat dreary length what she conceives to be the prevalent attitude of the modern American woman toward maternity.

The teaching of the tale seems to be that in defiance of political or domestic economy, convention, or anything else, motherhood must be achieved.

"What destiny," cries Mrs. Van Vorst's mouthpiece on the topic, "could be fuller for the women of our country than that of perpetuating the traditions we have begun to found? Our people have a reputation for unparalleled courage, for magnificent energy. Are our women going to let this perish? Is this land of America, this New World, to become a mere shelter, a free lodgings for the mere adventurers of the universe, and all because our women have chosen sport, book-learning, factory life, money, as an end and aim, rather than the home?"

Against the fervor of Mrs. Van Vorst's ignorance, it is pleasant to be able to oppose calming statistics. A recent student of the question states that New York—the cities are supposed by the race-suicide alarmists to be the centers of unmaternal ambition—has practically the same number of persons in the average family as the rest of the country, the precise figures being four and five tenths as against four and six tenths. It further appears that the birth-rate is slightly higher in the communities where women are wage-earners; and that only four of the fifteen European countries that have available sta-

tistics on the subject show as high a rate as that of the United States.

However, it is not because of ill-grounded argument or ill-digested theory that most readers will take exception to Mrs. Van Vorst's work. Its chief fault, a fatal one in a novel, is that it is totally uninteresting.

"THE SUNDAY TRAMPS"—A reference seeming to indicate a delightful London literary habit.

George Meredith, writing of his friend, the late Sir Leslie Stephen, the critic and biographer, suggests that the habit of pedestrianism has not perished among English writers. He says:

When that noble body of scholarly and cheerful pedestrians, the Sunday tramps, were on the march with Leslie Stephen to lead them, there was a conversation which would have made the presence of a shorthand writer a benefaction to the country. A pause it came at the examination of the leader's watch and the ordnance map under the western sun, and word was given for the strike across country to catch the tail of a train offering dinner in London at the cost of a run through hedges, over ditches and fallows, past proclamations against trespassers, under suspicion of being taken for more serious depredaters in flight.

It is a pleasant picture, and reading it one perceives at once new reasons for the soundness of the critic's judgments and the clarity of his expression. Unquestionably there is a connection between a fine and brilliant sanity and the love of wide airs and vigorous bodily exercise.

"THE PRICE OF YOUTH"—A dreadfully clever story of American life by a young Englishwoman.

Fatalism, pessimism, and general melancholy are, of course, the peculiar properties of youth in these degenerate days. *Fan Tasker* had all these qualities, together with some of the natural buoyancy that used to belong to old-fashioned juvenility, and a certain mental brilliancy which was her individual possession. She lived in a New Jersey road-house, daughter of its proprietor—which alone is enough to account for her gloom and cynicism. The story tells how *Fan* fell in love with a stranded summer boarder, and how they parted.

It is not much of a plot, that of "The Price of Youth," and it is not a blindly original one. In the old fiction, young men were eternally loving the innkeeper's daughters and riding away. But

the book is nevertheless a noticeable one. It is written with an assured touch; it is vivid in its portrayal of the loose-end setting of the action, of the pine barrens of New Jersey, of the little interests and the dingy amusements of the people. And it was written by a young Englishwoman, barely out of her teens, who has merely visited the United States.

If, with more work and maturity, Miss Margery Williams develops a greater skill in plot and more cheerfulness in philosophy, she should write extremely interesting novels; for she evidently has unusual powers of observation and expression. Her chief fault is the youthful one of mistaking gloom for strength, and an indeterminate ending for true art.

MR. MORGAN AND ST. GEORGE'S—An interesting anecdote in Dr. Rainsford's account of the building up of his great work in New York.

To an admirer, writing in praise of "A Preacher's Story of his Work," Dr. Rainsford replied that publishing it had been a good deal like undressing in public. It is true that the volume has an uncommonly unadorned directness and honesty. In the very bareness of the narrative probably lies the compelling charm of the semi-autobiography—"semi," because it is the story of the clergyman's activities and not of his private life, except where the one was inextricably bound with the other.

Dr. Rainsford's great achievement, of course, has been his success in making the almost defunct St. George's Church into perhaps the most vigorous religious and social organization in New York. He tells, in the terse, forceful style in which the whole book is written, how the work was begun.

I arrived in New York, and was most kindly received. I met the vestry in Mr. Morgan's study, and they asked me to become rector of St. George's Church. I said:

"I think the church has gone too far to be pulled up; I do not think I have the strength or the capacity to pull it up; but I will undertake the work on three conditions:

"Name your conditions," said Mr. Morgan; and I did.

"First, you must make the church absolutely free—buy out all those who will not surrender their pews; next, abolish all committees in the church except the vestry, and third, I must have ten thousand dollars for three years, apart from my salary, to spend as I see fit; my salary I leave to you."

"Done," said Mr. Morgan.

Which may surely be counted to the trust magnate for righteousness.

A Candidate for Stepfatherhood.

HOW CATHEART FOUND IT EASIER TO WIN THE WIDOW THAN TO CONQUER THE WIDOW'S TERRORS.

BY MARGARET L. KNAPP.

I.

MRS. DERING leaned back in a wicker chair on the veranda of the Brent House. The salt breeze sweeping across the marshes stirred her hair. Her white linen frock made a high light under the striped awning. There were cornflowers in her hat, and her eyes were of cornflower blue. She looked younger than she was. The fact, viewed either way, gave her no concern.

"Your honesty is certainly refreshing," she remarked.

The man who sat on the steps below her, with his hands clasped about his knees, smiled. He was a pleasant fellow of full-blooded type, with plenty of color under his fresh skin. He had a determined chin, and looked aggressively in earnest; yet his voice, when he spoke, was soothing.

"That is what I am here for—to be honest," he answered. "One can lead, or follow suit, or finesse. I do not like finesse."

Mrs. Dering was bright enough not to follow the figure further.

"That is evident," she said.

"I love you," continued Cathcart slowly, "but I will never ask a woman to marry me unless I can prove to my own satisfaction that I am able to manage her children."

"I recommend an orphan asylum," drawled Mrs. Dering.

She had flushed slightly. Cathcart's eyes twinkled.

"Too extensive!" he said. "Lola and Harry are enough for one lone man of moderate abilities, like me. Can't you consent to regard me—tentatively, you know—in the light of a presumptive stepfather, and give me leave to take my own ground with them? Then, if I shouldn't meet the requirements, you wouldn't have the discomfort of refusing me. It would be automatic."

Mrs. Dering sat up abruptly.

"Do you know that that is the most original proposition that any one ever made to me?" she asked.

"Do you know," returned Cathcart,

"that your children are known as the Widow's Terrors?"

Mrs. Dering opened her mouth to speak, changed her mind, and laughed.

"They seem to me much like other children."

"That is just the point," said Cathcart, who was a man of theories. "We are overdoing the facetious, easy-going attitude at present——"

"Your experience being so large," she interrupted drily.

"Well, I keep my eyes open," said Cathcart. "My sister Nell speaks very gently to her three hopefuls, and they yell at her. On the Friesland, last summer, the ten-year-old boy at my table drank champagne every night at dinner, and was a regular little tough. Did you have it all your own way as a child? I didn't! I have a notion that I was a pretty decent boy, too."

"Do you want to see what I was like?" Mrs. Dering asked. She went indoors, and returned with a faded photograph. It showed a demure little girl with damp, short hair parted in the middle, a pensive mouth, and nervous hands clasped tightly over an ugly plaid frock. Cathcart promptly kissed the picture, and was about to confiscate it.

"You cannot have it," said Mrs. Dering calmly. "Do you think I carry my own pictures around with me for vanity? That is Lola's."

"Lola's?"

"She calls it her little girl. She asks for it whenever she is sick or naughty."

"I will keep it for her, then. Probably it will not be—how do you do, Lola?"

"Hullo!" called Lola, not answering.

She jumped up the steps. The yellow bow on one side of her head waved like a butterfly. Her sunburned arms, thin as broomsticks, were bare. She ran to a rocking chair, threw its contents into another chair, and dragged it off from the veranda.

"You've dropped Mrs. Kip's spectacles," suggested her mother carelessly.

"She's so poky!" said Lola, exchanging a glance of mutual comprehension with her. She ran off, shouting.

"Will you give me a preliminary trial, then?" asked Cathcart.

Mrs. Dering picked up the gold spectacles, and placed them upon a table. Her eyes were very blue.

"I do not see that I can answer anything," she said. "You have not offered yourself to me."

"Because I am yours already," he answered. "What I ask from you is to think of me in that way; and from the children, merely the rights of a human being—not to be trampled on."

"As to that, you are able to protect yourself."

"Thank you; that is all I ask."

II.

"I AM going to drive," said Mrs. Dering, after lunch. "My hammock is the one with pale green stripes over there in the grove. I hope you will make yourself comfortable."

Cathcart, accordingly, settled himself in it with a sigh of content. He had not been reading long when some one pattered up behind him, and, clawing at him like a cat, climbed into the hammock feet first, at the risk of throwing them both on the ground.

"Now we'll swing," Lola announced, suiting the action to the word. "Move up; you've got all the middle."

Cathcart moved up. She dived into his coat-pockets.

"Didn't you bring me any chocolates?" she demanded. "All the gentlemen that come to see mamma bring me candy."

"Do they?" he asked, not overjoyed at the revelation.

"Yay-us," said Lola. "That's the way old Mrs. Kip says it—she's awful funny—'yay-us, oh, yay-us!' Mr. Neal brings me nougat, and Mr. Bagby; and Colonel Safford—but his was horrid, hard, peppery things, and we gave 'em to Rover, to hear him scrunch 'em up. I like mar-rons glacés. Swing higher!"

He obeyed.

"Higher!"

At the highest point she shot out suddenly, and landed some feet away.

"That was a splendid jump," she declared, digging her toes into the sand to mark the distance. "Now you remember—look, right by that little hump of grass?"

"By that hump of grass," echoed Cathcart.

"Now, when I say three—again!"

He indulged her in this pastime until it grew monotonous.

"I think I'll read now," he said.

"Go on!" cried Lola imperiously; "I want you to swing!"

He opened his magazine. She gripped the edge of the hammock with her knees, and swayed back and forth. Cathcart planted one foot firmly on the ground. Lola looked straight before her, and began in a droning buzz, like a particularly vicious mosquito's:

"Want you to get out."

He turned over a leaf.

"Want you to get out! Want-you-to-get-*ow-at!*"

"Well, you'll have to take it out in wanting," said Cathcart pleasantly. A little firmness was all that—he writhed: "*Ow!*" Lola, bending over backward, had applied pins.

In a moment Cathcart had tied her wrists together behind her back with his handkerchief.

"When the hands misbehave the hands have to be punished," he suggested quietly. "I wouldn't kick, because in that case we should have to tie the feet. Well, if you insist."

"Let me down!" she screamed.

"Only a few minutes ago you requested me to get out," said Cathcart, putting an arm around her. "I think there is room enough for us both."

"I hate you!" cried the child, quivering with rage.

He felt a pang which surprised him.

"Sorry," he said briefly. The words he was reading made little sense to him, he was so conscious of the tense, unyielding figure. At length he felt her wriggle and try to hide her feet, as a playmate ran into the grove. As if by accident, he let his paper slide over them.

"We've been hunting for you. Come on; we're going to play menagerie."

"I don't want to play."

"Why, you were the one that wanted to get it up!"

"I don't care. Say, I jumped all the way to where you are, this afternoon."

"You didn't!"

"I did. Didn't I Mr. Cathcart?"

Cathcart looked up gravely.

"Certainly," he said. "Lola jumped as far as that little hump of grass there."

"My! Well, if you won't come, don't."

She ran off. Lola looked up.

"You think you can make me ask you to untie me," she said in low passionate tones; "I'll never ask you—not if you killed me!"

"You're wrong there; I wasn't going to make you ask," said Cathcart. "I don't pile it on that way."

He untied the knots gently, those at her ankles first, expecting her to kick again; but no kick followed. As soon as she was free she darted away.

"Score one," Cathcart said to himself.

III.

MRS. DERING stood on the side steps as he returned to the hotel. Her soft voice, never raised, was full of reproof.

"What a mess you are in, Mary! I fail to see why you should come up from the beach in such a bedraggled condition, day after day."

The nurse was flushed and tearful.

"Indeed, I can't help it, Mrs. Dering. Master Harry is wild to stay in the water, and he won't come out when I tell him; and when I grabbed hold of him to make him, he wiped his dirty feet on my apron, and ran back. I couldn't hold him any more than an eel!"

"Well, you must manage him better; you know what a temper he has," said Mrs. Dering. "Go change your dress at once."

Cathcart intercepted the nurse around the corner.

"Don't cry," he said kindly.

"He's a little divvle, sir, he is!"

"What time do the children bathe to-morrow?"

"Well, it'll be about five o'clock, sir."

At five, next day, Cathcart had the children of the hotel gamboling about him like a shoal of porpoises, while he performed evolutions which made them shriek with delight. Harry lay on his back, learning to float. Cathcart put a hand under him. The boy's face, upturned, was full of dreamy bliss.

"Master Harry! Miss Lola! Master Harry! You *must* come out now!" called the nurse's shrill voice from the shore.

Instantly the dreaming angel changed into an imp. Ducking under water a moment, he rushed out on the beach, dodging his pursuer.

"Catch me! You can't catch me!" he cried tauntingly. He waited until the nurse, holding her skirts back gingerly with one hand, had reached out at arm's length to seize him with the other, then dashed a fistful of muddy pebbles into her face, and ran back to Cathcart.

"Show me again, will you?" he pleaded, in a voice like a seraph's.

For answer, Cathcart caught him and bore him struggling to the bath-house. Through a knot-hole in the partition gleamed a round eye.

"I can see you," Lola announced.

"Don't your stockings feel awful sticky? Mine do."

"For shame, Miss Lola; do you want me to tell your mamma?"

"Pooh! They do, anyhow."

Cathcart hung his hat over the hole, and looked nervously around for other cracks. Harry, cowering in a corner with his back turned, dressed hastily, but not before Cathcart had caught sight of a purple bruise on his shoulder.

"How did that happen?" he inquired.

Harry scowled, and cast a glance at the partition. Cathcart waited.

"Some one been pommeling you?" he then asked.

"N-not much."

"Was it a fair fight?"

"He's the biggest," Harry answered, coloring with shame.

"I was dreadfully whipped once when I was a little bigger than you," said Cathcart. "In the story-books, the boy the story is about always beats, but I wasn't that boy; I was the other boy. Does mamma know?"

"Think I'd tell?"

"No, I didn't tell, either. Come up to my room before you go to bed and I will put something on it to make it feel better."

IV.

"WILL you be ready by seven? We are going to sail around the bay and come home by moonlight," said Mrs. Dering.

Cathcart's face fell as if he had been a boy.

"I am very sorry. I have an errand over in the town."

"Put it off."

"I wish I could."

"To please me?" said Mrs. Dering, with a light touch on his arm.

He looked at her in silence.

"You know your power," he said finally.

Then Mrs. Dering, for all her thirty-two years, made a mistake.

"You will come?"

"I cannot. It is between Harry and me. I must keep my word to him."

"I did not know," said Mrs. Dering in an odd tone, "that you had gone so far as to have secret understandings with Harry."

"It was part of the agreement, wasn't it, that I should do so if I could?"

"Your methods are peculiar," observed Mrs. Dering, as a parting shot.

"Now, if he does not come, I shall have wasted my evening," Cathcart thought, as, after leaving a car uncomfortably

crowded with evening trippers, he walked the rest of the way in the moonlight. He had hardly drawn the cork from the bottle he brought with him, however, when Harry knocked rather shyly at the door. Catheart felt sensations which he did not attempt to analyze as the meager little body stood passive under his touch.

"How does it feel?" he asked.

"Good," said the boy briefly.

"The water feels good, too?"

Again the rapt look stole across the sunburned face.

"You stay in too long. It is bad for you. To-morrow you are to come out the first time you are called. Aren't you big enough to dress yourself without Mary?"

"Yes, but she won't let me alone."

"I'll speak to her," said Catheart.

V.

"You're in for the whole race, I suppose?" asked Freddy Bagby.

"I beg pardon?" said Catheart.

They were on the lawn together. Freddy had an air of wishing to unburden himself. He had a round, red, ingenuous face like a baby's.

"I'm out," he said jerkily. "Thought you might be glad to know. She's a fine woman, and—I like kids all right, but I can't stand Harry! He he-haws at me behind a newspaper every time he sees me, just because I did that once to take off a donkey. See anything funny in it? Better move back, Catheart, Lola's captured the water-works."

"She can't do much with that; that's only the sprinkler," Catheart answered, looking carelessly over his shoulder.

"You don't know Lola," said Freddy with conviction. "Better take a—whoop!"

A fine stream, directed by Lola's thumb on the nozzle, suddenly entered his mouth. Catheart stepped aside, and the spray hit him in the back of the neck. He strode across the grass. He felt very wet. Lola ran and threw herself upon him.

"I didn't mean to hit you, Mr. Catheart," she whispered; "I only meant to hit Colonel Safford. I can't bear him!"

Whereat Catheart strangely lost his desire for discipline, and went out to supper with her hand in his.

"I'm going to have some d. lobster for supper," she announced.

"Lola!" said Mrs. Dering.

"Well, you told me not to say 'devil,'" said Lola.

"The deviled lobster is too rich for you, dear."

"It's what I want," said Lola. "Lobster, Peter."

"Yessum."

"Miss Lola will take chicken hash," said Mrs. Dering.

"Yessum."

"I can't eat hash, mamma."

"To please me, darling?"

"I can't. Just a little bit, mamma!"

"Stick it out," said Catheart in an undertone.

The advice was unfortunate.

"You may serve Miss Lola a very little lobster," said Mrs. Dering at once.

"Hold it down; I can't reach," said Lola, and as Peter, hesitating, looked from one to the other, she sprang up and dropped her silver knife down his back.

"De Lawd! I'm daid! It's cutting me t'roo!" groaned the startled waiter.

He dropped the dish, and bolted for the screen door. Lola giggled. Mrs. Dering rose. Never had she looked handsomer.

"Come," she said in a tone which brooked no resistance, and Lola wriggled out of the room behind her, winking at the other children.

Colonel Safford looked ruefully at the spilled remains of his favorite dish. His face matched it in color. His feelings found vent in a rasping whisper to Freddy Bagby:

"I wouldn't marry that woman for one million dollars, sir!"

Lola, left in retirement up-stairs, leaned over the balusters. As the children came out of the dining-room she gave a cat-call. They gathered at the foot of the stairs.

"Come up," she said mysteriously. In her hands were some nondescript garments of blush pink silk with Roman stripes.

"I got 'em out of Colonel Safford's bureau drawer," she informed them. "They all wear 'em. Hurry, and get some more from the other rooms, and put on over—quick, before anybody comes!"

Thus it was that when the guests flocked to their rooms for wraps before going out on the veranda they were transfixed at the head of the main staircase at the spectacle of a group of children in pajamas, very bunchy at the waist and lank at the ankles, hopping about in a circle, while the pink pajamas in the middle flapped like a crow.

"Fly, little birdies, fly!" directed the pink pajamas.

"This—this is an outrage!" said Colonel Safford, choking.

"Lola, go to my room and stay there," Mrs. Dering ordered. "Colonel Safford,

I apologize sincerely for my little girl's behavior."

The colonel was not to be appeased.

"If you did your duty by your children, madam," he said stiffly, "such a disgraceful scene would never occur."

Catheart followed Mrs. Dering out upon the balcony. She was shaking with suppressed mirth.

"Your sense of humor is adorable," he remarked in some annoyance, for he had recognized his own modest Japanese garments; "but there are times when it is inconvenient."

"Those peach-colored ones!" said Mrs. Dering with a gasp. "Did you think that old man had so much vanity?"

"What are you going to do to her, may I ask?"

"I'll make her go to bed. She never played a trick like this before."

By and by she went down-stairs and looked through the rooms for him.

"Lola is heartbroken because you have my picture. I told her you would give it back. Will you come up? She is out in the balcony, it is so much cooler there."

Was this wobegone angel, lying exhausted on the pillows, the *enfant terrible* of an hour ago? No penitence for past misdeeds had brought that pathetic droop to her mouth. In sudden tenderness Catheart bent to kiss the hot little hand. She suffered it languidly.

"You took away my little girl," she said with quivering lip.

He hastened to restore the photograph. Without looking at him, she cuddled it under her cheek.

"Mamma!"

"Yes, dear, what?"

Her mother leaned over the couch. Lola threw her arms around her neck and whispered. Mrs. Dering brought her a handkerchief.

"Want one with lace on," wailed Lola.

The lace-trimmed handkerchief smelled faintly of orris. She wrapped it carefully around the picture, and held it under her pillow.

"My little girl," she murmured, quite satisfied.

"Well, I give it up," said Catheart. Mrs. Dering's mouth curled sweetly.

"I thought you understood all about children?" she suggested.

"I never said that," said Catheart; "but I'm going to understand before I get through. If a man cares enough to make it his business to understand, he will meet with some success."

"I think you are a good fellow," said Mrs. Dering unexpectedly.

Forgetful of the public staircase, he stretched out an eager hand.

"Will you take me, then?"

"I cannot promise that—yet," she replied, the ghost of a smile hovering about her lips. "You see, the children have not given their consent!"

"I propose to ascertain their sentiments," said Catheart.

VI.

"He wants to marry your mommer," said Reggie Black.

"I don't believe it," Harry said.

"It's so," Reggie insisted. "Colonel Safford was after your mommer, too. I heard Mary tell Bridget so on our back steps. She called him an old silly."

"He's gone," said Harry.

"Catheart ain't," said Reggie sagely. "He'll make you walk around. You won't have any more fun."

Put in this way, the prospect was not alluring. Reggie was ten; he knew a lot. Harry kicked the gravel.

"You don't scare me," he said.

They were behind the barn, near the temporary shed which had been built for motor carriages. The two boys liked to hang around the stables when Joe was there to talk, for he was a character; but Joe was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Neal's automobile stood outside. Something had gone wrong with the brake, but the boys did not know that.

"Bet I could start her—look!" said Reggie. He climbed in and took hold of the handle. The machine moved heavily a few yards and stopped. "Get in. I can back her, too; I've done it."

"They'll see us."

"Nope. Some of 'em's at church, and some of 'em's in the pavilion, reading the papers. There, she's stopped again." Reggie tugged harder. With a kick like a horse's the automobile started and rolled out of the enclosure into the road at full speed. "It's fine! I could run her just as easy. What's that bell?"

"The trolley's coming around the corner!" Harry panted. "Stop! Stop!"

"I can't!"

The trolley passengers coming slowly around the curve saw the automobile racing toward them, with two white-faced boys frantically trying to work the brake. There was but a moment of suspense. It whizzed across the track in front of them, and overturned in the salt marsh.

"Harry! Harry!" cried Mrs. Dering hoarsely. She would have jumped out if Catheart had not held her. The instant

the car stopped he ran forward, followed by a dozen others. Swift as they were, Mrs. Dering was swifter. She had flung away her parasol. Regardless of her skirts she knelt in a puddle and gathered the unconscious form to her breast. Cathcart had never loved her so much.

"He is dead, Roy! He is dead!"

"No, he is not dead; he is only stunned," Cathcart answered, although he was as pale as she. "See, there is a big bump on his head."

He took the boy tenderly from her, and carried him home. She walked beside him, holding the limp hand. On the way, Harry opened his eyes.

"It's all right," he murmured drowsily.

Then Mrs. Dering put her face for a moment against Cathcart's sleeve.

By the next day the boys had sufficiently recovered to lie on the sofa and be regaled with all the delicacies of the house. They began to think themselves heroes.

"The question now is, how to undeceive them," said Cathcart.

"I am so glad to have him alive that I cannot think about anything else," said Mrs. Dering.

"He ought to be punished, for all that."

"I won't have him punished. He is my child!"

Cathcart brought his lips deliberately down to hers. It was the moment he had longed for, but now it had come it held a third—Harry.

"Dear, I love the little chap! I don't want to suffer again what I suffered Sunday. Do you?"

"Oh, how can you ask?"

"Then we must make it unnecessary. Can't you trust me? I have undertaken to be a father to him, and, please God, I mean to do it."

She clung to him, sobbing.

"Do what you think best. I am a careless mother. I do not deserve to have my children. Don't hurt him very much!"

It rang in his ears as he took Harry to his own room, and talked to him with sharp emphasis.

"A gentleman respects property. For you to use what does not belong to you without leave is the same as stealing."

"Well, I ain't *your* property, either," Harry answered doggedly.

Cathcart's eyes opened wide in a way they had when he was taken aback.

"You are not my property, but you will belong to me one day. Your mother has promised to marry me, and you are going to be my son." He flushed at hear-

ing himself say the last words. Harry glanced at him curiously. "I'd give a good deal if I didn't have to thrash you, but—say, old chap, I can't help it! There isn't any other way to make you remember. I've got to do it."

As if a hand under his chin had forced him, Harry lifted his head and looked at him, measuring him; hurt with the man's strength, craving it. He seemed such a little fellow! Cathcart weakened inwardly. The look of dumb confession pulled at his heart.

"It's your innings," said the boy slowly.

Cathcart took him over his knee. His hand burned when he had finished.

"Now, you'd better get right to bed," he said. "That bump of yours may need seeing to in the night, and we shall not need to bother your nurse."

"I hate a nurse," said Harry.

He turned toward the wall and lay with his face in the pillow, and his elbows and knees drawn up like a frog's. Cathcart glanced that way while he was undressing. After the light had been out some time he felt the mattress shake.

"How does the head feel?" he asked, ignoring other issues.

"It kinder aches," a muffled voice answered.

He worked his arm between the head and the pillow. He did not dare to make further advances. He felt shyer of that terrible little bundle of individuality than he had felt of anything in his life.

Suddenly an arm fell across his chest, and a hand snuggled into his neck as Harry flopped over and pressed up close to him. Cathcart hugged him hard, with a bounding pulse. He had won!

Next morning the two were on the veranda before breakfast. Cathcart wore spotless white duck, and had a suppressed sparkle in his eyes. Harry ran to him and from him, eying him like a lost dog which has found a new master. To whom appeared Reggie Black, his arm in a sling, and his face so crisscrossed with plaster as to resemble a gridiron.

"Hullo!" he said in a stage whisper.

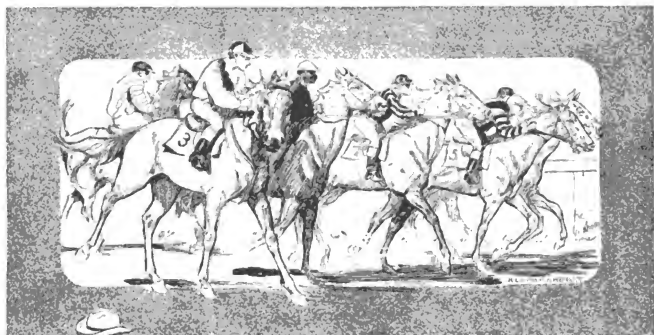
"Say, did you catch it?"

"Catch it yourself!"

"Huh! They didn't do nothin' to me," said Reggie, his face stiff by reason of the sticking plaster. "Fore I'd be such a snide as you, to let *him* boss me! Where's your sand?"

Harry thrust his hands into his pockets and eyed him with serene contempt.

"Shut up," he said. "He's going to be my pop."



The Sport of the Steeplechase.

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN MARSTEN.



THE MOST PICTURESQUE AND EXCITING FORM OF THOROUGH-BRED RACING, ITS REGENERATION UNDER ITS PRESENT MANAGERS, AND ITS CONNECTION WITH THE HUNT CLUBS AND THE WORLD OF SOCIETY—LEADING OWNERS AND RIDERS OF STEEPLECHASE HORSES.

TWO years ago, at the winter race meet at New Orleans, the management of the Crescent City Jockey Club, thoroughly disgusted with the frauds perpetrated in cross-country races, ordered the beautiful steeplechase course at the park destroyed, and thereby put a summary ending to timber-topping in the Crescent City.

This radical action, strange to say, though it has deprived the people of New Orleans of the most exhilarating form of racing, has done steeplechasing a world of good. What looked like the beginning of the end proved to be the turning-point in the sport, which has since prospered mightily. Its management has been revolutionized, and the races through the field are now as clean and free from scandal as those conducted on the flat.

The sport of steeplechasing, in America, has had to overcome many obstacles which have not cropped up in flat racing.

The greatest of these, perhaps, has been the firm conviction on the part of the public that cross-country races are "fixed." The origin of the belief is easy to trace. The fact that one or more horses either fall or throw their jockeys in almost every race over the jumps is explanation enough. It takes no vivid imagination to conjecture that some of these tumbles, which, of course, put the horses in question out of the running, might be pre-arranged. Hence it was that people who bet on steeplechase races only to see some heavily backed horse take a cropper, came to be suspicious of the sport. To-day, under the rigid rule of the stewards of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, there is no possible ground for any such prejudice.

A SPORT FOR THE SPORTSMANLIKE.

Indeed, for sport, pure and simple, steeplechasing takes precedence over all

other forms of racing. The uncertainty of jumping races, in which a chance fall or stumble is so likely to upset the most expert calculation of chances, makes them poor mediums for speculation; and hence they have attracted owners who race horses for sport and not for profit. There are no "betting stables" among the steeplechase enthusiasts. The public, of course, is at liberty to

each year there is a race meet devoted altogether to the jumping division. Some of the famous annual events are the Duke's Cup Steeplechase, the Challenge Cup Steeplechase, the St. Botolph Steeplechase, the Country Club Grand Annual Steeplechase, and the National Hunt Cup. The best jumpers in training meet at Clyde Park. Last year Land of Clover carried off the chief



DOWN AT A JUMP—AN EXCITING
MOMENT FOR HORSE AND
RIDER.

wager its money on a jumping race, but the owners seldom plunge. Steeplechasing, therefore, has attracted to its ranks a class of men who love a good horse and delight to see a field of well-trained "leppers" in competition over a course long enough and difficult enough to try the mettle of the animals and their riders alike.

Nor are the steeplechase enthusiasts satisfied to act as mere spectators of the racing. Many of them take the saddle in person and fight out the issue with the professional steeplechase jockeys, often to the discomfiture of the latter. There are to-day several gentlemen riders whose skill is equal to the best professional talent. None of them, however, is as famous as Foxhall Keene, who was very prominent in the sport a few years ago, but has not been seen in the saddle in public for some time.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORT.

The headquarters of steeplechasing in the United States are at Clyde Park, in the southwestern suburbs of Boston, where the Country Club of Brookline has its home. Here in June of

honors of the meet, establishing his reputation as the champion cross-country horse of the year.

The Brookline club's premier position in the world of steeplechasing is largely due to the efforts of Robert C. Hooper, who races under the *nom de course* of Mr. Chamblet, and who is the foremost patron of steeplechasing in America. The Clyde Park races are usually conducted at a financial loss, and Mr. Hooper has on numerous occasions not only engineered the meet, but made up the resultant deficit out of his own pocket. Unfortunately he has informed his friends that he intends to retire from racing after the present summer, but it is the earnest prayer of every lover of the cross-country game that he will change his mind. His withdrawal from the sport would leave a void that would be very difficult to fill.

THE LAST YEAR OF MORRIS PARK.

Next to Brookline on the calendar of the steeplechase devotee comes the course of the Westchester Racing Association



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF STEEPLERCHASING--THE FINISH OF A HURDLE RACE AT CLYDE PARK, NEAR BOSTON, THE HOME OF THE COUNTRY CLUB OF BROOKLINE.

at Morris Park, New York. Here steeplechasing is, of course, secondary to flat racing, but nevertheless some of the richest stakes are offered at this beautiful course, which will open its gates to the public for the last time this autumn. As the metropolis encroaches upon its northern suburbs the demand for space has become too powerful to resist, and soon the classic race-course in the hills of Westchester—the Ascot of America, as it has often been called—will be cut up into building lots. Its place in the sporting world will probably be taken by Belmont Park, near Hempstead, Long Island, where a magnificent new track is now in process of construction.

The blue ribbon event of the year in American steeplechasing—the Grand National Steeplechase—is one of the fixtures at Morris Park. The purse is one of the richest offered in the United States, having an added money value of seventy-five hundred dollars. To win the

Grand National Steeplechase is the ambition of every owner of a stable of "leppers." This year, St. Jude, a four-year-old bay gelding, won the prize for Mr. Cotton. Plohn and George W. Jenkins were the successful horses of the two previous seasons.

The social world, which is a devotee of horse racing in all its branches, has given its special approbation to steeplechasing and nowhere is this more marked than at Morris Park. It is always easy to tell when there is a cross-country event on the program from the number of four-in-hands and drags which gather at the track. Polo and hunting are favorite forms of fashionable sport, and it is only a step from the polo pony and the hunter to the steeplechase horse and the gentleman "jock." Many of the horses, indeed, which take part in steeplechases are regularly hunted in the spring and fall. Some of the events carded at the different tracks are open only to hunters,



LEADING THE FIELD—A WELL-TRAINED JUMPER
TAKES AN OBSTACLE WITH LITTLE OR
NO EXERTION.



IN THE CLUB-HOUSE ENCLOSURE—SOCIETY
ALWAYS TAKES A KEEN INTEREST
IN THE STEEPLECHASE EVENTS.

and in these society finds special interest and amusement. Clever as are many of the amateur riders, most of them find that riding a hunter to hounds is play in comparison with handling the same animal in a race through the field. Many laughable "spills," and some serious ones, are the result.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE SPORT.

The social interest in steeplechasing which is such a feature at Morris Park is in evidence at Washington and at Saratoga, and indeed wherever there are courses for the jumpers. There are some first-class amateur riders at Washington, who learned to sit a horse following the hounds in Virginia and Maryland, and the "horsy" set at the national

capital always turns out to see the local talent perform in the saddle. Occasionally the races turn out to be more or less farcical, but as a rule the amateurs make a good showing.

The hunt clubs throughout the United States have done much to increase the interest in steeplechasing. Some of the best-known of these organizations are the Brandywine Hounds, the Lima Hunt, the Radnor Hunt, the Warrenton Hunt, the Cameron Run Hunt, the Hitchcock Hounds, the Myopia Hunt, the Chevy Chase Hunt, the Meadowbrook Hunt, and the Genesee Valley Hunt. The National Steeplechase and Hunt Association recognizes twenty-seven of them this year, and there are many others which, though unregistered, help to foster the sport. Steeplechasing is as popular at Chicago and at St. Louis as at the tracks near New York, and the amateur end of the game receives the same attention, although the racing is not under the jurisdiction of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association.

STEEPLECHASE HORSES AND JOCKEYS.

The management of a steeplechase stable is much the same as with horses which race on the flat. The chief difference is that the animals are trained to

carry more weight, and do not develop the extreme speed which is essential for flat racing. The average weight carried in cross-country races is one hundred and thirty-five pounds against one hundred and five pounds on the flat. Steeplechase jockeys are considerably heavier than the boys who ride on the flat. The cross-country horses are also, as a rule, a trifle heavier, but this is not an important difference, and both jumpers and flat racers are bred from the same sires. Horses which have raced on the flat are often trained to go over the jumps with great success, and *vice versa*. Time was when animals that were not good enough to win on the flat were relegated to the jumping game, but nowadays only the most likely performers are trained for steeplechasing.

Ability to negotiate the obstacles, or good fencing, as it is termed, is the principal requisite for a "lepper." The successful jumper should also be able to carry weight up to one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and must have speed to negotiate the distance between the jumps. Some excellent fencers are too slow on the flat, and thus lose the advantage gained at the jumps. Other horses are fast on the flat but fence poorly. To refuse to take an obstacle, or to run out—that is, to run around the jump—puts the offender out of the race, as does a fall or the unseating of the jockey.

THE DANGER OF THE SPORT.

It may as well be admitted that there is a good deal of danger to horse and rider in a steeplechase. Falls are numerous, and often serious, as, for example, when a horse rolls on its rider, or the heels of the rest of the field strike the prone jockey. For this reason steeplechase jockeys receive twice as much as is paid to riders on the flat, their scale being fifty dollars for a winning mount and fifteen for a losing mount. Nevertheless, the cross-country rider makes a

great deal less money than his confrère, for retaining fees are small, and there are only one or two steeplechases a week against some thirty races on the flat. A top-notch cross-country rider will make six or eight thousand dollars a season, while a crack jockey on the flat will earn five times that amount.

The cross-country riders are a hardy lot, and think little of a broken collar-bone or a badly bruised head. When a

horse stumbles over a jump, and falls, the rider is usually thrown forward over the animal's head, and he loses no time in scrambling out of the way of the remainder of the field. Despite the danger, it is asserted, and probably with truth, that there have been fewer fatalities, in proportion, among the cross-country riders during the last five years than among the jockeys who ride on the flat. The appearance of an ambulance at the track whenever a steeplechase is to be run is a spectacle calculated to send a little shiver over the novice, but as a rule sticking-plaster and stimulants are the



THE GENTLEMAN "JOCK"
IS THE LION OF THE DAY.

only medical requirements actually called into use.

THE STEEPLCHASE AS A SPECTACLE.

The most picturesque sight to be seen at a race-course is a cross-country event in full swing. The start is made some distance from the first obstacle, so that the field has plenty of time to get well in motion. The pace is not as fast as on the flat, and horses and riders alike seem to enjoy the race through the green field. As they approach the first obstacle, a hush falls upon the spectators. Will the whole field clear it successfully?

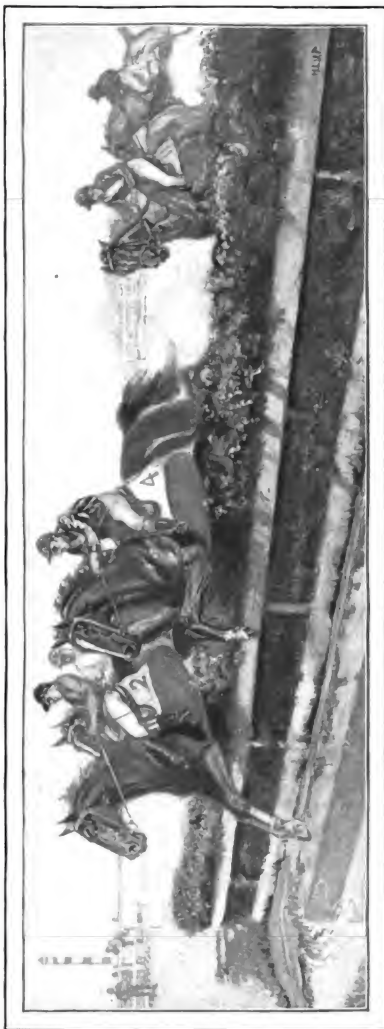
A moment of suspense, and then a cry of delight as every horse makes a clean jump: or, it may be, a cry of terror as one or more horses and riders go down in a tangled mass. The stable-boys and rubbers, who congregate in the in-field, rush to the assistance of the fallen jockeys. The riderless steeds pick themselves up

and trail after the others. By this time the horses are at the second jump, and the same thing is repeated.

The chases vary in length from two to four miles. The field usually spreads out early in the contest, with the light-weighted horses going out in the lead. It is no unusual thing for the ultimate winner to be a furlong behind the leaders at some early stage of the race. The successful horse may win "away off," with no rival near; while equally often the finish is fought out to the wire and the verdict is by a head or a nose. Sometimes a well-backed horse will fall at the last jump, causing a yell of disappointment to rend the air. Sometimes the entire field will fence without a single mishap, but this is unusual unless the starters are few in number. The horses that have thrown their riders are usually caught and guided off the course, but sometimes they go on with the others, and bad accidents have occasionally resulted.

A characteristic feature of a steeplechase course is the water-jump, or "Liverpool." This is an obstacle with a pool of water on the far side, in which many a jockey gets an unexpected cold bath. It makes a more spectacular jump, and is always located in front of the grand stand.

Many people suppose that a steeplechase and a hurdle race are the same things. As a matter of fact, steeplechases are run through the field over permanent obstacles; hurdle races are contested on the regular track, over wooden hurdles, covered with brush, which are set in place for the race. Hurdle racing is more dangerous than steeplechasing, as the horses frequently crash through the hurdles instead of leaping over them. Indeed, there



OVER THE LIVERPOOL—THE WATER JUMP IS THE MOST EXCITING AND SPECTACULAR FEATURE OF A CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.

have been so many bad accidents during the last two years that the stewards of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association have abolished hurdle racing on the tracks which they control, and this year no events of the kind were held at the courses around New York or at Washington or Saratoga. In the West, however, this form of sport is still popular.

PROMINENT OWNERS AND RIDERS.

Several of the leading American owners of steeplechase horses prefer to race under a *nom de course*, among them being Mr. Chamblet, Mr. Major, Mr. Story, and Mr. Cotton. Other prominent owners are J. E. Widener, J. W. Colt, Thomas Hitchcock, C. D. Francis, Ivan Fox, Sydney J. Holloway, H. H. Hayes, W. M. Kerr, H. S. Page, F. Ambrose Clark, M. J. Maloney, George Schwarz, and Thomas Crooks. Few of the men who race jumpers operate stables on the flat. Thomas W. Lawson went into steeplechasing several years ago, but scored only a moderate success, and has withdrawn.

The list of good cross-country riders is small. Silas Veitch, who trains and rides for Mr. Chamblet, and Jimmie Mara, who handles the horses of J. W. Colt, are reputed the two best performers in the profession to-day. The cross-country jockey does not come in for the public adulation which falls to the lot of the successful rider on the flat, but he makes a comfortable living. Here is a vocation where the demand for first-class material exceeds the supply.

Among the best cross-country horses now in training are Land of Clover, Lavator, Caller, St. Jude, The Ragged Cavalier, Plato, Judge Phillips, The Virginian, Flying Virginian, Zinziber, Billy Ray, Philma Paxton, Manilian, Fulminate, Hark Forward, Black Death, and others. Some of the prominent amateur riders who are accepting mounts this year are Mr. Taylor, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Page, Mr. Hayes, and Mr. Clark.

The popularity of steeplechasing is not confined to the United States, but the sport has a strong hold in the Dominion of Canada as well.



VILLANELLE TO AN OLD PORTRAIT.

FAIR lady, clad in gauzy blue,
By Lawrence or by Reynolds limned,
It's in my heart to envy you.

Not merely that your eyebrows grew,
Arched miracles, o'er eyes undimmed—
Fair lady, clad in gauzy blue;

Nor that about you pigeons flew,
And pet lambs wandered, ribbon-trimmed,
It's in my heart to envy you.

But ah, you never held a "view,"
Nor social science handbook skimmed,
Fair lady, clad in gauzy blue!

You sat no German opera through;
Your days with "culture" ne'er o'erbrimmed;
It's in my heart to envy you!

Ah, blest who lived when fads were few,
Your beauty toasted, virtues hymned!
Fair lady, clad in gauzy blue,
It's in my heart to envy you!

Katherine Hoffman.

THE STAGE

FOR THE NEW YEAR IN STAGELAND.

Last season's unprecedented record of failures disheartened even that most hopeful of mortals, the theatrical manager. Hence the tinge over the forecast for the coming year at the New York playhouses is not as roseate as usual, nor the list of attractions as lengthy. For the latter fact, however, there is a reason that has nothing whatever to do with the poor business done in the past. The famine in plays has now reached a pass where it acts as a serious menace to a calling that has been expanding steadily in every branch except this particular one. While the number of theaters has grown, the supply of plays has actually decreased.

Evidence of the pinch was shown last spring in the prevalence of revivals. John Drew had to fall back upon "The Second in Command," and Faversham had recourse to "Lord and Lady Algy." Even Maude Adams returned to "The Little Minister" ere her season closed. Then there were the spring reproductions of "The Two Orphans" and "Wang" for Broadway attractions. There is at least one school that undertakes to teach the art of writing plays, and every now and then prizes are offered to stimulate embryo dramatists, but the output of plays that are worth while seems to be smaller than ever.

In many cases, productions are laboriously tinkered into shape after they are first set before the public. It is a law in stageland, or ought to be, that you must not deceive your audiences; keep your actors in the dark, but let the spectators into the secret. Failure to follow this rule was the defect in "Ransom's Folly" when originally brought out, but after the piece left New York, Mr. Davis introduced a hint or two, foreshadowing the outcome, with the result that the comedy went twice as well. It is for this reason that your literary man is usually a poor playwright. The axioms that govern the two occupations swear at one another. In a story the surprise at the end counts as a virtue; in a play it is a positive drawback. But Mr. Davis is learning rapidly. His biggest success, "The Dictator," written especially for



BRANDON TYNAN, WHO IS TO STAR UNDER DAVID BELASCO'S MANAGEMENT IN AN IRISH PLAY OF HIS OWN WRITING.

From his latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

William Collier without having gone through the intermediate story stage, proves this, just as an opposite inference may be drawn from the fact that William

to performance. Comparison of prophecy and review in previous seasons will sufficiently demonstrate the need for this saving clause. Still, there is matter of



CECILIA LOFTIS, WHO IS TO STAR IN ZANGWILL'S COMEDY, "THE SERIO-COMIC GOVERNERS."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

Dean Howells and Mary E. Wilkins have repeatedly failed to reach the footlights.

As usual, THE MUNSEY prefaces its forecast with the statement that many titles set down therein may never come

interest even in the discrepancies between promise and performance, so this foreword may be regarded rather as a reminder than an apology.

Taking the New York playhouses



MRS. G. H. GILBERT, WHO WILL BE EIGHTY-FIVE IN OCTOBER, AND WHO IS TO STAR IN A NEW
PLAY BY CLYDE FITCH CALLED "GRANDMA."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET—MR. SOTHERN IS TO STAR JOINTLY WITH JULIA MARLOWE
IN SHAKESPEARIAN REPERTOIRE.

From a photograph by Schless, New York.

alphabetically, the Academy of Music starts in with a "greater" version of "Checkers," the racing play by Henry Blossom, Jr., which was one of last year's hits. Probably this house will also see a return of the Bostonians in "Robin Hood," which for the past two years has drawn to its ample auditorium the largest audiences it has held.

At the Belasco, after three more weeks of "Kitty Bellairs," the first novelty will be David Warfield in a new piece, to be followed by Brandon Tynan, author of "Robert Emmet," in a new play of Irish life written for his own use. This last will be staged by Mr. Belasco in the elab-

orate manner of his previous offerings with French, Japanese, and English backgrounds respectively. Later will come his new drama for Mrs. Carter—the last, it is whispered, in which she will appear.

The Broadway's reopening bill is at this writing uncertain, but from the success that has hitherto waited on the Savage attractions at this house it is quite likely to be "Woodland," the new opera by the authors of "King Dodo" and "The Prince of Pilsen." Although its characters are nominally birds, they are so only in name and in costume, and the action of the piece is not grotesque, but moves on human lines. It would also



JULIA MARLOWE, WHO IS TO STAR JOINTLY WITH E. H. SOTHERN IN SHAKESPEARIAN REPERTOIRE.

From her latest photograph by Sands & Brady, Providence.

be appropriate to have the Broadway shelter the London light-opera success. "The Duchess of Dantzic," a new version of "Mme. Sans-Gêne," which was originally brought out in its dramatic form at this house. Other possible occupants of the Broadway are Charles B.

Dillingham's two light-opera stars, Fritzi Scheff in "The Two Roses," and Lulu Glaser as *Mary Tudor* in a musical setting of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," called "The Madcap Princess."

It is the policy of the Casino to keep an attraction on the boards as long as



ANNIE RUSSELL, WHO IS TO STAR IN A PLAY FROM THE FRENCH, "BROTHER JACQUES."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

possible, and as "Piff, Paff, Pouf" admits of infinite variations of libretto, that show, with its magnetizing Radium Dance, may hold out far into the autumn. De Wolf Hopper may then turn up in his new vehicle, "A Runaway King," provided in his case, too, that

Hiehens, author of "The Green Carnation." How the exponent of the typical American countryman, *David Harum*, will adapt himself to a Gallic atmosphere remains to be seen. He will have Katherine Grey for his leading woman.

A very possible later bill at the Cri-



JAMES K. HACKETT, WHO IS TO STAR IN A DRAMATIZATION OF WINSTON CHURCHILL'S
"THE CROSSING."

From his latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

the success of the revived "Wang" does not lead him to retain the older piece in his repertoire for another season.

For the Criterion, the inaugural attraction will be William H. Crane in a comedy, "Business Is Business," translated from the French by that clever handler of Mayfair repartee, Robert

terion will be Virginia Harned in Sarah Bernhardt's latest success, Sardou's "The Sorcerer." Possibly Mr. Charles Frohman may also do Pinero's "Letty" here. It should be remembered that during the coming year he will have only four houses under his direct management against the seven he controlled last



MARGARET ANGLIN, WHO IS TO STAR IN "THE ETERNAL FEMINE."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

winter, having disposed of the Savoy, the Vandeville, and the Garden.

The reopening bill at Daly's will be the musical comedy from the Prince of Wales in London, "The School Girl," with Edna May and an English cast. This to be followed by the latest success at the London Daly's—"The Cingalee," said to be one of the most gorgeous of latter-day musical plays.

As usual, things at the Empire will be started by John Drew, most likely in "The Duke of Killierankie." This is the newest comedy by Captain Marshall, au-

thor of "A Royal Family," and enjoyed a long run at the London Criterion last winter. Mrs. Gilbert is booked for two weeks at the Empire in her new play, prepared by Clyde Fitch and very appropriately named "Grandma." Maude Adams will also come into the Empire, whether in a new offering or the long promised "As You Like It" is still unsettled.

The Fourteenth Street Theater will probably see the début of a new star, a protégé of the late James A. Herne, famous as the protagonist of "Shore

Acres," in which play Mr. Lamson had a small part when it was done at Daly's. His vehicle in which to seek metropolitan laurels is "Young Tobe Hoxie."

Henry W. Savage is to inaugurate his occupancy of the Garden Theater with a production of "Parsifal" in English, perchance with Mme. Galski as *Kundry*. This is to be followed by a season of his English Grand Opera Company in repertoire. The theater will be newly decorated and equipped.

Both New York and London being so short of good material, managers have gone to France quite extensively for new plays. After a preliminary season of farce, the Garrick is to have Fay Davis in "The Rich Mrs. Repton," which R. C. Carton worked out from the same Gallic source that supplied Alice Fischer with "Mrs. Jack" last year. In November Annie Russell will come to the same house in another comedy from the French, "Brother Jacques." Needless to say she will have her new husband, Oswald Yorke, as leading man. Mary Mannering's new vehicle is by Justin Huntly McCarthy, author of "If I Were King" and "The Proud Prince."

Clyde Fitch has written a new comedy for Mrs. Bloodgood, but has stipulated that it shall be brought out at the Garrick, and not at the Savoy, which latter house witnessed two failures from his pen last season—"Major André" and "Glad of It." The Garrick, on the other hand, has been the scene of his greatest successes—"Captain Jinks" for Ethel Barrymore, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" for Mary Mannering, and "Her Own Way" for Maxine Elliott.

After its hit with "The Girl from Kay's," last season, the Herald Square does not feel like tempting Providence with a change of bill, so will resume business in August with the same piece, this time featuring both Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams.

The handsome Hudson will be reopened by Ethel Barrymore, who inaugurated it last October. Mr. Frohman may present her in "Sunday," a Western play which has had a London success. Robert Edson will come to the Hudson late in January with his new comedy, "Classmates," a college play, written by young De Mille, son of the late Henry C. De Mille, who collaborated with Belasco on "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," and "Men and Women." University life is a new theme for our playwrights, and as the public is supposed to be clamoring for novelty, its

sponsors will have at least one advantage at the outset.

The Rogers Brothers, as usual, will set the ball rolling at the Knickerbocker, this time "In Paris," where their doings, it is to be hoped, will be droller than were their experiences in London last season. With no Weber & Fields to compete with now, it rests only with their playwright to give them the chance to skim the cream of the burlesque patronage.

In January Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott are booked at the Knickerbocker in "The Edge of the Storm"—unless, of course, the play should prove a failure on the other side. In that case they will do "Hamlet" again, "Othello," and perhaps "For the Crown." And as the Knickerbocker has already harbored "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Shepherd King," Charles Frohman may decide on this house for his presentation of "The Pilgrim's Progress," with nineteen scenes and two hundred people.

For some two or three years George Alexander, of the London St. James, has been promising to come to this country. Possibly he may decide to do so next autumn, in which case he will probably be seen at the Knickerbocker, where it is to be hoped he will include "Old Heidelberg" in his repertoire. It is scarcely likely that he will give us either "Love's Carnival," which holds the record for a run of four performances in London last spring, or "Saturday to Monday," the comedy which followed it, and which also failed to hit the popular taste. The Knickerbocker may also house Viola Allen in "A Winter's Tale."

Now that Hammerstein's Victoria is making money with vaudeville at popular prices, its energetic proprietor will have so much time to devote to building operations that his new theater on Forty-Second Street may be finished ahead of his Drury Lane, started on Thirty-Fourth Street some two years ago. At any rate, Lew Fields, late of Weber & Fields', has arranged to open it as Lew Fields' Theater on the 17th of November. On reference to the calendar it will be seen that November 17 is a Thursday; whence it may be inferred that Fields intends to continue the Thursday tradition that had come to be a feature of the famous little music-hall at Broadway and Twenty-Ninth Street. The program at the new house is to be divided between musical comedy and burlesques of reigning successes—if there should happen to

be any. Of course the cast will be "all-star" (who would think of giving any other sort of burlesque nowadays?) and in musical plays the management hopes to find something like "The Wizard of Oz" or "Babes in Toyland." In fact, Messrs. Hamlin and Mitchell are associated with Mr. Fields in the venture.

The Lyceum will have Cecilia Loftus as a star in Zangwill's new comedy, "The Serio-Comic Governess." After her, at the middle of November, Sir Charles Wyndham of the New and Wyndham's Theaters in London, will be at the Lyceum for three months, opening in "David Garrick" for a fortnight, followed by the best of Hubert Henry Davies' comedies, "Mrs. Gorrington's Necklace," and possibly by a new one from the same pen. Mr. Wyndham has not been in this country—where he fought during the Civil War—since he appeared at Wallack's fourteen or more years ago. He will bring his own company, with Mary Moore as leading woman.

Wyndham will probably be followed at the Lyceum by the new combination—E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespeare repertory.

At the Lyric we are to see James K. Hackett in a dramatization of Winston Churchill's "The Crossing," and the Parisian actress, Gabrielle Réjane, is booked there for a term beginning November 7. The coming season, in fact, will have a decided Gallic tinge, for the Lyric may also be the scene of Otis Skinner's presentation of Jean Richepin's "Le Chemineau," to be known in English as "The Harvester." Whether Jefferson, De Angelis comes here in his new opera by Victor Herbert, "The Enchanted Isle," is at this writing undetermined.

The Majestic will probably have recourse to a play that seems even better calculated to please the young folk than was "The Wizard of Oz" or "Babes in Toyland." This is "Buster Brown," already a hit in Boston. Its star is that tiny king-pin of small men, Gabriel, who was last seen in New York with Nat Wills in "A Son of Rest."

Charles Richman will probably be at the Manhattan Theater with his new play of New York society folk, "The Genius." It is written by the brothers De Mille, one of whom prepared "Classmates" for Edson, and it is said the characters are modeled on real people well-known in the metropolis. And of course Mrs. Fiske will play at the Manhattan, where, ac-

cording to the plans announced by her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, she is to be supported by a stock company. Her season will begin in September with a revival of "Becky Sharp." Later she will appear in a new drama by C. M. S. McClellan, who, under the *nom de guerre* of Hugh Morton, fathered such thistle-down products as "The Belle of New York" and "Glittering Gloria." This was to be the year for Mrs. Fiske to bring out her production of "Macbeth," but at the present writing her Shakespearian ambitions seem to have been sidetracked.

At Klaw & Erlanger's New Amsterdam the second season will probably be opened with the Drury Lane pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty," rewritten, as usual, for the American boards. The process was particularly necessary in this instance, as the London production last winter fairly reeked of interpolations from other New York pieces, including such well-known episodes as "The Tree of Truth" from "The Runaways," and the "Sammy" song from "The Wizard of Oz." A striking scene picture in "Humpty Dumpty" is the submarine City of Coral.

George M. Cohan, the ablest of the Four Cohans, is to star at the New York in "Little Johnny Jones," with the rest of the talented quartet in his support. This theater may also have Pete Dailey, replacing the late Jerome Sykes in "The Billionaire." At the Princess, the bill may be Margaret Anglin in "The Eternal Feminine." The Savoy has had the greater part of its season reserved for Madge Carr Cooke in the name part of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Wallack's will continue to devote itself to the works of George Ade, its lucky card since December, 1902, when "The Sultan of Sulu" began its run there. The "Sultan" was followed last fall by Ade's "Peggy from Paris," which, in turn, gave place in November to his quaint comedy, "The County Chairman." This held the boards until June 4, and is to be put back on them again when the theater reopens in September. Mr. Ade's newest output, the comic opera by himself and Mr. Luders, called "The Sho-Gun," is held in reserve, and will doubtless go on before the holidays, with a fair prospect of keeping up its author's reputation as a mainstay of Wallack's.

Weber & Fields as partners are now no more, but their music-hall will probably bear Weber's name and be continued by him as a burlesque house.

DOUBLE HARNESS.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," and "The King's Mirror."

XXVI.

FOR days Lucy and little Vera had crept fearfully through the silent house, knowing that a dreadful thing had happened, not allowed to put questions, and hardly daring to speculate about it among themselves. When Sophy began to be about again, pale and shaken, with the bandage still round her head, she took the lead as she was wont to do, and her bolder mind fastened on the change in the situation. There was no need to be afraid any more. That was the great fact which came home to her, and which she proclaimed to her sisters. It might be proper to move quietly and talk low for a little while, but it was a tribute to what was becoming, not a sign of terror or a precaution against danger.

It was Sophy, too, who ventured to question Suzette, and to elicit instructions as to their future conduct. They were to think very kindly of mamma and love her memory, said Suzette, but they were not to talk about her to papa, when he came back, because that would distress him. And they were not to ask him why he had gone away, or where he had been. Of course he had had business—and anyhow, little girls ought not to be inquisitive.

A question remained in Sophy's mind, and was even canvassed in private schoolroom consultations. What about that portentous word which had been whispered through the household—what about the divorce? None of them found courage to ask that, or perhaps they had pity on poor Suzette Bligh, who was so terribly uncomfortable under their questioning. At any rate, nothing more was heard about the divorce. Since it had appeared to mean that papa was to go away, and since he was coming back now, presumably it had been put on the shelf somehow. All the same, their sharp instincts told them that their father would not have come back unless their mother had died, and that he was com-

ing back now—well, in a sort of disgrace; that was how they put it in their thoughts.

A committee, consisting of Kate Raymond, Janet Selford, and John Fanshaw—a trustee under the Courtland marriage settlement—had sat to consider Suzette Bligh's position. Suzette loved the children, and it would be sad if she had to leave them; moreover, she was homeless, and a fixed salary would be welcome to her. Lastly—and on this point Janet Selford laid stress—she was not exactly a young girl; she was just on thirty. John nodded agreement, adding that nobody outside of an asylum could connect scandal with the name of Suzette Bligh. So it was decided that she should stay for the present, at all events, in the capacity of companion or governess.

The children wondered to find Suzette so gently radiant and affectionate one evening. She had not told them of the doubt which had arisen, nor how great a thing it was to her to stay. They had never doubted that she would stay with them now.

It was late one afternoon when Tom Courtland slunk home. He had sent no word of his coming, because he did not know till the last minute whether he would have courage to come. Then he had made the plunge, given up his room at the club, packed his luggage, and left it to be called for.

But the plunge was very difficult to him. He was uncomfortable before the man who let him in; he was wretchedly apprehensive of Suzette Bligh and of the children. He needed—very badly needed—Caylesham at his elbow again, to tell him "not to be an ass." But Caylesham had gone back to employments more congenial than he ever professed to find works of benevolence. Tom had to endure alone, and he could find no comfort. Against Harriet he could have made a case—a very good case in the judgment of half the world. But he seemed to have

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no excuse to offer to the little girls, nor any plea to meet the wondering disapprobation of Suzette Bligh.

He was told that the children were in the schoolroom with Suzette, and thither he bent his steps, going slowly and indecisively. He stopped outside the door and listened; he could hear Suzette's mild voice; apparently she was reading to them, for nothing except the continuous flow of her words was audible, and in conversation she was not so loquacious as that.

Well, he must go in; perhaps it would be all right when once the ice was broken. He opened the door and stood on the threshold, blushing like a school-boy.

"Well, my dears, here I am," he said. "I've come home."

He caught Suzette's eye. She was blushing, too, blushing a very vivid pink—rather a foolish pink, somehow. He felt that both he and Suzette must be looking very silly. For quite a long time, as it seemed, he looked at Suzette before he looked at the little girls. After that there was, or seemed to be, another long silence while the little girls looked first at him, then at Suzette, then at one another. Tom stood there through it all—in the doorway, blushing.

The next moment all the three were upon him, clinging to his hands and his coat, kissing him, crying out their gladness in little excited exclamations, the two elder taking care to give Vera a fair chance to get at him, Vera insisting that the chance was not a fair one, all the three dragging him to an armchair, and pulling him down into it. Two of them got on his knees, and Lucy stood by his side with her arm round his neck.

"My dears!" Tom muttered, and found he could say no more.

His eyes met Suzette Bligh's. She was standing by the table, looking on, and her eyes were misty.

"See how they love you, Mr. Courtland!" she said.

Yes! And he had forsaken them, and the bandage was about Sophy's head!

"You won't go away again, will you?" implored Lucy.

"No, I shan't go away again!"

"And Suzette'll stay, too, won't she?" urged Vera.

"I hope she will, indeed."

"You will, Suzette?"

"Yes, dear."

"We shall be happy," said Sophy softly, with a note of wonder in her voice.

It really seemed strange to have the

prospect of being happy—permanently, comfortably, without fear; the prospect of happiness, not snatched at intervals, not broken by terror, but secure and without apprehension.

Tom Courtland pressed his little children to him. Where were the reproaches he had imagined, where the shame he had feared? They were annihilated by love and swallowed up in gladness.

"We do love you so!" whispered Lucy.

Vera actually screamed in happiness.

"Oh, Vera!" said Suzette, rather shocked.

That set them all laughing—the little girls, Tom, presently even Suzette herself. They were all laughing, though none of them could have told exactly why. Their joy bubbled over in mirth, and the sound of gladness was in the house.

Tom Courtland held his head up and was his own man again. Here was something to live for, and something to show that even his broken life had not been lived in vain. The ghosts of the past were there; he could not forget them, but the clasp of the warm little arms which encircled him would keep their chilling touch away from his heart.

Freed from torments that he had not deserved, rescued from pleasures that he had not enjoyed, he turned eagerly to the delights of the home which could now be his. His glad children and kindly Suzette were a picture very precious in his eyes. Here were golden links by which the fragments of his life could be bound together, though the fractures must always show—even as the scar would show always on Sophy's brow, however much her lips might smile or her eyes sparkle beneath it.

They were roused by a voice from the door.

"It's not hard to tell where you all are! Why, I heard you at the bottom of the stairs! What a hullabaloo!"

John Fanshaw's bulky figure stood there, solid and bowed with weight and his growing years. He looked on the scene—on the happy little folk in their gloomy black frocks—with a kindly smile, and the mock reproof of his tone hid more tenderness than he cared to show.

"Papa's come back—back to stay!" they cried exultantly. "Isn't that splendid, Mr. Fanshaw?"

"I hoped I should find you here, Tom, but I came to call on Miss Bligh."

"I hope you'll always find her here, too," said Tom.

Suzette was flattered, and fell to blushing again. She was acutely grateful to anybody who wanted her. She took such a desire as a free and lavish gift of kindness, never making out any reason which could account for it.

"I'm only too happy to stay if—I if I can be of any use," she murmured.

John sat down and made one of the party. They all chattered cheerfully till the time grew late. Sophy, still treated as an invalid, had to go to bed. She kissed John, who held her closely for a moment, then threw herself in Tom's arms and could hardly be persuaded to let him go.

"I shall write to Mr. Imason and tell him you've come back," she whispered as a great secret. "He was so kind to Lucy and Vera when—you know, papa?"

Tom passed his hand over her flaxen hair.

"Sleep quietly, darling," he said; for quiet and peace were possible now.

There had been no expectation that Tom would be home to dinner, and though Suzette assured him that something could easily be prepared—and that homely sort of attention was new and pleasant to Tom—he accepted John Fanshaw's invitation to take pot-luck with him. They walked off together, rather silent, each full of his own thoughts. They did not speak until they had almost reached John's door.

"That's the sort of sight that makes a man wish he had children," said John slowly.

"I've often wished I had none! Poor Harriet!"

"But you're glad of them now?"

"Why, I've nothing else. It just makes the difference to life." He paused a moment, and then broke out: "And they've nothing but love for me. Not a word, not a thought, of reproach! Just because I've never been cruel to them, whatever else I've been! Poor little beggars! We can't keep like that when we grow up. We're too fond of our grievances, eh?"

John looked at him for a moment, but said nothing. They went into the house in renewed silence. It seemed very large, empty, and dreary.

"Your wife not back yet? I heard she was staying with the Imasons."

"She's there still. I don't know when she's coming back."

"Rather dull for you, isn't it? You know you always depended on her a lot."

John made no answer, but led the way into his study. He gave Tom an evening paper, and began to open his letters. But

his thoughts were not on the letters. They were occupied with what he had seen that afternoon, and with the words which had fallen from Tom Courtland's lips.

The children forgave with that fine, free forgiveness which will not even recognize the need for itself of the existence of any fault toward which it should be exercised. It is there that forgiveness is merged in love. But when people grow up, Tom had said, they are too fond of their grievances.

John had been very fond of his grievance. It was a fine large one—about the largest any man could have, everybody must admit that—and John had declined to belittle it, or to shear off an inch of its imposing stature. All it demanded he had given. But had he? What about Frank Caylesham's money? Had it not demanded there something which he had refused? But he had given all it asked so far as the sinner who had caused it was concerned. Against her he had nursed and cosseted it; for its sake he had made his home desolate and starved his heart.

Aye, he had always depended on Christine. Tom was right. But because of his grievance he had put her from him. He was fond of his grievance, indeed! If Tom's children had been old enough to recognize the true value and preciousness of a big grievance, they would never have received Tom as they had that afternoon. They would have made him feel what he had been guilty of. He would have been made to feel it handsomely before he was forgiven. Children were different, as Tom Courtland said.

John got up and poked the fire fiercely.

"The house is beastly cold," he grumbled.

"Ah, it wouldn't be if Mrs. John was at home," laughed Tom. "She always looks after the fire, doesn't she?"

John Fanshaw bitterly envied him his peace and happiness. He forgot how hardly they had been achieved. The vision of the afternoon was before his eyes, and he declared that fate was too kind to Tom. A heavy dullness was over his face, and a forlorn, puzzled look in his eyes. He must have done right, he must be doing right. How could a self-respecting man do otherwise? And yet he was so desolate, so starved of human love, in the end so full of longing for Christine—for her gracious presence and her dainty little ways.

With an effort he collected his thoughts from these wanderings, and be-

gan to read his letters. Tom was still occupied with his paper and his cigar, but he looked up at the sound of an "Ah!" which escaped from John's lips. John had come on a letter which set his thoughts going again—a letter from Sibylla. She upbraided him playfully for not having come down to see them and Christine.

"I'm sure Christine must be hurt with you, though she's much too proud to say so. We want to keep her over Christmas. Will you come as soon as you can, and stay over Christmas and as long as possible? I've not told her I'm asking you, so that she mayn't be disappointed if you don't come."

There was diplomacy in Sibylla's letter, since she knew the state of the case far better than her references to Christine implied. But John was not aware of this. His attention was fixed only on the invitation, and on the circumstances in which it came. He could not go to Milldean and take his grievance with him; it was too big and obtrusive for other people's houses; it could flourish properly only in a domestic tête-à-tête. So he must stay at home.

He sighed as he laid down the letter. Then his fingers wandered irresolutely to it again, as he looked across at Tom Courtland, who had now ceased reading and was smoking with a quiet smile on his face.

"Anything up, old fellow?" asked Tom, noting the gravity of his expression.

"No. It's only from Mrs. Imason, asking me to go down there at Christmas."

"You go," counseled Tom. "Better than bringing your wife back here."

There was a third course—the course favored by the grievance. John did not speak of it, but it was present in his thoughts. He shook his head impatiently, and began to talk of general topics. But all the evening Sibylla's letter was in his mind, ranging itself side by side with the scene which he had witnessed at Tom Courtland's.

The gloomy idol he had set up in his heart was not yet cast down; but the little hands of the children had given its pedestal a shake.

XXVII.

THE Raymores were lodging over the post-office at Milldean, in the rooms once occupied by the curate. The new curate did not need them; he was staying at the rectory, and meant, after his marriage with Dora Hutting, to build him-

self a little house, to go on being curate, and ultimately to be rector. He had a well-to-do father, who had bought the advowson for him as a wedding present. His path in life was clear, visible to the very end, and entirely peaceful—unless Dora decided otherwise.

So the rooms came in handy for the Raymores; and it suited Jeremy's inclination and leisure to stay the while with his sister on the hill. He had a bit of work to finish down at Milldean, while the Raymores were there. However assiduous you may be, love-making in London is liable to interruption; it must be to a certain degree spasmodic there; business, society, and other such trifles keep breaking in. A clear week in the country will do wonders. Thus thought Jeremy, and it was his brilliant suggestion which brought the Raymores to Milldean for a month.

What more obvious, since Charley was to land at Fairhaven and to stay a month in England? Spend that month in London, where things interrupted, and people stared, and old-time talk was remembered? No! Kate Raymore jumped at the idea that this wonderful month should be spent in the country, in quiet and seclusion, among old friends whose lips would be guarded, whose looks friendly, whose hearts in sympathy.

When Jeremy made this arrangement—such an excellent one that he may be pardoned for almost forgetting the selfish side of it—he had not failed to remember Dora Hutting. There had always been alternative endings to that story. Jeremy's present scheme was a variation from both of them. None the less, he had come to prefer it to either. But he had not allowed for the presence of the curate, and this circumstance, casually brought to his knowledge by Grantley Imason on the evening of his arrival, had rather disturbed him.

There was another feature in the case for which he was quite unprepared. The name of the curate was a famous one—actually famous through the length and breadth of the land! This was rather a staggerer for Jeremy, who might deride, but could not deny, the curate's greatness. Certain forms of glory may appeal more to one man than to another, but all are glorious. The curate was Mallam of Somerset.

"The Mallam?" asked Jeremy.

"Yes, *the* Mallam," said Grantley gravely.

"By Jove!" Jeremy murmured.

"I think you ought to forgive her."

Grantley suggested. "He's played twice for England, you know, and made a century the first time."

"I remember," Jeremy acknowledged, looking very thoughtful.

This was quite a different matter from the ordinary curate. Ritualistic proclivities, however obnoxious to Jeremy in their essence, became a pardonable eccentricity in a man whose solid reputation had been won in other fields.

It was not surprising that Dora carried her head very high, or that the cold politeness of her bow relegated Jeremy to a fathomless oblivion. Knowing the ways of girls, and reluctantly conscious of Mr. Mallam's greatness—conscious, too, perhaps, that his own riches and fame were not as yet much in evidence—he was prepared for that. But, alas, Charley was a cricketer, too; and had infected Eva with his enthusiasm in the game. She was quite excited about Mallam. Jeremy did not appreciate this feeling as generously as he might have. Yet Eva made no attempt to conceal it. She rather emphasized it; for she had come to the stage when she sought defenses.

After the first eager spring to meet the offered and congenial love, there comes often this recoil. The girl would have things stay as they are, since they are very pleasant, and the next step is into the unknown. She loves delay, then, and, since the man will not have it for its own sake, not knowing its sweetness nor the fear that aids its charm, she enforces it on him by trickery. She makes him afraid of losing the draft altogether by insisting on his sipping it at first. She will use any weapon in this campaign, and an ardent admiration for Mr. Mallam was a very useful weapon to Eva Raymore. She said more than once that she considered Dora Hutting a very lucky girl; she thought Dora must be charming since Mallam was in love with her; she held Mallam to be very handsome, and refused to believe—well, that his talent was so highly specialized as Jeremy tried to persuade her in words somewhat less gentle than these.

Jeremy's knowledge of girls gave out before this unexpected call upon it. He recollected how Dora had served him, and how Anna Selford had trifled with Alec Turner. He grew apprehensive and troubled—also more and more in love. He forecast complicated tragedies, and saw Mallam darkening his life wherever he turned. But the women understood—Kate Raymore, Christine, even Sibylla. They glanced at one another, and

laughed among themselves. They were rather proud of Eva, who played the game of their sex so well.

"Thank goodness, she's learned to flirt!" said Christine. "A woman's nowhere without that, my dear, and I don't care whether she's married or not."

"She just adores Jeremy," Kate assured Sibylla. "Only men can't see, you know."

Sibylla laughed. She understood, now, better than in the days when she herself was wooed. But she blushed a little, too, which was strange, unless perchance she found some parallel to Eva's conduct which she was not inclined to discuss with her friends. Jeremy was not the only man who went courting just now in Milden.

Nor was Kate Raymore the only woman whose heart expected a wanderer home, and trembled at the joy of a long-desired meeting. The period of Mrs. Mumble's expectation was almost done. In two or three weeks she was to go on a journey; she would come back to Old Mill House not alone. The house was swept and garnished, and Mrs. Mumble had a new silk gown. The latter she showed to Kate, and a new bonnet, too, which was a trifle gayer than her ordinary wear; it had a touch of youth about it.

Mrs. Mumble knew very well who was the best person to show these treasures to, who the best listener to her speculations as to the manner of that meeting. And she, in turn, was eager to listen to Kate when the news came that Charley's ship was to be in quite soon. Kate could not say much about that to anybody except to Mrs. Mumble; but she was sure that Mrs. Mumble would understand.

When, on the top of all this, there came the announcement that Dora Hutting's wedding was fixed for that day three weeks, Christine Fanshaw was moved to protest.

"Really, Grantley," she exclaimed, "this village is a great center of love—that Mrs. Mumble would understand."

"All villages are," said Grantley, suavely tolerant, "or they couldn't go on being villages. It's life or death to them, Christine."

"That's a contemptible evasion. The atmosphere is horribly sentimental. I don't think I'm in touch with it at all."

"Don't talk to me, then," said Grantley. "I like it, you know. Oh, you needn't fret, my dear friend. There's been lots of trouble—and there'll be lots more!"

"Yes, trouble—and hatred, too?"

"Oh, well, suppose we suppose there won't be that?" he suggested. "But the trouble, anyhow."

"Then everybody oughtn't to pretend that there won't! The way people talk about marriages is simply hypocrisy."

"When the bather is on the bank it's no moment for remarking that the water is cold. And the truth is in our hearts all the time. Am I likely to forget it, for instance? Or are you likely to forget poor old Tom and that unhappy woman?"

"Or am I likely to forget myself?" Christine murmured, looking out of the window. As she looked Dora passed by, and broad-shouldered young Mallam with her. "Oh, well, bless the children!" she said, laughing.

"It doesn't do, though, to be too knowing, too much up to all nature's little tricks," Grantley went on, as he came and stood beside her. "We oughtn't to give the old lady away. She seems a bit primitive in her methods sometimes, but if we don't interfere she usually gets there in the end. We mustn't find out all her secrets, though."

Christine looked up with a smile and the suspicion of a blush.

"Oh, well, one can always forget them again," she said.

"With the proper assistance," Grantley agreed, smiling. "And, after all, she's very accommodating. If you do what she wants, she doesn't care a hang about your private reasons."

"I call that unscrupulous," Christine objected.

"Oh, yes, the most immoral old hussy that ever was," he laughed. "I love her for that. In her matrimonial advertisement the woman is always rich, beautiful, and amiable!"

"And the man handsome, steady, and constant!"

"So we pay the fees—and sometimes get the article."

"Sometimes," said Christine. "Of course we always suit the description ourselves?"

"A faith in one's self—secure, impregnable, eternal—is the one really necessary equipment."

"So you've found?"

"Don't be personal—or penetrating, Christine. The forms of faith vary; the faith remains."

Christine looked up at him again. Something in her eyes made him pat her lightly on the shoulder.

"Oh, it's all very well," she murmured

in rueful peevishness, "but I shan't be able to stand too much happiness here!"

"Think of the others," he advised, "and you'll regain the balance of your judgment."

To think of the others was decidedly a good thing. Reason dictated the survey of a wider field, the discovery and recognition of an average emerging from the inequalities. The result of such a process should be either a temperate self-satisfaction or a clear-sighted resignation; you would probably find yourself not much above nor much below the level thus scientifically demonstrated.

But the ways of science are not always those of the heart, and that we are less miserable than some people is not a consolation for being more unhappy than others—least of all when the happy are before our eyes and the wretched farther off. Neither the preacher of Grantley's doctrine nor its hearer was converted. Grantley still wanted the best, and Christine, asking nothing so very great, was the more aggrieved that she was denied even what she demanded.

Kate Raymore's day came. Only Jeremy accompanied the family to meet the boat. Kate said they would want somebody to bustle about after the luggage. In truth, Jeremy seemed to her already as one of her own house. But he did not seem so to himself. Eva had been very wayward, full of admiration for Mr. Mallam, and on the strict defensive against Jeremy's approaches. He was so distressed and puzzled that he might have comforted even Christine Fanshaw. He was exceedingly bad company; but the party did not ask for conversation. A stillness fell on them all as they waited for the boat, Kate clasping her husband's arm tight while her eyes were fixed on the approaching ship.

The boy came down the gangway and saw them waiting. He was a good-looking young fellow, tall and slim, with curly hair. Joy and apprehension, shame and pride, struggled for mastery on his face. Kate saw, and her heart was very full. His fault, his flight, his banishment, were vivid in his mind, and, by his insight, vivid in theirs, too. But there was something else that his eyes begged them to remember—the struggle to retrieve himself, the good record overseas, the thought that they were to be together again for a while without fear and without a cloud between them. Their letters had breathed no reproach, and had been full of love; but letters cannot give the assurance of living eyes.

He still feared reproach, he still had to beg for love, and to fear to find it not unimpaired.

"My boy!" whispered Kate Raymore as she clasped him to her arms.

"You're looking well, Charley," said Raymore, "but older, I think."

Yes, he was older; that was part of the price which had fallen to be paid, and the happiness of reunion could not avail against it. His own hand had overthrown the first glory of his youth; it had died not gradually but by a violent death; the traces were on his face. There was a touch of awe in Eva's eyes as she kissed her brother—the awe evoked by one who had fallen, endured, and fought. He had to pay the uttermost farthing of his debt.

Yet the joy rose supreme, deeper and tenderer for the grief behind it, for the struggle by which it was won, because it came as a victory after a heavy fight. To Kate it seemed as if he had suffered for their sakes as well as for his own sin, since in sorrow over him and his banishment his parents' hearts had come closer together and love reigned stronger in their home. A strange remorse struck her, and mingled with her compassion and her gladness as she held her son at arm's length and looked again in his eyes. It was hard to keep track of these things, to see how the good and the evil worked, to understand how no man was unto himself alone, and not to accuse of injustice the way by which one paid for all while all sorrowed for one.

As they turned away to the carriage, Eva touched Jeremy on the arm. He turned to find her smiling, but her lips trembled.

"If I drive back with them, I shall cry, and then I shall look a fright," she whispered. "Besides, they'd rather have him to themselves just now. Will you walk back with me?"

"All right," said Jeremy curtly. His feelings, too, had been touched, so that his manner was cool and matter-of-fact almost to aggressiveness. He preferred to make nothing at all of walking back with Eva—though the way was long, and the winter sun shone over the sea and the downs, the wind was fresh and crisp, and youthful blood went tingling through the veins. "It's cold driving, anyhow," he added as an afterthought.

It was not cold walking, though, or Jeremy did not so find it. It was in his mind that now he had his chance, if he could find courage to use it and to force an issue. For him, too, Charley and

Charley's sorrow had done something. They had induced in Eva a softer mood; the armor of her coquetry was pierced by a shaft of deep feeling.

As they walked she was silent, forgetting to torment him, silently glad of his friendship and his company. She said nothing of Dora Hutting's good fortune or of Mallam's good looks now. She was thinking of her mother's face as she welcomed Charley, and was musing on love. It was Jeremy's moment, if he could make use of it. But in this mood she rather frightened him, raising about herself defenses different from the gleaming barrier of her coquetry, yet not less effective. He feared to disturb her thoughts, and it seemed to him that his wooing would be rude and rough.

Suddenly she turned to him.

"You'll be friends with Charley, won't you? Real friends, I mean? You won't let what—what's happened stand in the way? You see, he'll be awfully sensitive about it, and if he fancies you're hanging back, or anything of that kind——"

Her eyes were very urgent in their appeal.

"Of course I shall be friends with him," Jeremy said. "I shouldn't dream of——"

"I'm sure you'll like him for his own sake, when you know him. And till then, for mother's sake, for our sake, you'll be nice to him, won't you?"

"Do you care particularly about my being nice to him?"

"Of course I do. We're friends, you see."

Jeremy's fear wore off; the excitement began to rise in him; the spirit of the game came upon him. He turned to his work.

"Are we friends?" he asked. "You've not been very friendly lately."

"Never mind me. Be friendly with Charley."

"For your sake?"

"For our sake, yes."

"I said—for your sake."

A smile dimpled through Eva's gravity.

"Your' is a plural, isn't it?" she said.

"Then—for thy sake?" said Jeremy.

"That's singular, anyhow."

"Oh, for my sake, then, if you think it worth while."

"I don't think anything worth while except pleasing you, Eva. I used to manage it, I think, but somehow it's grown more difficult lately."

He stopped in his walk and faced her.

She walked on a pace or two, but he would not follow. Irresolutely she halted.

"More difficult? Pleasing me grown more difficult?"

"Well, pleasing you as much as I want to, I mean." Jeremy in his turn smiled for a moment; but he was in deadly earnest again as he stepped up to her and caught hold of her hands. "Now's the time," he said. "You've got to say yes or no."

"You haven't asked me anything yet," she murmured, laughing, her eyes away from him and her hands in his.

"Yes, I have, dozens of times, dozens and dozens. And I'm not going to ask it again—not in words, anyhow. You know the question."

"It's horribly unfair to—to do this to-day—to-day when I'm——"

"Not a bit. To-day's the very day for it, and that's why you must answer to-day." A deeper note came into his words, deeper than he had commanded when he made love to Dora Hutting on these same downs not so very long ago. "I make love to you to-day because love's in your heart to-day. You're wanting to love. It's round about us, Eva." For an instant she saw in him a likeness she had never noticed before—a likeness to Sibylla; Sibylla's ardent, all-demanding temper seemed to speak in his words. "Yes, this is the day—our day. And this day shall be the beginning or the end. You know the question. What's the answer, Eva?"

He let go of her hands, and drew back two or three paces. He left her free; if she came to him, it must be of her own motion.

"How very peremptory you are!" she protested.

Her cheeks were red now, and the look of sorrow had gone out of her eyes. Her breath came quick, and when she looked at the sea, the waves seemed to dance to the liveliest music. At sea and land she looked, at the sky and at the wintry sun; her glance touched everywhere save where Jeremy stood.

"The answer!" demanded Jeremy, and confidence rang in his voice.

"You tyrant, you tyrant!"

"The answer, Eva!"

For a moment more she waited. Then she came toward him hesitatingly, her eyes not yet seeking his face. She came up to him and stood with her hands hanging by her side. Then slowly she raised to his face the large, trustful eyes which he had known and loved so well.

"The answer is 'Yes,' Jeremy," she said. "For all my life and with all my heart, dear!"

"I knew this was the right day!" cried Jeremy.

"Oh, any day was right!" she whispered as she sought his arms.

"Yes, but I'm glad it was to-day," he said. "Now I shall be friends with Charley with a vengeance. I shall think of him now whenever I think of to-day."

"Yes, I'm glad it is to-day!"

"To say nothing of the obvious advantage to-day has in not being yesterday or to-morrow, but just to-day. It isn't that I did kiss you, or that I shall kiss you, but that I am——"

Demonstrating the virtues of the present, Jeremy left his sentence unfinished.

A couple of hours later, he burst into Grantley Imason's room, declaring that he was the happiest man on earth. This condition of his, besides being by no means rare in young men, was not unexpected, and congratulations met the obvious needs of the occasion. Sibylla, who was there, was not even very emotional over the matter; the remembrance of Dora Hutting inclined her mind toward the humorous aspect—so hard is it to appreciate the changeful processes of other hearts. But Jeremy himself was excited enough for everybody, and his excitement carried him into forgetfulness of a solemn pledge which he had once given. He wrung Grantley's hand with a vigor at once embarrassing and painful, crying:

"I owe it all to you! I should never have dared it except for the partnership that's coming, and that was all your doing. Without your money——"

"Confound you, Jeremy!" said Grantley in a quiet whisper, rescuing his hand and compassionately caressing it with its uninjured brother.

The imprecation seemed to be equally distributed between Jeremy's two causes of offense; but the young man allocated it to one only.

"Oh, good Lord!" he said, with a guilty glance at Sibylla.

"What money?" asked Sibylla.

She had been sitting by the fire, but rose now, and leaned her shoulder against the mantelpiece. Jeremy looked from her to Grantley.

"I'm most awfully sorry," he said. "I forgot. I'm a bit beside myself, you know." Grantley shrugged his shoulders rather crossly. "I won't say another word about it."

"Oh, yes, you will, Jeremy," observed Sibylla with a dangerous look. "You'll tell me all about it this moment, please."

"Shall I?" Jeremy turned to Grantley again.

"I expect the mischief's done now, but you needn't have lost your memory or your wits just because you're going to marry Eva Raymore."

"Marrying does make people lose their wits sometimes," said Sibylla coldly. Grantley's brows lifted a little as he plumped down in a chair with a resigned air. "Tell me what you mean, Jeremy."

"Well, I had to put money into the business if I was ever to be more than a clerk, if I was ever to get a partnership, you know."

"And Grantley gave you the money?"

"I'm going to pay it back when—when—"

"Yes, of course, Jeremy dear. How much was it?"

Grantley lit a cigarette, and came as near looking uncomfortable as the ingrained composure of his manner allowed.

"Five thousand," said Jeremy. "Wasn't it splendid of him? So, you see, I could afford—"

"Five thousand to Jeremy!" said Sibylla. She turned on Grantley. "And how much to John Fanshaw?"

"You women are all traitors. Christine had no business to say a word. It was pure business; he pays me back regularly, and Jeremy's going to pay me back, too. Come, I haven't done any harm to either of them."

"No, not to them," she said. And she added to Jeremy, "Go and tell Christine. She'll be delighted to hear about you and Eva."

"By Jove, I will! I say, I'm really sorry, Grantley."

"You ought to be. No, you may do anything except shake my hand again."

Jeremy darted out of the room, forgetting his broken pledge, intent only on finding other ears to hear his wonderful news.

"It's very satisfactory, isn't it?" asked Grantley. "I think they'll get on very well, you know. He's young, of course, and—"

"Please don't make talk, Grantley. When did you give him that money?"

"I don't remember."

"There are bank-books and so on, aren't there?"

"How businesslike you're getting!"

"Tell me when, please?"

Grantley rose and stood opposite to

her—even as they had stood in the inn—at the Sailors' Rest at Fairhaven.

"I don't remember the date," He paused, seemed to think, and then went on: "Yes, I'll tell you, because then you'll understand. He came to me the morning of the day you—you went over to Fairhaven. While he was there Christine's letter came. And I gave him the money because I wanted to put you in the wrong as much as I could. Oh, I liked Jeremy, and was willing to help him—just as I was ready to help old John. But that wasn't my great reason. My great reason was to get a bigger grievance against you—for the way you had treated me and were going to treat me."

"If it had been that, you'd have told me. You'd have told me that night in the inn. You must have known what it would have been to me to hear it then. But you never told me."

"I wouldn't part with the pleasure of having it against you—of nursing it against you secretly. I want you to understand the truth. Are you very angry?"

Sibylla appeared to be angry; there was a dash of red on her cheeks; her mouth and eyes looked dangerous.

"Yes, I'm angry," she said. "And I've a right to be angry. You're good to John Fanshaw; you're good to Jeremy. Have you been good to me?"

"I've told you. It was done in malice against you—and in a petty malice, I think now, though I didn't think that then."

"Doing it was no malice to me. You did it in love of me!" Her words were a challenge to him to deny; and, looking at her, he could not deny. He had never denied his love for her, and he would not now. "The wrong you did me was not in doing it, but in not telling me; yes, not telling me about that, nor about what you did for John Fanshaw either."

"I couldn't risk seeming to try to make a claim, especially when—"

"Especially when making a claim on me might have saved me! Is that what you mean? When it might have made all the difference to me and to Frank? When it might have turned me back from my madness? All was to go to ruin sooner than that you should risk seeming to make a claim!"

He attempted no answer, but stood very still, listening and ready to listen. Her voice lost something of its hardness, and became more appealing as she went on.

"They're allowed to know your good side, the kind things you do, how you stand by your friends, how you help people, how you lavish gifts on my brother for my sake. You don't hide it from them. They know that you can love, and that you love to give happiness. There are only two people who mayn't know—the two people in all the world who ought to know—whose happiness, and whose trust in themselves and in each other, lie in knowing. They must be hood-winked and kept in the dark! They're to know nothing of you! For them you find the bad motive, the mean interpretation, the selfish point of view. And you're so ingenious in finding it for them! Grantley, to those two people you've done a great wrong."

He was silent a moment. Then he asked:

"To you and the little boy, you mean?"

"No; he's too young—anyhow, I didn't mean him. I wasn't thinking of him. You know that sometimes I don't think of him; that sometimes, in love or in hatred, I can think of nothing in the world but you, but you and me. And it's to me and to yourself that you've done the wrong."

"To you—and myself?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, what's the use of doing fine things if you bury them from me, if you distort them to yourself, if you won't let either me or yourself think them generous and good? Why must you trick me and yourself, of all the world? Oughtn't we to know—oughtn't we of everybody in the world to know? What's the good of kindness if you dress it up as selfishness? What's the good of love if you call it malice?"

"I've spoken the truth as I believed it."

"No, I say no. Grantley! You've spoken it as you would have me believe it, as you try to make yourself believe it. But it's not the truth!" She came one step nearer to him. "I used to pray that you should change," she said imploringly. "I don't pray that now. It's impossible, and I don't think I want it. Don't change, but, oh, be yourself! Be yourself to me and to yourself! You haven't been to either of us. Open your heart to both of us; let us both know you as you are. Don't be ashamed either before me or before yourself. I know I'm difficult! Heavens, aren't you—even the real you—difficult, too? But if you won't be honest in the end, then God help us! But if you'll be yourself to me and to

yourself—then, my dear, I think it would be enough!"

He came to her and took her hand.

"No man ever loved woman more than I love you," he said.

"Then try, then try, then try," she whispered, and her eyes met his.

There seemed in them a far-off gleam of the light which once had blazed from them on the fairy ride.

XXVIII.

"You do think they'll be happy?" Mrs. Selford asked a little apprehensively.

"Why put that question to me—to me of all people?" Caylesham replied. "Is it on the principle of knowing the worst? If even a cynic like me thinks they'll be happy, the prospect will be very promising—is that it?"

"Goodness knows I don't expect the ideal! I've never had it myself. Oh, I don't see why I need pretend with you, and I shouldn't deceive you if I did. I've never had the ideal myself, and I don't expect it for Anna. We've seen too much in our set to expect the ideal. And sometimes I can't quite make Anna out." Mrs. Selford was evidently uneasy. "She gets on better with her father than with me now—and I think I get on better with Walter than Richard does."

"Young Walter had a way with him," smiled Caylesham.

"I hope we shan't get into opposite camps and quarrel. Richard and I have been such good friends lately. And then, of course—" She hesitated a little. "Of course there may be a slight awkwardness here and there."

Caylesham understood the covert allusion; the marriage might make matters difficult with the Imasons.

"The young folks will probably make their own friends. Our old set's rather broken up one way and another, isn't it? Not that I was ever a full member."

"We've always been glad to see you," she murmured absently.

"On the whole, I feel equal to encouraging you to a certain extent," he said, standing before the fire. "Anna will be angry pretty often, but I don't think she will be, or need be, unhappy. She doesn't take things to heart too readily, does she?"

"No, she doesn't."

Janet Selford's assent hardly sounded like praise of her daughter.

"Well, that's a good thing. And she's got lots of pluck and a will of her own," Caylesham went on.

"Oh, yes, she's got that."

"From time to time he'll think himself in love with somebody. You're prepared for that, of course? But it's only his way. She'll have to indulge him a little—let the string out a little here and there—but she'll always have him under control. Brains do count, and she's got them. And she won't expect romance all the time."

"You said you were going to be encouraging!"

"I am encouraging," Caylesham insisted.

"Oh, I shouldn't think it so bad, if we were talking about myself. But when it's a question of one's child—"

"One is always unreasonable? Precisely. The nature of the business isn't going to change in the next generation. But I maintain that I'm encouraging—for Anna, anyhow. I rather fancy Master Blake will miss his liberty more than he thinks. But that'll be just what he needs. So from a moral point of view I'm encouraging there, too."

"Of course you don't understand the feeling of responsibility—the fear that if she's the—the least bit hard, it may be because of her bringing up."

"Don't be remorseful, Mrs. Selford. It's the most unprofitable of emotions."

Caylesham had preached the same doctrine to Christine.

"When it's too late to go back!" Janet Selford added.

"And that's always." He looked down at her with a cheerful smile. "That's for your private ear. Don't tell the children. Walter Blake is great on remorse."

Mrs. Selford laughed rather ruefully.

"I suppose it'll turn out as well as most things. Do you know any thoroughly happy couples?"

"Very hard to say. One isn't behind the scenes. But I'm inclined to think I do. Oh, ecstasies aren't for this world, you know—not permanent ecstasies. You might as well have permanent hysterics! And, as you're aware, there are no marriages in heaven. So perhaps there's no heaven in marriages either. That would seem to be plausible reasoning, wouldn't it? But they'll be all right; they'll learn each other's paces."

"I can't help wishing she seemed more in love."

"Perhaps she will be when he flirts with somebody else. Don't frown. I'm not a pessimist. If I don't always look for happiness by the ordinary roads, I often discern it along quite unexpected routes."

"It's pleasant to see people start by being in love."

"How eternally sentimental we are! Well, yes, it is. But capacities differ. I dare say she doesn't know she's deficient—and she certainly won't imagine that her mother has given her away!"

"I suppose I deserve that, but I had to talk to somebody. And really it's best to choose a man; sometimes it stops there, then!"

"Why not your husband? No? Ah, he has too many opportunities of reminding you of the indiscretion! You were quite right to talk to me. We shall look on at what happens with all the greater interest because we've discussed it. And, as I've said, I'm decidedly hopeful."

"We might have developed her affections when she was a child. I'm sure we might."

"Oh, I shall go. Send for a clergyman!"

Mrs. Selford shook her head sadly, even while she smiled. She could not be beguiled from her idea, or from the remorse that it brought. The pictures, the dogs, and sentimental squabbling with her husband had figured too largely in the household; she connected with this fact the disposition which she found in Anna.

"Being a bit hard isn't a bad thing for your happiness," Caylesham added as a last consolation.

Anna herself came in. No consciousness of deficiency seemed to afflict her; she felt no need of a development of her affections, or of being more in love with Walter Blake. On the contrary, she exhibited to Caylesham's shrewd eyes a remarkable picture of efficiency and of contentment. She had known what she wanted; she had discerned what means to use in order to get it; and she had achieved it. A perfect self-confidence assured her that she would be successful in dealing with it. Her serene air, her trim figure and decisive movements, gave the impression that here at least was a mortal who, if she did not deserve success, could command it.

Caylesham looked on her with admiration—rather than liking—as he acknowledged her very considerable qualities. The thing which was wanting was what in a picture he would have called "atmosphere." But here again her luck came in—or, rather, her clear vision; it was not fair to call it luck. The man she had pitched upon—that was fair, and Caylesham declined to withdraw the ex-

pression—at the time when she pitched upon him, was in a panic about “atmosphere.” He had found too much of it. He was not asking for softness, for tenderness, for ready accessibility to emotion or to waves of feeling. Her cleverness had turned to account even the drawback which made Caylesham, in the midst of his commendation, conscious that he would not choose to be her husband—or perhaps to be her son, either.

“You’ll make a splendid head of the family. I can see,” he told her chaffingly. “You’ll keep them all in most excellent order.”

She chose to consider that he had exercised a bad influence over Walter Blake, and treated him distantly. Caylesham supported the entire injustice of her implied charge with good-humor.

“You’re not fond of excellent order, I suppose?” she asked.

“In others,” said he, smiling. “May I come and see it in your house sometimes? I promise not to disturb it.”

“I don’t think you could.”

“She taunts me with my advancing years,” he complained to Mrs. Selford.

Anna’s disapproval of him was marked. It increased his amusement at the life which lay before Walter Blake. Blake would want to disturb excellent order sometimes; he would be indulged in that proclivity to a strictly limited extent. If Grantley Imason were a revengeful man, this marriage ought to cause him a great deal of pleasure. Caylesham, while compelled to approve by his reason, could not help deploring in his heart. He saw arising an ultra-British household, clad in the very buckram of propriety. Who could say that morality did not reign in the world when such a nemesis as this awaited Walter Blake, or that morality had not a humor of its own when Walter Blake accepted the nemesis with enthusiasm?

Yet the state of things was not unusual. It was a fair sample of a bulk of goodly size. Caylesham went away smiling at it, wondering at it, in the depths of his soul a trifle appalled at it. It seemed to him rather inhuman; but perhaps his idea of humanity had gone a trifle far in the opposite direction.

And, after all, could not Walter Blake supply the other element? There was plenty of softness about him, and the waves of feeling were by no means wanting in frequency or volume. Considering this question, Caylesham professed himself rather at a loss. He would have

to wait and look on. But would he hear or see much? Anna had evidently put him under a ban, and he believed that her edicts would obtain obedience in the future.

He felt it in his heart to be sorry for young Blake. Not because there was any injustice. The nemesis was eminently, and even ludicrously, just. He felt sorry precisely because it was so just. He was always sorry for sinners who had to pay the penalty of their deeds; then a fellow-feeling went out to them. Of course they were fools to grumble. The one wisdom he claimed for himself was not grumbling at the bill.

He paid another visit that day, under an impulse of friendliness, and perhaps of curiosity, too. He went to Tom Courtland’s, and found himself repaid for his trouble by Tom’s cordiality of greeting. The Courtland family was in the turmoil of moving; they had to go to a much smaller house, and to reduce the establishment greatly. But the worries of a move and the prospect of comparative poverty—there was very little left besides Harriet’s moderate dowry—were accepted by Tom very cheerfully, and by the children with glee; they were delighted to be told that there would be no more men-servants and fewer maids, and that they would have to learn to shift for themselves as much and as soon as possible. They seemed to feel that they would be closer and more to one another under the changed conditions, and they were glad to be rid of “this great gloomy house,” over which the shadow of calamity still brooded.

“The children don’t like to pass Lady Harriet’s door at night,” Suzette whispered in an aside to Caylesham.

Tom himself seemed younger and more sprightly; and he was the slave of his little girls. His gray hair, the lines on his face, and the enduring scar on Sophy’s brow, spoke of the sorrow which had been; but the sorrow had given place to peace—and it might be that some day peace would turn to joy. For there was much youth there, and where youth is, joy must come, if only it have a fair chance.

“We’re rather in narrow circumstances, of course,” Tom explained when Suzette and the children were out of earshot. “That’s because I made such an ass of myself. I ought to have remembered the children. But we can rub along, and perhaps I shall get a berth some day.”

(To be continued.)

ETCHINGS

A SHORTAGE IN HEARTS.

THE torches glimmered late one night in
Cupid's silent court;
The little god was making up his annual report.
He paused and shook his curly locks.
"Whate'er the cause may be,
The figures show a falling off in captured hearts," said he.

"I'm sure I've striven bravely to execute
my work—
I've rustled hearts from dawn to dark,
and toiled like any Turk;
See all my used-up arrows, battered and
split in vain!
The hearts they struck so flinty were, the
darts were bent like grain.

"And the victims scorned my efforts.
'Dear little boy,' they said,
'Go light your little candle now, and
toddle off to bed.
Your tricks are 'cute and charming, and
your ways devoid of guile,
But your bow is quite old-fashioned—
your arrows out of style.

"It may have been the thing, no doubt,
at some old prosy time,
To yield with glad alacrity to Cupid's art
sublime;
But young folks are much wiser now, in
methods and in ways,
Than were their simple ancestors in
shaker-bonnet days.'

"And one old cynic counseled me: 'You
might perhaps succeed
If you'd try a good revolver, wadded well
with bond and deed;
See that your ammunition is of just the
proper mold—
Pure diamond-dust for powder, and for
shot the minted gold.'

"But true to old traditions still poor
Cupid must remain,
Although this fearful shortage in his list
of hearts is plain,
Though he'd like to be a highwayman,
and ply a bolder trade,
And cry: 'Hand out that heart at once!'
to every man and maid.

"Ah, young folks, will it puncture you
with one remorseful throb
To find, some sunny morning, that poor
Cupid's lost his job?
And would it cause you even one brief
moment of regret
If you should chance to see this sign:
'The Court of Love to Let'?"
Harriet Whitney Durbin.

'Twas NEVER THEIRS TO GIVE.
'Tis not for me to catalog the weaknesses
of man,
Nor yet to serve out judgment on the
European plan;
But I propose to show one fault our race
indulges in,
Which puts the garb of virtue o'er the
hated face of sin.
Your selfish man holds very tight to all
that is his own;
He has been known to faint away at men-
tion of a loan;
But notice, please, how willingly—he's
not inquisitive—
He hands you out the ducats that were
never his to give!

When England bossed America, some
centuries ago,
Her monarchs sold our lands at wholesale
prices, as you know;
And when a man got troublesome in poli-
tics at home,
"Do have a State," quoth England's
king; "I've plenty, o'er the foam!"
Now this was very pleasant for those
worthy royal prigs
Who wore fine robes of purple and whose
heads were swathed in wigs;
Who said, "Have some America!" in
tones imperative,
And took delight in giving what was
never theirs to give!

I know of certain men to-day who roll in
boundless wealth,
Whose millions are the juicy fruits of
enterprising stealth;
Financial captains who are up to any
kind of gag,
Who squeeze their quiet profits out of
Wall Street's game of tag;

Then, to delight posterity and garner
endless fame,
They found a great big college to im-
mortalize their name.
They're very generous, no doubt—al-
though, sure as you live,
They're doing it with money that was
never theirs to give!

The idle college student finds transla-
tions hard to do;
He wishes he could hit upon some plan
to see him through.
His chums grow tired of helping him; his
marks deteriorate;
When suddenly there comes a way to turn
the course of fate.
For as his weary optics scan the literary
lea,
A-browsing on those fertile plains a
"pony" doth he see!
Soon, with a smile, and in a style both
snave and positive,
He renders a translation that was never
his to give!

The soldier marches forth to war, his
bayonet at his side;
He twirls his fierce mustachios and rolls
his eyes with pride;
Amid the thundering cannon's roar and
the shrill rifle's crack,
He's much too brave to think if he will
ever more come back!
He charges on the foe—he falls—with
breast transfixed he lies,
And turns his dying glances to the peace-
ful azure skies.
He gave his life to save his land—his
name shall ever live;
But if you saw his wife you'd know it
wasn't his to give!

H. Augustus Miller.

THE GOLDEN LAUD.

WHEN I have stubborn work to do,
With fate a fierce-fought quarrel—
And come off conqueror, with, too,
A leaf or so of laurel,
Far would I toss that meed so dear
For just one chance to smother
My hot head in her lap and hear
A little praise from mother!

When name and fame pass down the land,
Comrade and stranger showing
By smile and word and grasp of hand
How friendship's fire is glowing,
The happy tears and tender trust
Of father, sister, brother—
All, all would be outweighed by just
A little praise from mother!

When book and story, song and verse
Prove rounds on fortune's ladder;
When gold and silver crowd the purse,
And life grows glad and gladder,
Tears, tears will flow! One boon, one bliss
I crave above all other—
Oh, how I need, oh, how I miss
A little praise from mother!

Clarence Urmey.

A STAGE-SHIFT.

Is the good old days of Elizabeth's rule,
When Shakespeare—or Bacon—wrote
plays,
And genius tutored young art at school,
And tended its infant days,
Stages were bare and houses were poor,
And scenes were marked out with a
card—
"This is a castle," "This is a door,"
Or "This is a palace-yard."
And very small beer were actors then—
Persons whom nobody knew;
Dissolute, out-of-society men;
A down-at-heel, rickety crew.
But they acted plays in those crude old
days,
And drama was drama then.
Immortal lines their voices raised,
Those down-at-heel, rickety men!

We have theaters now of wonderful build,
And marvelous scenes on the stage,
And the biggest house is easily filled
If a star is announced who's the rage.
An actress moves in society now,
And an actor's a man of fame;
And each is the pink of propriety now,
With a good round sum to his name.
We're filled till we glut with glitter and
strut,
And the finest that wealth can provide;
We've a most magnificent shell to the nut,
But there's never a kernel inside!

The drama's supplanted by what is called
fun,
With popular songs or a jig;
And we measure success by the length of
a run;
For acting we care not a fig.
For "The Girl from Here," "The Girl
from There,"
And "The Girl from Timbuctoo,"
Or "Why Old Timkins Didn't Dare,"
And "The Scandal of Gay Lord
Pooh"—
These are the plays of our up-to-date days
That we lavish our splendor upon;
'Tis surely the most ridiculous craze
That ever the sun shone on!

W. Norton.

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DOES POLITICS PAY?

BY FRANCIS B. GESSNER.

THE TIME-HONORED WARNING TO THE SEEKER AFTER A POLITICAL CAREER—YOUNG MEN WHO HAVE DEFIED IT AND RISEN.

"DOES politics pay?" is a question which has often been dubiously asked and negatively answered. In the year of a Presidential campaign it may be worth while to propound it once more.

Theoretically, at least, a political career is open to every young American.



GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU, WHO WITHIN EIGHT YEARS ROSE FROM A POSITION AS STENOGRAPHER IN THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT TO A PLACE IN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CABINET.

From his latest photograph by Rice, Washington.

There are many who seek to enter the broad gate of public life, but few who climb very far upon the narrowing path of which it is the portal. And even of those who reach the heights, some declare that the labor is greater than the

are not extraordinary. He should, of course, have a fair general education, and in particular he should know something of his country's history. He should have the faculty of observation, a good memory, and a pleasing address



DANIEL SCOTT LAMONT, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND 1885-1889, NOW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC, AND RATED AS A MILLIONAIRE.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Pach, New York.

reward. We have seen Senators and Presidents go down to premature graves, heart-broken, harassed by enemies, hounded by time-servers, and abused by ingrates.

Nevertheless, success in politics is not beyond the reach of the average young man who seeks for it. It is to be won, moreover, by fair and honest methods; indeed, in the vast majority of cases, it cannot be won otherwise. Certain qualifications the aspirant should possess, but the requirements

with his fellow men. Above all, he should have the precious gift of tact.

A GOVERNMENT CLERK'S PROSPECTS.

Youths who beseech Senators and Congressmen for minor appointments are generally warned that a man of ambition ought not to accept a government clerkship when business opportunities are so many and so alluring. When Salmon P. Chase was a young man, his uncle was United States Senator from New Hampshire. Chase asked for a

place at Washington which his kinsman could easily have given.

"No, sir," roared the Senator. "You study law, and when you do come here you come as Congressman or Senator to give clerkships to others. If I appoint you, the chances are that you will never be anything but a clerk."

Chase went to Ohio, practised law, and in a few years was Governor, then Senator, and died Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

This story is not new. It has done yeoman duty in warning young men away from the shoals of clerical and departmental life in Washington. It has also done yeoman duty when a statesman did not want to appoint a particular applicant, or did not have the job to give. Against it may be set cases which prove that careers of successful achievement, and even of distinction, may begin with a modest government clerkship.

A STENOGRAPHER'S RISE.

George Bruce Cortelyou, the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor in the Cabinet of President Roosevelt, was a stenographer in the office of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General only nine years ago. Before that he had been a school-teacher and a court reporter. In November, 1895, President Cleveland wanted a stenographer in the White House, and happened to say so at a Cabinet meeting. The Postmaster-General, Mr. Bissell, recommended Cortelyou, who got the place. He won the confidence of Mr. Cleveland, and was promoted to be assistant executive clerk. Changes of administration did not affect his position. When President McKinley came in, he was quick to discern Cortelyou's qualities, and learned to lean upon him almost as upon a son of his own.

In 1898, when J. Addison Porter retired, Cortelyou was appointed to succeed him as secretary to the President, with a salary of five thousand dollars a year. He developed into the most popu-



ELMER DOVER, SECRETARY TO THE LATE SENATOR HANNA, NOW SECRETARY OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

lar and capable secretary who ever handled White House affairs. After the death of McKinley, President Roosevelt urged him to continue at his post, and he did so, in spite of invitations to enter private business at a five-fold greater salary. Even as a Cabinet officer, with eight thousand dollars a year, he sacrificed much in a financial way to remain in the public service. At forty-two, however, he is young enough to remain in political life a few years longer, and then enter business all the better equipped.

Had Cortelyou never taken a government clerkship, he would in all probability be to-day one of the army of capable stenographers at work in the court-rooms and offices of New York. And while it was political life that gave him his opportunity, it is to be noted that it was not by what is called "practical politics" that he won his promotion. He has risen purely by deserving to rise. He has always been known as a "man



MILTON EVERETT AILES, WHO CAME TO WASHINGTON AS DEPARTMENT MESSENGER, AND WHO IS NOW VICE-PRESIDENT OF A LEADING BANK.

without a pull." He has never sought elective office, or, until recently, had anything to do with party machinery. And personally he is still the same quiet, studious fellow that he was as an inconspicuous government clerk.

AN OFFICE-HOLDER'S OPPORTUNITIES.

Again, take the case of Daniel Scott Lamont, who was private secretary to Mr. Cleveland, and afterwards Secretary of War in the second Cleveland Cabinet. Mr. Lamont, who had been a newspaper man in Albany, was probably glad of the secretary's salary when he first entered the White House. His service there gave him valuable experience, and the acquaintance and esteem of many leaders of industry and finance. He had plenty of good openings to choose from when he decided to go to New York and join the late William C. Whitney in the street-railway business. He is now vice-president of the Northern Pacific, and is rated as a millionaire.

There are other instances, less conspicuous, perhaps, but equally significant. Seventeen years ago last April a lad of twenty, named Milton Everett Ailes, came to Washington to take a place as assistant messenger in the Treasury Department at a salary of thirty dollars a month. He had been earning five dollars a week in a grocery store at Sidney, Ohio. He was healthy, ambitious, of good habits, and saving. By renting a hall bedroom and eating at a cheap boarding-house, he set aside enough money, out of his three hundred and sixty dollars a year, to supplement his limited education at night schools. Then he attended night law lectures, and was admitted to the bar. His diligence and natural aptitude, seconded, no doubt, by his persevering efforts at self-improvement, won him rapid promotion, and three years ago he became Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, ranking next to a Cabinet officer.

After a valuable experience in this responsible place, he was chosen vice-president of a well-known bank in Washington, which is one of the prominent financial institutions of the country. Mr. Ailes is virtually the active manager of the concern.

A man of such energy and ambition, it may be said, would win success in any field. That is true enough; yet if Mr. Ailes had stuck to the counter of the Sidney grocery, as many philosophers would doubtless have recommended had he sought their advice, he would probably be to-day the owner of a successful village store instead of a strong figure in the world of finance.

SENATOR HANNA'S SECRETARY.

Another case in point is that of Elmer Dover, the new secretary of the Republican national committee. Eight years ago, a youth of twenty-two, Dover was city editor of a small newspaper in Portsmouth, Ohio, with a salary of twelve dollars a week. In the Presidential campaign of that year he was a

modest and unknown employee of the Republican committee, at Chicago. His work was good, and he was one of the few clerks retained with the organization when the election was over. One day Senator Hanna, the chairman of the committee, was complaining that he

tions and applications went to Dover's desk, and his capacity for work was a marvel to his friends. It was only exceeded by his perennial good-humor and his happy faculty of getting over troublesome ground.

Dover has expressed his desire to get



CHARLES GATES DAWES, LATE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY, NOW
PRESIDENT OF A TRUST COMPANY IN CHICAGO.

needed a secretary who knew something of Ohio.

"You have a good man for the place in your back office," some one said.

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Hanna.

"Why, Elmer Dover, of Portsmouth. You remember him at the Chicago headquarters?"

"Not by name," said Hanna; "but send him in, and I'll look him over."

Dover came in, received a trial, and became the most valuable and best-paid secretary in Washington. "See Dover" was Mr. Hanna's constant expression when besieged by office-seekers or political patriots. A vast variety of ques-

out of politics after the present campaign, for a time, at least, and to go into business; but he can bless his political experience for his present position and prospects.

OTHER RISING YOUNG MEN.

Another instance of the young man to whom office-holding has proved the avenue to success is Charles Gates Dawes, who had been a railroad engineer and a lawyer in Nebraska when he became interested in the Presidential campaign of 1896. His successful work for the McKinley forces led to his appointment as comptroller of the cur-



FRANCIS B. LOOMIS, FIRST ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE, ONE OF THE RISING YOUNG MEN IN AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE.

From a photograph by Benjamin, Cincinnati.

rency; and after five years' tenure of office he resigned to become president of a trust company in Chicago.

Francis B. Loomis, first Assistant Secretary of State, is one of the rising young men in public life. Eight years ago he was the United Press correspondent at Canton, Ohio, during the first McKinley campaign. He won Mr. McKinley's confidence, and as he had had previous experience in the consular service, and seemed qualified for the post, he was sent as minister to Venezuela. He proved remarkably successful in settling old matters of controversy and in improving the political and commercial relations of the United States with the troublous republic of Bolivar and Blanco. Three years ago he was promoted to the legation at Lisbon, and at the beginning of last year President Roosevelt selected him for his

present office, which, though not so well paid as his post at Lisbon, is one of the most important in the entire government service.

Other cases might be instanced, but enough has been said to show that public life is by no means a barren or unattractive field to the youth of high ambition. There are many other young aspirants who will demonstrate the same thing during the next few years. The present Presidential campaign will bring young men into prominence in every State in the Union. Almost everywhere young men are taking an active part in it, and are seeking national or local offices. Never before, probably, were there so many young men in Congress, and the number seems likely to be increased by the coming elections. The nation has much to expect from its young men in politics.

Millionaire Rafferty.

AN EPISODE IN THE BRIEF THEATRICAL CAREER OF SYBIL FRANKLIN.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

THEIR train arrived so late at Fielding that the Sybil Franklin Company went supperless to the theater. During the banquet scene, in the first act, Melville, the character man, whispered lugubrious asides to the young star regarding this distressful circumstance.

Sybil laughed. Her uncle, John Franklin, the famous tragedian, had prophesied many worse experiences than this when she told him she was going out as a leading lady. John Franklin, indeed, was very unwilling that his niece should be an actress at all. He was rich enough to retire, and he wanted Sybil to keep house for him. After a season or two of little parts in her uncle's company, Sybil sensed the situation, and signed with Moses Dana, a manager who played week stands in the smaller cities, and who engaged Sybil on account of her name, for her talent, to tell the truth, was considerable.

"You see, it's kill or cure," she explained to Mr. Franklin.

"And what if you fail?" he demanded.

"If we fail," said Sybil slowly, "you may buy the place in Westchester, and your housekeeper will be ready."

"Do you mean that, my dear?" asked her uncle.

"I do mean that," she said. "I'm satisfied with the bargain. If Moses Dana closes his season before April, I'm through with the stage. But we'll finish it—you see—by hook or crook!"

"You'll learn the hooks and crooks with Dana," rejoined the tragedian. "I like your ambition, Sybil. But you'll find it isn't everything."

"What is, then?"

"In a woman, womanliness."

"But I am an artist," concluded

Sybil resolutely. "And I'm not to be balked by womanliness, Uncle John."

Between the acts on that Monday night in Fielding, Sybil went to the edge of the curtain and peered out at the auditorium. It was well filled. She nodded reassuringly at Melville, who stood behind her.

"A good house," she said.

"Paper!" grunted Melville mournfully. "Oh, by Jove, look at the box!"

The Fielding Academy of Music boasts of two boxes, and in the one opposite Sybil a tall, gray-haired man was taking the solitary seat. Underneath a voluminous light overcoat he wore evening clothes; in place of a necktie glistened a diamond. He laid an opera hat on the railing, waved a white-gloved hand at the leader of the orchestra, and pulled back the lace curtain so that he could survey the house. His spectacular entrance made a stir. A ripple of laughter ran through the audience. The gallery whistled, and the man beamed with gratification. His pink face was absurdly simple and childish.

"Now, who in the world is that?" inquired Melville of the stage carpenter.

"Oh, that's Millionaire Rafferty," said the carpenter, grinning. "Ain't he a peach? Say, a year ago he was selling tickets in this theater. Come into a fortune since. Has that there box every show night. Nothin's too good for Rafferty. Why, he keeps bachelor hall in the bridal suite at the hotel. All ready, second act!"

The play was a costume piece, in which Sybil looked particularly handsome. The young actress was accustomed to consider admiration entirely impersonally, and merely as a part of her professional stock in trade, but when Millionaire Rafferty leaned over



MILLIONAIRE RAFFERTY LEANED OVER THE BOX RAIL AND APPLAUDED HER EXTRAVAGANTLY.

the box-rail and applauded her extravagantly. Miss Franklin caught Melville's eye and felt slightly uncomfortable. Her discomfort was increased by the thought that in the next act her part required the disguise of masculine dress.

Hitherto the change had never seemed of more consequence than a

change of wigs; but now Sybil entered for the disguise scene in a tiny flutter of trepidation, glancing at the box. Millionaire Rafferty faced the gallery, where several spectators were showing their approval of Sybil's trim figure by vulgar, good-natured exclamations.

"Hush!" hissed Rafferty angrily. "Silence!"

The next morning she found an expensive and extremely ugly bouquet at her place at the breakfast table in the hotel dining-room. The donor's name was not attached.

"Who sent these flowers?" Sybil asked the waitress.

The girl mumbled an incoherent reply.

"Won't you please take them as a present from me?" said the leading lady sweetly, and gave them to the servant, who giggled and bore the flowers to the kitchen.

Sybil had a discreet glimpse of Mr. Rafferty in the corridor. Out of the tail of her eye she could see that he studiously disregarded her.

II.

LATE in the afternoon Sybil received a call from her manager.

"I promised to let you know when business was real bad, Miss Franklin," began Dana. "Well, things is commencing to look awful!"

Sybil flinched.

"We've only two months more of the season to play, Mr. Dana. Can't we——"

"I've got some towns booked in April," interrupted Dana. "If we can tide over this month we'll pull out fine; but I've had to miss three salary days already, and I can't raise a cent. I was thinking that if you wrote to your uncle——"

"For money?" broke in Sybil hotly. "I'd die sooner!"

"Then we'll have to close," said Dana, "and that settles it."

Sybil stared at the dingy carpet of her parlor, and winked back the tears. Her ambition was very dear to her.

"Can nothing be done?" she faltered.

Dana started up with surprising cheerfulness.

"Oh, yes, I've a scheme, of course," he said briskly. "An old chap in this town has written a play and wants us to produce it. He's rich—kind of a local magnate—and he'll put up all the cash we want for the production."

"Rafferty!" breathed Sybil.

"That's the name," assented Dana.

"But his play—it can't be actable!"

"Actable? I should say it was!" cried Dana emphatically. "Why, look how we can advertise it! This Rafferty is notorious. It'll be a tremendous winner here for us—tremendous!"

"But have you read——"

"Yes, I've read it," pursued the excited manager, "and it's all right. If it runs queer, we can fix it good enough at rehearsals." He bustled to the door. "I'll have the parts copied and get things going."

"One moment," interposed Sybil. "I want to be sure we're treating the author in good faith."

"Miss Franklin," said Dana sternly, "it's this, or close. As for good faith, I tell you that any new author is lucky to have a play produced at all. And when he's rolling in money—why, does he mind?"

Sybil was silent. She hardly knew what to say. She could not announce her suspicion that Mr. Rafferty's motive was his admiration of her beauty. Millionaires could afford to produce plays, and it certainly was her business to act plays. Dana hurried from the parlor with a sigh of relief.

At the theater Sybil shared a dressing-room with Mrs. Dana, a motherly, placid lady whom Miss Franklin loved. It was Mrs. Dana who introduced Rafferty to the leading lady behind the scenes. The diamond collar-button was missing, but his costume was grotesquely sumptuous. He had pale, tremulous blue eyes, with an odd, pleading expression in them, and his mouth was loose and indecisive. Sybil listened with the most distant politeness while he invited the manager's wife to drive with him. Mrs. Dana excused herself kindly.

"I got a real nice double rig, Miss Franklin," hinted the millionaire. "Yes, ma'am, a real nice one."

Miss Franklin pleaded press of work. She had not even looked at her part in Mr. Rafferty's drama. The author bowed preposterously, and Sybil, laughing, crossed the stage to Melville.

"Have you read 'Mated At Last'?" asked the actor sadly.

"That ridiculous man's play? No. Is it queer?"



THE PLAY WAS
ILLITERATE, INCOHE-
RENT NONSENSE.

Melville rolled his eyes.

"It's unspeakable," he groaned. "'Alice in Wonderland' is 'Hamlet' beside it."

"Why, Dana said it would act!" stammered the leading lady.

"Oh, Dana! What does he care?" said Melville. "This play is simply idiotic—as one might expect from a love-crazed author!" and he shook a blue manuscript reproachfully at Sybil.

Danger flashed in Miss Franklin's eyes. She secured the copy of "Mated At Last," and dipped into it in the privacy of her dressing-room. A few glances were enough. The play was illiterate, incoherent nonsense.

Sybil sent for Dana. She was in a wretched temper, chiefly at her own folly.

"But it's too late to give it up now!" protested the manager fervently. "The contracts are made. We're bound—bound by law to Rafferty. He won't let us off. Do you think we

can afford to pay a forfeit when we can't pay hotel bills? Do you want to close now, when by tiding over this week——"

Dana was experienced in feminine moods, but he mistook Sybil's speechless indignation for complaisance, and smiled affably as she swept out into the corridor. There, while her indignation was at high mark, she encountered the millionaire.

"You were kind enough to ask me to drive, Mr. Rafferty," she remarked. "Shall we say to-morrow afternoon?"

III.

It was a sunny spring day, and Sybil enjoyed the velvety air and the country roads so much that she dismissed "Mated At Last" until Rafferty should turn his pair of blacks citywards. In the mean time he talked, mostly about himself, in a piping but rather pleasant voice, and with a sort of innocent, juvenile prolixity which mildly amused her. His commonplaceness was occasionally dreary but always harmless.

He had been all his life connected with the local theater. A brother had willed him his money. He had no relatives. Gossip, of course, had overestimated his fortune. A big splash came cheap in a place like Fielding. All the same, he certainly had enjoyed himself.

"I should think so," responded Sybil idly. "These pretty horses, for instance——"

Rafferty interrupted her.

"I won't mind giving them up, now I've had a chance to drive you around," he said, not ungracefully.

"Giving them up?"

"Can't keep 'em no longer," Rafferty explained. "They eat a lot, horses do."

Miss Franklin had a fine, wholesome contempt for parsimony, and she also had an expressive face. Her escort drew in his breath with a meditative whistle.

"Guess what I'll be worth after next week," he suggested.

Sybil gasped.

"Twenty-four dollars," announced

Millionaire Rafferty placidly. "Twenty-four dollars in money."

The actress counted the cracks in the dashboard. There was little reason why Rafferty's circumstances should concern her; nevertheless, she was conscious of a vague pity, womanly and inartistic.

"Nobody knows it, I reckon," he went on. "But I want you to know it." He leaned forward to unwind his whip. "I've a particular reason for wanting you to know all about me. For why? For the reason that you're a dream to me—a dream come true. Geddap!" he concluded, flicking the off horse.

His sentimental quaver brought Sybil up sharply out of her little wave of sympathy.

"I'm much too businesslike for a vision, Mr. Rafferty," she said briskly. "Business is the point of this drive. You see, I'm anxious to speak to you about your play."

"That's all the same," he assented. "That's part of my dream. You and my plays. Dreams that's come true!"

Remembering the uncouth manuscript in her desk, Sybil felt that she ought to laugh, but she watched the gray hills silently. Somehow she was not amused.

"You mustn't mind my speaking out, ma'am," said the millionaire, "now that the future is some settled. I knew long since that I could write plays, but I never had a chance till that money come. Then 'twas the first thing I thought of—that aud sitting in a box every night at the theayter—and finding you."

"But you knew nothing about me then," interposed Sybil somewhat desperately.

"I didn't know your name, ma'am, nor what you looked like, but I knew you was somewheres. Understand? And when I'd wrote the play I couldn't show it to anybody. For why? It needed something. It needed you. So now we're all right."

The plural, as he said it, was absurd, and this time Sybil succeeded in laughing.

"Mr. Rafferty, I'm going to prove my friendship," she said.

"You've done that already," Rafferty

eagerly assured her. "Yes, ma'am, when you had my flowers sent up to your room that morning, as they told me. And when you're touring in 'Mated At Last,' the way Dana says you will, and I'm with you, writing new plays for you, and you in every one—ah, that'll be friendship! That'll be life! That'll be worth waiting for!"

His thin voice trembled, his face was transfigured by gratitude. Sybil grasped the side rail of the trap convulsively.

"Oh, what are you saying?" she muttered.

"It was all meant from the start off," he ran on. "Don't you see? My money was just to give me a chance to write the play, and the play was just to be ready for you, and when you came that was the crowning of it. Now the money's gone, and what do I care? It's brought me forever alongside you and forever alongside my art—my art and you, ma'am, you can't separate 'em. My plays are going to make you a famous actress, and your acting is going to make me a famous writer, and there we are, and we're all right, and you musn't get mad with me for speaking out the dream. It was all meant from the start!"

It was difficult to be mad. There were tears in old Rafferty's eyes, and unfortunately Sybil saw them. How to tell him the hopelessness of his delusion. Various phrases died on her lips.

"You ain't offended?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I'm glad you told me."

"You're a regular angel!" blurted Millionaire Rafferty hoarsely.

Sybil was grateful for the gathering dusk. The blacks were returning to the region of street lamps. Must this fantastic dreamer be awakened? She squared her shoulders.

"I'll tell you my plan, Mr. Rafferty," began Sybil slowly. "First of all, you must give me your play outright, to do as I please with."

"Sure, Miss Franklin."

"I shan't bring it out in Fielding," she said, hesitating often. "I can't—can't do justice to it—at this short notice. I want you to let me take it away with me, and to promise not to

think of it—or me—until I let you know that I am ready.”

“Ask something reasonable,” laughed Rafferty mirthlessly. “Not think of you? Gosh!”

To her own surprise, Sybil dropped her hand on his wrist.

“You can promise not to follow or to write to me?” she begged.

“Yes,” moaned Rafferty. “Until——”

“Until I let you know that I am ready.”

Rafferty enclosed her hand with his shaking fingers.

“What ’ll you promise, ma’am?”

“I’ll promise—never to forget,” Sybil said, leaning a little forward.

“My dream!” he whispered.

“You shall have it always.”

“Ah!”

He was not looking at her. He was looking straight ahead into the darkness, with the set, level eyes of a fanatic. But thereupon, to her inexpressible relief, the conversation fell upon details. Rafferty winced visibly when Sybil told him she would be leaving Fielding the next day.

“That’s pretty soon,” he commented. “I’ll go back to taking tickets at the Academy.”

“And you’ll be happy?” said Sybil. “You know I want you to be happy and contented.”

She measured the distance to the hotel door.

“You bet I will!” cried Millionaire Rafferty, radiant. “I can wait forever, after this day. Happy and contented, for always dreaming of you! An angel!” he concluded ecstatically. “A regular angel!”

IV.

AFTER a stormy but victorious interview with Dana, Sybil sat down to write to John Franklin.

“Dear Uncle,” the letter said, “we are—stranded is the word, isn’t it? The Sybil Franklin Company is stranded, and its star is about to retire permanently from the boards. You have won the bet, and I have lost it. Having won a bet from a lady, you must, of course, pay. If you will telegraph money according to this memorandum we can settle our bills. My style is gracefully jocose, but I am in earnest. Buy the Westchester place when you like, and I’ll keep house. My artistic temperament has given way. My stage dream is over.”

HOLD ON HAPPINESS.

I HAVE been thrall to Discontent;
My dubious days with Discord spent;
Gray Doubt my fellow-lodger made;
Refused Hope’s living accolade;
But Love has come my lot to bless,
And give me hold on happiness!

Not Love that grossly clings to earth,
But something of diviner birth
That lifts the drooping soul afar
Until it twins Faith’s zenith star;
Such Love has come my lot to bless,
And give me hold on happiness!

Remain, O living essence, fraught
With trust, and with all tender thought!
Linger, O thou distillment pure
Of joys that evermore endure,
My spirit with thy balm to bless,
And give me hold on happiness!

Sennett Stephens.

The Japanese Soldier on the March.

BY ADACHI KINNOSUKE.

THE EDITOR OF "THE FAR EAST" ASCRIBES MUCH OF HIS COUNTRYMEN'S SUCCESS IN THE FIELD TO THEIR PECULIAR AND EFFECTIVE TRANSPORT SYSTEM.

A WISE woman—or was it a foolish man who confided so grave a secret to the gossip world?—has said that the shortest cut to a man's heart is through his stomach. That way, too, may lie the fate of a great battle, the destiny of a nation.

It was not yesterday that the thinking end of the Nippon army found this out. The latter days of 1903 were dark with ominous foreshadowings. Indeed, a great and terrible war was a certainty in the minds of most military men of Nippon. The question of carrying food and guns over the Korean roads and into Manchuria commanded their serious attention—much more so than the prophecy of the *Noroe Vremya*, which told us that Russia would crush us even as a cannonball might crush an empty eggshell. The Muscovite newspaper's bombast was matched by a subsequent remark of Russia's greatest commander, General Kuropatkin, who is reported to have said something about signing the treaty of peace in the Mikado's palace at Tokio. May I be allowed to express my intense desire to see a tinted photograph of so heroic a scene?

When the thought of a great struggle with Russia in Korea and Manchuria was quite young, the brains at the head of our army were seriously engaged on a successful plan of conquering the most stubborn enemies we should have to overcome in such a campaign—namely, the Korean and Manchurian roads. It might have been thought that other things would engage their attention. Russia, the census reports declare, has a hundred and thirty million people; we have not quite forty-six millions. Russia has an army of five million men, on a war footing; we reckoned only four hundred and twenty thousand. The area of Russia is more than eight million square miles; that of Nippon, less than a hundred and fifty thousand. Even the most friendly among our western critics were frank enough to say that the vast resources of Russia, and the sheer numbers of her people, would be enough to drive us into the sea, if not to wipe Nippon off the map; but all these kindly admonitions did not persuade our statesmen to lose a single moment of sleep.

It is quite evident, however, that they lost more than a night of good slumber over the solution of that difficult problem, the transportation of supplies over the roads of Korea and Manchuria. The all-important question with the Nippon army was how to carry provisions, arms and ammunition to the scene of



THE MAN WHO IS DRIVING RUSSIA FROM SOUTHERN MANCHURIA
—A TYPICAL JAPANESE INFANTRYMAN IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

the coming war with the least expenditure of time, money, and effort.

THE "OVERGROWN JINRIKISHA."

Happily for the Nippon army, this was not the first time that it had had to deal with the problem.

very much beyond the jinrikisha. Look at those two-wheeled carts and wagons that they have—why, they are nothing more than overgrown jinrikishas, any way!"

While these compliments were being paid us, the Nippon engineers were



THE LITTLE TWO-WHEELED CART WITH WHICH THE JAPANESE ARMY HAS CONQUERED THE ROADS OF KOREA AND MANCHURIA—WHEN FOREIGN EXPERTS FIRST SAW THIS VEHICLE THEY RIDICULED IT AS AN "OVERGROWN JINRIKISHA."

This and the other engravings illustrating the present article are from photographs by Lewis, Yokohama.

Do you remember how the combined armies of the leading powers of the world made their historic march from Tien-tsin to Peking at the time of the Boxer troubles, four years ago? Do you remember that the men and officers of the western powers looked upon the transportation facilities of the Nippon army with unconcealed mirth? It was a joke among the soldiers of other nations that our transportation facilities were planned on so small a scale. These superior critics said:

"After all, with all their imitative cleverness, the Japanese cannot get

building bridges and temporary roads, which the heavy four-mule wagons of the western armies came along and smashed. Our engineers built them again, and instead of a flood of profanity, which our western friends expected, they were greeted with a smiling courtesy that completely melted the hardness of their hearts. And long before they reached Peking they were singing a different tune.

On that historic march the Nippon soldiers cleared the way and stood the brunt of the fighting. It was all the western troops could do to keep up with



ONE OF THE "OVERGROWN JINRIKISHAS," WITH LOAD COVERED, HORSE IN SHAFTS, AND ESCORT OF THREE SOLDIERS, READY TO START.

them. And by the time Peking was reached, the "overgrown jinrikisha," which had been ridiculed by the foreign military experts at Tien-tsin, conquered at once the Chinese roads and the admiration of its critics.

In the present campaign, our army

seems to be keeping in mind all the precious lessons which it learned in the Chino-Nippon War of ten years ago. That is perhaps the reason why its work has surprised our friendly critics in other lands—especially in regard to its success in keeping itself well fed and



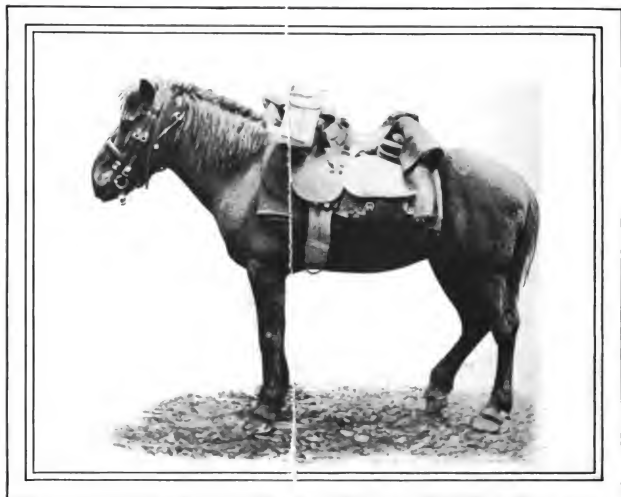
JAPANESE SOLDIERS PACKING SUPPLIES, CHIEFLY OF RICE AND DRIED FISH OR MEAT, FOR THE ARMY TRANSPORT CARTS

well supplied while moving through a region where a European force would probably starve.

WHAT THE JAPANESE SOLDIER EATS.

Our commissariat differs greatly from

ounces of eggs, four ounces of dried meat, five ounces of fresh meat without bones, or seven ounces of fresh meat with bones. When fresh meat can be procured at the scene of operations, the allowance is increased to fifty per cent.



A TYPICAL JAPANESE CAVALRY PONY WITH FULL EQUIPMENT FOR HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

that of other armies. The regular daily ration of each soldier consists of a little less than a quart of rice; five ounces of canned meat; four ounces of dried vegetables; two ounces and a half of pickles; and small quantities of salt, sugar, tea, and soy. The weights that I give are approximate equivalents of the Japanese measures. Besides these, about twice a week each man receives half a pint of *sake*—which is a fermented liquor made from rice, and containing about fifteen per cent of alcohol; a very small quantity—less than half a gill—of whisky; four ounces of sweetmeats; and twenty cigarettes. There is also a list of substitutes for the regular ration, which includes two pounds and a quarter of bread, or a pound and a half of toast; a pound of vegetables; and either five

When the troops in the field cannot get pure water on the march, the supply department furnishes each man with two *sho*, or a little more than three quarts.

Napoleon's famous saying that an army lives upon its stomach applies, of course, to the soldiers of Nippon as to those of other lands; and though our rations are lighter than those required by Europeans, it is no small task to put a quarter of a million men into Korea and Manchuria and to keep them in condition to fight and march. As I have said, the roads of that region are an important factor in the problem. The typical highway of eastern Asia is a sovereign of many whims, who delights in trying the patience of humanity. In winter it is either a frozen sewer or a half melted slough; in its

more genial summer mood it becomes a crooked stream with a thousand treacheries hidden in its black depths.

All this the Nippon military authorities understand from experience. They also know that the best pack animal of the region is the Korean himself; and with these facts as a basis their entire transportation system has been developed to meet existing conditions. Its most conspicuous feature is its lightness. It is built on a small scale throughout. It is meant for quick marches. It is specially designed to combat a whimsical geography and to humor the whims of an outrageously fickle climate.

What is true in the transportation of provisions is also true in connection with the transportation of arms and ammunition, and of men as well. The one constant and never failing complaint of the Russians, every time they

report a reverse, has been that they have been overmatched by the Nippon army in point of numbers, both of men and of guns. Such excuses come with a rather poor grace from the power which boasted of having twice as big an army in Manchuria, long before the beginning of hostilities, as any force that Nippon could possibly put in the field. Evidently the strategy of the Nippon commanders has been to bring to the point of contact with the Russian army more men and more guns than the enemy could get to the spot. The fact that our generals have been able to do so speaks volumes for the transportation equipment of the Nippon army.

The historians of this campaign, if they be just, must needs crown the "overgrown jinrikisha" with a halo scarcely inferior in luster to those designed for the brows of Admiral Togo or General Kuroki.

ON LAKE ITASKA.

I've heard the Wood Lake's bob-cat snarl,
Above the songs the paddles sing,
The laughter of the Lac qui Parle,
The loon's scream on great Koochiching.
But in my northland water wilds,
My roving heart forevermore
Thrills with the soul-throb of a child's,
At evening, on Itaska's shore.

Oh, life is but a little thing,
In primal worlds of earth and air,
And man's bright birth-awakening
Is shadowed by his death's despair;
But he has trod the gods' demeane,
In dawn of an eternal morn.
Who, 'neath the lonely pines has seen
The mighty Mississippi born!

Oh, river of my blood and kind,
Sprung of the woods that are my home,
I've watched your spreading waters wind,
In silent calm and rock-rent foam.
I've spanned brave Pepin's breadth of blue
And dallied through your delta sands,
But still my proudest dreams of you
Wait in that northern land of lands!

Athwart the gold path of the moon,
My loved canoe drifts through the night—
Far, far away, the wailing loon—
The moose-call from the wooded height—
A lazy brook that streams away,
To roll in grandeur to the sea!
Father of Waters—child for ay,
In that great North of you and me!

Chester Firkins.

The Yellow Peril—A Bogey.

BY FRANK BRINKLEY.

THE EDITOR OF THE JAPAN MAIL DISCUSSES THE THEORY THAT A JAPANESE VICTORY OVER RUSSIA WOULD BE A DANGER TO THE CIVILIZED WORLD AT LARGE, AND BRANDS IT AS A FIGMENT OF IGNORANCE AND PREJUDICE.

TO those who, like myself, have lived many years in Japan, have acquired its language, have associated intimately with its people, and have been permitted to share their thoughts as well as to hear their aspirations, the Yellow Peril is a profoundly tiresome bogey. We feel that as the offspring of ignorance, of prejudice, and of an unquiet conscience, it has nothing to do with calm reason, and can scarcely be exorcised by any appeal to logic or common sense. Therefore our inclination is to leave it severely alone; to trust its fate to time and to that large instinct of truth which invariably assumes final control of public sentiment.

Let me explain what share an unquiet conscience seems to have taken in creating this phantasy. Every reader of history knows the kind of record western nations have established during the past five hundred years in their dealings with peoples of darker hue than themselves—a record commencing with Vasco Nunez and his blood-hound Leoneico and having for latest entry the massacre of Blagovestchensk. Modern civilization has tended to improve this record greatly; yet the old tyrannical taint has not been removed from daily intercourse between occident and orient. In China and Korea the habit of compelling obedience by recourse to physical violence still survives among

the lower orders of the foreign population, though in much lessened degree; and even in Japan, while such methods have been almost entirely abolished, the demeanor of at least seven foreign residents out of every ten continues to be disfigured by an air of masterfulness, or, at best, patronizing superiority. It is needless to enter into particulars. The fact is indisputable.

Sensible at heart of the resentment such treatment by aliens would arouse in his own bosom, the average foreign resident in the Far East attributes a similar temper to the people among whom he lives, and anticipates its translation into action should favorable occasion present itself. Thus it is that subjective existence has been given to the Yellow Peril. The specter has been conjured up largely from the occident's consciousness of what its own mood would be in the orient's place.

WHAT IS THE YELLOW PERIL?

In order to approach this question intelligently, a distinct conception must first be formed as to the nature of the Yellow Peril. What is the Peril, and how is it to be encountered? I take the reply from an essay by Mr. Fritz Cunliffe-Owen, entitled "The Real Yellow Peril," which appeared in the June number of this magazine. But a word must be said by way of preface.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE there appeared an article by Fritz Cunliffe-Owen, propounding the view that Japanese success in the war with Russia means danger of an oriental uprising against western influence and of the wholesale expulsion of the white man from Asia. The present article presents the other side of this interesting question. Its author, Captain Brinkley of Yokohama, editor of the Japan Mail, and a correspondent of the London Times, is a leading authority on the subject. He has lived in Japan for more than thirty years, and no living white man more thoroughly understands its people and its politics.

The distinguished writer makes three remarkable assertions.

The first is that "in the belief of most white men who have resided for any length of time in the Far East, and who have acquired experience of oriental conditions, and above all of oriental character, the western nations have more to fear from the victory of Japan than from her defeat in her present war with Russia."

I must be permitted to deny most emphatically that any such belief is widely entertained among the men for whom Mr. Cunliffe-Owen undertakes to speak. This is not mere question of one witness against another. There is abundant collateral testimony. In the five principal treaty ports of China and Japan, and in the crown colony of Hong-kong, there are published eighteen newspapers in the English language. Not one of these journals has hesitated to espouse Japan's cause in her struggle with Russia. All are unanimous in expressing wishes for her success.

In the presence of such an overwhelming volume of evidence, it is plainly erroneous to affirm that "most of the white men who have resided for any length of time in the Far East" regard with dread the prospect of Japan's success. Did they entertain any such apprehension, it would find repeated and continuous expression in seventeen out of these eighteen journals. Further, in all my intercourse with American citizens and British subjects in Japan, I have never met one, not even one, who desired victory for Russia rather than for Japan.

THE LINE BETWEEN EAST AND WEST.

In the second place, Mr. Cunliffe-Owen quotes me with certain others—Sir Robert Hart, Sir Ernest Satow, and Herr von Brandt—as having been "forced time and again to affirm that the longer they remain in the orient, the more profoundly do they become convinced of inability to fathom the character of the native and to win his sympathy or friendship in any true sense of the word."

I have indeed said that owing to radical differences of social and domestic customs; to an extraordinarily difficult

language, and to a virtually inaccessible script, obstacles almost insurmountable have to be overcome by the average occidental who seeks to trace Japanese acts and thoughts to their ethical and traditional sources. But I have never said, and I altogether deny, that the sympathy and friendship of a Japanese cannot be won by a foreigner. During thirty-seven years of residence in Japan I have had several Japanese friends as near and as dear to me as my own nationals, and now, looking back over this long vista of time and the manifold experiences that checker it, I declare that with certain easily defined exceptions I detect no radical difference between Japanese character and Anglo-Saxon character.

A FALSE REPORT DENIED.

In the third place, Mr. Cunliffe-Owen affirms that "many of the foreign residents in Japan are so much alarmed by the symptoms of hostility displayed by the natives since the outbreak of the present war that they have taken steps to send their families to Hong-kong, Australia or Europe;" and with reference to journalistic silence about "this significant fact," he says that "not only cable despatches, but the private letters of newspaper correspondents are subject to a strict censorship."

All this is strangely erroneous. There has not been any display of native hostility toward foreign residents since the war began. Never since the renewal of Japan's foreign intercourse, half a century ago, has the demeanor of the people been more friendly or courteous toward aliens. Neither has there been any removal of foreign families to places of safety. I have not heard, nor can I discover any one who has heard, of so much as one such removal.

That the press has not alluded to this imaginary exodus is thus easily explained without recourse to the further error that the private letters of newspaper correspondents are subject to strict censorship. They are not. There is no censorship of private letters. Since war became imminent I have sent scores of letters to American and English journals and in not one instance has any censorship been exercised.

Let us pass now to the specter itself, as outlined by Mr. Cunliffe-Owen and other writers.

WILL JAPAN GO CRAZY ?

The Yellow Peril, we are told, does not mean an Asiatic invasion of Europe. It means only Asia for the Asiatic, which program would be carried out by expelling all white men from Asia. Russia, if she won, would be content to monopolize the trade of Manchuria. Japan, were she victorious, would close China to western trade; would exclude England from India, from Hong-kong and from Tibet; would eject America from the Philippines; would drive France from Indo-China; would expel Germany from Shantung; and would deprive Russia of Siberia as well as of all her central Asiatic dependencies.

That is the Yellow Peril, outlined as clearly as brevity permits.

Let any one quietly reflect what is involved in the forecast. It is nothing less than war between Japan and the whole phalanx of western powers—the United States, England, France, Germany, and Russia. None of these countries would submit for an instant to be thus driven from eastern Asia. All would fight to avert such a calamity.

What then would be Japan's position? The command of the sea would be from the outset in the hands of her enemies. Every ship she possesses would be sunk or captured. Her trade with China, with Korea, with the whole of the world outside her own shores, would come to a sudden and total end.

Perhaps, before the crisis arrived, she might have contrived to organize a colossal Chinese legion under the leadership of her own officers. That is a contingency explicitly contemplated by the exponents of the Yellow Peril. Yet the series of events leading up to it is scarcely conceivable—the conversion of the Chinese from a proverbially pacific into an aggressively warlike race; the training of China's troops to a standard never previously approached by them under occidental instructors; the development of her manufacturing capacity so as to render her independent of all foreign aid in the matter of munitions of war; the reorganizing of the ad-

ministration so as to remove the defects that now paralyze its national efficiency; the radical reform of her fiscal system so as to provide an ample supply of public funds; in a word, her complete metamorphosis.

All these wonderful and hitherto impossible changes would have to be effected before the expulsion of foreigners from eastern Asia commenced, and from the day of its commencement Japan herself would be completely isolated from the field where her vast design was in progress. If by any unthinkable chance she managed to consummate military preparations on the Asiatic continent before her fell design was unmasked, assuredly she could not thereafter despatch so much as one soldier to take part in the driving of England from India, of America from the Philippines, of France from Indo-China, of Germany from Shantung, and of Russia from central Asia. Without the command of the sea she could not take any active part in this stupendous drama, wherein nevertheless she is to be the chief actor, and the command of the sea would be as far beyond her reach as is the blue sky.

The prophets of the Peril do not discuss these matters in detail. They ask the public to take it for granted that the united east would be much stronger than the united west, and that the practical exercise of the former's superior strength to the wholesale detriment of the latter is within the range of easily conceivable possibilities. It is their wisdom to be vague.

JAPAN'S TARIFF POLICY.

In one direction, however, they are explicit. They tell us plainly what Japan's first step will be in the event of victory. "To recoup herself for the staggering expenditures of the present campaign she will be forced in any event to adopt a protective tariff so high as to be well nigh prohibitive. If she conquered Russia, she would assuredly extend this not merely to Korea and Manchuria, but to the whole of China."

It really appears as though the framers of this forecast ignored the cardinal facts of the situation. Japan has

no competence to change her customs tariff. It is strictly regulated by treaties which have still some seven years to run. By way of preliminary to "adopting a protective tariff," or to imposing even a cent of duty over and above the conventionally fixed rates, she would have to denounce her treaties with some seventeen occidental nations.

Granted that she took that inconceivable step, which would mean the rupture of diplomatic relations with the whole occident, the next question is how and why she should extend the system "to Korea, to Manchuria, and to the whole of China." Unless Korea, Manchuria, and the whole of China were incorporated in her empire, Japan could neither control their tariffs nor divert their customs revenue to her own exchequer. She would have to begin, then, by annexing the three countries, and to go on by denouncing all their treaties with western States, for Korea, Manchuria, and China are also bound by conventional tariffs.

JAPAN'S RECORD OF GOOD FAITH.

Far as such wholesale arbitrariness and dishonesty outreach conception, impossible as they would be except in the sequel of a world war, the prophets of the Peril find them imaginable and possible. They are not at all staggered by the fact that Japan has solemnly pledged herself in the sight of all nations to preserve the independence of China and Korea and the open door in Eastern Asia; that she is avowedly fighting to insure those ends. What her detractors say is simply that she cannot be trusted. The morality of her merchants is low; therefore "it would be too much to expect from her government any loftier regard for the sanctity of a promise."

The answer to this strange accusation is that whatever may be the development of the commercial conscience in Japan—and the question is open to much debate—her political conscience is such that during the entire half century of her renewed intercourse with the occident not so much as one breach of international faith can be laid to her charge. She has fulfilled all her engagements, observed all her promises, with

scrupulous integrity. They ignore this record who suppose her to be now deliberately contemplating the most colossal act of international chicanery in all history.

There is only one intelligent index to a nation's future conduct, and that is its past conduct. History cannot be ignored, nor for the moral tendencies deducible from a people's annals may we arbitrarily substitute traits of our own imagining.

THE FOREIGNER IN JAPAN.

Underlying all this talk about the Yellow Peril, forming indeed its acknowledged basis, is a belief in the prevalence of profound anti-foreign sentiment throughout Japan. "At heart," says one writer, "the Asiatic loathes us with an intensity which can be appreciated only by those who have lived long in the east." What are the evidences of this loathing, and how have they been displayed?

Perhaps it will be answered that during two and a half centuries the Japanese kept their doors shut to the outer world, and lived a life of almost complete isolation. That is true, but equally true is it that when foreigners first went to Japan they were received with open arms and treated in the most liberal manner. Their subsequent expulsion was the result of intrigues on the part of Christian propagandists; intrigues which gave Japan her first object lessons in the fierce religious intolerance of medieval Europe, and collaterally taught her that the western nations of that era—above all the Spaniards and the Portuguese—considered it an imperial and sacred duty to steal every new country they discovered, and to slaughter such of its rightful owners as resented the theft or refused to adopt the religion of the thieves.

History has placed these facts beyond the range of doubt. It was from the baleful excesses perpetrated in the name of the religions of the west, and from the political improbity of their professors, that the Japanese shrank in the seventeenth century, not at all from the foreigner as either an occidental or an alien.

But when the peoples of America and

Europe came again to Japan in the middle of the nineteenth century they presented themselves in a very different guise. They presented themselves as the exponents of wealth-producing commerce, and of a civilization which astonished the Japanese by the brilliancy of its achievements. If religious bigotry and the aggressions it prompted had been excluded, the early intercourse would have expanded without limit. That they were excluded from the renewed intercourse, that this one radical obstacle to mutual trust and friendship was removed, is proved by the tolerance Japan now unhesitatingly practises.

A LAND OF TRUE FREEDOM.

In almost every town throughout her empire stand places of Christian worship and education; to Christian schools the same public privileges are extended as to government schools of similar grade; Christian associations own real property under an article of the civil code which classes them with public benefactors; Christian converts officiate on the bench, sit in the two houses of the Diet, and occupy high posts in the army, the navy, and the administration; Christian chaplains accompany the troops in the field at public charges; and absolute freedom of conscience within the limits of law and order is guaranteed by the constitution.

In the presence of these things no vestige of the old-time spirit of seclusion can be supposed to survive. And for further testimony one need only look at the demeanor of the people; their uniform friendliness and bright courtesy toward strangers; their unvarying civility and helpfulness—such civility and such helpfulness that in no part of the world can the foreign tourist count on better treatment, or the foreign resident on fuller immunity from annoyance.

How can all this be reconciled with the prevalence of an intense loathing for aliens? Either the loathing is a myth, or the Japanese people are dissemblers consummate beyond the range of imagination. Either they cherish no such enmity, or for fifty years the whole nation has been engaged in an unthink-

able conspiracy to conceal its true feelings.

What we are asked to believe by the prophets of the Yellow Peril is that a country which has intimately associated itself with the west; which has adopted the educational system of the west in a strikingly thorough manner; which assigns to the sciences and philosophies of the west the highest place in its scholastic curriculum; which has borrowed the jurisprudence and copied the judiciary of the west; which has subscribed the code of western international law and given many convincing proofs of loyalty to its canons; which has furnished itself with constitutional and parliamentary institutions after western models; which sends thousands of its youths to study in the colleges and universities of the west; which in trade with the west finds its chief source of wealth; which without ample aid from the west could not continue its career of progress and prosperity—we are asked to believe that such a country is about to lead Eastern nations in a crusade having for object the exclusion of all occidentals from eastern Asia; the termination of all amicable intercourse between occident and orient; the inauguration of an era of wholesale racial enmity and mutual seclusion.

A HAND ACROSS THE SEA.

How much better does it consist with common sense, with reason, and with the record to accept as a true definition of national purpose the resolution recently passed at a meeting of all universities, colleges, and principal schools in the Japanese capital:

That we confirm the statement that Japan has not entered the present struggle for aggrandizement or conquest, but has been forced into it for the security of the empire, for the permanent peace of the east, and for the progress of that beneficent and enlightened civilization which Japan herself has imbibed from the nations of the west and which she has made her own.

That in this struggle, standing as we do for principles which we believe are identical with those cherished by all enlightened nations, we look to the people of the United States for that sympathy which we think our cause deserves; and especially do we turn to the colleges and universities of America, which have given to so many of us so cordial a welcome and to whose teachers, alumni and students, many of us are bound by ties of gratitude and friendship.

The Striking of the Colors.

PETER FINDLAY'S SIXTH PROPOSAL, AND MILDRED SOMMERVILLE'S ANSWER.

BY CHARLES MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

I.

WHEN a young man has asked a girl at least six times to marry him, and she has answered every time in what may be termed the uncertain negative—which is to say that she has put him off without positively refusing him—the man, even as good-tempered and easy-going a man as Peter Findlay, may be forgiven if he should raise the siege of such a Laodicean fortress of a heart and march on to seek a campaign where the issue is likely to be more definite.

As a matter of fact, however, although the action taken by Peter Findlay might have been so construed by an observer, the person most nearly concerned, the young lady herself, regarded it as a directly opposite action. Gazing with surprise and with a rather piqued interest, such as she had never felt before, at the broad, rather stolid features of the young man, she said:

"So, Peter, you have hoisted your colors at last!"

"I don't understand you," said Peter Findlay.

At this Mildred Sommerville slightly shrugged her shoulders, which gleamed very fair through the meshes of her summer costume.

"Figures of speech aren't very much in your line, are they, Peter?"

"No, they are not," answered Peter simply, letting the scoff of her tone pass by. "What do you mean, in plain words?"

"Simply that you have taken the initiative for once, Peter, and struck out a line for yourself."

Findlay flushed through his deep tan.

"I have always been in the habit of following my own paths, except in my dealings with you, and now I have removed the exception."

"Indeed?" said the girl, with a

laugh that was not altogether pleasant or natural. "Then I pity you, for you have entered a lonely path!"

"I can't help that, Mildred, if it must be so," said Findlay, and then there was silence between them.

Both stared at the sea, a blue, rough sea, tumbling in waves that streamed with white foam, lashed by a warm southeast gale. Findlay looked at once downcast and determined. The girl seemed serene; but inwardly a storm raged in her heart, even as through this bright, sun-drenched day, beneath the blue and almost cloudless sky, the wind of tempest blew. She was at once amazed, resentful, and, in a strange mood that she would not heed, even pleased.

Man and girl were sitting in a corner of the deep veranda of a summer cottage on a Massachusetts island, sheltered from the wind, and apart from a talkative group of young people who were watching a double-reefed schooner beating against the gale.

So snug and solitary was the corner that Peter Findlay, who saw no reason why he should not make love on a veranda in broad day ten feet from other people, had taken advantage of his tête-à-tête with Mildred Sommerville to put his sixth proposal—almost in the same tone, or so it seemed to the girl, as if he asked her to accept a bonbon. But there was no lightness in Findlay's offer; a great and deep seriousness animated and urged it forth. And to his few, plain words the girl had said:

"Why, Peter! And to think that there is a full moon to-night, and we were going to watch the breakers at Cape Blair!"

Findlay made an abrupt gesture of annoyance, and drew his sturdy form straight.

"Please don't laugh at this matter,"

he said almost sternly. "You have done too much of that already. You know that I love you. I ask you to be my wife, Mildred; will you answer me?"

His tone aroused emotion in the girl that she struggled to suppress. She had determined from the outset of their conversation to be perverse with Findlay. He had positively shouldered young Arthur Lyle away from her just when her talk with Lyle had become interesting, and such uncouthness ought to be punished. Besides, she was used to teasing her big, stolid lover, who had humbled himself before her dainty feet for so long. And she said:

"Oh, Peter, do please wait for that moon to-night!"

Findlay's face grew flushed and stern; his self-possession deserted him. He stammered, according to his wont when deeply moved, as he said:

"Nev—never mind the—the moon. I'm not going to be laughed at. I'll never say what—what I've said to-day again until you—you yourself change things and tell me that I may!"

Mildred Sommerville's face flushed into scarlet, through which her eyes looked indignation, and something of fear, too, and utter surprise; but fighting hard to maintain the tone she had assumed all through the episode, she made the remark recorded above:

"So, Peter, you have hoisted your colors at last!"

During the long silence that ensued, the girl arose. It was impossible to keep up the verbal duel; she found her rapier of flippancy growing heavy in her defense; and her heart reproached her now for its use. Poor Peter was no fencer; too clumsy of hand was he. Suddenly she longed to say something to him in an hostester vein; surely he deserved it. But what should she say? Tell him that—that she would strike her own colors, and say that he might speak again? No, she could not do that. Tell him honestly that he must never speak again? No, nor that—the words would not come. For perhaps the first time since she had known Peter Findlay—and they had played as children together—Mildred hesitated before him.

The voice of Arthur Lyle furnished a welcome relief from her dilemma.

"Oh, Peter, Mildred, do come out of that corner. We're all going for a swim; see the surf, it's glorious! Are you coming?"

"Yes, yes, indeed—I am, any way!" cried Mildred eagerly.

"How about you, Peter?" asked Lyle, a handsome boy, an athlete, a sparkling talker, popular with man and maid.

"Well, I don't know," said Findlay, in his slow fashion; "I hardly think it's safe, do you? I mean for girls. The surf is pretty heavy, and this gale is increasing. There's going to be rain before long."

His words excited laughter, and Mildred sent an almost scornful glance at him. How like him his words were—he was always so cautious and careful and slow!

"Oh, don't be afraid, Mr. Findlay!" cried a laughing girl; "Mr. Lyle or Bob Jackson will pull you out if you get too far!"

They were already in motion toward the beach.

"Don't promise too much, Jennie!" said Lyle. "Peter's a pretty heavy handful; but I guess he can look after himself."

"I can, Lyle," said Peter.

He followed the others. Since Mildred was determined on bathing, he would bathe, too. Mildred was walking by Lyle's side, around whom the other girls were clustering, and he was telling them of the surf bathing he had had at other beaches that summer.

"This isn't a circumstance to some of the beaches," he was declaring. "It's only a bit of sea kicked up by the wind."

Lyle was a splendid swimmer. Daily he was watched by admiring or envious bathers as, clad in his scarlet bathing-suit, he would climb the tall pile-driver on the wharf near the beach and dive from its top, or turn back somersaults from the spring-board, or swim under water for fifty yards. Mildred, too, if she did not undertake such spectacular feats, could perform aquatic athletics that put her far ahead of most of the bathing girls. Peter Findlay let all such tricks alone; solemnly wading into the water, after first carefully wetting his head, he would swim steadily

and powerfully his measured half mile along the beach, and his half mile back, sun himself soberly on the sands, and dress.

As the young people left the shelter of the cottages and emerged upon the open ground that led to the beach they felt for the first time the real power of the wind, which was blowing straight out to sea, across the island in a slanting direction, from the southeast. The light dresses of the girls were whipped about them, a hat or two blew off, sending the young men—Lyle and Jackson, that is to say—in pursuit. Sand stung their faces, and even although the wind blew across land there was the tang of salt in its breath. Scattered white clouds, blown into ragged shreds, were speeding across the misty blue sky, like the torn fragments of the sails of some ship of the air.

"Isn't this glorious?" cried Mildred, her eyes sparkling.

There is something in a hard wind that either exhilarates or depresses you, according to your temperament. Mildred, who loved motion, force, excitement, reveled in the warm strong gale. Lyle and Jackson, gallant young men full of animal spirits, shouted aloud. The other two young women in the party were not so boisterous. The wind caught their breath; the fluttering of their skirts was annoying. And Peter, too, was not enjoying himself. Beneath the stolidness of his demeanor there was something of imagination, and of emotions that were easily aroused, although slow to find expression.

To him there appeared something sinister in this bright storm. This gusty, warm wind that hurled itself along through the blue sky and the sunshine suggested malevolence. The day was like a brilliantly robed, smiling bravo, whose cheerfulness hides a threat, and whose poniard or cudgel is close at hand beneath his velvet cloak.

Findlay pointed to the little landlocked harbor, which had once been a lake, and which was now connected with the sea by a narrow entrance.

"There isn't a yacht or a catboat out to-day," he remarked; "I tell you, this blow is more than it seems. Even Flounder Pete stays in."

And he indicated a swarthy-looking, square-built man who passed them just then, staggering a little as he walked. He was a well-known character along this part of the shore; a half-bred Indian negro, who usually preferred to sail and fish alone in his catboat; a daredevil who got drunk even in his boat, and who had already served a term in State prison.

"Oh, well," said Lyle lightly; "we don't want to swim out to sea, and there are people in the water now. Look!"

They had reached the shelter of the long line of bath-houses. The beach was white with breakers that smashed and seethed and broke thunderously upon the long stretch of sand, even although the force of the wind was seaward. There were a score of bathers in the water, mostly men, who kept together in little groups, holding hands, and jumping up and down through the waves, which were choppy and broken, and which filled the air with spin-drift. The cries of the bathers shrilled out down the wind.

"Oh, isn't it jolly!" cried Mildred. "Come, girls and boys, hurry up and get into your suits, or the sun will be getting low and we won't be able to dry our hair!"

One of the girls, Miss Lyle, Arthur's sister, looked doubtfully at the swirling water.

"I'll back down," she said. "I always lose my breath in such choppy water."

And Mildred couldn't persuade her to change her mind; so ran to her bath-house, followed by the other girl, Miss Dryot, who, however, did not exhibit any contagious amount of enthusiasm. Lyle, Jackson, and Peter followed Mildred's example; and soon all five—Peter, of course, the last to appear—were at the water's edge.

Mildred danced in. Miss Dryot concluded that she would stay at the edge. Peter glanced over his shoulder at the declining sun, for the time was close upon five o'clock, and saw that beneath it huge gray clouds were piling up. Shrugging his broad shoulders, he waded in. Lyle, Mildred, and Jackson were already waist deep, hand in hand, jumping up together when a wave rolled in, and laughing gaily and brokenly. He

joined them. He wanted to hold one of Mildred's hands, but she pretended not to notice his huge outstretched paw, so he took hold of the men's hands.

"Oh, this is slow work!" cried Mildred. "Let's go out to the raft!"

About twenty yards out there were three rafts moored to piles some fifty yards apart. They were tossing in the waves and straining on their chains.

"No, no," said Findlay sharply. "The water is too choppy, and the tide is running out. You'd soon get tired, Mildred."

"Oh, pshaw, what a wet blanket you are, Peter!" cried the girl. "It's not far; I can easily do it. Come along, Mr. Lyle, come along, Mr. Jackson!"

"All right; off we go!" shouted Lyle.

"Don't be a fool!" said Findlay roughly.

Lyle laughed in his face.

"Well, it is pretty rough," said Jackson.

"Good-by, landlubbers!" cried Mildred.

She let go the hands she held and swam seaward, Lyle by her side. Findlay stood still for a minute or two, frowning; the water slashing into his face. Jackson waded in towards Miss Dryot.

Mildred's red Madras handkerchief, which confined her long, black hair, was bobbing up and down. She was swimming strongly, Findlay could see, as was Lyle by her side; and he turned to wade out and dress, thoroughly angered by her behavior.

"Well, it's perhaps all right now," he thought, turning seaward again; "but coming in she'll have the tide against her."

II.

As Findlay turned he could see that the oblique set of the tide was so strong that the swimmers had been carried quite a distance to the left of the raft they made for, which was the last in the line on that side. They would have to swim dead against it when parallel with the raft, in order to get to their destination. And at that moment he heard a cry from Lyle, who had turned his face shoreward and was shouting. The wind

blew his words from his mouth, and only four of them reached Findlay's ears. And these words were:

"Pete—for God's sake!"

Lyle appeared to be struggling. Findlay threw himself forward and made for Lyle; his thick, powerful arms threshed the water, and, the tide aiding him, he was quickly by the other man.

"What's up?" he cried.

"A cramp in my leg, I'm tuckered out!" gasped Lyle.

"Put a hand on my shoulder," said Findlay.

Lyle obeyed. Peter glanced at Mildred. She was still obstinately making head toward the pitching raft. A hard, short swim brought Findlay and his burden to where they could feel the bottom with their feet.

"Can you get ashore?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lyle; "and here comes Jackson!"

Without another word Peter swam toward Mildred, who seemed at a standstill, and was now about ten yards from the raft. When he reached her side, a glance was enough to tell him that she was utterly exhausted. Buffeted by the broken, choppy waves, pulled to the left by the set of the tide, she was gasping for her breath. Her arms no longer swept straight out, but were bent at the elbows, and beat the water in feeble, hasty strokes.

"Turn on your back!" he commanded.

Mutely she obeyed. He, too, went over on his back, placing his hands under her arms, and he swam thus for the raft. It was much nearer than the shore; the swim with Lyle had already told upon him, and Mildred, although she tried to kick to aid him, was almost a dead weight on his arms. The water broke over his head as he forged against the waves, which struck at him on all sides at once, so broken and confused were they with wind and tide. He was gasping hard for breath, although still strong, when he turned his head and found himself close to the raft.

Releasing one of his hands from its hold on Mildred, and grasping the raft, he swung the girl to his side.

"Can you hold on for a moment?" he asked.

She grasped the edge of the wildly tossing raft, and nodded her head tensely. Findlay climbed upon the raft, and quickly drew her after him. She fell limply; and he uttered a cry of horror when he saw that she had fainted from exhaustion and loss of breath. A hasty glance shoreward showed him that Jackson and another man were swimming out.

He grasped Mildred and knelt upon one knee, putting her across the other so that the water, which was swelling across the raft, should not reach her face. Then he swung her limp arms backward and forward to force air into her lungs. Desperately he worked, and in a very few moments the girl opened her eyes. Her swoon had not been complete; all the while consciousness had struggled for the mastery, and now it came to Findlay's aid.

And he needed aid. Even as he cried "Thank God!" when he saw Mildred's eyes open, and looked shoreward for the coming swimmers, he saw that they were far away and, that the shore was far away. The raft was adrift!

Straining on the chain that had held it to the pile, it had drawn the staple loose, and now, urged by wind and tide it was rapidly floating seaward, pitching and tossing.

III.

For a moment dismay, deadly fear, possessed Peter utterly. His muscles seemed to grow flabby, to relax; the corners of his mouth drooped; he felt like casting himself by the side of the girl and giving up. Then back to his heart rushed the red, hot blood; his arms held Mildred more firmly, his legs braced themselves against the plunges of the raft like iron bars, and his mouth grew stern and set and dogged. His face was the face of Peter Findlay as men saw it as he fought his slow but so often triumphant way through a case in court.

He thrust that set face near the drenched head of the girl, from whose cheeks the roses had fled. She was like a bruised and wind-beaten lily.

"Now, then, Mildred," said he, "you've got to get over this fainting

right away, do you understand me? You must brace up for all you are worth. This raft has broken loose, and we are drifting away from shore. Do you hear?"

The girl's scream of fear rang out through the noise of the tumbling waters like the cry of a gull. She started up, glancing shoreward, and cried again. She turned to Findlay.

"Oh, Peter, they will reach us, won't they?"

"Of course they will," answered Peter Findlay, "if we can stay on this raft until they do. It won't be long, for they'll send out a boat from the harbor as soon as one of them can run around there. But you've got to brace up, I tell you, Milly!"

She looked at him, and replied:

"Yes; I will."

"Well, then," said he, "sit down in the center here and balance yourself against the tossing till I fix things up a bit. I'll keep my eye on you."

She obeyed. She watched him with wonder, despite her fear. He talked as if he were about to "fix" a hammock on the veranda. What did he mean? But she had little opportunity to wonder; all her attention was needed to save herself from being swept from the raft by the seas that broke over it, and from sliding over when it rolled.

Findlay lay down and felt around the edge of the raft. He found the chain that hung to it, at the end of which the staple still remained. He pulled in the chain. It reached nearly across the raft. He thrust the staple into a narrow crack, and forced it in with all his strength. When he could force it in no farther he pounded it with his closed fist, in hammer fashion, until the girl saw his blood start. Then he stripped off his heavy woolen bathing shirt, wrapped that around his fist, and again pounded. The staple held the chain secure against a great strain horizontally, for Findlay tested it by grasping it and throwing his weight backward.

Then he took the shirt, found a minute hole near the shoulder, into which he thrust his fingers, widening the hole and tearing at the tough material until he rent it into two pieces, which again

he divided into four. He tied the strips together; and as he did so a bigger wave than any yet lashed at them, and Mildred was swept away in its clutch.

Peter grasped her as she went over, and held to the edge of the raft. Over their heads went the water, and then he clambered back; and Mildred saw that he held the rope of cloth in his teeth. Without a word he tied it around her waist and secured the free end to the chain.

"Now hold with your hands on the chain," he said. "The rope will keep you safe enough."

Then he sat down by her side and drew his breath in great mouthfuls.

"Oh, Peter!" she said. "Don't you think they will soon be here?"

"I hope so," he said; "keep up heart, Milly. But no boat has come out of the harbor yet, and, Milly, look at the shore!"

Mildred could not see the shore. The huge gray clouds that had been piling up had hidden the sun and let out rain, a streaming downpour that was as a curtain.

The girl cried out. Peter laid his hand on hers.

"Now, listen to me," he said. "There is no possible chance that we can drift long without being picked up. This passage is the route of hundreds of coastwise craft, so even if a boat from the harbor doesn't reach us, we are sure to fall in the way of some schooner or other. So we are all right. But you must keep up heart—you must, I tell you!"

"I will," said Mildred Sommerville, and she sat up straighter, and for a long while uttered no word or sound. Peter was thinking:

"God forgive the lie! There is not a vessel in sight. They have run into Vineyard Haven out of this blow, and we are more than likely to pass the night out here. There is fog along with that rain, which will be on us before long; and though the wind is dying down I believe, how will a boat find us? It is getting dark already."

Such were the thoughts that he kept to himself.

After a long time, during which both gazed shoreward, while the water

dashed over and around them, and the grayness of early night grew slowly into black, and the rain fell, lashing them, Mildred said:

"Peter, I wish you would take part of this belt. I don't need it all, and you must be tired holding on with your hands."

"You are right," he said; "I must be careful of myself. So, Mildred, I'll—I'll"—for the first time since they went adrift his domineering, masterful voice faltered—"I'll trouble you to lend me that—that skirt thing of yours."

"Why, of course," she said, and she took it off and handed it to him.

He tore it into strips, one for himself and another for Mildred.

Darkness came on. The wind grew perceptibly less violent, and the rain slackened and ceased, but a thick mist, traveling with the slower wind, hung on the face of the waters. Far off there was the dull, hoarse, slow moaning of the fog-horn at West Chop. Once or twice they heard the dull iron clangor of a bell-buoy. The water still heaved and tossed the raft, which had begun to show a tendency to go to pieces.

Findlay noticed that Mildred, who for a long time had been still, was drooping forward. She began to shiver suddenly.

"I am sick, Peter, oh, Peter. I am sick!" she sobbed; her splendid self-control deserting her at last. "They will never pick us up. I shall die here!"

Findlay's breast heaved, he felt a choking sensation in his throat. He took the girl in his arms.

"By God!" swore Peter Findlay the mild. "You won't die! What are you talking about? Of course you won't. We're all right. We've sat still too long, and you've got chilled," he went on; "all my fault! I'm stupid. But I'll warm you up. You musn't give in. Now just remember that, Mildred, you must not give in!"

He slapped her palms with his hands till they tingled, and she cried out for the smart. He slapped her shoulders, her arms, her legs and body, and chafed and rubbed until he restored the chilled circulation of her blood; and restored her courage and her hope and trust in him. And he swung his own big arms

and kicked his legs out till he warmed himself, and as he talked and talked and talked, any and all kinds of nonsense and sense, anything to get her to listen and forget the water that slapped around them, he suddenly gave a great shout and cried:

"Hurrah, Milly, see there!"

He pointed up. Above their heads the mist was clearing, and there was the dimmest glimmer of a star and the hint of the coming moon.

"The weather is clearing, hurrah!"

And the girl was cheered. It was a star of hope. She smiled wanly and gazed up at the lonely, twinkling luminary, and it seemed as an eye that watched over her.

As the water grew calmer, Peter untied the ropes and stood up, and made Mildred stand up and take exercise. Fortunately the night had not been cold, even when the fog clung about them, although to them, in their wet dresses, and with Findlay but half dressed, it had felt chill enough.

Mildred grew strangely drowsy. She said she thought she would sleep for a while, but Peter emphatically said he thought, and knew, that she wouldn't.

"It would chill you to the bone; don't think of it!" he said.

But after a time the girl could not keep her eyes open. Findlay shook her and talked incessantly. She grew peevish, like a sleepy child; she reproached him, she even cried. Her desire for sleep was a torture.

"Let me alone, let me alone!" she cried. "I'll never speak to you again if you don't!"

"All right, Milly," said Peter cheerfully, although his heart was heavy and anxious because of this strange turn in Mildred. "We'll argue the case to-morrow!" He threw salt water into her face. She was about to throw herself down upon the raft when Findlay cried:

"Mildred! Mildred! I hear a steamer! I hear a steamer! Listen, don't you hear the propeller?"

Mildred rallied, her sleepy fit passing away in the shock of eager joy the words sent through her veins. She strained her ears.

"Oh, where is it? Where is it?" she panted. "Can you see a light?"

The mist was now rapidly lifting, and where one star had shone there were a score, and the moon was climbing up the southern sky, very low as yet. Above the splash of the water they could hear a far away and rapid chug-chug-chug.

"It sounds like a steam launch; perhaps it is one of those from the harbor, looking for us," said Peter scarcely above his breath, so intently was he listening. "And I think, Mildred, I think I see its light!"

Suddenly throwing back his shoulders he drew in a deep, long breath and roared aloud, with all his force:

"Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!"

And Mildred's shriller voice echoed: "Boat ahoy!"

And they hushed their very heartbeats to listen for an answer. It came, faint and thin:

"Ahoy! Ahoy!"

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" said Peter Findlay brokenly.

Then, hail for hail, Findlay answered the calls from the oncoming boat. Its light grew brighter and brighter, its bulk bigger and bigger.

"It's a catboat with an auxiliary screw," said Peter. "It must be Flounder Pete's; his was the only one in the harbor to-day."

It was the half-breed, and he was alone. He ran down near the raft, and then, to Findlay's great surprise, he stopped some ten feet away, although the water was smooth enough to permit of a nearer approach.

"Come alongside, come alongside!" Findlay cried impatiently.

"Jest one minute," drawled Flounder Pete. He had shut down his engine, and the big mainsail of the catboat flapped in the wind. He thrust out his head, the lean profile of which had given him his nickname. "I'm the only cuss who had nerve enough to go out in the blow, and I want to know what you're going to give me for the job of finding you. Hundred dollars, eh?"

"The devil's been drinking, even to-night!" thought Findlay. Aloud he said: "Why, of course, man!"

"Oh, I'll give you anything you want!" cried Mildred. "Do hurry, please!"

"Oh, well, now," said Flounder Pete, still more deliberately; "p'raps you give two hundred dollars, what?"

"Yes!" shouted Findlay, in a rage of anger, and he eyed the distance between the raft and the catboat. He noted that they were drifting together. "Yes, if you hurry—ah!"

And with the exclamation, gathering himself together he gave a mighty leap that spurned the raft back and sent Mildred prostrate, and fell across the gunwale of the catboat. The half-breed attempted to grapple with him, but he was a child, a puppet, in the hands of Findlay in that moment of his wrath, and Peter choked him till he was limp, half dead. Then he tied him with ropes, and brought the catboat to the raft.

He lifted Mildred aboard. In the cabin of the catboat he found blankets and some coats belonging to Flounder Pete. He wrapped them around Mildred, and put a coat on himself. In a rack, too, was some of the whisky with which the half-breed had warmed himself through the perilous first part of his voyage, and Peter made the girl swallow a little of the ardent spirit. Then he kicked Pete back into life again, and commanded him to start the engine, freeing one of the man's arms in order that he might do so.

"Well," said the half-breed, who showed no malice now; "you've licked me. Do I go to prison again? You just tell me that before I touch the engine."

"That depends on how you behave," said Findlay.

"Oh, I'm licked," said the half-

breed; "that's good enough for me. You just remember I was the only one to set out in the blow, anyhow."

"I'll remember. You'll go free. Now, tell me how I steer," said Peter.

The half-breed gave the necessary directions. The revolving light on East Chop could soon be seen flashing. By and by the red and green lanterns that showed the entrance to the harbor were picked up, and with them there came in sight the first of a small fleet of catboats and launches which, with the lifting of the fog, had left the harbor in search of the raft. The cheer from the first reached to the next, and was passed on, and a swift launch steamed for the harbor.

When they entered a new day was dawning in soft color, and the wharves within the jetty were thronged, black with people. A great cheer went up as they came in. At the head of one pier stood Mildred's mother. The girl stirred from her coverings.

"Peter, Peter," she whispered, "bend down here!" He bent down to her above the tiller. Her eyes gazed into his. "You remember our talk this afternoon, yesterday afternoon, I mean—how far away it all seems!" He nodded. "Well, I—I strike my colors, Peter—you may speak to me again whenever you will!"

For a mute moment he looked down steadily upon her.

"Is it because I—because I saved your life?"

She slowly shook her head.

"It's because I love you, Peter!"

They were safe at home.

FULFILMENT.

SHE dreamed of many lovers bold and free,
Of many hearts all proudly held in fee;
One only found she in her maiden quest,
And holds herself of womenkind most blest.

She dreamed of name and fame in many a land,
Of noble deeds done by her woman's hand;
Her store of fireside duties day by day
She bears upon life's smooth and pleasant way.

She dreamed that she her fellow-men might teach
With lofty thought and golden dower of speech;
Her listening children gather at her knee,
She saith: "Life has fulfilled my dreams for me."

L. M. Montgomery.

Paul Morton—A Sketch.

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

A NEW AND INTERESTING FIGURE IN AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE—MR. MORTON'S PERSONALITY, HIS BRILLIANT RECORD AS A RAILROAD MAN, AND WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED OF HIM AS SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

THERE is something bracing, something tonic, something to brighten the eye of one's Americanism, in the elevation of Paul Morton to the head of the United States Navy Department. If Mr. Roosevelt were called upon to prove the purity of the Presidential motive, he would not have to go beyond this one appointment.

Men of push-cart politics were heard to bewail the rise of Mr. Morton. They pointed out that he was once a Democrat, while remembering the Republican sort of the administration. There is an individual, whose kind is frequent in both parties, with whom partizanship is a principle, and who lists one's politics as chief among one's virtues or one's vices, the alternative contingent upon one's party affiliations. If one be of the party of the individual adverted to, one is a saint; if of the opposition, one receives darkling rating. It was folk of this character, with whom party interest is impressive beyond public interest, and who would see the country sink without a sob so that they got the party safe ashore on a hatch-cover, who were bitten of grief because of the Cabinet coming forward of Mr. Morton. On the other hand, those who hold plow-stilts, not offices, and live by their industry rather than their "pull," behold in the advent of this man from the West that which renews popular belief in republican institutions.

MORTON'S CAREER AS A RAILROAD MAN.

Mr. Morton's nomination makes vastly for the credit of the administration, and tells of a White House probity from which it sprung. And yet, to those who knew Mr. Roosevelt, the new Sec-

retary of the Navy was no surprise. Mr. Roosevelt, against those who peddle out their integrity by the pint as corner hawkers peddle peanuts, is honest by wholesale, and Mr. Morton is the up-comer of that honesty.

Mr. Morton made his debut in the drama of existence on May 22, 1857, in Detroit, and is a son of the late J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Cleveland's second Cabinet. He has put in thirty of his forty-seven years in practical business as a railroad man. He began with a clerkship in the land department of the Burlington company, and climbed and climbed until, as he gives up a railway for a public service, his rank is that of second vice-president of the giant Santa Fe system, with eight thousand miles of road to consider and conserve. His stipend as chief of the American navy will be an annual eight thousand dollars; since he lays down a salary of twenty-five thousand to accept it, the transaction does not smell of avarice.

For his new duties and their best discharge, he possesses the cardinal attributes in perfection. He is strong, wise, brave, and, beyond all, honest. If there be anything in a strain, if blood is to tell, he could not well avoid those traits, peculiarly that of honesty. With his father, integrity was a kind of genius; it was militant, decisive, and wore a sword. The younger Morton is the vigorous replica of his father in those executive virtues of steam, courage, and intelligence, added to an honesty that is neither to be bullied nor cajoled. He will have no enemies, no friends, in the discharge of his duties; the one headland to steer by will be the

headland of public right. All this is good for the people, while it may cripple the jobster in his profits.

That Mr. Morton is lucid and sound and of unusual native powers is shown by his advance from low to high in the councils of the railroads. The railroad business is jealous, competitive; there can be no triumph without worth. True, one might conceive of a man who by stress of share-owning had placed himself at the head of a great company. He might wear the rank and claim the honor, while another brought the wit and did the work. This was not the Morton case; the Mortons were never rich. From his first clerkship, at a probable salary of five hundred yearly dollars, to that twenty-five thousand dollar vice-presidency, Paul Morton toiled step by step, and every slight push forward represented a battle and a victory. It was not pocket-book, not pedigree, but merit that brought him to the fore and held him there. And now, when in his forty-eighth year he takes charge of the navy, he is at the crest of his strength. He has outgrown those cautionless activities that make youth a time of peril, while he still lives years this side of apathies that arrive with the winter of one's days. The public gets him at the superlative.

THE NAVY NEEDS A BUSINESS MAN.

Mr. Morton, when one recalls his training and executive bent, could not have been better placed for public interest. The navy, more than any other of the nine departments of the United States government, needs a business man. It does not call for a sailor; indeed, while the statement smacks of paradox, a sailor might easily be a bad selection. The prime demand is for him who knows dollars and cents, and in parting with them will get their equivalent.

The navy is a purchaser, and deals with material things. The War Department will, in its expenditures, deal oftener with men and their employment. Seventy-five per cent of the war money goes for men, while twenty-five per cent is devoted to contracts for material. The naval situation is the other way about. There comes marching a

ceaseless procession of big contracts for battleships and cruisers and all manner of marine things. The secretary who makes these contracts, and who must see to their carrying out, should be one trained in business to a feather-edge.

Such a man is Mr. Morton. There will arise no specification kinks which he does not understand; there will occur no contract knots that he cannot untie and solve. He will transact public concerns as if they were private concerns, and the country, having paid for it, may look to get its pound of flesh.

A NEW FIGURE IN PUBLIC LIFE.

This is Mr. Morton's first office; he steps from private life into one of the government's most important positions. It is of a particular excellence that he comes hand-free and debtless; there exist against him no balances in the books of party. This condition of political solvency will make it easy for him to discharge to best public advantage the responsibilities he has assumed. He did not seek the place; no politician exerted voice or influence in his favor; he assumes his office quit and clear of obligation. From this liberty of mind and hand and conscience the nation may hope much. It will not see its money and its service devoted to the payment of debts of politics, while the general welfare plays a dubious second fiddle, often with a soaped bow. There has not been a Cabinet appointment so free from the taint of politics since Washington named Jefferson his Secretary of State in 1789.

Mr. Morton is well-looking, and handsome in a masculine way. He is six feet tall, with deep chest and door-wide shoulders; standing straight as a lance, he weighs two hundred pounds. It is a fine thing to stand tall and straight and strong, with lean flanks and chest arched like the deck of a whaleback, among a people who arrive at nine-tenths of their opinions through the eye. Mr. Morton's features, typically American, are regular and replete of character; the nose and jaw and cheekbones have an emphasis that speaks of the executive. The forehead is full and thoughtful, and the whole head shows intellectual balance like a



PAUL MORTON, APPOINTED SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY TO SUCCEED MR. MOODY—MR. MORTON IS A RAILROAD MAN WITH THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE AND A BRILLIANT RECORD, AND HAS NEVER BEFORE HELD PUBLIC OFFICE.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

ship in trim. Also, one would mark in Mr. Morton, as one would in Mr. Roosevelt who appointed him, a tendency to do a deal of his thinking with the brain that lies behind the ears.

This readiness for combat, like his honesty, Mr. Morton draws from his father, who lived and died the foe of shams and frauds and favoritisms and all snobberies, whether of public or of private life. The fighting quality is a most hopeful sign, especially in one who administers a public trust. While Mr. Morton rules as naval chief, the rings will be held at bay; there will be progress and invention; no Maxim, no Gat-

ling, no Holland will be driven abroad with his weapon lest its adoption here should disturb or diminish those streams of profit flowing in favor of stagnant ones who produce the things that were. There will be no blow-holes in the armor plates; the mills will not select the inspectors for the government; neither will the bill for "extras" exceed the contract price of the ship.

SOUND IN MIND AND BODY.

Not only has Mr. Morton a sound head and a sound heart, but he possesses what for the good of a public service is perhaps superior to either—a

sound stomach. Whether in passing or in executing a law, your dyspeptic is a disaster. He is bad enough in private life, but there he is held in check by personal interest. Give him an office, and the bridle of self is removed; should loss come, it will fall upon the public; and where his dyspepsia is acute, no fear of public loss will serve for his restraint. It is the judgment of several observant years in Washington that in every case and under all conditions dyspepsia, as an emotion, is more powerful than patriotism. Wherefore, even more than from his good head and his good heart, are the naval interests of the country to have advantage from Mr. Morton's good digestion. To eat well and to sleep well are but bed-plates for that engine called the mind, wanting which the machine becomes a mere heap of scrap. The public, particularly in an office of executive character where a man acts by himself, should avoid engaging those pale and pasty folk, who wear six-and-a-half belts and seven-and-a-half hats, and who would be described by steamboat people as over-engined for their beam.

Until the campaign of 1896 Mr. Morton, whose political assertions had been limited to the casting of his ballot, was a Democrat. In that year he voted for General Palmer, and four years later for Mr. McKinley. Several months ago he declared his intention of voting next November for Mr. Roosevelt. On that record of politics the President appointed him, reaping as the harvest thereof much acrid criticism from politicians.

The people—that is to say, the privates in the army of party—have found no fault with Mr. Roosevelt; indeed, many of them, to paraphrase an eminent utterance, are beginning to love him for the critics he has made.

MORRISON'S JUDGMENT OF MORTON.

While Mr. Morton's father was Secretary of Agriculture, Colonel William R. Morrison was head of the Inter-state Commerce Commission. Colonel Morrison, one of the cleanest and most powerful influences that ever came to Washington, was not celebrated as a friend of the railways. He was not their foe; but he watched them narrowly, and brought them sharply up when they ran into a law. On one occasion he met the younger Morton; the latter was a witness before his commission.

"Morton," said the colonel to the Secretary of Agriculture after his return from the hearing, "I met your son Paul while I was away. He was a witness before us, and on the stand for several hours. I was much taken in his favor. I have never listened to a man who made a better impression upon me. He was as clear as a bell, told his story as straight to the mark as the flight of an arrow, and with the exception of one detail had the railway business at his finger-tips. I must say, however, that he displayed one defect."

"What was that?" asked the old secretary.

"He can't lie," replied Colonel Morrison, with a chuckle. "That is his great railroad drawback; he can't lie!"

A PRAYER.

On, Life, in this my journey
 Along thy hidden ways,
 Give me nor peace nor quiet
 Of uneventful days;
 But grant me joy of battle,
 The striving for the light,
 The glory of the combat,
 The foremost foe to fight.
 I shall not quail at hunger
 Nor aught of bitterness,
 So I but meet unshamed
 The struggle and the stress!
 Yea, dole me fiercest anguish,
 If that the end may be
 Through power of understanding
 A signal victory!

Charlotte Becker.

Trophies of American Wars.

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT.

IF ANY ONE THINKS THAT THE UNITED STATES IS AN UNWAR-LIKE NATION, LET HIM VISIT THE GREAT HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS AT WASHINGTON, AND VIEW THE SPOILS THAT TELL HOW AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS HAVE FOUGHT BATTLES AND WON VICTORIES IN MANY LANDS AND ON MANY SEAS.

NO other city in the United States is so rich in historical treasures as Washington, and the national government is continually adding to its collections. It has a growing wealth of relics and trophies that tell of the great men and the great deeds of the past.

The American people are commonly accounted a peaceful nation, whose triumphs have been won in industry and commerce rather than in war on land or sea. Yet it is noteworthy that our capital city is a storehouse of spoils won by our soldiers and sailors in the battles they have fought at home and abroad. In at least three places in Washington there are collections that form, as it were, an epitome of our campaigns and victories, and an index of our national expansion. The visitor who cares for American history may find these more attractive than the passing show of a great political center. While an unending procession of short-lived celebrities strut their little hour upon the stage and pass into oblivion more or less complete, the mementoes of our wars in Asia and Africa, of our struggle for independence and the internecine conflict of North and South—the trophies of Jackson and Decatur

and Grant and Dewey—have an interest that grows as the decades roll by.

THREE HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

Down by the Potomac, in the museum at the Navy Yard, rapid-fire guns captured from Spain half a dozen years ago stand beside ancient cannon that date back to Cortez, trophies of the Mexican War. In the War and Navy Departments, where a hundred officials and a thousand subordinates are intent on establishing peace and order in a group of Oriental islands ten thousand miles away, old guns taken by Decatur in the Mediterranean, mortars from the siege of New Orleans, and decorations from the cabins of Spanish men-of-war, guard the doorways or decorate the corridors, unnoticed and unsung. In the National Museum, too, Filipino knives and a search-light from one of Montojo's gunboats are to be found in the midst of a great array of Revolutionary relics and Civil War battle-flags.

It must be admitted that the government has not arranged its trophies in either the most systematic or the most attractive way; and it enhances the impression of carelessness by labeling



A BRONZE BUST OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, TAKEN FROM THE SPANISH CRUISER CRISTOBAL COLON, SUNK OFF SANTIAGO, JULY 3, 1898—THE BUST NOW STANDS IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.



THE STERN ORNAMENT OF THE CRISTOBAL COLON, SHOWING THE ROYAL CROWN AND ARMS OF SPAIN, PRESENTED BY THE NAVY DEPARTMENT TO THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

ery rescued it, and the chief officer of that vessel, Commander Converse, transmitted it to the Navy Department. It may be doubted whether any other single ornament in Washington spans so completely the history of the United States.

Poor as was the account that Cervera's cruisers gave of themselves as a fighting force, they were fine specimens of marine architecture till the guns of Sampson's fleet reduced them to riddled wrecks. For instance, all those who boarded the Vizcaya during her visit to New York in February, 1898, noticed her elaborate fittings and furnishings. Captain Sigsbee, who saw her and her sister cruiser, the *Almirante Oquendo*, in Havana harbor a little later, records that both ships "in the captain's cabin and officers' quarters, were one long stretch of beautiful woodwork, finer than is the rule on board our own vessels." But the decorations that were so impressive in time of peace became a deadly danger in the hour of battle, when the hail of American shells splintered them and set them on fire.

In the National Museum, near the Washington and Grant collections, stands the stern ornament of the *Colon*. It is a fine piece of bronze-work, taller than a tall man, rich in decoration, and dignified with the Spanish royal arms, the crest of the reigning house, and the cross symbolizing the state church. Away from its setting, with the wreath intended to frame it lying flat

them with phrases as concise and unembellished as the entries in a city directory.

"Here is such and such an article," it seems to say. "Let it tell its own story. If you don't know what that story is, you must go somewhere else to find out."

Uncle Sam has unrivaled facilities for collecting these historical treasures. He would add greatly to their interest, and to their educational value, if he would take a little more pains to exploit them as a clever showman would. As it is, thousands of visitors to Washington pass them by without realizing a tithe of their meaning.

SPOILS OF A GREAT SEA-FIGHT.

Yet it is much to be doubted if the most strenuous sightseer or most absorbed government clerk can pass a bronze bust of Christopher Columbus which stands in the Navy Department, and not be impressed by it. Its story is enough to give it an interest which not even the government label can hide. It was once the chief ornament in the cabin of the *Cristobal Colon*. To the officers of that fine cruiser it stood, no doubt, for the proudest era in the history of Spain. When Cervera's fleet slipped out of Santiago Harbor as a rat slips out of a hole, this bust of the great discoverer sank in the very waters where he cruised among the islands of the New World. Men from the

American cruiser *Montgomery*



A SEARCH-LIGHT RECOVERED FROM ONE OF THE SPANISH VESSELS DESTROYED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY IN MANILA BAY, MAY 1, 1898—THIS IS NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

at its base, it is conspicuously artistic and beautiful. On the shield, Castile, Leon, Sicily, and Arragon stand forth in castle, lion, chains, and bars, and the sovereignty of the young king is signified by the fleur de lis in the center. Above are the crown and cross, borne into the disastrous conflict with a new

sugar-barrel. This particular light had its prismatic lenses shattered in the wreck of the vessel that carried it. They have been replaced with strips of clear glass.

A neighboring case is practically full of bolos, or Filipino knives. The National Museum is a crowded institution,



TWO GUNS FROM THE PHILIPPINES—A PRIMITIVE BRASS CANNON CAPTURED FROM THE FILIPINOS BY GENERAL KOBBE, IN MARCH, 1900, AND A RAPID-FIRE GUN FROM ONE OF THE VESSELS OF MONTJOJO'S SQUADRON, SUNK MAY 1, 1898.

This and the other engravings illustrating the present article are from photographs specially taken for MUSEEY'S MAGAZINE, by Clinedinst, Washington.

nation as they were borne by the soldiers of Ferdinand and Isabella in triumph over the Moors at Granada.

TROPHIES FROM THE FAR EAST.

Directly in front of this signal trophy of Sampson's great victory off Santiago—the greatest victory ever won by the American navy—is a memento of another memorable triumph over Spanish arms, a Brush search-light recovered from one of the ships that Dewey sank in Manila Bay on the May-day morning of 1898. It is a black, ugly monster, a fine illustration of the tendency to underrate the proportions of objects placed high in the air. Aboard ship, the search-light, seen from below, is a picturesque and graceful thing, seemingly about as large as a bushel basket; in the museum, the visitor finds it to be as high as his head and as bulky as a

and the fact that it gives so much space to this exhibit shows that it appreciates the importance of the bolo as a factor in oriental life. The following brief essay on the subject is displayed upon a card within the case:

Every Filipino has his bolo. It enters into his home life, and marks his social and professional rank. A Filipino who has risen to the rank of an officer in the army preserves carefully the bolos which he has acquired in his upward career. At home the bolo is kept in a place sacred to itself, usually over the door of the main room. It enters into the religious life of the Moros, and before its home-niche men and women perform religious rites.

The best are manufactured in Mindanao. The classification of the social and professional significance of the arm by the Moros of Mindanao is tacitly accepted all over the Philippines as official. The bolos are made by hand, and the workmanship is so ornate and beautiful that it compares favorably with the best work of the European armorer.

The variety of design is almost endless. There are bolos which look like bowie-knives in a foreign language.

There are simitars out of "Othello," and krises that may have come from some pirate village of the Malays. One bolo looks like a Cuban machete, the next like a Spanish dagger; but those designed for business are all three feet or more in length, and curved with a convex edge. If the steady fighting of the Moros yields nothing else, it has given the museum a complete assortment of these typical Filipino weapons.

FROM MANY LANDS AND SEAS.

Sections of submarine cable cut near Havana, meat platters from sunken Spanish men-of-war, silver dishes from the Maine, and countless other objects have been contributed either by officers of the army or navy or by the government. The curious will choose from this assortment two or three trophies especially calculated to strike the eye—a highly decorated shield, perhaps, that once belonged to a Filipino *ladrone* in Panay; a primitive brass cannon captured from the insurgents in Camarines province, by General Kobbe; or one of the rapid-fire guns from the spoils of Dewey's victory at Manila.

The shield typifies the Filipino's strange union of childish credulity and mature craft and skill. A Krag-Jorgensen bullet would pass through two or three such defenses without losing velocity; yet Aguinaldo's followers were convinced that the weapons of the American invader could not hurt them.

And the art they displayed in the decoration of their shields is not surpassed by the finest work of occidental cabinet-makers. Part of the design of the shield shown on this page is worked in feathers which are locked into the wood with most elaborate care. The brackets at the back indicate that the late owner

was a man of sturdy arms, the opening for the forearm being about six inches broad and five deep. The whole thing would delight the soul of any collector of unusual interior decorations, but it is pathetically useless in modern warfare.



THE SHIELD OF A FILIPINO LADROME,
CAPTURED NEAR ILO ILO, AND
PRESENTED BY THE NAVY
DEPARTMENT TO THE
NATIONAL MUSEUM.

MEMENTOES OF EARLIER WARS.

To see trophies of war that was real war—not easily won victories over the weak and the weaponless, but battles in which Greek met Greek and there was no lack of grit and stubborn strength on either side—one should go to the old museum down at the Washington Navy Yard. It stands between an old ship-house, sign of the days when great captains paced wooden decks, and a modern gunshop, sign of sea-fighting between vessels of iron as ugly as their wooden ancestors were graceful. Two little muzzle-loaders guard the doorway; and inside the mind may run free in pictures of the Constitution and the Guerrière, of Decatur and Hull, of the first fight of ironclads and the gunboat campaigns on the Mississippi.

An old forty-two-pounder bears the



A TYPICAL BOLO, THE CHARACTERISTIC WEAPON OF THE FILIPINO—THIS SPECIMEN IS ONE OF A COLLECTION EXHIBITED IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

name of the American privateer General Armstrong. The story it suggests dates back to September 26, 1814, and takes us across the ocean to Fayal, in the Azores. There the Armstrong lay when a British squadron appeared off the port, and, in defiance of its neutrality, sent in four launches to attack her.

THE FAMOUS FIGHT AT FAYAL.

The American ship carried only seven guns, one of which was this forty-two-pounder—a cannon that had already had a history. It had been part of the armament of a French seventy-four-gun man-of-war, the *Hoche*. She had been captured by the British, who sold the guns in America; and this one was purchased by the New York merchants who fitted out the Armstrong to harass England's commerce. It and its companions were used to such good effect at Fayal that the four attacking boats were driven off with heavy loss; so was a second attack by fourteen British launches, and a third by an eighteen-gun brig. The total loss of the assailants was some three hundred men killed or wounded; that of the Americans was only nine.

By this time, however, the Armstrong was so badly battered that further resistance was useless, and her skipper, Captain Samuel Reid, scuttled her to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands. She had fought her fight, and not in vain. "To Captain Reid and his brave men," says Lossing, "is justly due the credit of saving New Orleans from capture. Lloyd's squadron"—Reid's British antagonists—"formed part of the expedition then gathering at Jamaica for the invasion of Louisiana. The object of the attack on the Armstrong was to capture her and make her a useful auxiliary in the work. She so crippled her assailants that they did not reach Jamaica until full ten days



PART OF THE STERN-POST OF THE U. S. S. KEARSARGE, EXHIBITED IN THE MUSEUM AT THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD
—IT CONTAINS AN UNEXPLODED SHELL FIRED INTO IT BY THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER ALABAMA DURING THE COMBAT OFF CHERBOURG, JUNE 19, 1864.

later than the expedition intended to sail from there. It had waited for Lloyd, and when it approached New Orleans Jackson had made ample arrangements to receive the invaders. Had they arrived ten days sooner, the city must have fallen."

The gun in the Washington Navy Yard was recovered long afterward by the Portuguese authorities, who presented it to the United States government.

A SHELL FROM THE ALABAMA.

One of the most interesting exhibits in this old building recalls the famous battle between the Kearsarge and the Alabama, fought in the English Channel, off Cherbourg, June 19, 1864. Everybody knows how the Federal man-of-war cornered the Confederate privateer in the French port, challenged her to a duel, and shot her to destruc-

tion. Not everybody knows that the fight might very possibly have resulted differently but for the fact that a seven-inch shell from the Alabama's guns, which struck the stern-post of the Kearsarge and lodged there, failed to

down with his ship. The Deerhound, he says, came out of Cherbourg as "a sort of tender to the Alabama, to take care that Semmes, if defeated, should not fall into the hands of Winslow;" and tells how, at the end of the fight,

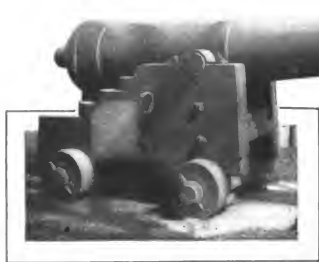
"the Kearsarge rescued sixty-five of the crew; the Deerhound picked up Semmes, his officers, and a few marines, and carried

them away from the lawful custody of Winslow."

As a matter of fact, nothing is clearer than that any vessel has a right to pick up drowning men on the high seas, with no liability to hand them over to a warship of another nationality. The principle was instanced the other day at Chemulpo, when the survivors of the Russian cruiser *Variag* sought and found safe refuge on the foreign men-of-war in the harbor, none of whose commanders paid any attention to the Japanese admiral's demand for the surrender of the fugitives.

It is curious to turn to the narrative of John M. Kell, executive officer of the Alabama. The Confederate officers, according to Commander Kell, did not even know the identity of the Deerhound when she came out of Cherbourg to witness the fight, along with a French frigate and several other vessels; and he and Captain Semmes had been in the water for about half an hour when picked up by the English yacht, Captain Winslow meanwhile having sent out no boats. The charge of firing after signaling the suspension of hostilities he retorts upon the Kearsarge, which, he says, "tarnished her glory when she fired on a fallen foe and made no immediate effort to save brave men from watery graves."

Fortunately, such controversies are mere matters of history to-day. Misunderstandings of signals, as we know, constantly and inevitably occur amid the confusion of battle, and no charge of dishonor can possibly rest against the memory of either Winslow or Semmes. Both of those gallant sailors are dead, and the issues that made them foes are settled forever. The record of their valor is our common heritage.



AN OLD FORTY-TWO-POUNDER FROM THE AMERICAN PRIVATEER GENERAL ARMSTRONG, WHICH FOUGHT A MEMORABLE COMBAT WITH A BRITISH SQUADRON AT FAYAL, SEPTEMBER 26, 1814.

explode. A serious injury at so vital a point of her structure might well have sent the Federal ship to the bottom of the Channel, instead of her antagonist. A section of the post, with the old-fashioned but deadly projectile still embedded in it, stands in the Navy Yard museum, a mute reminder of the days of Winslow and Semmes, and a striking exemplar of the uncertainties of war.

THE NAVAL DUEL OFF CHERBOURG.

The heat of sectional strife has not wholly passed away from the records of the Alabama's last fight. Its different historians show the discrepancies of partisanship. Losing, for instance, brands the Confederate cruiser as a vessel "with no acknowledged flag, nor recognized nationality, nor any accessible port to which she might send her prizes, nor any legal tribunal to adjudge her captures." He charges her commander with treachery in having fired at the Kearsarge after hoisting a white flag in token of surrender. He displays an equally bitter animus against Mr. Lancaster, the English gentleman whose yacht, the *Deerhound*, saved Captain Semmes from going

Three Generations of Grants.

BY W. FREEMAN DAY.

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR SOLDIER AND PRESIDENT, HIS SON,
NOW A BRIGADIER-GENERAL, AND HIS GRANDSON, SERVING AS
A LIEUTENANT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

IN the United States, the continuance of a family pursuit or the maintenance of a family fame throughout three generations represents an honorable antiquity. It is unusual, though scarcely phenomenal. There are solid business concerns in which grandfather, father, and son have been engaged. The Van-

derbilts are the pre-eminent American example of persistence in one pursuit, from the days when the commodore's ferry-boat plied from Staten Island to the Battery, until now when the great network of rails stretches from New York to the great Northwest. The Astors, too, have displayed a com-



LIEUTENANT ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT (BORN 1881), SON OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL
FREDERICK D. GRANT, AND GRANDSON OF PRESIDENT GRANT.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT (BORN 1850), ELDEST SON OF PRESIDENT GRANT, AND NOW COMMANDING THE DEPARTMENT OF THE LAKES.

mendable constancy in the acquisition and holding of real estate. In business, in capitalism, and in society three generations of greatness are not unknown.

But three generations of devotion to impersonal interests is another matter. And in spite of all the contumely that peace congresses can heap upon war, and the scorn with which they can visit warriors, the profession of arms is not one of personal gain. To say of a family that it boasts a straight line of fighting

men is to say that it boasts a straight line of idealists; and to say that it boasts a line of distinguished fighting men is to call the idealists talented.

THE ARMY RECORD OF THE GRANTS.

The Grant family cannot say that yet. Ulysses S. Grant, son of General Frederick D. Grant, is not yet a seasoned warrior. Only recently graduated from West Point, he is now serving with an engineer corps in the Philip-



GENERAL ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT (1822-1885), THE FAMOUS AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WAS THE EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

pinet. His father, also a graduate of the Military Academy, is in command of the Department of the Lakes.

As a little lad, Lieutenant Grant was one of the hopes and comforts of his famous grandfather's last years. One of the last things the great soldier did, when he lay under the shadow of approaching death, was to write a letter addressed to the President of the United States in 1896, asking that the boy should, if still alive at that date,

then eleven years in the future, be admitted as a cadet at West Point. It fell to Mr. Cleveland to receive this message from the dead hand of his predecessor, and of course the request was granted.

The stories of the entrance of the three generations of Grants into West Point are as different as the records of their military careers are likely to be. The last two have entered with the prestige of their brilliant father and grandfather to assure their position;

they have come from homes of wealth and distinction.

Ulysses S., the first, lived in a small Ohio village, where, as he says in his "Memoirs," he did as much work while young "as grown men can be hired to do in these days, and I attended school at the same time." He hauled wood from the fifty-acre tract which was among his father's possessions to their house in the village. From the time he was eleven until he entered West Point at sixteen, he did all the plowing on the land, and cared for two or three horses and a cow or two. He early developed a knowledge of horses which distinguished him to the end of his life. It was said of him during the Civil War that he esteemed a good horse second only to a good soldier.

From this pioneer and typically American background, Ulysses was appointed to West Point through one of the Senators from Ohio. He tells the story himself:

In the winter of 1838-9 I was attending school at Ripley, only ten miles distant from Georgetown, but spent the Christmas holidays at home. During this vacation my father received a letter from the Hon. Thomas Morris, then United States Senator from Ohio. When he read it, he said to me:

"Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment."

"What appointment?" I inquired.

"To West Point; I have applied for it."

"But I won't go," I said.

He said he thought I would, and I thought so too if he did. I really had no objection to going to West Point, except that I had a very exalted idea of the acquirements necessary to get through. I did not believe I possessed them, and could not bear the idea of failing.

THE GREAT SOLDIER'S ELDEST SON.

Fred Grant, as the present commander of the Department of the Lakes was familiarly called during the period when his father's public life made all the family public characters, did not get his first taste of military life on the campus by the Hudson. He had elected, at the ripe age of twelve, to view the Vicksburg campaign, and apparently his parents allowed him a liberty of action which had not been conspicuous in his father's bringing-up. He accompanied the great commander all through the campaign, causing, as the "Memoirs" fondly tell, "no anxiety, either to me or to his mother, who was

at home. He looked out for himself, and was in every battle of the campaign. His age, then not quite thirteen, enabled him to take in all he saw, and to retain a recollection of it that would not be possible in more mature years."

Occasionally, to be sure, the general would try to slip away from the boy, as this incident shows:

On leaving Bruinsburg for the front, I left my son Frederick on board of one of the gunboats, asleep, and hoped to get away without him, until after Grand Gulf should fall into our hands; but on waking up he learned that I had gone, and, being guided by the sound of battle raging at Thompson's Hill, found his way to where I was. He had no horse to ride at the time, and I had no facilities for even preparing a meal. He therefore foraged around the best he could until we reached Grand Gulf.

After this taste of war, West Point, when he entered it, must have seemed a little tame to the great soldier's son. Even the Spanish war, in which he was a brigadier-general of volunteers—having resigned from the army to enter civil life, in the meantime—gave him no opportunity for such stern and stirring work as he could remember.

THE EARLIER GRANTS.

Had President Grant's father—that stern Jesse whose views as to his son's aptitude for West Point were so quickly adopted by his son—been of warlike disposition, the young lieutenant in the Philippines would be the fifth soldier in direct succession among the Grants. The President's grandfather, Noah, was with a Connecticut company in the Revolution, serving from Bunker Hill until the fall of Yorktown, and coming out a captain.

One of the most pathetic incidents in the whole pitiful story of President Grant's last losing fight—the inch by inch struggle with agonizing disease—tells of his passing West Point on his way to Mount McGregor, where he was to die. He looked across the river to the bluff, green and fair in the early summer sunshine. He was unable to speak, but he pressed his wife's hand that she, too, might look, and he smiled, recalling who knows what of the country boy who had feared to enter the Academy, and who had brought such new luster to its renown!



COLONEL JOHN SINGLETON MOSBY, COMMANDER OF MOSBY'S PARTIZAN RANGERS.
Drawn by W. M. Berger from a war-time photograph by the Lee Gallery, Richmond.

Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla.*

BY JOHN W. MUNSON,

AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF MOSBY'S PARTIZAN RANGERS FROM JUNE, 1863, TO THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

SETTING FORTH THE PRINCIPAL FIGHTS, RAIDS, AND EXPEDITIONS OF THE FAMOUS CONFEDERATE COMMAND, GIVING SOME UNRECORDED HISTORY AND MANY UNPUBLISHED PICTURES.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I FOUND MOSBY.

MY object in writing these recollections is to contribute to the history of the Civil War certain facts that might not otherwise be preserved; and

to give to posterity a glimpse of the character that made it possible for John Singleton Mosby, the most daring "raider" in the South, to organize, command, and lead to innumerable victories the men who became world-famous as Mosby's guerrillas. My story

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will cover the campaigns of 1863, 1864, and 1865, those years when the Northern and Southern armies were most industriously occupied in the conflict that seemed to grow fiercest just before it ceased. I will endeavor to bring the reader just as close to Mosby as I was during the struggle, and to relate, with as careful regard for details as is possible, the most stirring and interesting things I can recall without referring to the ponderous documents that have been accumulating at Washington ever since Grant said: "Let us have peace!"

COLONEL MOSBY AT A GLANCE.

John Singleton Mosby, around whom these recollections will be woven, was born in Powhatan County, Virginia, in 1833. He graduated from the University of Virginia in 1852, was admitted to the bar in 1855, and practised law at Bristol, Virginia, until 1861. At the breaking out of the Civil War he joined the First Virginia Cavalry, and became its adjutant, holding a lieutenant's commission. He saw a good deal of active service before his connection with the Partizan Rangers began. That organization came into existence early in 1863, under a statute passed by the Confederate Congress as the Partizan Ranger Law. Other commands were organized under the same act, but Mosby's was the only one that survived.

In 1862 a reorganization and consolidation of many regiments in the Southern army took place—graveyard gaps had been filled—and a number of officers were thrown out as a consequence. Among others, Mosby, adjutant of the First Virginia Cavalry, lost his place. General J. E. B. Stuart thought he could use the Virginian as a scout, and attached him to his headquarters at once. The opportunity arrived at that moment, and Mosby grasped it. Mosby knew that he had found his proper place; Stuart knew it, and it wasn't long before the Northern army knew it.

SCOUTING AROUND M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.

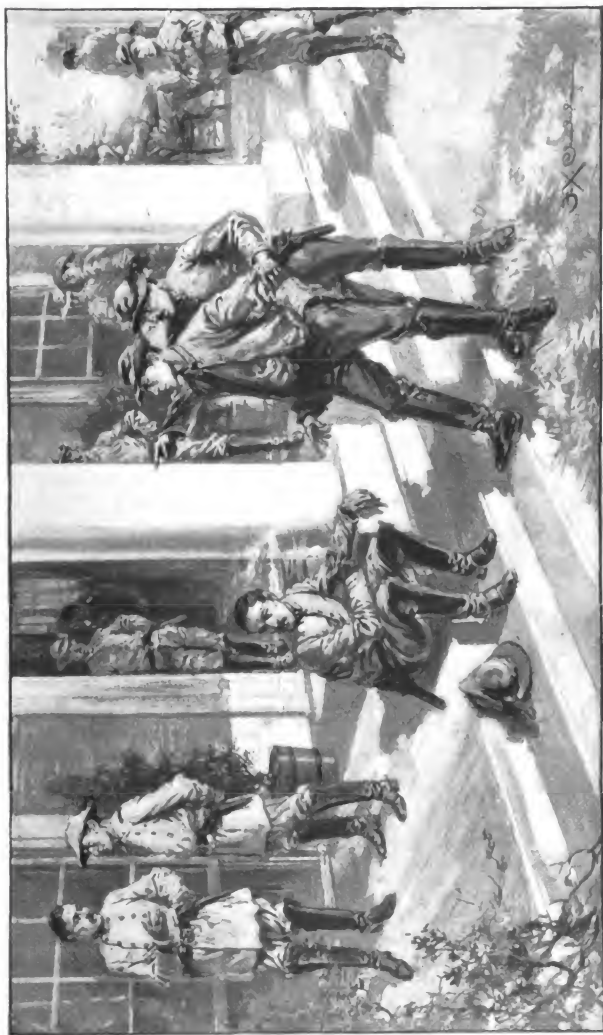
Lieutenant Mosby's first notable scouting expedition, one without a parallel in the history of the war, consisted in making a complete circuit, entirely alone, around McClellan's army

while it was lying in front of Richmond, in the early days of June, 1862. When Mosby proposed this daring plan to Stuart, the General pronounced it a useless and almost impossible undertaking, entirely too hazardous for one man to attempt. The guerrilla leader talked him into it, however, just as he talked many other good men into doing things his way. When Mosby returned from his trip, during which he found it necessary to bring all his energy and courage into play, he brought back a knowledge of the country that enabled him to escort Stuart's cavalry command over the same route. Thus it came about that Stuart made the first and only recorded cavalry raid completely around an enemy's army.

Mosby did not know a foot of the ground over which he had made his first scouting expedition, and much of the route was covered in the night. Federal soldiers were swarming around him in every direction. The exploit pointed out the way to his military future, and General Stuart realized, perhaps as soon as did Mosby, that the route of the raider was stretching before the young Virginian who had mapped out the way around McClellan's forces. There was no more picturesque, romantic, or typical cavalry leader than Stuart, no soldier on horseback more gallant or courageous, but I question if he could have duplicated Mosby's scouting expedition. Mosby was a natural born scout, and a commander as well, a statement that I will do my best to prove long before I have exhausted the subject.

THE PARTIZAN RANGERS ARE BORN.

His first actual command of the Partizan Rangers began in February, 1863, when Stuart gave him a detail of about fifteen men from his old regiment, the First Virginia Cavalry. His rank was now that of a captain, and his instructions were to take his little band into Northern Virginia, and to "operate inside the enemy's lines," as Stuart put it. The step was an irrevocable good-bye to regular army life. No more tents, camps, bugle calls, drills, nor picket duty. It meant the abolition of winter quarters, the end of idleness. There



"THERE HE IS!"—MUNSON'S FIRST SIGHT OF HIS COMMANDER, AT THE ASHBY HOUSE, MARKHAM STATION, VIRGINIA.



JOHN W. MUNSON, AT THE TIME OF HIS ENLISTMENT IN MOSBY'S
PARTIZAN RANGERS.

Drawn by W. M. Berger from a war-time photograph by Rees, Richmond.

were to be no more rations, clothing, boots, or equipment from the government; not a single round of ammunition, nor a weapon for self defense. To "operate inside the enemies lines" meant to cut off all connection with the lines that were friendly.

Not a man in Mosby's command misunderstood the terrors that loomed before him. There was the earth for a couch, the equipment with which each man started for protection, and the right to fight the enemy and by sheer force wrest from him the requisites with which to maintain the command as a fighting force. Few men who saw

this first handful move into the wilderness singing the songs of war expected any part of it to return.

It is perhaps reasonable at this juncture for me to pause long enough to say that Mosby's Guerrillas, as they have since come to be known, were not highwaymen, bushwhackers, or ruffians, nor did they make war upon any element other than that commonly recognized as "the enemy." A very large percentage of them were well bred, refined, widely traveled gentlemen who regarded Mosby's command as the proper channel through which to express their feelings on a subject that made expression of some sort necessary. They were men of firm convictions, anxious to fight for them, willing to make sacrifices, and ready for the worst.

OF SUCH WAS MOSBY'S COMMAND.

One may get a fair idea of their character by looking over the roster of those who survived the war. They will be found in the various professions in all parts of the Union, many

of them leaders in social, political, and commercial life. That there were some adventurers among them there is no doubt, but as a whole they will stand comparison with any other body of men on either side. Dr. A. Monteiro, a very prominent physician and surgeon of Richmond, Virginia, who was the surgeon of Mosby's command during the last year of the war, says in his memoirs:

I am enabled to say, after three years of active field service in the regular army, that I have never witnessed more true courage and chivalry, or a higher sense of honor, blended with less vice, selfishness, and meanness than I found during my official intercourse with the Partizan Battalion.

Mosby's original detail of a few men from the First Virginia was the nucleus around which he built up the Forty-Third Virginia Battalion of Cavalry, composed of about six hundred men, not more than three hundred of whom were available for any one raid, owing to the large percentage constantly in prison or disabled. The battalion was regularly enrolled in the Confederate army, and was subject to the same regulations, and protected by the same laws, that applied to the Army of Northern Virginia. Mosby made his reports to General Stuart or Lee, and worked in harmony with them. The particular mission of the Partizan Rangers was to keep the Confederates informed of the enemy's movements, while worrying and harassing the Federal forces as much as possible.

"WHERE I GO YOU MAY FOLLOW."

Every man in Mosby's command understood that he was expected to follow the colonel without question, and the result was a blind, unwavering faith in the leader. The colonel never asked a trooper under him to go where he would not go himself. In after years I commented on our invariable willingness to go where he directed without being in any way informed of the work to be done.

"Munson," he replied, "only three men in all the Confederate army knew what I was doing or intended to do. They were Lee, Stuart, and myself. Don't feel lonesome about it."

Very soon after Mosby started out on his career as a Partizan Ranger the fame of his exploits began to spread through both the South and the North. Each day the newspapers told of this daredevil Southerner. Sutlers' trains were raided, ammunition was taken, pickets disappeared as if swallowed up in the earth; scouts from the Northern army were plucked from the landscape by invisible hands. From a radius of fifty miles we began to hear of short, bloody engagements, and the cry echoed through northern Virginia that "Mosby's men had been raiding" at this and at that point. They seemed to have the power of striking at a half dozen different places simultaneously. In every Con-

federate regiment enlisted men began to display an interest in Mosby's movements. To be transferred to his command from any other force in the field was almost an impossibility. Desertion to him he would not permit. He recognized every claim that the regular army had upon its soldiers, and punished deserters with a quick return to their regiments, if needs be under special guard. The discipline of the regular army was a law unto Mosby that was never broken.

These restrictions opened opportunities to civilians and ex-officers, so that Mosby soon found himself surrounded by the pick and bloom of the South. His recruits were sons of the very best blood that the Confederacy had to offer on the altar of faith. There were young fellows just coming into manhood, retired army officers anxious to return to the field, an occasional foreign soldier of fortune, a titled adventurer here and there, a hot-headed patriot just turning the shady side of life and ready as any dervish that ever invited Maxim bullets in the name of Mohammed to kneel down and receive death for his beliefs.

PURYEAR'S REWARD FOR GALLANTRY.

What Mosby liked best was youth. He agreed with Napoleon that boys make the best soldiers. There was in his command a young fellow from Richmond, one John Puryear, handsome, daring, reckless, and literally frantic for fight all the time. Puryear had no admiration for cautious people, no sense of fear in his own composition, and not the slightest judgment in a crisis. All that he knew about war was what he gathered in each mad dash through the ranks of the enemy with his long black hair flying in the wind and his revolver hot with action. He rode his horse like a centaur, and no enemy ever existed that this man wouldn't engage hand to hand, hip and thigh. Nevertheless, John Puryear lacked judgment, and the prospect of his acquiring it was extremely remote.

After one of his most brilliant and daring rushes Mosby once said to him:

"Puryear, I am going to make you a lieutenant for gallantry."

Puryear swept his plumed hat in a bow that was royal in its grace.

"But," continued the colonel, "I don't want you ever to command any of my men!"

Puryear, not the least bit abashed, but evidently conscious of the compliment, repeated his courtly salutation as if the leadership of Mosby's command was being conferred upon him. It was the Partizan Ranger's way of showing his appreciation for a brave man. Boy that I was at the time, I understood that Mosby wanted Puryear to fight, but not to think for him.

Mosby's correct estimate of men, his absolute freedom from jealousy or selfishness, and his unerring judgment at critical moments; his devotion to his troopers, his eternal vigilance, and his exalted sense of personal honor, all combined to create in the minds of his men a sort of hero worship. Before I ever set eyes upon him I looked forward to the day when I would be able to take my hat off in his presence and offer to follow him.

I HEAR THE MUTTERINGS OF WAR.

When the Civil War broke out I was just past fifteen, and spent most of my time wondering just what it all meant. Once in a while, at night, when I was lying abed in Richmond, having cold sweats for fear that the war wouldn't last long enough for me to get into it, the snarl of a snare drum would echo up and down the street, followed by the steady tramp of the regulars coming and going. It was very alluring to me, as it was to every other boy living in that period. After a time, however, we got used to the men in gray; the country began to take on the agonies that grew out of the conflict, and the romance faded out of the situation.

Suddenly we began to hear about Mosby's men. At last the splendors of the idea came to me in the beauty that is born of imagination. To my mind, Mosby was the ideal fighting man from the tip of his plume to the rowl in his spur. Stories of his wonderful achievements came into Richmond from every direction. Joan of Arc never felt the call to go to battle any stronger than I felt it to join Mosby. I hadn't any

doubt about my desirability, and figured out that all the guerrilla leader required of his men was willingness to get shot up and sleep out of doors in any kind of weather. Accordingly, I curbed my appetite and discarded all the comforts within easy reach, assuming that suffering, self-inflicted misery, and starvation would in time season me to undertake the rigors of a campaign with the Partizan Ranger. Whenever any further information came in concerning Mosby's movements I added new discomforts to my daily existence, looking forward to the day when I could stand before my idol, whom I had never seen, and let him discover with his own eyes that I was a seasoned man, no stranger to hardship, and altogether a valuable addition to his band of guerrillas.

I FIT MYSELF FOR WAR.

One day I got wind of his whereabouts. He was a hard individual to locate, as a rule, although a great many men in the Union army were engaged in looking for him; while on the other hand a great many people found him when they were not looking for him. News that came to me from several different sources made it pretty certain that I could locate him near Markham Station, in the Blue Ridge mountains, about one hundred and twenty miles from Richmond. I had nothing else in my mind but to make my way to him, and that as soon as possible. Horses were scarce, and hard to get; and besides, my departure in any direction on horseback out of Richmond would have created a scandal of the widest proportions. There was nothing left for me to do but "hoof it."

In fitting myself out for the guerrilla life, I figured on rapid physical expansion, and selected a dingy gray suit cut for a man about six feet in height. I also got a close hair-cut, and a yellow coat that came nearly down to the tops of my boot-legs, which reached above my knees. I was perhaps the most unpromising candidate for military glory ever turned out of Richmond. For some reason that has never been satisfactorily explained to anybody, I hadn't so much as a pocket-knife for a weapon. A large crop of freckles spangled my

sunburnt face, and a retroussé nose that never entirely lost its tip shone red with fire gathered in the open air. I left Richmond under the cover of night, fearful lest inquisitive neighbors should see me making my initial dash for the front, a calamity that would have been tragic in case I should have the ill luck to be rejected by Mosby.

HOW I FOUND MOSBY.

Ten days after I sneaked out of town, having passed through a country that was none too well supplied with luxury, I tramped into the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, near Markham Station, where Mosby and his men were supposed to be. I arrived late in the afternoon, and it took about two hours of my valuable time to scout out the colonel's whereabouts. As a matter of fact, anybody in the neighborhood could have directed me to him five minutes after I got there; but that didn't seem the right way for a prospective Mosby man to set to work. The guerrilla leader was fresh from one of his successful raids, and the admiring country people were vying with one another to do him honor and to throw their homes open for the convenience and entertainment of his Partizans. I finally located him at the residence of Mr. Jameson Ashby, a Southern sympathizer with a large heart and a house always open to his friends.

Tired and footsore, I came toward the building. Through the trees surrounding it I saw, dimly, some of Mosby's men moving around on the veranda. Nervously I swept my eye over the band in search of a big man with a showy uniform, a flowing plume, and a flashing saber. Gradually there had come into my mind, on the tramp from Richmond, an ideal figure that seemed fit to represent Mosby. I associated him in my mind with Lee, and Jackson, and Stuart, and possibly with Robin Hood. By the time I set foot on the steps leading to the wide porch, I was beginning to be disappointed at my failure to see and recognize the tall, commanding warrior whose leadership I burned to follow.

Suddenly I felt a tug at my elbow, and in the hushed silence that seemed

almost to smother me I heard a voice saying:

"There he is!"

The moment I had longed for was at hand. I followed the direction of a finger that was thrust past my freckled nose. The shock was something awful. I beheld a small, plainly attired man, fair of complexion, slight but wiry, standing with his arms behind his back talking quietly to one of his men. A military belt girded his waist.

The visions of splendor and magnificence that had filled my mind were swept away. The total absence of visible might, the lack of swagger, the quiet demeanor of the man, all contributed to my astonishment and chagrin. He didn't even strut. I stood rooted to the spot, speculating on whether it was best to engage him at closer range or to take the road back to Richmond. The large-sized raiment that hovered about my person began to expand; or possibly I was shrinking. The stalwarts grouped near Mosby, or sitting idly along the veranda, were not calculated to lighten the humiliation, that was crushing me. They were fully up to the standard of the real live guerrillas that I had come so far to see.

My eyes sought out Mosby again. What a pity! He hadn't grown an inch, nor let out a single war-whoop, and his voice was so low that not a syllable of his conversation reached me.

I AM INVITED TO "SIT IN."

At this juncture Mr. Ashby came out on the porch, smiling, and announced that supper was ready. Mosby's men heard him, and disappeared in-doors with instant alacrity. Their colonel was carried in with the rush, and I was left standing outside, with a confused idea that perhaps it would be necessary for me to start back to Richmond without even my supper.

"Come in and sup with us, and you will have a chance to meet Mosby."

I looked up and saw Mr. Ashby standing in the doorway, extending his right hand in greeting, while his left pointed the way to the feast. I lost no time in accepting the invitation. Whether it was by chance or intention I never found out, and it is too late to inves-

tigate now, as my host was killed not long afterward; but Mr. Ashby placed me in a chair at Mosby's side.

The colonel was busily engaged in attacking the food, and he never attacked anything by half. From my position on his immediate right I saw only the profile of his face. It was as clean-cut as a cameo, and the lips were straight and firm. His nose, with a slight suggestion of the eagle's beak, was finely chiseled. He was the smallest man at the table, weighing at that time one hundred and twenty-three pounds, and being but a little more than five and a half feet in height. Sitting by his side, I measured our differences in build with my eye. I weighed twenty pounds more than he, and was nearly three inches taller.

FACE TO FACE AT LAST.

After what seemed to me an eternity, during which I did not eat a mouthful, the colonel seemed to realize that there was a stranger beside him. He turned upon me suddenly, meeting my full glance. At that instant the secret of Mosby's power over his men was disclosed. It was in his eyes. They were a deep blue, luminous, clear, piercing; and when he spoke they flashed the punctuations of his sentence.

He looked at me for at least half a minute. The expression in his eyes merged from searching inquisition into astonishment, and from that to amusement. He took in every inch of me, from my cropped head to the baggy trousers that disappeared under the table. I had reckoned that the yellow coat would make a hit with him, but he displayed no perceptible interest in it. When he spoke to me, every man at the table stopped eating, and looked in my direction.

"Who are you?" was his first question.

"John W. Munson," I replied with a clumsy salute.

"Where are you from?"

"Richmond, Virginia, sir."

"What do you want?"

I keyed myself up to the grand declaration.

"I want to join the Partizan Rangers under Colonel Mosby."

The sentence escaped from my lips with accumulating force, exploding with renewed energy at the conclusion. I expected to hear some laughter from the men around the table. Instead, however, they all took on a serious look and gave me their close attention.

Mosby threw his arm over the back of his chair and continued:

"Are you equipped?"

"I have only my clothes."

In this particular I was a little bit over-equipped, but I was wofully shy of arms and ammunition.

The full magnitude of my audacity now burst upon the guests at the Ashby table. One man, who was leaning against the wall and smoking a hand-made cheroot, laughed loudly. Mosby turned upon him, and with one look silenced the disturber. Of all the favors for which I am indebted to Colonel Mosby, that is the one that I most appreciated at the time.

"Can you get a horse anywhere?" he resumed when quiet was restored.

"Certainly, sir," I answered, with grave doubts as to my ability in that direction.

"All right! Meet me at Blackwell's tomorrow morning at sunrise, and I'll talk to you again."

With that he returned to his meal and finished in silence.

"MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!"

I proceeded to stuff myself from Mr. Ashby's bountiful table, and shortly afterward I hurried out of the dining-room toward the stable. Here I found two of Mosby's men saddling a horse. I asked them the way to Blackwell's, and learned that it was at least ten miles distant. I didn't want them to know that I was especially anxious to get there, so I crawled into the hay mow and went to sleep.

Within an hour, however, I was wide awake, thinking of the horse that I had promised to secure for myself. At about eleven o'clock I crept out of the barn, and struck across country in the direction of Blackwell's, keeping my eyes open for a mount along the route. Towards morning I came in sight of a comfortable farmhouse, and in a neighboring field I saw some fine mares graz-

ing. One of them had saddle-marks on her back. Why not buy her? I did, and at daybreak I rode well mounted, into Blackwell's place, where I was to meet Mosby.

Greatly to my astonishment, he had arrived with some of his command two hours before me. I threw the bridle of my horse over a hitching-post, and strode into the house, where I announced my arrival. Colonel Mosby came forward as I entered.

"I've got the horse," was my first exclamation.

The colonel smiled and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Is it a good one?" was his inquiry.

I shall never forget the twinkle in his eye. From that moment my clothes began to fit me better. I followed him into a little room that had been set aside for his use, and in less than ten minutes I was received into the ranks of Mosby's Guerrillas, armed with a pair of good pistols, and ready for action. What else took place at that meeting at Blackwell's in June, 1863, is of no particular interest to anybody but me; but the fact remains that a friendship was born that has stood the test of two years of bitter war and nearly four decades of variegated peace afterward.

Not once during the months of hardship and misery that followed, in which we shared all the joys and sorrows of war, did I regret that I tramped ten days from Richmond to join John Singleton Mosby's command. I was glad to stay at his side and follow him to the southward, when the war was over and our hopes had fled, even after nearly all the rest of the band had surrendered to General Hancock.

CHAPTER II.

MAINLY ABOUT MOSBY'S MEN.

THE life led by Mosby's command was not paralleled by any other in the Civil War. His men had no camps or fixed quarters; they never slept in tents—indeed, they did not know anything about the art of pitching tents. The idea of making coffee, frying bacon, or soaking hardtack, would have been

absurd. When we wanted to eat, we stopped at a friendly farmhouse, or went into some Southern town and bought what we needed. The guerrillas did not know the first principle of cavalry drill; they could not form even a straight line, and roll-call was unknown. But they could all fight.

We carried no sabers, being in no manner familiar with the weapon's use. My keenest recollection of the value of a saber brings me back to the time when a large curved blade, sheathed in clanking steel, was brought into camp along with some captured Union man: None of us dared swing it at arm's length, for fear of killing a neighbor; but we subsequently found that it was a magnificent weapon with which to bat a refractory mule over the back. It made enough noise to waken the dead from Atlanta to the sea, and sounded like a hardware store caving into a cellar. When one of our mules got the saber treatment, he forged ahead and stayed there. Only once did I see this engine of war in real action, and that was when a guerrilla, young Emery Pitts, drove its point into a Thirteenth New Yorker.

THE PISTOL, OUR FAVORITE WEAPON.

Contrary to a popular impression, we did not carry carbines at any time during the war. Each of Mosby's men was armed with two muzzle-loading Colt's army revolvers of forty-five caliber. They were worn in belt holsters. Those who could afford it, or had succeeded in "finding" others, wore an extra pair in their saddle holsters. These weapons were the most deadly and effective possible in the hand-to-hand engagements that Mosby's men indulged in. Long practise had made a good shot of every man in the command, and each was sure with his revolver, just as every cowboy is sure with his six-shooter. As a general thing our fights were fast and quickly over, one or the other side withdrawing at a dead run when the pistols were emptied.

The Federal cavalry generally fought with sabers, which Mosby used to say were as helpless against a skilfully handled revolver as "the wooden swords of harlequins." As the Mosby tactics became better known, however,

scouting parties from the Northern army began to develop an affection for the pistol, with greater success, I might add, in the later engagements. In stubborn fights I have seen the men on both sides sit on their restless horses and load their pistols under a galling fire. This was not the custom, however, as somebody generally ran to cover after the first twelve shots were fired from each pair of Colt's. We had it both ways a good many times, but I feel, in no spirit of bragging at the expense of truth, that we saw the back seams of the enemy's jackets oftener than they saw ours. I attribute this to the fact that we "got the bulge" on them—that is, attacked them unexpectedly—oftener than they did it to us; the "bulge" was worth a good many shots.

Pistols in the hands of Mosby's men were as effective in surprise engagements as a whole line of light ordnance in the hands of the enemy. This was largely due to the fact that the colonel admonished his guerrillas never to fire a shot until the eyes of the enemy were visible. It was no uncommon thing for a Mosby man to gallop by a tree at full tilt and drop three bullets into its trunk in succession. This sort of shooting left a good many dead bodies on the ground after an engagement.

OUR UNIFORM "SOMETHING GRAY."

The standard uniform with Mosby's men simply meant "something gray." There have been stories that we wore the blue to deceive the enemy. This is ridiculous, as we were always in the enemy's country, where a Southerner caught with a blue uniform would be treated to a swift court martial and shot as a spy. "Something gray" was the invariable rule, and it didn't matter what it cost. Much of it was paid for by Uncle Sam out of the money we got from his supplies. Like gamblers who take chances with fate, we had ups and downs; but after our successful raids we were the best-dressed, best-equipped, and best-mounted command in the Confederate army. There were meek and lowly privates with us of whom it might be said that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Union army sutlers supplied

us with a varied assortment of luxuries, and I cannot recall an instance where we rejected what they had on hand when we overhauled their stock. If we wanted anything that we could not take by force of arms, we sent North for it, and paid for it in money that was not Confederate.

Some of the command were extremely fastidious in the matter of dress, and affected gold braid, buff trimming, and ostrich plumes in their hats. After the Greenback Raid, when we robbed General Sheridan's army of one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, each of Mosby's men received as his share more than twenty-one hundred dollars, with the result that we all had clothes and finery "to burn," as it has since been aptly phrased. In the next instalment I shall describe this raid in detail, just as I saw it.

THE PRICE OF MAGNIFICENCE.

At all times, whether things went well or ill, the guerrillas were as vain a lot of dandies as one would wish to meet, blithe in the face of danger, full of song and story, indifferent to the events of to-morrow, and keyed up to a high pitch of anticipation, mingled with the pride that goes hand in hand with repeated victories and the possession of spoils.

I soon caught the fever for finery, and sent North by a sutler for gray corduroy with which to make a full suit, along with the necessary gold braid, buff trimmings, gilt buttons, knee-top riding boots, gauntlets, a cocked hat, and three ostrich feathers to match. I had made up my mind to "dress for the part," if it broke me. And it did break me, for when the goods and baubles arrived I found that the honest merchant wanted about two hundred in cash from me. I made a few trades, juggled my possessions around a bit, and got the money together, adjusting the account in a measure by charging the sutler five dollars a pound for some tobacco that I happened to have, and that he wanted badly. I cut quite a dash for a spell, until the fellow who laughed at me in Mr. Ashby's house got in and "mixed it" one afternoon, and mused me up.

Colonel Mosby encouraged the men in their vanities, although he was personally addicted to the plainest sort of attire. Only when he came in touch with General Stuart, which he did once in a while, did he make any attempt at display. On these occasions he wore a red-lined cape, gold braid, and ostrich plumes, as gayly as did his men. I always believed that he did it for effect, knowing that it would impress the regulars with the importance of his guerrilla command, in which Mosby himself took the greatest pride. It is true that these spectacular uniforms drew the fire of the enemy in a fight, but I believe the colonel really enjoyed such little attentions. War was never "hell" to Mosby, as it was to Sherman. On the whole, it was more or less of a picnic.

Whenever we made a successful raid, which was pretty often, we made it a point to repay the farmers and country folk, whose bounty we had enjoyed, in live stock and stores. On one occasion, when we captured two hundred fat cattle from Sheridan's supply train, we gave our rural friends one half of them to be slaughtered and divided throughout several valleys. While there was more or less risk in sleeping in houses inside the enemy's lines, our losses were comparatively small from this cause, as our men were always on the lookout for reprisals from the night-raiding parties that were constantly on our trail. We knew the country a great deal better than the Union men did, and it was a simple matter to shift our quarters. When there was an over-supply of Union pickets in the neighborhood, we took our buffalo robes and slept in the woods in pairs, assembling at a given point toward morning. Mosby frequently slept alone in the brush, when Union men were unduly numerous in his neighborhood. He made a great many scouting expeditions alone, moving under the cover of night with a stealth that would have put an Indian to shame. He was the fastest scout I ever knew, and in the saddle would cover a dozen points over a course of sixty miles between sunset and sunrise, gathering information of vital importance at each halt, and leaving in-

structions along the pikes for a hundred different men.

THE MEN AND THEIR MOUNTS.

Horseflesh, of course, was indispensable to Mosby's men. On whatever else we were obliged to stint ourselves, we had to have good horses. Most of us had two, the work being too hard for one animal. We kept our stock in different parts of northern Virginia, and there was not a single corral or barn owned by our friendly allies that did not contain one or more of Mosby's cavalry horses waiting to be saddled for a long, hard ride. Mosby was in the habit of sending men out in different directions on scouting expeditions, with orders to meet him at a point perhaps fifty miles away. Frequently the colonel verified his troopers' reports for his own satisfaction.

It was his constant care to not take his command into any place that he could not bring them out of. His instructions to the various detachments of his battalion covered three days ahead, and there are few instances on record where Mosby did not keep his appointments to the hour. He knew the theater of the war so well, and was so complete a master of his own work, that it was impossible to confuse him. If he could make a raid at midnight it pleased him greatly, as he held that sleeping men are easy to surround, and that it requires at least five minutes for an awakened soldier to get in shape to fight. That is why so many of Mosby's best performances came off at an hour when good people should as a rule be in the land of dreams.

SILENCE, SECRECY, AND SYSTEM.

Seldom did he go forth, when his plans had been made, to return empty-handed. On the march he was usually very quiet and uncommunicative, riding by himself a little ahead of the band, apparently plunged in the consideration of some future problem, the germ of which had already begun to formulate in his brain. On a raid, however, when his mind was fully made up, he was the gayest of the party, joking and laughing with the men and looking eagerly forward to the clash of arms.

As I have said before, he never took any body into his confidence. When he got an idea that he thought worth while, he went forward to its development. I do not remember ever hearing anybody ask Mosby where he was going or what his plans were. An instance of his taciturnity will suffice. We met one afternoon in Upperville, Virginia, where the colonel told Major Richards to take the men to a designated place in Fairfax County and await his coming late that night. Turning to me, he said:

"Munson, get on your horse and come with me."

He was off at a trot. I followed him down the Little River turnpike, and caught up to his side, where I trotted and galloped, boot-leg to boot-leg, for twenty miles. Not once did he look at me, nor one word did he utter in all that ride. He was thinking; planning out one of those sensational raids of his which before the next sunset startled Washington and kept the Federal commanders in a flutter for many days afterward.

At the end of the ride, we drew up in front of a farmhouse, where the colonel reined in his horse with the remark:

"Let's stop here for a cup of coffee."

His idea had crystallized and he was normal again. In that silent gallop he had planned a victory.

THE SPOILS TO THE VICTOR.

He maintained a discipline that was remarkable considering the kind of men who made up his command. He made rules that were never broken, and es-

(To be continued.)

tablished rewards which, when won, were as highly prized by his followers as the medal of honor by the heroes of Austerlitz. He divided all captured horses by lot among those who figured in the particular raid in which the animals were secured. Sutlers' supplies, army equipment, personal property, belonged to the man brave enough to take the risk of capturing it. "To the victors belong the spoils" was a good enough doctrine for him; but during the whole campaign Mosby himself did not appropriate so much as a halter strap. The very horses that he rode and the old body-servant who accompanied him throughout the campaign came from the Mosby homestead and belonged to none but the colonel.

FIGHTING WILL SOON BEGIN.

That Colonel Mosby had his men and his work well in hand was well known at Washington and in the North. At one time Grant had as many as seventeen thousand soldiers guarding given points from his relentless attack.

Every "affair" in which Mosby and his men figured had something novel, something romantic, something about it that is worth the telling; and those in which I figured and with which I am most familiar will appear in these recollections. How he played the game of war, what he did to his enemies, and just what happened at the two Dranesville fights, the liveliest engagements of his career, together with the story of the famous Greenback Raid, will be told in my next instalment.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—When the famous commander of Mosby's Partizan Rangers learned that Mr. Munson was engaged in writing his recollections of the campaign in Virginia, he wrote the following letter to the author:

Mr. JOHN W. MUNSON, Orange, New Jersey.

DEAR MUNSON:

I have your letter saying that you had engaged to write some war reminiscences for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. From your intimate relations with my battalion, to which you belonged, and your experience as a soldier from its organization to the close of the war, you ought to be able to write some valuable and interesting history. As an actor in the scenes you will describe, you can truthfully say as Aeneas did when he related to Dido the story of Troy—"Of which events I was a great part."

Very truly,

JOHN S. MOSBY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 23, 1904.

The Making Over of Pinch.

HOW SALOME WARDWELL ALLOWED HERSELF TO BE GUIDED BY HER FEELINGS.

BY ELLIOTT WALKER.

I.

"If you'll move them ontidy legs of yours out of this dooryard an' through the gate, there's a sign just down the road that will point ye straight for Coppersville an' a police station. It's none too low down a hotel for such boarders as you be, I'm thinkin'. I've fed ye, an' let ye snooze on the bench, an' I hope the Lord ain't disgusted with me for allowin' my feelin's to make me a fool! Go on now, you ongrateful little rascal. Askin' to stay to supper and spend the night? I ain't cookin' meals an' makin' beds for your sort. Git along!"

The ragged object, lounging on the green settee by the back door, grinned stolidly and did not move, although Mrs. Wardwell's high voice was charged with both wrath and menace.

"Ah, now," he said, ingratiatingly. "Ah, now, kind lady!"

"I'm through with the kindness act," snapped the farmer's wife, with a sudden gruff lowering of tone. "There's a bulldog in the barn, an' my husband right over in the meadow. One toot on the horn will fetch him runnin', an' you'll be swep' off that seat like a dandelion puff an' rode out on the end of the biggest an' hardest boot in Lull County. Shall I blow for him?"

"His name's Tewksbury Wardwell, ain't it?" inquired the disreputable lingerer, with no show of trepidation. "Yes? Well, toot yer whistle. I wantner see him."

"You—wantner—see—him!" The woman's black eyes gleamed under her lifted brows. "Well, you shall! I'm wore out with ye, but I ain't the only one that'll be worn out!" Turning, she hesitated. "One more chance I'll give ye, bein' as you're only a boy. Now, then! Start!"

Something in the hard face—a gleam

of amusement, an indescribable expression of confidence—made her pause, curious and uncertain.

"I've news for that man," said the boy easily. "I'm bettin' it means more grub an' a lodgin'. Thought I'd wait till he come home to eat, as I'm willin' to spend the afternoon here; but seein' as you're gettin' excited, I s'pose I'll have to disturb him."

"I guess yer news won't keep ye long." Her voice changed, though, and she came nearer. "Say, air ye lyin' to me? Tewk's got enemies. 'Tain't possible you've heard anything?"

The rough-looking lad settled back comfortably.

"If ye warn't such a jumpin', excitable critter, I might let on to ye," he said teasingly. "Enemies! Lord! I guess you'll be glad enough to have me in yer shanty to-night. Goin' ter have me kicked into the road, eh? Goin' ter set the dogs on me—a poor, well-meanin' feller, tryin' to do ye a good turn, an' keepin' my mouth shut so's not to scare a lady!"

"Well, how did I know?" Mrs. Wardwell stood anxiously before him. "Such an awful-lookin' boy I never see, an' so sassy! Come, let's have it. I ain't scary, only high-strung. Who be ye? Where do ye come from? What's yer name? H-yah! Don't set no closer," as her companion edged up to the end of the bench where her angular form was now poised in expectancy.

"Hold on!" He had a thick, harsh, unboyish voice, and he leaned toward her earnestly. "I'm takin' risks on this thing. Can ye pass me yer word to see me out of trouble if I open up the whole show-case? I'm past bein' shamed. Just as lief tell as not. Better to, I guess. Looks to me as if you folks might have to cover me up, after to-night, till I can slide out. I'm known to know."

"Know what?" Mrs. Wardwell felt a vague fear. This creature was developing a personality fraught with import. "Yes, I'll stan' by ye if trouble comes on account of us. Go ahead!"

"I'm a bad one," said the boy coolly. "Tough as they make 'em. Just two months out of school—reform school," he chuckled, as the woman shrank. "Only fifteen, too, but I'm grown up in tricks. Put yer penny on that, lady. Slick Eddie, the gang calls me. Some calls me Pinch; or Stony, 'cause I don't scare easy. Them's names enough. I ain't a mean cuss, though, an' I won't stand for no barn-burnin' or robbin' folks just on account of a farmer's complainin' of a Dago for blowin' up his brook. That's why I stopped here for dinner. Even if you'd give me nothin' I'd have warned ye—I come to do it. 'Tain't none of my crowd," he went on, pulling a leaf from the overhanging lilac bush and biting at it reflectively. "These are men. Last evening I was in a saloon, over in Tarryburgh. Had a beer an' two sandwiches in a little back room, an' I shut the door an' turned out the gas to take a nap. No one noticed. But I didn't get no sleep for the fellers in the next coop. I heard 'em plain as you hear me, lady. Two was Dagoes, an' one I couldn't make out. They planned it lovely. I got the house like a map, but no name.

"By an' by they goes out. So does I—careful. Two short fellers an' a big, tall one. But I was a fool; I says to the barkeep, a gettin' another beer—which took the last of my quarter I got for an old gent's spees what he'd laid down to wipe the dust off his face—I throwed the dust, too—I says, 'Barkeep, I'm lookin' for a job farmin'. I'm a farmer's boy,' says I, 'an' I've got a chance, too—a nice place over near Coppersville, red barn an' brown house t'other side of a trout brook, but I've forgot the man's name. Know him?'

"'Tewksbury Wardwell. He'll work yer to death,' says the barkeep, an' by hokey, I turns 'round an' one of them Dagoes had come back an' was glarin' at me for fair. He was talkin' to the barkeep when I slid. I'm spotted—see?"

Salome Wardwell was breathing hard.

Forgetting the soiled garments, her fingers were clutching this unkempt narrator's sleeve.

"What time?" she gasped.

"'Bout one o'clock," was the calm reply. "Gee! We'll put it all over 'em. Has your old man a gun?"

"Yes, a shotgun."

"An' I've got this." He thrust one grimy paw in his trousers, and dragged out a short, ugly-looking revolver. "'Fraid of the dog, hey?" he smiled sarcastically. "How about bein' kicked, hey?"

Salome shivered. Was this a boy, this cool, grim thing beside her? He seemed to harden up into something only half human as his claws caressed the pistol before replacing it.

"I'm—we're much obliged," she quavered. "I believe every word. It's what I've been fearin'. Tewk's been after these fellows for two years. They dynamited our brook. It's the three he's had fined. The big man is a Hungarian—a dreadful brute!"

"There you go!" complained the boy. "Brace up! I'll set here an' nap it. Last night I slep' in the woods, or tried to, so I'm needin' rest. Go tell the boss, if you want. Seems to me a drink of milk wouldn't go bad."

Salome procured the beverage and watched him sip it. He winked at her, smiled broadly, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and the mask fell from him. Suddenly he was alert, with a fresh, boyish face, sparkling eyes, and high, quick words.

"We're in it. Pardners, ye know!" he cried. "I'm with ye—see?"

The woman nodded, stepped forward, put her hand under his chin, tilted his head, and gazed.

"Pinch," she said, "I'm going to call you that. Why, you're a real boy, after all!"

Then she went across the foot-bridge into the long meadow.

II.

TEWKSBURY WARDWELL received the news with stoicism, pulling his ear, stroking his nose, or patting a belligerent chin, according to points calling for unusual attention, for reflection, or for

a stirring of the rather volcanic temper which lay beneath his calm exterior. He was not a man to be meek under the goad. On the contrary, violent measures appealed to him, he being high-shouldered and powerful of limb. As Salome had said, he had enemies. This he knew, and was not displeased, considering a few foes necessary to an independent spirit.

"Don't surprise me none, 'ceptin' about the kid," he commented, when his wife had poured forth her tale. "Same trick as was played on John Sparks over to Bung Holler two year ago. Fired his barn, an' when the fam'ly run to put it out, stole his house poor an' sot fire to that, too. Never ketched 'em. Wonder could it be the same gang?"

"Will you get a policeman from Coppersville so as to nab 'em?" asked his spouse, who had much faith in the law, and little in the shotgun.

"No, marm, I won't. I'll do the nabbin'. Policeman! Shucks! Any chap I could get from there would want a lantern an' a dinner-bell to let 'em know he was comin'. You run home now, an' see that yer pious young friend ain't swiped the settee. Hows'ever, I'm obliged to him fer lettin' us know. A hard one, ye say?"

"'Fraid he is, but he's softened up some. I kinder like him, Tewk."

"Watch the cuss," warned the farmer, turning to his work. "I'll see him at supper-time."

Salome shook some grass-seed from her heel-trodden shoe, and went back.

"Tewk'll hardly trust such a dirty scamp," she thought, "an' somehow I want 'em friendly. Mebbe I can fix him up a mite."

The informant was sitting on the bench in a collapse of slumber as she tiptoed up the tiny path leading from the bridge. Drowsy songs of brooks and insect, chiming away the hot hours of the summer afternoon, had combined with a full stomach to drift the wayfarer into unconsciousness so deep that Mrs. Wardwell's sharp "Hello!" failed to elicit any response.

His legs stretched aimlessly, his hand clasped, with the battered hat fallen to the ground and his head resting against the upper rail, he seemed very helpless

and small to the woman, just returned from contemplation of her six-foot protector.

"Poor little feller!" she whispered. "I'll let him sleep. My, but he's a sight for dirt! I've a mind—yes, sir—I don't believe he'll wake under a mild scrubbin'. I'll try it!"

Hunching her thin shoulders with a nervous giggle, the severe gray head bobbed into the kitchen. It was a tin basin of warm water she brought out, with a tiny sponge and a soft towel.

"How mad he'd be!" was her inward smirk as she began a cautious series of gentle dabs. "Bein' washed like a baby! Dear me, it carries me back to Henry!"

The boy never stirred. Over and over the silent visage the long fingers stole to eliminate every removable speck. Salome's dark eyes were glistening with a strange excitement. As she afterwards expressed it, "his face come out."

Hardly breathing, she moved back and surveyed her handiwork with immense approval.

"He's nice lookin'," came the repressed whisper. "He's real nice lookin'! I'm goin' to trim his hair. If he tries to wake up, I'll—I'll chloroform him!"

Her face was strangely eager when she reappeared with her comb and shears. In her brain thoughts leaped and followed one another like waves striving for a distant shore. Back, back to the long-ago days of nestling baby heads which would not keep still, of soft, pink skins growing pinker under loving rubbings. On the brown, curly mat her finger tips pressed tenderly.

"It's soft!" she almost screamed. "It's soft like Henry's! He mustn't wake. Oh, he mustn't!"

He didn't. Unmindful of yet unwashed dishes, of undone household duties, Salome clipped and clipped, and the wavy bits fell upon the towel. At last she paused, gathered up her implements, moved from behind the bench, and looked wonderingly upon the subject of her manipulations. A mist was in her black eyes, a quiver on the thin lips.

"That done me good," she murmured. "I wouldn't know him."

A few minutes later she was in the

spare room up-stairs, to unlock a great cedar chest. Henry had grown up and gone, but Salome had clung to those old clothes.

"This ought to fit, and this, and this!" she cried. "I'll do the whole job. I'll make him over!"

III.

"PINCH!" said a joyful voice. "Pinch, wake up!"

The aroused one blinked.

"What t'ell!" he ejaculated, starting. "Ho, only you! Thought I was abed."

"Now you go right up-stairs," said Salome eagerly. "I'll show yer, Pinch. I've laid out some clothes for ye—some my son had when he was your age—and you dress and look in the glass to see you're all right to meet Mr. Wardwell. He's awful particular about strangers, an' I'm sot on his likin' ye. This way, my boy!"

Her tone was so motherly, so unlike her former voice, that the lad stared.

"What's struck ye?" he inquired. "It's the same lady, ain't it? Togs? New togs? Am I a dreamin'? What's got inter ye ter be like this all ter wunst?"

"Nothin'. Only a notion," returned his hostess hastily. "Come, I can't wait to see ye fixed up!"

Wardwell put in an earlier appearance than usual. "Let's have some grub, and then I'll talk to yer visitor," he commanded. "Whar is he? Ain't you burnt yer cheeks over the stove, S'lome? Or air ye skeered yet? No need on't."

"He's comin'," exclaimed his better half, turning to the inner door. See, Tewk! He's better lookin' than I made out."

Surely, the lad standing on the threshold was not what Mr. Wardwell had expected to see. This was a clean-looking, well-dressed youth, with an expression of countenance bordering on the imbecile. His features were working strangely. Disregarding the astonished farmer, he walked over to Salome and put out his hand.

"I'll—he——" he stammered, and gave vent to a most unmanly sniff.

"Be you the boy?" blurted Tewksbury.

"Naw!" burst out Pinch, recognizing him with a glare. "I ain't!"

"He was," said Salome, beaming. "I fixed him up a trifle, Tewk. Set down, Pinch, an' tell him just what you told me. We're goin' to have supper d'reckly."

"You never was in no saloon," said the man. "Have you be'n a lyin' ter my wife?"

Pinch recovered himself.

"Grateful old guy you be!" he commenced, and the farmer laughed.

"I guess you was all she made out," he chuckled. "Go ahead, son," and as the boy talked he ate with a darkening scowl.

IV.

FAINTLY the light from the western moon shed a soft luster on the countryside, silvering the shingles on an old red barn, and dancing on the brook behind the Wardwell farmhouse. Still, calm, and beautiful, no sound betokened the stealthy approach of marauding ruffians, or the intent of those who silently waited.

Tewksbury was in the bushes by the cow-shed. Beside him a dog, quiet and fiercely watchful. Pinch and Salome crouched by the kitchen window, and over all the silence of the first morning hour.

It was rudely broken. The shattering echo of a heavy fowling-piece mingled with three sharp pistol shots, a woman's scream, the snarl of an animal—then again silence, broken only by distant, running steps. How had it gone?

Wardwell stamped into his kitchen with a harsh laugh.

"I got that Hungarian," he croaked. "Fired over him when he struck the match. Scart him so he never moved till Terror jumped him. He's in the barnyard, tied, an' the dog watchin'. 'Morrer mornin' he rides ter town. I heered the boy's pop-gun. Why, S'lome, wife—what's the matter?"

For Salome was standing in a corner, white under the lifted shaking lamp, and beside her on the floor lay a pitiful heap.

"They hit him," she moaned. "He only shot once. He opened the door. Oh, Tewk!"

Wardwell leaped forward.

"Hold the lamp steady. Let's see." He went on his knees. "It's his head. 'Tain't deep. Just plowed him a leetle. S'lome, he's comin' to."

"Thank God!" said Salome, and whispered to herself.

They carried him to the spare room and dressed the wound. The boy muttered a few words.

"What did he say?" questioned the woman.

"He said 'Me an' her's pardners.'" Wardwell looked queerly at his wife. "Who's that?"

"I'm that," said Salome. "Tewk, he ain't got no folks. Told me so. Seems to me there's only one thing to do."

"My way of thinkin', too," grunted Tewksbury. "We'll ask him."

* * * *

Four years later Salome was seated in the sitting-room, deep in conversation with Mrs. Deming, who was holding a rather shabby dress.

"Can you make it over?" asked the caller. "It's pretty well gone."

"Guess I can," replied Salome.

A stalwart young fellow laughed from the doorway.

"Mother can make anything over," he grinned. "Look at *me!*"

Margaret McDonough's Restaurant.

THE STORY OF THE BEGINNING AND ENDING OF A BUSINESS CAREER.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

I.

THE scars of McDonough's parting with his wife were scarce healed upon her face when that undaunted soul was once more in the lists. Bruised, penniless, deserted by her sailor husband, she still faced the future gallantly.

"Tin dollars, Barney," she prayed Nolan, captain of the district, "tin dollars I ask ye. 'Twill be paid to ye come Satiddy night."

Barney looked at her, square-shouldered, square-waisted, with broad, honest face and eyes that held an unsubduable twinkle.

"A hundred if ye need it, Mrs. McDonough," he said in the tone of a man declaring his creed.

The ten dollars sufficed, and they were repaid on Saturday night. In the intervening time a store had reared itself against the support of the corner grocery, showing an inviting face to the car-stables across the street. A faded sail-cloth awning, palpably home-made, was stretched taut above it, and from it

flapped the legend, "Margaret McDonough's Restaurant."

Thither between trips the car-men dashed for a cup of coffee or a sandwich. There they bought the cocoanut cakes, the apples and bananas, which stood in neat piles beneath great glass bells.

"What wid the flies an' these germs I do be hearin' so much about," explained Margaret, "it seems safer like to keep things covered when they're to be eaten. I was always finicky about me own food, any way."

Her neatness, rare in that neighborhood, the drawing power of her sunny personality, and the chivalry of the men, all of whom came to know the story of her wedded life, made her venture a success. A year had not passed before the grocer—dismal purveyor of fly-specked wares indiscriminately flavored with soap and kerosene—moved out of the store, and Margaret's sign, a proud wooden one this time, hung in front of it. It was a queer, box-like, one-storied frame building, the derelict of passing years. The elevated

road cast perpetual shadow upon it. The tall tenements which had become its neighbors frowned above it. There was noise in plenty around it, trains and cars and the overflow population of the vicinity keeping up a perpetual roaring and clatter. But in the midst of dinginess it preserved, under Margaret's tenancy, a character strangely peaceful and cheerful.

Her own capable hands whitewashed the walls and painted the broad planked floor a lively yellow. They also tacked the white oilcloth smooth upon the tables; they ordained a shining cleanliness in the kitchen behind the half-high partition: eventually they set upon the ledges of the wide glass front, left by the grocer, pots of geraniums dimly visible behind muslin sash curtains. And then her jocular patrons entreated Margaret to call her place the Waldorf-Astoria.

At first she was cook, waitress, and cashier. Gradually, as the establishment thrived, she dropped the two former rôles, though the cuisine was still under her careful supervision, and the limping service of the one waiter, an agile cripple whose plight had moved her kind heart, were supplemented by her own.

Never were kindness and thrift more united. She had a genius for knowing when to refuse credit and a divine sympathy in extending it. When Toby Wilson lost his job in consequence of his ill-luck in running down a child, Margaret fed him and kept him sane; for he was like to have gone mad with the continual vision of a little flying figure suddenly darting before his car. When Greenow, on the other hand, applied for his second meal without settlement, she denied him, alleging to an intimate that her only reason was her dislike of his eyes.

She quelled incipient disorder in the little restaurant with a promptness and firmness not to be gainsaid. When Norris picked a quarrel with his wife there, she turned the notorious bully out, and she took tender care of the terror-stricken little creature whom he left behind him. She made Mrs. Norris visit her until Norris came, humbly praying his housekeeper, laundress,

and cook to return to the protection of his roof.

Once, when Margaret sat alone late at the desk, the door opened suddenly and a man, a stranger to her, shambled in toward one of the tables. Opposite her he suddenly veered, and in a flash a revolver fronted her eyes.

"Open the drawer an' open it quick!" commanded the thief.

Margaret laughed naturally and heartily.

"I will that," she answered readily. "But ye great booby, did ye think it was there I'd be keepin' the day's earnings?"

She opened the till, and a few lonely dimes and nickels rattled forlornly.

"Well, get them where you do keep them, then!" commanded the marauder with an oath.

"I'll have no talk like that in me place," declared Margaret angrily. "I'arn to keep a civil tongue in your head, or——"

"Ah, don't be all night about it," interrupted the man. "I didn't mean no disrespect!"

"Well, then," murmured Mrs. McDonough, mollified, "but it's in me stockin' it is this minute, an' you can look another way while I'm gettin' it."

This scruple, from a lady who refused to tolerate blasphemy while being robbed, seemed to her caller only natural. With another adjuration to her to hurry, he turned his back upon her and stood facing the door.

Margaret bent with the heavy breathing of a stout woman, and fumbled with her skirts. Her desk was an old-fashioned affair, standing high upon four legs. Through the space made by them she reached with amazing agility, and seized the intruder around the knees. Desk and man and woman rolled over in inextricable confusion, in the midst of which the pistol went noisily and harmlessly off; and the sound summoned help from the stables across the way.

When Barney Nolan heard of this exploit, his ruddy and hirsute face grew mottled with fear. He strode down to Margaret's.

"See here, Mrs. McDonough," he began in a voice thick and unlike his own, "see here. I can't have you here like

this—alone, in all kinds of danger. I—Margaret, won't you have me? I'm a plain man, but there ain't been a day since you started—it's five year now, too, that I haven't thought ye the finest woman—won't you have me?"

Margaret looked at him, burly and red-faced, his heavy features quivering with feeling.

"An' what kind of a woman do ye take me for," she answered with measured anger in her voice, "to be listenin' to any man's love talk an' me wid a husband of me own?"

"Jem McDonough? He's a pretty husband!"

"You've been me kind friend, an' God knows I needed friends; ye set me on me feet, when but for ye I'd have been I don't know where. An' it's been sorrow to me that there'd be no way for me iver to make it up to ye. But there's no more obligation on me——"

Her voice faltered, and tears extinguished the fires of upright anger in her eyes. Barney was the miserable victim of divided feelings. Respect for her hurt pride, a traditional sympathy with her view of the sacred indissolubility of marriage, the common sense of the leader, and the protective yearning of the lover, all fought for mastery in him. Scolding and apologizing, he took his leave.

When he was gone, Margaret relaxed for a few luxurious moments to compare him—this king of men, big and powerful and kind and well-to-do—with the brute whose name she bore with so much honor. And she admitted to herself that, had things been other than they were—if Jem were really dead and she knew it—then she shook herself free of the fancy she sternly called sinful. But she gratefully acted upon Barney's suggestion that a police alarm should be attached to the edge of her desk. And she noticed with a soft thankfulness that the dingy neighborhood was well patrolled at night.

II.

THERE were few patrons in the little room on the winter night when Jem returned. The big round stove in the center sent forth waves of heat to the

white corners of the room. The appetizing odors of warmed-over stew and fresh coffee were in the air. Margaret sat at the desk, beaming broadly and benignantly upon the scene. The door opened, and with a stamping and shaking to rid himself of the snow upon his garments, her husband entered and advanced to the desk. He looked at Margaret and laughed.

No other ruffian, even of Jem's imposing inches, could terrify her; but with whatever sacramental grace the marriage that gave her to him had been endued, certainly it held a sacramental fear for her. Or perhaps the deeper and more mysterious power which in her youth, her prettiness, her dauntless vigor, had subdued her to the cruel domination of the man, still held her. She looked at him and blanched and shivered, all the pride and strength gone suddenly out of her.

"You seem glad to see me, Maggie!" he laughed.

The men at the tables turned and watched. Margaret McDonough's Restaurant was so much their own institution, Margaret herself so much theirs, that they would have thrown her husband into the nearest snow-drift at the least hint from her. But she would not give the sign for which they longed. Instead, she answered faintly:

"You've given me small cause for gladness, far or near, Jem."

"Well," bellowed Jem, "I'm near now, do ye see, my lady? And ye can give me some supper, right now. I hear your cookin' is much praised, Mrs. McDonough."

She pushed her chair back and went meekly toward the kitchen. Her lame assistant, Sam, who tried to block her way, she brushed aside. She herself waited on her husband, setting before him meat and bread and coffee. Her eyes stared afar like the eyes of the blind as she served him. And so he came to his own again.

Margaret McDonough's Restaurant changed rapidly after the return of Jem. He was lord of the till. He and his companions, men and women, came in at any hour and filled the room with mocking noise. They frightened away more peaceable patrons. He smoked

about the place, he insulted the other guests. He occupied Margaret's home in an adjoining tenement when he pleased, and was absent when he pleased. In a state of dazed misery, she watched the collapse of what she had reared so bravely.

Barney Nolan looked on with apoplectic rage; he had a crude respect for Margaret's notions and admiration for her very follies; but once or twice his impatience and disgust overleaped the restraints his respects imposed, and he besought her to divorce the brute.

"It's not for me own sake I ask it," he assured her truthfully. "I'll never say the word 'marry' to ye once. Only get rid of him. Your life's not safe. An' this I tell ye. If anything happens to you through him, I'll kill him, an' it'll be murder on your soul!"

But Margaret shook her stubborn head.

"Oh, soon he'll tire, an' he'll be off again. Last time it was for six years; next it may be for ever."

But one day she came herself hurrying to Barney—a thing she had never done before since the day she had borrowed the ten dollars. The room behind the saloon was deserted in the forenoon hour. The astonished waiter hurried with news of her visit to Barney in the bar-room. He rushed out to her. Her eyes were ablaze with more than their old light; her pale cheeks were flushed with the red badge of determination.

"Barney Nolan," she cried, "I'll do it. I'll do it! It may be a sin, but I'll take Purgatory for it an' call it a little thing. Do you know what he's done now?"

Barney knew several things in Jem's conduct which might have aroused an ordinary wife to such a pitch as this. But he could not conceive of any new outrage which would arouse the obstinately meek and forbearing Margaret. He shook his head.

"What is it, Margaret?"

"The—the sign," blubbered Margaret, lying her bonneted head upon the table and crying, unashamed. "The sign! He's had my name painted out, an' his painted on—oh, Barney, Barney, Barney!"

Mr. Nolan was not one to split hairs on the subject of human motives. He did not waste time in consideration of the curious psychological fact that a woman could be abused, betrayed, and abandoned without active resentment, but cried out for vengeance over a change of letters on a signboard. Theorizing he left to others. He hastened to put in motion the machinery of the divorce courts.

Served with a summons in the case, Mr. James McDonough made loud threats as to what his course would be, what punishments he would inflict upon the person and the reputation of his wife. But perhaps the cloud of witness against him, or the dread dignity of the court, or the look about Barney Nolan's jaw restrained him. He made no defense, and the decree was granted with a promptness very distasteful to his feelings.

Mr. Nolan was of the opinion that a prolonged sea voyage would benefit his adversary, accustomed as Mr. McDonough was to a maritime life. He felt a fear for Margaret's safety while her husband was about with his wounds fresh to infuriate him.

"By an' by it won't matter," soliloquized the district captain. "Whin we're married, I'd like to see the man that would dare touch me wife, but—it'll be many a month before I'll so much as dare say marry to Maggie. And so meantime——"

To shanghai is an ugly word and a criminal offense as well. To suggest that a prominent citizen and an influential politician like Mr. Nolan had dealings with the providers of involuntary ship's crews would be libelous. But it is true that two nights after Mr. Nolan's soliloquy, Jem McDonough shipped for Australia.

III.

"BARNEY," said Mrs. Nolan, leaning proudly on Barney's arm a few months after their marriage, "do ye know I do be likin' it that Sam and Nellie keeps the old sign on the place?"

"Ah," growled Barney in bass affection, "I don't doubt it's money in their pockets!"

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A Sample of Japanese Valor.

SELDOM can an intelligent idea of a battle be gained from the cabled reports that appear in the daily press. More than ever has this been the case with the great war now raging in the Far East. The strict military censorship has evidently made it almost impossible to telegraph any real news as to the movements of either army. The reader's confusion is increased by the absence of good maps, and by the uncertainties of Oriental nomenclature. Hence the newspapers can give little but idle rumors from Chefoo or Tientsin, certain to be contradicted the next day, and official despatches

which give the least possible intelligence in the most obscure verbiage, and consist chiefly of a string of unpronounceable names of insignificant villages and unknown mountain passes.

Some two months after the event we begin to learn the real history of the battles by which the fate of the campaign and of eastern Asia is being decided. The earliest important engagement of the war, the battle at the Yalu River, took place on the first of May. In July we read the first narrative that made it possible to understand how the action was fought and won by the gallant soldiers of Nippon. Expert observers who were eye-witnesses of Kuroki's victory



SUB-OFFICER ISHIDA, LIEUTENANT IKI, AND SUB-LIEUTENANT AOYAKI, OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH JAPANESE INFANTRY, THREE HEROES OF THE BATTLE OF THE YALU, WHO LED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEN OF THEIR REGIMENT IN A DASH TO CUT OFF THE RETREATING ENEMY—THE TWO LIEUTENANTS WERE KILLED AND SUB-OFFICER ISHIDA WOUNDED, BUT THEY AND THEIR MEN INFLECTED TERRIBLE DAMAGE UPON THE RUSSIANS.

From a photograph by William Dinwiddie, taken shortly before the battle.

explained how the Russians held a front of nearly thirty miles on the Manchurian side of the river; how the Japanese menaced their right wing, near the mouth of the Yalu, with gunboats, and meanwhile made the actual crossing far up stream; how they swept around the enemy's left, wading the Ai, a tributary of

side, were three companies of the Twenty-Fourth Japanese Infantry, who, after fighting and marching for three successive days, were first to reach the heights overlooking the village of Homutang, through which the Russian army was retreating. A desperate struggle ensued. The Muscovites tried to dislodge



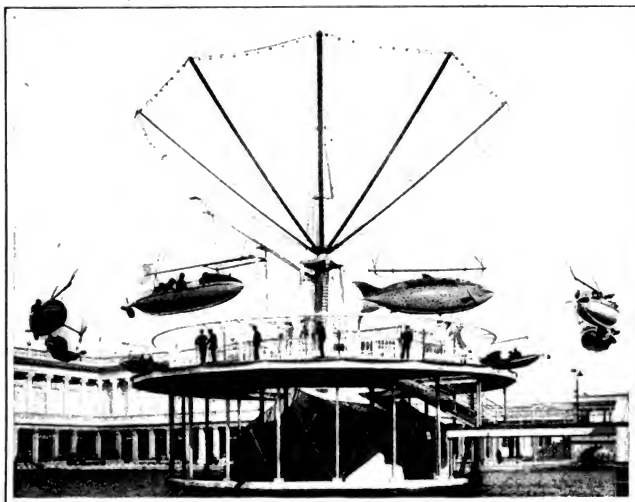
VICE-ADMIRAL KAMIMURA, COMMANDER OF THE SECOND SQUADRON OF THE JAPANESE NAVY—REGARDED AS THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE IMPERIAL NAVY.

From a photograph by Manuki, Tokio.

the Yalu, under a heavy fire, and charging the Muscovite intrenchments with irresistible courage; how General Sassulitch ordered a retreat just in time to save his army, but not in time to prevent a disastrous rout and heavy loss in men and guns.

The heroes of the fight, on the winning

the handful of Japanese, but in vain, and though the three companies lost ninety-eight men out of less than two hundred and fifty, they inflicted far heavier losses upon the enemy. "At nightfall," says William Dinwiddie, the American correspondent, "a thousand Russians lay dead or wounded in the little valley below."



SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S AERIAL MERRY-GO-ROUND, WHICH ATTAINS A SPEED OF SIXTY MILES AN HOUR, THE BOATS DESCRIBING A CIRCLE OF NEARLY SIX HUNDRED FEET.

From a photograph by Campbell & Gray, London.

Mr. Dinwiddie took the photograph engraved on page 865, which shows three of the men who led this bold and telling dash against the hosts of the Great White Czar.

Kamimura the Lion-Hearted.

IN Japan it is held that there are two kinds of bravery—that of the face and of the heart. It is easier, they believe, to look courageous than to feel so. When a man has courage of the heart he is known to be a worthy descendant of the Satsuma Samurai, whose two-edged valor was the wonder and admiration of the feudal ages.

Vice-Admiral Kamimura commander of the second squadron of the Japanese navy, he who so nearly nosed Skrydloff's heels with torpedoes in the Sea of Japan, is a child of the Satsuma Samurai. Ask his brothers. They will tell you that Kamimura is the lion-hearted, the bravest in face and in heart, of all the admirals in the imperial navy. At sixteen he was battling with the Mikado's enemies in the civil war of '67 and '68, falling at

the battle of Echigo wounded in the breast. Before the blood had gone quite back into his veins, he was again afield, marching to crush the Tokugawa insurgents at their last stand in Hakodate. There was no fear in Kamimura.

When the Naval College was opened, he changed his career from the army to the navy, and entered it. There he established a friendship with Yamamoto, now minister of the navy, that was never broken. These two men tell of each other's reckless daring. The people and all the gods of war know them for what they have done.

The year before last, Kamimura cruised along the coast of Australia, commanding three cruisers in which more than a hundred young officers were trained for the work now in hand at the front. On his return he was made vice-admiral. Despite his ill-luck in pursuit of the raiders from Vladivostok, he has the affection of his countrymen. But his great reward, the reward to which the soldiers and sailors of Nippon look forward, will be in the histories to be printed and painted one hundred years from now.



WILLIAM HENRY MOODY, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED MR. KNOX AS ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.—HE WAS FORMERLY SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

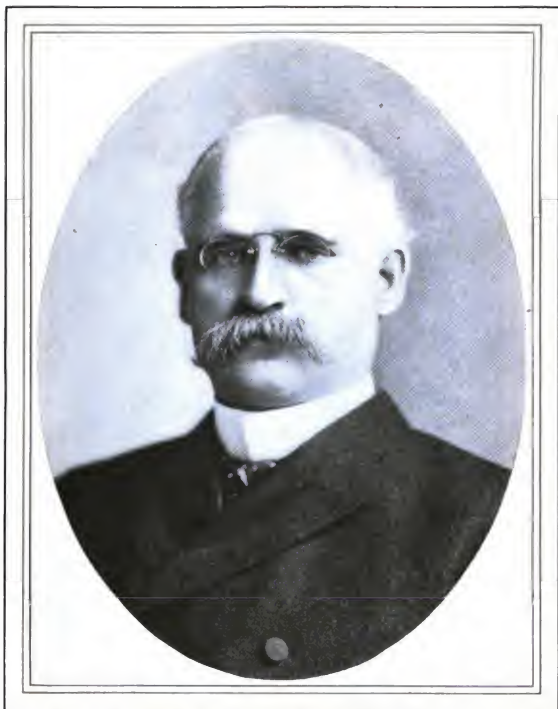
From a copyrighted photograph by Twedy, Boston.

Kamimura, the lion-hearted, will have a place in the book of heroes.

Maxim's Merry-Go-Round.

WHEN Sir Hiram Maxim is not busy constructing rapid-fire guns calculated to put entire armies to flight, or studying the problem of aerial navigation for the purpose of putting himself to flight, he is just as likely as not to pop out of his workshop with a toy. His latest creation is an aerial merry-go-round, operating upon the principle of the governor on a steam engine, the balls flying out in a constantly widening circle as the speed

is increased. In Sir Hiram's new device, the circle is about two hundred feet in circumference, and instead of balls he has devised cars built to resemble fish and boats with propellers, all suspended from steel bars hanging from massive outriggers converging at a common center, or shaft. This in turn is geared to a powerful rotary engine capable of spinning the merry-go-round at a speed of sixty miles an hour, throwing out the cars at an angle that enables them to describe a circle of nearly six hundred feet. The sensation is said to be exceedingly exhilarating to youth, but not especially pleasant to the aged and infirm, whose



VICTOR HOWARD METCALF, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED MR. CORTLEYOU AS SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR—HE WAS FORMERLY MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM CALIFORNIA.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

ideas of motion are restricted to something slower and nearer the earth.

Some years ago, Sir Hiram—who was born in Maine in 1840, and knighted in England in 1901—visited Madison Square Garden, in New York, on the occasion of a six-day bicycle race. The speed of the motor cycles interested him greatly, and he expressed the belief that the construction of light, high-power engines, as developed in the motor cycle, would ultimately go far toward solving the problem of aerial navigation.

The gigantic merry-go-round shown in this illustration is now operating in the southern suburbs of London, and is to

be duplicated at several amusement resorts in or near the British capital.

Attorney-General Moody.

THE new Attorney-General of the United States, William Henry Moody, successor to Mr. Knox, is an interesting man. Political preferment seems to seek him out for its favors. About twenty years ago John D. Long delivered a political address in Essex County, Massachusetts. The man who occupied the chair on that occasion, and who introduced Mr. Long to his audience, was William Henry Moody. Who would have



JAY GOULD, SECOND SON OF GEORGE GOULD, NOW TAKING A COURSE IN THE COLUMBIA LAW SCHOOL.—HE ANNUALLY TRAVELS OVER HIS FATHER'S LINES TO STUDY RAILROADING.

From a photograph by Pach, Lakewood.

prophesied that Mr. Moody would one day succeed Mr. Long as Secretary of the Navy?

Moody in the beginning was a farmer. He went from the plow to school, from school to the law, and from law to statesmanship, winning the admiration of a President able and willing to name him a Cabinet officer. He served his party and his country well as Secretary of the Navy. His transfer to the Department of Justice is understood to be due to the fact that the Attorney-General's port-folio is more congenial to his temperament.

Public life is not a novelty with him. He served four terms as a Congressman from Massachusetts, and Speaker Reed, that astute ruler who measured men with a careful eye, put him on the committee on appropriations.

If President Roosevelt is re-elected in November, he will doubtless continue Mr. Moody as a member of his official family.

Victor Howard Metcalf.

THE new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who will take up the work of the department organized by his predecessor,

George B. Cortelyou, is a Western lawyer who got his training in the East. Mr. Metcalf was graduated from Yale in 1876, practiced law in New York for two years, and left for the West to "grow up with the country." He settled in Oakland, California, across the bay from San Francisco, progressed in the law, and created for himself a clientèle that made him a power in local politics. That he is fitted to undertake the work before him as Secretary of Commerce and Labor, there seems to be no doubt. His relations with organized labor have always been agreeable, and no act of his legal career indicates that he is biased one way or the other with reference to the ques-

tions that will come properly within his jurisdiction.

Secretary Metcalf belongs to the strenuous school of American statesmen, being more athletic than even the President. At Yale he pulled a strong oar in the crew for three years. He sits in the saddle like a frontiersman, preferring the open country and a long-stride gallop to the single-steppers of the city parks. When Mr. Metcalf mounts his horse it is to cover distance and inhale ozone. When he is not riding afield he is hunting, and when not rowing he is casting for brook trout in the rifles. He is a comparatively young man to have reached so high a place in pub-



KINGDON GOULD, ELDEST SON OF GEORGE GOULD, WHO IS PREPARING UNDER A PRIVATE TUTOR TO ENTER THE SCHOOL OF MINES IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY THIS MONTH.

From a photograph by Pach, Lakeview.

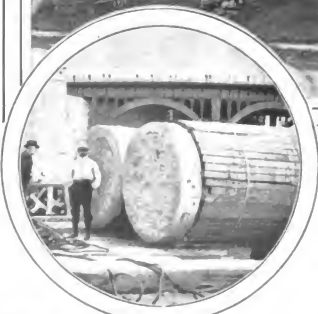
lie life, being fifty years old—the same age as Mr. Moody's—unmarried, the father of two sons, one of whom is a midshipman at Annapolis. Prior to his selection for Cabinet honors he was Congressman from the Third California District, which he has represented since 1899.

Mrs. Metcalf is a gracious entertainer,

and is expected to contribute not a little to the social life of the capital.

George Gould's Sons.

KINGDON GOULD, the eldest son of George Gould, will present himself for admission to the School of Mines in Co-



TWO OF THE CATHEDRAL PILLARS JUST LANDED ON A NORTH RIVER DOCK.

THE BUILDING OF NEW YORK'S EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL—THE PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED ON THESE TWO PAGES SHOWS THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WORK.—

lumbia University this month. He has been studying industriously since last year, when he passed a preliminary examination with a high rating.

Kingdon Gould, who is seventeen years of age, has spent a great deal of time traveling over his father's railroad lines. Upon these trips he is usually accompanied by his brother, Jay Gould,



—ON THE LEFT IS THE BELMONT CHAPEL, NOW NEARLY COMPLETED; TO THE RIGHT STANDS THE FIRST OF THE GREAT PILLARS OF THE CHOIR, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN SET IN PLACE. THERE WILL BE EIGHT OF THESE PILLARS, AND EACH WILL COST TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. THE BUILDERS WILL NEXT PROCEED WITH THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CHOIR.

who is to take a course in the Columbia Law School while Kingdon is at work in the mining department. In order to make these railroad trips instructive, the boys' father has his car equipped with the best maps and diagrams, both geographical and engineering, and with them he presents to his boys the problems of the railroad business. They learn the

importance of each step in the opening of new country, the character of the sections passed through, and the population and industries of cities along the Gould lines. Mr. Gould holds to the theory of his father that railroading is an exact science, a mathematical problem in its every phase. He has inculcated these beliefs in his boys, and when they



ALTON B. PARKER, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES, WITH HIS GRANDSON, ALTON PARKER HALL, ON THE VERANDA OF HIS HOME AT ESOPUS, NEW YORK.

From a stereograph copyrighted, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

have attained their majority they will no doubt be ready to take up the reins, and to drive steel rails into any available wilderness that may be left unimproved by their distinguished sire. They are being educated along the lines that have fitted so many American boys in all walks

of life to undertake the tasks that confront the new generation.

New York's Greatest Cathedral.

On the 27th of June, six men, with a set of steel pulleys, twenty-four strands



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS, REPUBLICAN NOMINEES FOR THE PRESIDENCY AND VICE-PRESIDENCY—PHOTOGRAPHED AT MR. ROOSEVELT'S SUMMER HOME, OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK.

From a stereograph copyrighted, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

of three-quarter-inch steel rope, and a stationary engine, gathered at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights—the Acropolis of New York, as it has been aptly called—and in forty-five minutes lifted into place a ninety-ton pillar of polished granite.

With the exception of the Obelisk in Central Park, it was the largest and heaviest stone ever set in the United States. Eight more of these huge monoliths were subsequently installed. They will support the roof of the cathedral choir, the eastern portion of the



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN, WHO RETIRES FROM THE COMMAND OF THE DIVISION OF THE ATLANTIC, OCTOBER 1, TO TAKE COMMAND IN THE PHILIPPINES.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

building now being constructed on the site of what is to be one of the world's greatest monuments to Christianity.

The work of lifting this stately edifice was begun thirteen years ago, and may continue into the middle of the present

century. For four or five years the huge central piers of masonry have stood, bare, gaunt, and unfinished, upon the ridge that overlooks the northern part of the metropolis. There was a long delay in procuring the great granite pillars for the choir. Only at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars for each column were they finally obtained from quarries at Vinal Haven, Maine; and there was further difficulty in preparing the apparatus for their erection. It was found necessary to bring a special ship-load of huge pine-trunks from Oregon, by way of Cape Horn, in order to make a derrick tall and strong enough to lift them into place. Add to the original cost of each pillar five thousand dollars for transportation, and about a quarter of a million dollars is represented in this double row of lofty granite sentinels.

The total cost of the cathedral will probably be at least twenty millions of dollars. It may give the reader some idea of the size of the building to know that the famous cathedral at Cologne is smaller, while Notre Dame is but two thirds as large. In every respect the church that will some day stand completed on the heights of Morningside is a marvelous creation, beautiful in its interior and stately in its lines.

The Belmont Memorial Chapel, which is now almost finished, and which appears in the view of the cathedral on pages 872 and 873, shows the general style and coloring of the outer walls. This will be the easternmost extension of the building, occupying the center of a great semicircular chevet of seven chapels.

Funston Gets His Reward.

By command of the President, Brigadier-General Funston, who captured Aguinaldo, commanded the party that entered Calumpit after swimming the Bagbag River, and otherwise distinguished himself in the Philippines, has been

transferred from the Department of the Columbia to command the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island. This department has been vacant ever since the new army divisions were established, having been under the charge of Major-General Corbin, as part of his command, the Division of the Atlantic. It is generally regarded as the most desirable of all the departments.

Colonel Constant Williams, of the Twenty-Sixth Infantry, has received the single star of a brigadier-general, and will succeed Funston in the Department of the Columbia. These changes of station go into effect on October 1, when General Corbin will leave for the Philippines to take supreme command there, Major-General Wade, now in charge of the archipelago, returning to the United States to exchange places with him.

Brigadier-General Frederiek Funston's career has been one of the most interesting in the army records of this

country. He is essentially a fighting man, born in Ohio thirty-nine years ago, reared in Kansas, and since he came to manhood a seeker after adventure in the wildest places of the world. He fought with the Cuban insurgents against the Spaniards, and when the United States espoused the cause of the islanders he got into the war as a colonel of Kansas volunteers. Ordered to the Philippines, he performed the daring feats that drew him to the attention of President McKinley and gave him the good will of President Roosevelt, who commissioned him a brigadier in the regular service. He is the youngest man on the list of generals, and in due course of promotion he will one day rise to the head of the army.

A Woman in Politics.

WHEN the Republican delegates from the State of Idaho arrived in Chicago for the recent national convention, a businesslike, forceful little woman



MRS. J. B. WEST, OF IDAHO, THE FIRST WOMAN IN AMERICAN POLITICS TO BE SEATED AS A DELEGATE TO A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

From a photograph.

stepped off the train with her masculine colleagues. With some well defined ideas on government in her head, and a generous supply of convention clothes in her trunk, she made herself comfortable pending the announcement of the open-

Mrs. West began her active interest in American politics in 1891, two years after her marriage to J. B. West, a Tennessee lawyer. The young couple moved into Idaho, where Mrs. West became identified with the woman's suf-



ION PERDICARIS, CAPTURED WITH CROMWELL VARLEY IN THE SUBURBS OF TANGIER, MOROCCO, BY RAISULI THE BANDIT, AND FINALLY RESTORED TO LIBERTY AFTER AMERICA AND ENGLAND THREATENED THE SULTAN WITH A DISPLAY OF GUNBOATS ON THE COAST OF MOROCCO.

Drawn by W. M. Berger, from a photograph.

ing of the convention. When she filed into the hall and took her seat with the Idaho delegates, the oldest Republican war-horses within view turned about, craned their necks, and "wanted to know." The cause for their query was Mrs. J. B. West, of Lewiston, Idaho, the first woman in the United States to receive her credentials as a delegate to a national convention—a distinction that many of her sex failed to see.

frage movement that has made such headway in that State. She became a factor to be reckoned with in municipal, State, and national politics, always faithful to the Republican party.

Mrs. West is a graduate of the Grant Memorial University at Athens, Tennessee. Even the professional party spellbinders admit that she is a vigorous and skilful speaker and campaigner for any cause or candidate that may have the



MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE, WIFE OF THE GREAT LIBRARY-GIVING SCOTSMAN WHO MADE HIS MILLIONS IN AMERICAN STEEL AND IRON.

From a photograph by Barnett, London

good fortune to enlist her influence and approval.

The Release of Perdicaris.

On the night of May 18, in the suburbs of Tangier, Morocco, a tribal chief,

known as Raisuli, with one hundred of his adherents, surrounded the residence of Ion Perdicaris, seized him and his step-son, Cromwell Varley, and dashed off into the fastnesses of the mountains. Both of the captured gentlemen wore evening dress; but before departing for

the hills Raisuli, having respect for old age, permitted Mr. Perdicaris to don an overcoat. Mr. Varley, it seems went as he was.

The object of this raid on the peace and quiet of the Tangier suburbanites

American and British governments respectively, of which they were loyal subjects. Diplomatic notes were uttered by various diplomatic persons, and the waters around Morocco began to boil with the rush of despatch-boats. The Sultan's



REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM KNICKERBOCKER VAN REYPEN, WHO SUCCEEDS CLARA BARTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS SOCIETY.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

was, first of all, to show in what contempt Raisuli held the local basha, the Sultan's representative, against whom he had long nursed a grievance. The brigand chief demanded, as ransom for his prisoners, the release of his tribesmen imprisoned at Tangier and elsewhere; the dismissal of the basha, and the payment by the family of the basha of some seventy thousand dollars; the freedom of Raisuli's district from taxation—which meant complete independence of the Sultan's control—and a full pardon for the kidnapers.

In the mean time Messrs. Perdicaris and Varley were being considered by the

troops noisily prepared to go forth and destroy Raisuli, but the bold brigand, always accompanied by Messrs. Perdicaris and Varley, moved a few notches higher in the hills and hurled back defiance.

It was then that John Hay, Secretary of State of the United States penned the following cablegram to his majesty the Sultan of Morocco:

"We want Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead."

The effect was electrical. Raisuli came down from the hills, spent three hours in exchanging compliments with the representatives of the Sultan, got his money and concessions, delivered Messrs.

Perdicaris and Varley, a little thinner, but pleased to be alive and at liberty, and scuttled away to his headquarters, where he gave thanks to Allah and went to sleep on his sheepskin.

Andrew Carnegie's Adviser.

WHENEVER the laird of Skibo makes up his mind to give away a library, he asks Mrs. Carnegie what she thinks about it. If Mrs. Carnegie disapproves, the laird changes his mind. Those who know the great Scottish ironmaster are prone to forget that a great proportion of his charities and much of his life is swayed by the will of the demure little woman who before her marriage to the foremost of the living captains of industry was Miss Louise Whitfield of New York. The wedding occurred in 1887, when Mr. Carnegie was much less famous than he has since become.

The Carnegies have but one child, little Margaret, who will be a great heiress in spite of all the millions that her father has given away. They have twice entertained the King of England at Skibo, but both in Scotland and in New York it is true that they prefer to avoid society in the ordinary sense of the word, and devote most of their time to their intimate friends and those strangers who are honestly concerned in the philanthropic schemes to which Andrew Carnegie is devoting the evening of his life in an industrious but only partially successful effort to "die poor," as he has so captivantly remarked.

The Reappearance of Galliffet.

FRANCE is again being entertained by General the Marquis Gaston Alexandre Auguste Galliffet, the dashing soldier whose last conspicuous public appearance was as minister of war five years ago, at the time of the famous retrial of the Dreyfus case. The general just at present is turning his batteries upon the press of Paris, with which he has long quarreled. He sums the situation up as follows:

"We live in an age of scoundrels, and the press is their Barnum."

The general is seventy-five, and still terrible. Fifty years ago he was at the siege of Sebastopol, and in the Italian campaign of 1859 he was wounded four times. At Puebla, in Mexico, four years later, a portion of his stomach was shot away, and he has since slept upright in a chair. But no physical disability could keep him at home so long as a horse

could carry him to the front. He saw much guerrilla fighting with the recalcitrant Arabs of Algeria, and in the "terrible year" of 1870 he had to surrender with Louis Napoleon's beaten army at Sedan. In victory or in defeat, he has always been a fighter without fear and without reproach.

Clara Barton's Successor.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM KNICKERBOCKER VAN REYPEN, recently chosen as president of the American National Red Cross Society—succeeding Clara Barton, who had held the position since the society's organization in 1881—has long been identified with the work of mercy in time of war. He was the American delegate to the international Red Cross conference in St. Petersburg two years ago.

Admiral Van Reypen served in the United States navy for forty years in various official grades. He was surgeon-general from 1897 to the time of his retirement in 1902. Among his achievements in the name of humanity is the ambulance ship *Solace*, which he designed, fitted out, and brought to a high state of perfection. It was the first experiment of the kind ever attempted, and it set a standard that has since been approved by the navies of the world.

The Head of the English Church.

SELDOM does America welcome a more distinguished visitor than the Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who will probably be in the United States when this reaches the reader. Never before has an English archbishop set foot in the land where there exists a great and influential communion that traces its origin to the church of which Dr. Davidson is the head, and that is practically one with it in faith, ritual, and practise.

Archbishop Davidson is a typical representative of the traditions of the established church of England. He was secretary to two of the most eminent of the recent Archbishops of Canterbury, Tait and Benson, and he married a daughter of the former. When Dr. Benson died, the place was offered to Dr. Davidson, but he declined it on the ground of ill health, and took a less onerous post as chaplain to Queen Victoria. Later, however, having regained his strength, he was appointed Bishop of Winchester, from which see he was translated to Canterbury when Archbishop Temple died, in 1903.

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

WHEN Des Ageaux, Lieutenant-Governor of Périgord, is bidden by his master, King Henry IV of France, to put down the peasant uprising in and around Vlaye, he seeks aid from the Duke of Joyeuse, who is under some obligations to him. In a moment of pique the duke declines to help him, then thinks better of it, and in his characteristically reckless way sets out alone after Des Ageaux, who has gone to the scene of the uprising to look over the ground. The peasants, known as Crocans, have been driven to revolt through the cruelty and exactions of M. de Vlaye, a soldier of fortune, who is betrothed to the Abbess of Vlaye, Odette de Villeneuve, daughter of the Vicomte de Villeneuve, an impoverished old nobleman who is living in seclusion with his hump-backed son, Roger, and his younger daughter, Bonne, both of whom he despises and derides. His other son, Charles, has been driven from home by the old man's taunts, and has joined the Crocans. While seeking Des Ageaux, the Duke of Joyeuse stops at the Villeneuve château, where he finds some of Vlaye's men in possession, guarding the young Countess of Rochechouart, whom their master privately intends to compel to marry him, thinking thereby to better his fortunes. Not suspecting the duke's identity, Vlaye's troopers are impertinent to him, whereupon he kills their leader in a duel and is himself grievously wounded. The other soldiers recognize him when they remove the mask he wears, and after giving him every attention, send word to Vlaye. Before the latter can arrive, however, Des Ageaux appears on the scene with a small band of followers, and, becoming cognizant of the true state of affairs, overpowers Vlaye's men, and with the duke, the countess, and the Villeneuves, seeks safety in flight. He escorts them to the Crocan encampment, depending upon his mastery of the half-savage peasants to keep the upper hand.

The abbess, planning to help Vlaye—her betrothed husband—volunteers to care for the Duke of Joyeuse, who thinks her only a simple nun. Des Ageaux has a hot argument with the peasants, over the disposal of a prisoner, a captured trooper of Vlaye's, ending in his promise to have the man up for trial next day. Meanwhile the prisoner disappears, although the peasants do not know it. To add to the gravity of the situation, the Crocans demand hostages for the pledges Des Ageaux has made, and will not be satisfied with any other than himself and the little countess. Thinking it will be only a matter of three or four days until reinforcements reach him, Des Ageaux consents, to the strong dissatisfaction of the rest of his party.

XV.

AN hour later the lieutenant was with the duke in his quarters.

"It is a question of four days, then?" Joyeuse said, as he painfully moved himself on his litter.

They had made him as comfortable as they could, screening the head of his couch, which was towards the hut door, with a screen of wattle. Against one wall, if wall that could be called which was of like make with the screen, ran a low bench of green turves, and on this Des Ageaux was seated.

"Of four days—and nights," the lieutenant made answer, masking a slight shiver. He was not thinking of his own position, but of the young countess; whose fears, and the courage with which she controlled them, were no secret to him. "To-day is Saturday. The countess' men should be here by Monday; your

men, M. de Joyeuse, by Wednesday. All will be well then; and I doubt not with such support we can handle the Captain of Vlaye. But until then we run a double risk."

"Of Vlaye, of course."

"And of our own people, if anything should occur to exasperate them."

Joyeuse laughed recklessly.

"*Vogue la galère!*" he cried. "The plot grows thicker. I came for adventure and I have it. Ah, man, if you had lived within the four walls of a convent!"

Des Ageaux shook his head. He knew the wanton courage of the man, who, sick and helpless, found joy in the peril that surrounded them. But he was very far from sharing the feeling. The dangers that threatened the party lay very heavy on the man who was responsible for them all. The tremors of the young girl who must share his risk that evening, the bitter reproaches of the abbess

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and her father, even the confidence that Bonne's eyes rather than her lips had avowed, all tormented him; so that it insulted his reason to see this man reveling in that which troubled him so sorely.

"I fancy, my lord," he said, a faint note of resentment in his tone, "that if you had had to face these rogues this morning, you had been less confident this evening."

"Were they so spiteful?" The duke raised himself on his elbow. "Well, I say again you made a mistake. You should have run the spokesman through the throat! *Ca! Sa!*" He made a pass through the air. "And trust me, the rest of the knaves——"

"Might have left none of us alive to tell the tale!" the lieutenant retorted.

"I don't know that."

"But I do know it!" Des Ageaux replied. "And I must beg you, my lord, to be guided in this. I am more than grateful for the generous impulse which led you to repent your denial of aid; but I confess I had been more glad if you had brought a couple of hundred spears with you. As it is, the least imprudence may cost us more than our own lives, and you should know it!"

"The least imprudence?"

"Certainly."

The duke laughed softly, at nothing that appeared.

"So!" he said. "The least imprudence might, might it? The least imprudence!" And then, suddenly sobered, he fixed his eyes on the lieutenant. "But what of letting your prisoner go, eh? What of that? Was not that an imprudence, most wise Solomon?"

"A very great one!" De Ageaux replied with a sigh.

"What shall you do when to-morrow morning they claim his trial?"

"What I can," the lieutenant answered, frowning and sitting more erect. "See that the countess returns early to this side; where the Bat must make the best dispositions he can for your safety. Meanwhile, I shall be making them see reason if I can."

"Lord," the duke said with genuine gusto, "I wish I were in your place!"

"I wish you were," Des Ageaux replied. "And still more that I had the rogue by the leg again."

"Do you?"

"Do I?" the lieutenant repeated in astonishment. "I do indeed. The odds are they will maintain that we released him on purpose, and dearly we may pay for it!"

For a moment the duke, flat on his back, looked thoughtful.

"Umph!" he said then. "You think so? But you were always a croaker, Des Ageaux, and you are making the worst of it! Still—you would like to lay your hand on him, would you?"

"I would indeed!"

The duke rose on his elbow.

"Would you mind giving me—I am a little cold—that cloak?" he said. "No"—as Des Ageaux moved to do it—"not that one under your hand; the small one. Thank you. I——"

He could not finish. He was shaking with laughter, which he vainly tried to repress. Des Ageaux stared, offended.

"What have I done to amuse you so much, my lord?" he asked coldly, as he rose.

"Much and little," the duke answered, still shaking.

"Much or little," Des Ageaux retorted, "you will do yourself no good by laughing so violently. If your wound, my lord, sets to bleeding again——"

"Pray for the soul of Henry, Duke of Joyeuse, Count of Bouchage!" the duke replied lightly.

Yet on the instant, and by a transition so abrupt as to sound incredible to men of these days, he composed his face, groped for his rosary, and began to say his offices. The suddenness of the change, the fervor of his manner, the earnestness of his voice, astonished the lieutenant intimately as he knew this strange man. Awhile he waited, then he rose and made for the door.

But Joyeuse—not the duke of three minutes before, but Frère Ange of the Capuchin convent, stopped him with a movement of his eyes.

"And why not," said he, "to-day as well as to-morrow? No man need be afraid to die who prepares himself; the soldier above all, lieutenant, for the true secret of courage is to repent. Aye, to repent," he continued in a voice sweet, wondrous, and thrilling, and with a look in his eyes strangely gentle and compelling. "Friend, are you prepared? Have you confessed lately? If not, kneel down! Kneel, man, and let us say a dozen Aves, and a couple of Paternosters! It will be no time wasted," he continued anxiously. "No man has sinned more than I have, yet I face death like one in a thousand! And why? Why, man? Because it is not I, but——"

But there are things too high for the level of our narrative. The character of this man was so abnormal, he played

his alternate rôles with so much enthusiasm, that without such a passing glimpse of his rarer side—that side which led him, in the intervals of wild revelry, to dying beds and sick men's couches—but one half of him could be understood. Not that he was alone in the possession of this strange trait. It was a characteristic of the age to combine the most flagrant sins with the strictest observances; and a few, like M. de Joyeuse, added to both a real, if intermittent, and perhaps hysterical, repentance.

On this occasion it was not long before he showed his other face. The abbess, after waiting outside and fretting much—for she had returned to the purpose momentarily abandoned, and the length of the interview alarmed her—won entrance at last. She exchanged a cold greeting with the departing lieutenant, and took his place, book in hand, on the green bench.

For a while there was silence between them. She had so far played her part successfully. The duke knew not whether to call her saint or woman; and that he might remain in that doubt she left it to him to speak. At the same time she left it to him to look; for she knew that bending thus at her devotions she appeared most striking to his jaded senses. And he, for a time, was mute also; so much he gave to the scene just ended.

It is possible that the silence was prolonged by the opportunity of considering her at leisure which she was careful to afford him. He was still weak, the better side of him was still uppermost; and handsome as she was, he saw her through a medium of his own, in a halo of meekness and goodness and purity. Thus viewed, she fell in with his higher mood, was a part of it, prolonged it. A time would come, would most certainly come, when one of the wildest libertines of his day would see her otherwise, and in the woman forget the saint. But it had not yet come. And the abbess with her pure, cold profile bent over her book, and with her thoughts apparently in heaven she knew also that her time had not yet come.

Though her face betrayed nothing, she was still in an angry mood. She had gained nothing by the altercation with Des Ageaux; and though the simplicity which he had betrayed in his dealings with the peasants excited her boundless contempt—he to pit himself against M. de Vlaze!—the peril which it brought upon all heightened that contempt to anger. If the peril had been his only,

or had included none but the countess, if it had threatened those only whom she could so well spare, and towards whose undoing her brain was hour by hour busy, then indeed she could have borne it well, and gaily. But the case was otherwise.

She regretted that she had not bowed to her first impulse in the chapel and called to M. de Vlaze, and gone to him—aye, gone to him empty-handed as she was, without the triumph of which she had dreamed. For the jeopardy in which she and all her family now stood put her in a dilemma. If the lieutenant kept faith with the peasants, and all went well, it would go ill with her lover. If, on the contrary, M. des Ageaux failed to restrain the peasants, it might go ill with herself.

It came always to this—she must win over the duke. With his hundred and fifty horse due to arrive on the Wednesday, added to the larger support which he could summon if it were necessary, and his favor at court, he was by far the most formidable of the allies against Vlaze. Detach him, and the lieutenant with his handful of riders, backed though he might be by the countess' men, and the peasant rout might fail—nay, would be very likely to fail. It came back, then, always to this—she must win the duke.

As she pondered, with her eyes on her book, as she confronted again and anew this resolution, the noises of the camp, the Bat's sharp word of command—for he had fallen imperturbably to drilling, as if that were the one thing necessary—the *ricomte's* querulous voice, and the more distant babel of the peasants' quarter, added weight to her thoughts. And then on a sudden an alien sound broke the current. The man lying beside her laughed.

She glanced at him, startled for the moment out of her rôle. The duke was shaking with laughter. Their eyes met, and confused, not understanding, she rose.

"My lord," she said, half offended, "what is it? What—"

"A rare joke," he answered. "I was loath to interrupt your thoughts, fair sister, but—" He fell to laughing again.

"You will injure yourself, my lord," she said, chiding him, "if you laugh so violently."

"Oh, but—" The litter shook under him.

"At least," she said, with a look more tender and less saintly than she had yet

permitted herself, "you will tell me what it is! What——"

"Raise that—the cloak!" he said. He pointed with his hand. "Remove it, I mean, and you will see!"

She obeyed, and recoiled with a low cry, the cloak in her hand.

"*Mon dieu!*" she cried in a low voice, with the color gone from her cheeks. "Who—who is he?"

The man her act had revealed rose from his hiding-place, his face whiter than hers, his haggard, shifty eyes betraying his terror.

"My lord," he cried, "you will not betray me! My lord, you passed your word——"

"Pah, coward, be silent!" the duke answered. He turned to the abbess, his eyes dancing. "Do you know him?" he asked.

"He is M. de Vlaye's man," she said. "The prisoner!"

She was pale, and frowned, her hands pressed to her breast.

"Whom they are so anxious to hang!" the duke replied, chuckling. "And whom Des Ageaux is so anxious to have under his hand! Ha, ha! Those were his words! Under his hand! When he touched the cloak I thought I should have died. And you, rascal, what did you think? You thought you were going to die, I'll be sworn!"

"My lord, my lord!" the man faltered, holding out imploring hands.

"Aye, I'll wager you did!" Joyeuse replied. "Wished you had let me confess you then, I'll be sworn! He'd not have it, good sister, when I offered it, because it was too like the end—the rope and the tree!"

"My lord! My lord!" Fear had driven all but those two words from the man's mouth.

And certainly, if man ever had ground for fear, he had. In that hut of wattle open to the sky, open in a dozen places to the curious eye, he had heard the voices, the cries, the threats, of his pursuers. The first that entered must see him, even if this mad lord, who played with his life as lightly as he had in the beginning shielded it, did not summon them to take him. Verily, as he stood, the cloak plucked from him, every opening in the hut's woven walls an eye, he tasted the bitterness of death. And in the amused face of his protector, in the girl's cold, frowning gaze, what of sympathy, of feeling, of pity! Not a jot! Not a sign! To the one a jest, to the other a peril, he was to neither akin.

So, at least, it seemed; but a few seconds saw a change. The abbess, in the first flush of amazement, had come dangerously near to forgetting her rôle. Under other circumstances the trembling wretch before her might have claimed and gained her sympathy, for he was one of Vlaye's men; at any rate, his punishment by Des Ageaux would have added one more to the list of the lieutenant's offenses. But as it was, she saw in him only a root, as long as he lay hidden, of utmost peril to all her party; a thing to be cast instantly to the wolves, if she and those who rode in the chariot with her were to escape. Her first feeling, therefore—and her face must have betrayed it had the duke looked at her at the first—had been one of fierce repulsion; her natural impulse, the impulse to call for help and give the man up.

But in time, with a shock of the mind that turned her hot, she remembered. The duke was not one to see his will, or his whims, thwarted lightly. And she, the saint, whose book of offices still lay where it had fallen at her feet, she to lend herself to harshness! Hurriedly she forced words to her lips, and did what she could to match her face to their meaning.

"My lord, blessed are the merciful," she murmured. "You who"—her words stuck a little—"have been spared so lately, should be mercy itself."

"Aye, you are a saint!" the duke said slowly; and he looked at her, his lips still smiling, but his eyes grave.

He knew—was ever Frenchman who did not know?—the value of his own courage. He knew that to act as a mere whim led him to act was not in many, where life was a question; and to see a woman rise thus to his level, aye, and rise in a moment and unasked, touched him with a new and ardent admiration. His eyes, as he looked, grew tender.

"You, too, will protect him?" he said. "Who am I that I should do otherwise?" she answered.

She spoke the words so well, she seemed to him an angel, and to the man——

The man fell at her feet, seized the hem of her robe, kissed it, clung to it, sobbed broken words of thanks on it, gave way to transports of gratitude. To him, too, she was an angel.

"I can still give him up if I think better of it," she reflected meanwhile.

The duke watched her with moist eyes, finding that holy, in her case, which in his own had been but a jest, the freak

of a man in love with danger, and proud of seeking it by every road.

"Now, man, to your cloak!" he said presently. "And you, sister," he continued, willing to hear the words again, "you are sure you are not afraid?"

"I am no more afraid," she replied modestly, with downcast eyes and hands crossed upon her breast, "than I was when I stayed alone with you by the river, my lord. There was no other who could stay."

"Say, instead, who dared to stay."

"There is no one else now, who can shelter him."

"*Mon dieu!*" he whispered.

He followed her with his eyes after that, all his impressions confirmed; and as it was rare in those days to find the good also the beautiful, the imprint made on him was deep. She thrilled him as no woman had thrilled him since the days of his boyhood and his first gallantries. His feeling for her elevated him, purified him. As he watched her moving to and fro in his service, an inexpressible content stole over him. Once when she bent to his couch to do him some office, he contrived to touch her hand with his. So might an anchorite have touched the wood of the true Cross—so reverent, so humble, so full of adoration and worship was the touch.

But it was the first step, that touch, and she knew it. She went back to her bench, and, veiling her eyes with her long lashes that he might not read the triumph that shone in them, fell again to her devotions.

There was content in her breast. A little more, a little while, and she would have him at her beck, she would have him on his knees; and then it should not be long before his alliance with Des Ageaux was broken, and his lances sent home! Not long! But meanwhile time pressed. There was the trouble; time pressed, yet she dared not be hasty. He was no simple boy, and one false move might open his eyes. He might see that she was no angel, but of the same clay as those of whom he had had experience all his life.

As she pondered, the near prospect of success set the possibility of failure, through some accident, through some mischance, in a more terrible aspect. She hated the trembling fugitive cowering in his hiding-place behind the duke's bed; she wished he were in the hands of Des Ageaux again. The danger of a mutiny on his account, a danger that chilled her despite her courage, would then be at an end.

True, such a mutiny menaced the lieutenant in the first place and the countess in the second; and she could spare them. But she could not be sure that it would go no farther. She could not be sure that its burning breath would not lap all in the camp. Had she been sure—that had been another matter; and behold, as she thought of this, from some cell of the brain leaped, full-grown, a plan wicked enough, cruel enough, to shock even her, but very clever if it could be safely executed!

She had little doubt that Des Ageaux would overcome the difficulty of the morning and succeed in persuading the peasants that he had no part in the escape of the prisoner. If he so succeeded, what would happen if it leaked out later that the prisoner had been hidden all the time in the lieutenant's hut? Particularly if it leaked out at a time when the lieutenant and the countess lay in the peasants' power, in the peasants' camp—and for choice after the arrival of the first batch of spears had secured the rest of the party from danger? What would happen to Des Ageaux and the countess in that event?

It was a black thought. The beautiful face, bent over the book of offices, grew perceptibly harder. But what better fate did they deserve who took on themselves to mar and meddle? Who incited her very brothers, clownish hobbledoys, and her mawkish sister, to rise up against her and against him? If fault there was, the fault lay with those who threw down the glove. The lieutenant was come for naught else but her lover's destruction; and if he fell into the pit that he digged for another, he could blame himself only. As for the girl, the white-faced, puling child, whose help M. de Vlaye's enemies were driving him to seek—for no other motive would the abbess acknowledge—if she with her castles and her wealth, her lands and horse and foot, could not protect herself, the issue was her affair! Of a surety it was not her rival's!

The abbess's breath came a little quickly, a fine dew stood on her white forehead. The duke, watching her, wondered in an enthusiasm of piety what prayer it was that so stirred that angelic breast, what aspirations for the good of her sinning and suffering fellows swelled that saintly bosom. A vision of ascetic life with her, of holy books read page by page in her company, of the good and the noble pursued under cloistered yews with her, of an order such as the modern church had

never seen, wrapped him for a few blissful minutes from the cold, lower world of sense.

XVI.

THE abbess was not present that evening when the hostages transferred themselves to the peasants' side of the camp. Had she witnessed the scene she had found grave matter for thought. Hard as he had struggled against the surrender, the lieutenant struggled almost as hard, now it was inevitable, to put a good face on it, and to treat it as a form devoid of importance. But his easy word and laugh, and casual orders, fell flat in face of a crowd so watchful and so ominously silent that it was useless to pretend that the step was no more than a change from a hut in this part to a hut in that.

He who knew that he must, in the morning, face the men and deny them their prisoner, understood this only too well. But the downcast faces of his troopers, and the furtive glances of the *vicomte's* party, were evidence that they also recognized it; nor did the peasants, who fell in beside the two when they started, and accompanied them in an ever-growing mob, seem unaware of the fact. The movement was their triumph; a sign of victory to the dumbest as he ran and stared, and ran again.

Some, indeed, there were who stood aloof and eyed what went forward with disfavor; but two of the *vicomte's* party, who saw among these the men whom the lieutenant had denounced in the morning—the tall, light-eyed fanatic, and the dwarf—held this the worst sign of all. Had it lain in their power, they would even at that late hour have striven to call back their friends.

Those two were Roger and his younger sister. With what feelings they saw Des Ageaux and the young countess ride away together to share a solitude full of danger and of alarm, may be more easily imagined than described. But this is certain; whatever pangs of jealousy gnawed at Bonne's heart or reddened her brother's cheek, neither forgot the bargain they had made on the hillside, or wished their rival aught but a safe deliverance.

As it was, could the one or the other, by the lifting of a finger, have injured the person who stood in their way, they had not lifted it or desired to lift it. But—to be in her place! To be in his place! To share that solitude and that peril! To know that round them lay half a

thousand savages, ready at the first sign of treachery to take their lives, and yet to know that to the other it was bliss to be there—this, to the two who remained in the *vicomte's* huts and gave their fancy rein, seemed happiness. Yet were they sorely anxious; anxious in view of the abiding risk of such a situation, more anxious in view of the crisis that must come when the peasants learned that the prisoner had escaped. Nevertheless, they did not talk of this, even to each other.

If Roger kept vigil that night, his sister did not know it. And if Bonne, whose secret was her own, started and trembled at every sound—and such a camp as that bred many a sound, and some alarming ones—she told no one. But when the first gray light fell thin on the basin in the hills, disclosing here the shapeless mass of a hut, and there only the dark background of the encircling ridge, her pale face, as she peered from her lodging, confronted Roger's as he paced the turf outside. The same thought, the same fear, was in the mind of brother and sister, and had been since earliest cockerow; and for Roger's part he was not slow to confess it.

Presently they found that there was another whom care kept waking. A moment, and the Bat's lank form loomed through the mist. He found the two standing side by side; and the old soldier's heart warmed to them. He nodded his comprehension.

"The risk will not be yet awhile," he said. "He will send the lady back before he tells them. I doubt"—he shrugged his shoulders with a glance at Bonne—"if she has had a bed of roses this night."

Bonne sighed involuntarily.

"At what hour do you think she will be back?" Roger asked.

"My orders are to send six riders for her half an hour after sunrise."

"A little earlier were no worse," Roger returned, his face flushing slightly as he made the suggestion.

"Nor better," the Bat replied dryly. "Orders are given to be obeyed, young sir."

"And the rest of your men?" Bonne asked timidly. "They will go to support M. des Ageaux as soon as she arrives, I suppose?"

The Bat read amiss the motive that underlay her words.

"Have no fear, *mademoiselle*," he said. "We shall see to your safety. You know the lieutenant little if you think he will look to his own before he has insured

that of others. My lady the countess once back with us, not a man is to stir from here. And with the bank behind us, it will be hard if with a score of pikes we cannot push back the first attack of such a crew as this!"

"But you do not mean," Bonne cried, her eyes alight, "that you are going to leave M. des Ageaux alone—to face those savages?"

"Those are my orders," the Bat replied gently; for the girl's face, scarlet with protest, negated the idea of fear. "And where the lieutenant commands, *mademoiselle*, orders are made to be obeyed—and are obeyed. Moreover," he continued seriously, "in this case they are common sense, since with a score of pikes something may be done, but with half a score here, and half a score there"—shrugging his shoulders—"nothing! Which no one knows better than my lord!"

"But——"

"The lieutenant allows no 'buts,'" the old soldier answered, smiling at her eagerness. "Were you with him, *mademoiselle*—were you under his orders, I mean—you would soon learn that!"

Poor Bonne was silenced. With a quivering lip she averted her face; and for a few moments no one spoke.

"I wish M. de Joyeuse were on his feet," the Bat said finally. "He is worth a dozen men in such a pinch as this!"

"The sun is up!" Roger proclaimed.

"Ah!"

"How will you know when half an hour is over?"

The Bat raised his eyebrows.

"I can guess it within two or three minutes," he said. "There is no hurry for a minute or two."

"No hurry?" Roger retorted. "But the countess—won't she be in peril?"

The Bat looked curiously at him.

"For the matter of that," he said, "we are all in peril; and may be in greater before the day is out. We must take the rough with the smooth, young sir. However—perhaps you would like to make one to fetch her?"

Roger blushed.

"I will go," he said.

"Very good," the old soldier answered.

"I don't know that it is against orders. For you, *mademoiselle*, I fear that I cannot satisfy you so easily. Were I to send you," he continued with a sly smile, "to escort my lord back——"

"Could you not go yourself?" Bonne interrupted, her race reflecting the brightest colors of Roger's blush.

"I, indeed? No, *mademoiselle*, orders! Orders!"

They did not reply. By this time the dense, gray mist, forerunner of heat, had risen and discovered the camp; which here and there stirred and awoke. The open ground about the rivulet, that formed a neutral space between the peasants' hovels and the quarters assigned to the *vicomte*, still showed untenanted, though marred and poached by the trampling of a thousand feet. But about the fringe of the huts which, low and mean as the shops of some oriental bazaar, clustered along the foot of the bank beyond, figures yawned and stretched, gazed up at the morning, or passed bending under infants, to fetch water. Everywhere a rising hum told of renewed life; and behind the *vicomte's* quarters the brisk jingle of bits and stirrups announced that the troopers were saddling.

In those days of filthy streets and foundering, sloughy roads, the great went ever on horseback, if it were but to a house two doors distant. To ride was a sign of rank, no matter how short the journey. Across the street, across the camp it was the same; and Bonne, as she watched Roger and the five troopers proceeding with three led horses across the open, saw nothing strange in the arrangement.

But when some minutes had passed, and the little troop did not emerge again from the ruck of hovels which had swallowed them, Bonne began to quake. Before her fears had time to take shape, however, they appeared, and the anxiety she still felt—for she knew that Des Ageaux was not with them—gave way for a moment to a natural, if jealous, curiosity. How would she look, how would she carry herself, who had but this moment parted from him, who had shared through the night his solitude and his risk, his thoughts, perhaps, and his ambitions? Would happiness or anxiety or triumph be uppermost in her face?

She looked, she saw; her gaze left no shade of color, no tremor of eye or lip unnoticed; and certainly for happiness or triumph she failed to find a trace of either in the countess' face. The young girl, pale and depressed, drooped in her saddle, drooped still more when she stood on her feet. No blush, no smile betrayed remembered words or looks, caresses or promises; and if it was anxiety that clouded her, she showed it strangely. For when she had alighted from her horse she did not wait. Although, as her feet touched the ground, a murmur rose up

from the distant huts, she did not heed it; but, looking neither to right nor left, she hastened to her quarters.

She seemed to be in trouble, and Bonne, melted, would have gone to her; but a sound stayed the girl's steps at the very door. The murmur in the peasants' quarter had risen to a louder note; and borne on this—as treble on bass—came to the ear the shrill screech that tells of fanaticism. Such a sound has terrors for the boldest; for, irrational itself, it deprives others also of reason. It gathers up all that is weak, all that is flighty, all that is cruel, even all that is cowardly, and hurls the whole, imbued with its own qualities, against whatever excites its rage.

Bonne, who had never heard that note before, but who knew by intuition its danger, stood transfixed, staring with terrified eyes at the distant huts. She was picturing what one instant of time, one savage blow, one shot at hazard, might work under that bright morning sky! She saw Des Ageaux alone, hemmed in, surrounded by the ignorant crowd which the enthusiast was stirring to madness! She saw their lowering brows, their cruel countenances, their small, fierce eyes under matted locks; and she looked trembling to the Bat, who, at a few paces from her, was also listening to the shrill, snarling voice.

Had he sworn she had borne it better. But his compressed lips told of a more tense emotion; of fidelity strained to the uttermost. Even this iron man shook, then! Even he to whom his master's orders were heaven's first law felt anxiety! She could bear no more in silence.

"Go!" she murmured. "Oh, go! Surely twenty men mounted might ride through them!"

He did not look at her.

"Orders!" he muttered hoarsely. "Orders!"

The perspiration stood on his brow. She saw that, and that his sinewy hands gripped nail to palm; and as the distant roar gathered volume, and the note of peril in it grew more acute, she spoke again.

"Oh, go!" she cried, holding out her hands to him. "Go! Roger! Some one! Will you let them tear him limb from limb?"

"Orders! Orders!" the Bat still muttered, and though his eye flickered an instant in the direction of the waiting troopers, he set his teeth. And then in a flash, in a second, the roar died down and was followed by silence!

Silence; no one moved, no one spoke. As if fascinated, every eye remained glued to the low, irregular line of huts that hid from sight the inner part of the peasants' camp. What had happened, what was passing there?

On the earthen rampart high overhead were men, Charles among them, who could see, and must know; but so taken up, were the group below, from Bonne to the very troopers, in looking for what was to come, that no one diverted eye or thought to these men who knew.

At this moment either the abrupt cessation of sound, or the subtle excitement in the air, drew the abbess from the duke's hut; but no one noted her appearance, or the duke's pale, eager face peering over her shoulder. What had happened? What had happened behind the line of hovels, under the bright morning sunshine that filled the camp and rendered only more grim the fear, the suspense, the tragedy that darkened all?

Something more than a minute they spent in that absorbed gazing. Then a deep blush dyed Bonne's cheeks. The Bat, who had not sworn, swore. The duke laughed softly. The troopers, if their officer had not raised his hand to check them, would have cheered. Des Ageaux had shown himself in one of the openings that pierced the peasants' town. He was on horseback, giving directions, with gestures on this side and that. A score of naked urchins ran before him, gazing up at him; and a couple of men at his bridle were taking orders from him.

He was safe, he had conquered. And Bonne, uncertain what she had said in her anxiety, but certain that she had said too much, cast a shamed look at the Bat. Fortunately his eye was on the troopers; and it was not his look but her sister's smile that drove the girl from the scene. She remembered the countess; what, in the solitude of her hut, might not the child be suffering? Bonne hastened to her, with the less scruple as the two, it will be remembered, shared a hut.

The impulse that moved her was wholly generous. Yet when her hasty entrance surprised the young girl in the act of rising from her knees, into the embarrassment which momentarily checked her, there entered one gleam of triumph. While the other had prayed for her lover, she had acted! She had acted!

The next moment she quelled the mean, ungenerous thought. The girl before her looked so wan, so miserable, so

forlorn, that it was impossible to think of her hardly, or judge her strictly.

"I am afraid that I scared you," Bonne said, as she stooped and kissed her. "But all is well, I bring you good news! He is safe! And you can see him if you look from the door of the hut!"

She expected that the child would spring to the door, and feast her eyes on the happy assurance of his safety; but the young countess did not move. She stared at Bonne as if she had difficulty in taking in the meaning of her words.

"Safe?" she stammered. "Who is safe?"

"Who?" Bonne ejaculated.

The young girl passed her hand over her brow.

"I am very sorry," she replied humbly. "I did not understand. You said that some one was safe?"

"M. des Ageaux, of course!"

"Of course! I—I am very glad."

"Glad?" Bonne repeated, with indignation she could not control. "Glad? Only that?"

The girl, her lip trembling, her face working, cast a frightened look at her, and then, with a piteous gesture, as if she could no longer control herself, turned away and burst into tears.

Bonne stared. What did it mean? Relief? Joy? The relaxation of nerves too tightly strained? No, none of these; yet she understood. She should have thought of it before. Was it likely, was it possible that this child had yet conceived for Des Ageaux such an affection as casts out fear? It was not she, but he, who had to gain by the marriage, by the alliance; and prepared as she might be to look favorably on his suit, ready as she might be to give her heart, she had not yet given it.

"You are overwrought!" Bonne said, to soothe her. "You have been frightened."

"Frightened!" the girl replied through her sobs. "I shall die, if I have to go through it again! And I have to go through it, I must go through it; and I shall die! Oh, the night I have spent listening and waiting and——" She cowered away, with a stifled scream. "What was that?" Her eyes were wild with terror. "What was that?" she repeated, seizing Bonne, and clinging to her.

"Nothing! Nothing!" Bonne answered gently, seeing, whatever else might be, that the girl was thoroughly shaken and unnerved. "It was only a horse neighing."

The countess controlled her sobs, but her scared eyes, her parted lips and white face, revealed the impression which the suspense of the night had made on one not bold by nature, and supported only by the pride of rank.

"A horse neighing?" she repeated.

"Was it that? Was it only that? I thought"—she shook from head to foot—"if you knew what it was to hear them creeping and crawling, and rustling and whispering, every hour of the night! To fancy them coming, coming, and to sit up gasping! And then to lie down again and wait and wait expecting to feel their hands on your throat! Ah, I tell you"—she hid her face on Bonne's shoulder and clung to her passionately—"every minute was an hour and every hour a day!"

Bonne held the child to her full of pity.

"But he was near you," she ventured presently. "Did not the fact that he was near——"

"Who—M. des Ageaux?"

"Yes. Did not that?"—Bonne spoke with averted eyes; she would know for certain now if the child loved him!—"did not that make you feel safer?"

"One man!" The countess' voice rang almost querulous. "What could one man do? What could he have done if they had come? One man! Besides, they would have killed him first. I did not think of him. I thought of myself. Of my throat!" She clasped it with a sudden movement of her two hands—it was white and very slender. "I thought of that, and the knife, and how it would feel—all night! All night, do you understand? And I could have screamed! I could have screamed every minute. I wonder I did not!"

Bonne saw that the countess had gone to the ordeal and passed through it in the face of a terror that would have turned brave men. And she felt no contempt for her. She saw indeed that the child did not love; for love, as Bonne's maiden fancy painted it, was an all-powerful, impervious armour. She was sure that in the other's place she would have known fear, but it would have been fear on his account, not on her own. She might have shuddered as she thought of the steel, but it would have been the steel at his breast. Whereas the countess—no, the countess did not love!

"And I must go again! I must go again!" the child wailed presently, in the same abandonment of terror. "Oh, how shall I do it? How shall I do it?"

The cry went to Bonne's heart.

"You shall not do it," she said cheer-

fully. "If you feel about it like this, you shall not do it. It is not right nor fit!"

"But I dare not refuse!" The child shook violently as she said it. "I dare not refuse. Afraid, and a Rochechouart! A Rochechouart, and a coward! No, I must die of fear there, or of shame here!"

"Perhaps it may not be necessary," Bonne murmured.

"No? Why, even if my men come to-day, I must go! If they come to-day I must still go to-night; and lie trembling, and starting and dying a death at every sound!"

"But perhaps——"

"Don't! Don't!" the countess cried, moving feverishly in her arms. "And ah, God, I was cold a moment ago and now I am hot! So hot! Let me go." Her parched lips and bright eyes told of the parching fever of fear that ran through her veins. But Bonne still held her.

"Yet it may not be necessary," she murmured. "Tell me, did you see him—M. des Ageaux—after you went from here last night?"

"See him? No! He has his hut and I mine. I see no one! No one!"

"And he does not come to talk to you?"

"Talk? No! Talk! You do not know what it is like! I am alone, I tell you, alone!"

"Then if I were to take your place, he would not find it out?"

The countess started violently—and then was still.

"Take my place?" she echoed in a different tone. "In their camp, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"But you would not," the other retorted. "You would not." And then before Bonne could answer, "What do you mean? Do you mean anything?" she cried, trembling violently. "Do you mean you would go?"

"Yes."

"In my place?"

"Yes, if you will let me," Bonne replied, almost timidly. And she flushed a little, conscience telling her that it was not entirely, not quite entirely for the other's sake that she was willing to do this. "If you will let me, I will go," she continued. "I am bigger than you, but I can stoop, and in a riding-cloak and hood I think I could pass for you."

The countess shivered. The boon was so great, the gift so tremendous—ah, if she could accept it! But she was a Rochechouart. What would men say if

they discovered that she had not gone—that she had let another take her place and run her risk? She pondered with parted lips. If it might be!

"You are not fit to go," Bonne continued. "You will certainly faint or fall. You are ill now!"

"But they will find out!" the countess wailed, hiding her face on Bonne's shoulder. "They will find out!"

"They will not find out," Bonne replied firmly. "And I—why should I not go? You have done one night. I will do one."

"Oh, if you would! But will you—not be afraid?"

"I shall not be afraid, I am sure," Bonne answered confidently. "And no one need know, no one shall know. M. des Ageaux does not talk to you?"

"No. But if it be found out, everybody—ah, I should die of shame! M. Roger, too, and everybody!"

"No one shall know," Bonne answered stoutly. "No one! Besides, you have been once. It is not as if you had not been!"

And the child, with a vivid memory of the night upon her, jumped at that.

"Then I shall go to-morrow night," she said. "I shall go to-morrow night!"

Bonne was clear that she was not fit to go again; but she let that be for the moment.

"That shall be as you wish," she answered comfortably. "We will talk about it to-morrow. For to-night it is settled. And now you must try if you cannot go to sleep. If you do not sleep, you will be ill."

XVII.

To do or not to do? How many a one has turned the question in his mind; this one in the solitude of his locked room, seated with frowning face and eyes fixed on nothingness; that one amid the babble of voices and laughter, masking anxious thought under set smiles. How many a one has viewed the act she meditated this way and that, askance and across, in the hope of making the worse appear the better, and so doing her pleasure with a light heart. Others again, trampling the scruple under foot, have none the less hesitated, counting the cost, and striving to view dispassionately—with eyes which, the thing done, will never see it in that light again—how it will be with them afterwards, how much better outwardly, how much worse inwardly, and so to strike a balance for or against—to do or

not to do! And some with burning eyes, and minds unswervingly bent on the thing they desire, have yet felt hands pluck at them, and something—be it God or the last instinct of good—whispering them to pause—to pause, and not to do!

The abbess pondered; and the duke, reclining in the opening of his hut from which the screen had been drawn back that he might enjoy the air and light, had no better or more accurate notion of her thoughts than the lieutenant's dog sleeping a few paces away. The missal had fallen from her hands and lay in her lap. Her eyes, fixed on the green slope before her, betrayed naught that was not dove-like, while the profound stillness of her form, which permitted the duke to gaze at will, breathed only the peace of the cloister and the altar, the peace that no change of outward things can long disturb. Or so the duke fancied, and, cying her with secret rapture, felt himself uplifted in her presence. He felt that here was a being congenial with his better self, and a beauty as far above the beauty to which he had been a slave all his life as his higher moods rose above his worst excesses.

He had gained strength in the three days which had elapsed since his arrival in the camp. He could now sit up for a short time and even stand, though giddily and with precaution. Nor were these the only changes which the short interval had produced. The countess' thirty spears were here; and directly their presence augmented the safety of the *vicomte's* party. But indirectly and so far as it fed the peasants' suspicions, it had a contrary effect.

The Crocans submitted, indeed, to be drilled, sometimes by the Bat, sometimes by his master; and reasonable orders were not openly disobeyed. But the fear of treachery which a lifetime of ill-usage had instilled, was deepened by the presence of the Rochechouart troopers. The slightest movements on des Ageaux' part were scanned with jealousy. If he conferred too long with the Villeneuve or the countess, men exchanged black looks or muttered in their beards. If he strayed a hundred paces down the valley, a score were at his heels. Nor were there wanting those who, moving secretly between the camp and the savage horde upon the hill kept these apprised of their doubts and fears.

To eyes that could see, the position was critical, even dangerous. Nor was it rendered more easy by a feat of M. de Vlaye's men, who, reconnoitring up to the

gates on the evening when the countess' men arrived, cut off a dozen peasants. The morning light discovered the bodies of six of these hanged on a tree below the Old Crocans' station, and well within view from the ridge about the camp. That the disaster might not have occurred had des Ageaux been in his quarters, instead of being a virtual prisoner, went for nothing. He bore the blame; some even thought him privy to the matter.

From that hour the gloom grew deeper. Everywhere, at all times, the more fanatical or the more suspicious drew together in corners; and while simpler clowns cursed low or muttered of treachery, darker spirits whispered devilish plans. Those who had their eyes open noted the more frequent presence of the Old Crocans, who wandered by twos and threes through the camp; and though these fawned and cringed when Des Ageaux' eye fell on them, or hastened to withdraw themselves, they spat when his back was turned, and with stealthy gestures gave him to hideous deaths.

In a word, fear, like a dark presence, lay upon the camp. To add to the prevailing irritation, the heat was great. The giant earth-wall which permitted the lieutenant to mature his plans and await his reinforcements, shut out the evening breezes. Noon grilled his men as in a frying-pan; all night the air was hot and heavy. The peasants sighed for the cool streams of Brantôme and the voices of the frogs. The troopers, accustomed to lord it and impatient of discomfort, were quick with word and hand, and prone to strike when a blow was as dangerous as a light behind a powder screen. Without was Vlaye, within was fear; while like ravens waiting for the carnage, the filthy horde of Old Crocans on the hill looked down from their *erie*.

No one knew better than the abbess that the least thing might serve for a spark. And she pondered. Not for an hour since its birth had the plan she had imagined been out of her mind; and still—there was so much good in her, so much truth—she recoiled. The two whom she doomed, if she acted, were her enemies; and yet she hesitated. Her own safety, her father's, her sister's, the safety of all her party, those two excepted, was secured in the main by the Rochechouart reinforcement. Only her enemies would perish—and perhaps the poor fool whose presence she must disclose. And yet she could not make up her mind. To do or not to do?

It might suffice to detach Joyeuse. But the time was short, and the duke's opinion of her high; and she shrank from risking it by a premature move. He had placed her on a pinnacle and worshipped her; if she descended from the pinnacle, he might worship no longer. Meantime, if she waited until his troopers rode in, and on their heels a second levy from Rochechouart, it might be too late to act, too late to detach him, too late to save Vlaye. To do or not to do?

A dozen paces from her, old Solomon was pouring garrulous inventions into the ear of the countess' steward; who, dull, faithful man, took all for granted, and gaped more widely at every lie. Insensibly her mind began to follow and take in the sense of their words.

"Six on one tree?" Solomon was saying, in the contemptuous tone of one to whom Montfaucon was an every day affair. "'Tis nothing! You never saw the like at Rochechouart, say you? Perhaps not. Your lady is merciful."

"Three I have!"

"And who were they?" with a sniff of contempt.

"Cattle-stealers. At least, so it was said. But the wife of one came down next day and put it on another, and it was rumored they had suffered wrongfully. But three they were."

"Three?" Solomon's nose rose in scorn. "If you had seen the elm at Villeneuve in my lord's father's time! They were as acorns on an oak. Aye, they were! Fifteen in one forenoon."

"God ha' mercy on us!"

"And ten more when he had dined!"

"God ha' mercy on us!" Fulbert replied in stricken surprise. "And what had they done?"

"Done?" Solomon answered, shrugging his shoulders after a careless fashion. "Just displeased him. And why should he not?" he continued, bristling up. "What worse could they do? Was he not lord of Villeneuve?"

And she was making a scruple of two lives! Of two lives that stood in her path! Still, life was life. But what was that they were saying now? Hang Vlaye? Hang—the Captain of Vlaye?

It was Solomon had the word; and this time the astonishment was on his side.

"What is that you say?" he repeated. "Hang M. de Vlaye?"

"And why not?" the steward replied doggedly, his face red with passion, his dull intelligence sharpened by his lady's wrongs. "And why not?"

Solomon was scandalized by the mere

mention of it. Hang like any old clod or clown a man who had been a constant visitor at his master's house! "Oh, but he—you don't hang such as he!" he retorted. "M. de Vlaye? Tut, tut! You are a fool!"

"A fool? Not I! They will hang him!"

"Tut, tut!"

"Wait until he speaks!" Fulbert replied mysteriously, nodding in the direction of the lieutenant, who, standing at no great distance from the group, was watching a band of peasants at their drill. "When he speaks 'tis the king speaks. And when the king speaks, it is hang a man must, whoever he be!"

"Tut tut!"

"Whoever he be!" Fulbert repeated with stolid obstinacy. "It is not for nothing," he added, with a menacing gesture, "that a man stops the Countess of Rochechouart on the king's road! No, no!"

Not for nothing? No, and it is not for nothing, the abbess cried in her heart, that you threaten the man I love with the death of a dog! Dogs yourselves! Dogs!

It was well that the duke was not looking at her at that moment, for her heaving bosom, her glowing eyes, and the rush of color to her face, all betrayed the force of her passion. Hang him? Hang her lover? So that was what they were saying, thinking, planning behind her back, was it? That was the camp talk! That!

She could have borne it better had the lieutenant proclaimed his aim aloud. It was the sedateness of his preparations, the slow stealth of his sap, the unswerving calmness of his approaches, at which her soul revolted. The ceaseless drilling, the arming, the watch by day and night, all the life about her, every act, every thought—all, it seemed, had her lover's ruin for their aim, his death for their end! A loathing, a horror seized her. She felt a net closing about her, a net that enmeshed her and fettered her, and threatened to hold her motionless and powerless while they worked their will on him before her eyes!

But she could still break the net. She could still act. Two lives? What were two lives, lives of his enemies, in comparison with his life? At the thought a spring of savage passion welled up in her heart, and clouded her eyes. The die was cast. It remained only to do. To do!

But softly; softly. As she rose, having as yet no formed plan of action, a last doubt stayed her. It was not a doubt of

his enemies' intentions, but of their power to carry them out. He whose words had opened her eyes to their grim purpose was a dullard, almost an imbecile. He could be no judge of the means they possessed, or of their chances of success. The swarm of unkempt, ill-armed peasants, who disgusted her eyes; the troop of spears, who even now were no more than sufficed to secure the safety of her party—what chance had they against M. de Vlaye and the four or five hundred men-at-arms who for years had lorded it over the marches of the province, and made their name the terror of a countryside? Surely a small chance, if it deserved the name of a chance at all. Surely she was permitting a shadow to frighten her when she feared the machinations of the enemies of Vlaye!

"Something," the duke murmured gently near her ear, "has interrupted the even current of your thoughts, *mademoiselle*. What is it, I pray?"

"I feel the heat," she answered, holding her hand to her brow, that behind its shelter she might recover her composure. "Do not you?"

"It is like an oven," he answered, "within these earth-walls."

"How I dislike them!" she cried, unable to repress the spirit of irritation.

"Do you? Well, so do I," he replied. "But, within them, it is nowhere cooler than here."

"I will put that to the proof, my lord," she returned with a smile.

And gliding from him, in spite of the effort he made to detain her, she crossed the grass to her father, and, sinking on the sward beside his stool, began to fan herself.

The *vicomte* was in an ill-humor of some days' standing; nor without reason. Dragged, will he nill he, from the house in which his whim had been law, he found himself not only without his comforts, but a cipher in the camp. Not once but three or four times he had let his judgment be known, and had looked to see it followed. He might have spoken to the winds. No one, not even his sons, though they listened respectfully, took heed of it. He saw himself exposed to dangers against which he was not allowed to guard himself; and to a catastrophe which he must await in inaction, while all that he possessed stood risked on a venture which for him had neither interest nor motive.

In such a position a man of easier temper and less vanity might have been par-

doned if he complained. For the *vicomte*, fits of senile rage shook him two or three times a day. He learned what it was to be thwarted; and if he hated any one or anything more than the filthy peasants on whom his breeding taught him to look with loathing, it was the man with whose success his safety was bound up, the man who had forced him into this ignominious position.

Of him the old noble could believe no good. When the abbess, after fanning herself in silence awhile, mentioned the arrival of the countess' troopers, and asked her father if he thought that the lieutenant was now strong enough for his task, he derided the notion.

"M. de Vlaye will blow this rabble to the winds," he said, with a contemptuous gesture. "We may grill here as long as we please, but the moment we show ourselves outside, pouf! It will be over! What can a handful of riders do against five hundred men as good as themselves?"

"But the peasants?" she suggested, willing to know the worst. "There are some hundreds of them."

"Food for steel!" he answered with the same contemptuous pantomime.

"Then you think we were wrong to come here?"

"I think, girl, that we were mad to come here. But not so mad," he continued spitefully, "as those who brought us!"

"Yet Charles thinks that the Governor of Périgord will prevail."

"Charles had his own neck in the noose," the *vicomte* growled; "and he was glad of company. Since Coutras it is the young that lead the old, and the issue you will see. Governor of Périgord? What has the Governor of Périgord, or any other governor, to do with *canaille* such as this?"

Odette heaved a sigh of relief, and her face lightened.

"It will be better so," she said softly. "M. de Vlaye knows, sir, that we had no desire to hurt him, and he will not reckon it against us."

The *vicomte* sidged on his stool.

"I wish I could think so," he answered with a groan. "Curse him! Who is more to blame? If he had left the countess alone, this would not have happened. They are no better one than the other! But what is this? Faugh!" And he spat on the ground, as a new movement became visible in the peasants' camp.

(To be continued.)

The Spider.

HIS LAST FIGHT IN THE RING, AND ANOTHER FIGHT LATER.

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

I.

THIS was to be his last fight—in the ring, at least. Of that the Spider felt sure, as he jumped over the ropes with a tawdry simulation of his one-time jauntiness. He was telling himself that he was a goner, a has-been. But he would fight this fight, anyhow; and after they had counted time on him—as they were bound to, he felt—he would quit it dead.

His opponent, the Harlem Smasher, lingered in his dressing-room; he was in no haste to win. Impatiently the Spider moved about within the squared circle, feeling of the padded posts, testing with his feet the resiliency of the padded flooring—pawing it with something in his manner suggestive of a veteran cavalry charger sniffing again the smell of powder.

The air was humid and foul with the reek of cheap beer and the fumes of doubtful cigars. Some two hundred men were herded together in the narrow confines of Maguire's secluded back room. They smoked, drank, spat ceaselessly, exchanging rude persiflage and making wagers in subdued tones. The gas in the chandelier above the ring flared yellow and smoky.

A faint disgust stirred within the Spider; hardened as he was, the faded, blowsy atmosphere well-nigh sickened him. Since noon of yesterday no food had passed his lips save a handful of free lunch which he had appropriated as he made his way through Maguire's crowded bar-room.

He moistened his dry, cracked lips with the tip of his tongue, furtively glancing out over the flushed sea of up-turned faces; seeking a friendly eye, and finding none, in all that assemblage of calloused, indifferent, brutalized "sports." Somehow, he had felt that the encouragement of a well-wisher's presence at the ringside would have heartened him to put up a stiffer fight, to give the Harlem Smasher a run for the money. But no; even his own second, puffing a cheap cigarette as he squatted upon a stool in the corner of the ring, a coarse towel over the arm that held the

sponge, was betting against his principal.

There was a stir at the door. The keeper opened it cautiously, to admit a party of three or four swells—young, careless men in evening dress, obviously something the worse for drink. The Spider looked them over anxiously, but they scarcely noticed him. Vaguely disheartened—if he could now be more so than before—he turned away, shading his red-rimmed eyes from the glare of the gasolier. He gulped convulsively. His last fight!

Suddenly the crowd was electrified by the appearance of the Harlem Smasher himself, boyish, smiling, throwing a confident word over the scurried heads to an admirer. The heart of the Spider sank as the other vaulted over the ropes, a laugh on his lips; they were cheering him—but softly, that the police might not hear.

The Spider's second abandoned his cigarette, and whispered a word or two of conventional encouragement to his principal. The Spider shook his head.

"Naw," he said; "ye know I ain't got no chanst. Yer money's safe," he added bitterly.

Maguire rose from the midst of the crowd and announced in the stereotyped form the conditions of the match. The Spider listened listlessly to his mouthing of the familiar terms:

"'Steen ounce—twenty rounds—Markis er Queensberry—purse—winner take all——"

What a farce!

The gong sounded. For a moment the two men, bare to the waist, the plump condition of the one in striking contrast to the painful emaciation of the other, faced each other in the middle of the enclosure as their gloves met amicably. At once they danced apart, watchful, fiddling for an opening. The Spider feinted, landed once or twice and got within the Smasher's guard almost at will; but his blows lacked steam. Indigestion and the weakness that is own brother to privation were losing for him. He could have pitied the youth before him for his clumsiness, for the Smasher

scarcely knew how to hold his hands—a year back he could have pitied; but now—the Spider's transient sun was setting. He struggled desperately against the odds of youth—that endless struggle of age and wisdom, ever hopeless.

The gong clanged; he walked to his corner mechanically. Mechanically he made some edged reply, biting in its embittered irony, to his second's "Aw, brace up an' soak 'im. Ye're all right!"

The following round was short—short as was the Spider's wind as he jumped from his second's knee. In some way he found an instant wherein to search the hard, brutish faces again, and this time one of the swells at the door caught his eye and nodded to him pleasantly. Ah, *that* was what he had been needing! The Spider sprang forward with something of his old-time fire—its last, expiring flicker. The Harlem Smasher broke, astounded, under the unexpected onslaught; the Spider pressed him to the ropes relentlessly; but it was too late, too late!

The room reeled, the lights circled dizzily in a whirl of smoke; he struck out blindly, dazed, his ears ringing with cat-calls, the stench of the stale beer and cold cigar butts sickening him. Darkness came upon him, crashing, and a red flame danced before his eyes. Subconsciously he knew that he was down, struggling to rise, that the arm of the referee rose and fell steadily, that the Harlem Smasher stood over him, alert, ruthless, to deliver the final blow should he win to his knees. He slumped back wearily.

"Ten!"

II.

AFTER a while the Spider was standing in the outer doorway of Maguire's. His head ached dully, his back felt strangely weak and invertebrate, he was conscious of a drawn sensation about his deep-sunken eyes—and his stomach yearned unutterably for food.

He stepped out to the curb, turning up the collar of the threadbare coat which he hugged about him. The wind of night whipped screaming through the narrow, darksome street and bit frostily to the bone. The gas in the corner lamps flickered blue. Whither should he turn? What difference did it make? No matter where he went, he would be an object of derision, a fallen idol of the ring.

The saloon doors opened, and the crowd, its lusts unsated because of the poor showing the Spider had put up,

seethed out, dividing right and left. The Spider, quivering for shame like a whipped cur, turned aside his head that he might not be recognized. He need not have troubled; none noticed him save Worth.

Perhaps Worth was more sober than either of his companions, or than his wont. He saw the trembling figure at the curb and stopped.

"You fellows go on," he told them. "I'm not going up-town just yet."

So they piled into a cab, howling, and left him. Presently, calculating his moment with cold-blooded nicety, Worth touched the Spider on the arm.

"Have a drink?" he suggested good-naturedly. One may with impunity offer liquor to the wretch of the slums: to offer food, even when needed—or, rather, especially when needed—is to insult.

At his voice the Spider started, staring vacantly at the swell in the dress suit. His benumbed intelligence was some time in comprehending the import of the words. At last, however, he recognized Worth.

"Aw!" he muttered, "youse is de guy wot—" He hung his head. "Hope youse didn't lose nuttin' on me," he added.

Worth made the pressure on his victim's arm more insistent.

"Have a drink?"

"Don't care 'f I do. Aw, say—not dere!" he pleaded, almost piteously, as Worth moved back toward Maguire's.

Worth silently nodded his comprehension, and as silently kept pace with the shambling, dispirited prize-fighter. They entered the back room of another gin-mill some blocks distant. The Spider ordered whisky. As he poured it out, the neck of the bottle chattered upon the thick rim of the glass. He downed the stuff in feverish haste to feel its fictive heat.

Worth, with a grimace of disgust, swallowed a dose of poisonous sherry. He ordered cigars. He was soft-voiced, contained, even in his cups bearing himself imitatively as a gentleman; with a thin face, narrow-browed, dominated entirely by his eyes, which were cold, hard, black, selfish, and unsympathetic.

The Spider—short, stocky, lowering—stared restlessly about the dingy hole, avoiding Worth's eye; he wanted to say something grateful, but the words stuck in his throat. Worth broke the pause.

"What are you going to do—now?" he asked, his tone cynically impersonal.

"Aw, I dunno—I ain't got no chanst."

This he reiterated hopelessly.

Worth needed a valet, a body-servant who should be devoted to his master's interests. He mentioned the fact, named wages. At any rate, he argued, it would do the Spider no harm to try it on.

"Naw," said the Spider; "I wouldn't

and to his master's intimates, the Spider, the former light-weight champion. He had become clean-shaven, low-spoken, deferential; his arrogant self-assertiveness of old was gone; he even stooped slightly—his shoulders bent as if in outward and visible manifestation of his ac-



THE SPIDER CARRIED FLOWERS TO THE HOUSE, HIDING THE CAREFULLY WORDED, IMPASSIONED NOTE IN THE LEAVES.

do. I ain't got no chanst, I'm—too old!" He quivered again, tracing meaningless circles with his forefinger on the sloppy table-top. "Thanks all the same."

He was twenty-six—not seven months more. But the "ring" drains the veins of its devotees; youth fades in its blush.

Afterwards he yielded and went with Worth.

III.

At the end of five years he was changed greatly, although he was still, to Worth

accepted bondage. He was yet slim, wiry, alert, quick of temper, if he had learned to suppress its showing. Time had altered little the inborn fighter.

He served Worth, doggedly submissive, intensely his "man." He came to know his master as you know your desk; and both loved and despised him. He kept him daily faultlessly groomed, and at night, often enough, assisted a grumbling cabby to carry the bemused, bedruggled drunkard to his rooms. He served without wages for months at a time; and without the flicker of an eye-

lash, he saw Worth cheat skilfully at his card-parties, and pocket the gains. He knew the moral worthlessness of the man, and loved him for the semi-occasional word of approval or appreciation which Worth weighed and flung him as a bone to a dog.

In the fifth year, Worth was at the end of his resources. His slender means were long since dissipated, his credit vanished; a whispered word or two about the clubs had cut off from him his main source of income—the card-parties. He was deep in debt.

Then began the systematic hunting of the heiress—the hounding of Helen Cuyler, in which at first the Spider played his part, assisting willingly. Means to him were naught if the end assured the content of his master. He carried flowers to the house, hiding the carefully worded, impassioned note in the leaves—flowers which he obtained on credit from a reluctant florist. He provided for cabs out of his own means, arranged the meetings, kept Worth in good physical condition despite his nightly wanderings.

At last the girl herself attracted his attention—by what it would be hard to say; whether by a kindly word or a tip inoffensively bestowed, or by the soft, white magic of her, shining translucent through her dark, clear eyes. Suddenly the Spider was worshipping her at a distance—and fighting Worth tooth and nail in every skirmish of his strategic courtship.

Thus came the break. Worth apprehended the veiled opposition, traced it back to its source, accused his man. The Spider went back to his fighting pose; his head and shoulders came forward, his eyes were keen and shifty, his hands unconsciously clenched. He threatened Worth with a complete exposé should he not give up his prey.

The girl's own family were keenly suspicious of Worth; a word would ruin him. The man, the crafty egoist, took thought; for the Spider must be eliminated for a time. "He will be glad to be taken back afterwards," Worth forecast.

He had influence of a sort that better men disdain; and abruptly he had a new valet. As for the Spider, he was serving ninety days in the workhouse for a crime which he had not committed.

IV.

INTO the sultry splendor of an August afternoon a black squall leaped furiously from the cloud-bank that lowered in the

west. Almost without warning, New York was shrouded in somber twilight. The East River was first lulled to sullen darkness, then lashed with a tremendous rain-storm, maddened to white-caps by a tearing wind.

On Blackwell's Island, when the greenish gloom settled, the working gang was ordered to shelter. At once the rain began to fall, sheeted, blinding. The sentries were drenched and confused; but the Spider was cool and swift to take advantage of this, that chance whose coming he had awaited long and with what patience he might. Under cover of the momentary disorder, he dodged into the boiling river without fear; the old dock-rat was a strong swimmer.

When the squall had passed, derisively flicking a tail of filmy cloud in its wake, his escape was discovered; but by then he was safely ensconced in the shelter of a pier on the Manhattan shore. Here, lying hidden on the top of a broad and slimy stringpiece, he heard the tumult of the chase; and his black eyes snapped jubilant as he saw it pass his hiding-place in boats loaded with profane keepers.

In time the excitement decreased, the search was abandoned; but yet the Spider skulked in hiding, stark and shivering—for at once he had sunk the workhouse garments to the bottom of the river—awaiting the night that should cloak his further flight.

Night came tardily, hot and sticky, densely black beneath a sluggish pall of heavy-laden clouds that traveled slowly eastward across the zenith. Now was his time. He let himself down, slipping silently into the warm embrace of the waters, and struck out boldly into their wide freedom.

The tide ebbed swift and strong. A powerful tug, north-bound with a tow of obstinate floats balking at the hawser, labored mightily with stentorian puffs, gaining slight headway. A revenue launch—in the gloom a slim white ghost—tore down-stream with the speed of an arrow fresh sped. A Sound steamer, blazing with lights, blatant with music, lumbered stubbornly toward Hell Gate. And the Island, the hated, bulked near at hand, huge, sinister, monolithic.

The Spider was openly thankful for the still, hazy air, for the soft darkness of the night, for the tepid, rushing tide. For the most part floating on his back, he abandoned himself lazily to the will of the stream, little recking whither it might bear or where land him; it was



"WHAT DOES HE SAY, HELEN—THAT CONVICT?"

enough that it should be carrying him to freedom.

And the tide betrayed his trust. The hiss of a head-on ripple, the sudden loom

of a ship's freeboard, were his sole, swift warning. Half stunned by a glancing blow on his temple, it was as if ages passed reverberating while he fought to

break the clutch of the hungry waters, while he struggled desperately for the right to breathe—his inalienably. Then his fingers encountered a bit of wood-work, slipped horribly, tightened their grip; and he drew himself up, panting, to fall upon the lower grating of a yacht's passenger gangway.

When he had revived somewhat, his ancient knowledge of the water-front enabled him to determine exactly the position of the yacht. It rode opposite the foot of East Twenty-Fourth Street, in the anchorage for pleasure craft. This was no place for him; but his spent energy was not returning. He surmised that this vessel, like others he had seen, had a little boat dangling tethered to her stern. If he could get aboard unobserved, acquire clothing—for the night air now nipped keen—he might yet accomplish his evasion in that boat.

Very cautiously he dragged himself up the gangway, a step or two. To his gaze the deck appeared deserted—only from the stern-sheets came a snore, where the anchor watch drowsed. The saloon companionway was at hand and brilliant with the light within. He dodged below, and found the cabin vacant. There was brandy on a buffet, to which he helped himself; he found food, of which he snatched a few mouthfuls ravenously.

There remained the question of clothing; that he must have. Only the closed stateroom doors met his roving glance. And his time, at best, was brief; realizing which, he chose quickly, at random, flung open the nearest door and instantly shut it behind him. Quietly he felt about, standing in blank blackness. In mid-air his groping fingers found the switch of an incandescent bulb; the glare responded, blinding momentarily. He was alone in the box-like compartment.

The lockers held much clothing; he attired himself in the first that came to hand. And then, as he rested for a moment on the berth's edge, sleep stole upon him in his exhaustion, cruelly raising his strongest defense—the cunning of the man.

V.

His sensibility to his peril was his surest safeguard, after all. The primal minutes of blank rest past, he slept lightly, as a hunted thing must. At a hail from the launch he sprang to his feet, wide awake.

His first move was to switch off the light; then he listened. Through the

open deadlight came the scraping of the boat upon the gangway grating. The yacht had quickened to life; on deck voices resounded, and the vessel began to thrill to the vibration of the engines.

The Spider opened the stateroom door the merest trifle of an inch, making a space through which he could command a view of the companionway. A donkey-engine *chug-chugged*, winding in the cable; the winches rattled. The noise drowned all others. The Spider was almost unwarned of the figure of the young woman who swept down the companionway—a very young and beautiful woman, laughing back over her shoulder. It was a peculiarly happy, tense laugh.

The Spider swore softly, vindictively: the girl was Helen Cuyler.

At the foot of the steps she paused, her face upturned. A man, laughing tenderly, came down suddenly and caught her in his arms. He murmured a word, soft-toned; she colored, hiding her face conveniently. The man turned—he was Worth, of course.

"In a minute," he said, and ran up on deck.

The Spider's mind acted quickly. He had but one course, in honor. He stepped quietly out into the saloon.

"Miss Helen," he said, raising a hand to emphasize his injunction; "not a word, please, ma'am!"

The girl wheeled about with a little, startled cry, quickly repressed. Then she moved forward to the center table and sank into a chair, resting her bare elbows upon its polished surface.

"Nervy!" whispered the Spider to himself, admiringly. He stepped more near, respectfully. "Quick, Miss Helen, ma'am, tell me——"

"But I thought," she began, "I thought you——"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted impatiently; "I was sent up to the Island, ma'am, for ninety days. I'm escapin' now. Please answer me straight, miss—this is more important than that: how is it that you an' him is here? What's he doin' on this ship, ma'am? Hurry, please!"

Something in his manner nullified his impertinence. She waived her just resentment and answered him breathlessly.

"This is Mr. Worth's yacht, Spider, the *Heloise*——"

"Where'd he get it? His? Him? Why, he ain't got a cent in the world——"

"Mr. Worth penniless?"

"Yes'm. But quick, I got to know. What's the game, ma'am? What's——"

"We—why——" Her head drooped, flower-like. "We're eloping——"

"The blackguard!"

Her cheeks flamed crimson with her anger, at length aroused.

"Spider! How dare you? What do you mean?"

"Quiet one minute, Miss Helen—I'll explain."

Somehow he managed to make her listen; but half-way in his narrative she stopped him with a gesture supplicating. Now she was livid, her eyes blazing.

"Don't," she pleaded, "don't say any more. If one half is true—oh, why should you have told me? Why should you lie? It can't be! I can't believe it!"

"Don't youse take me word fer it, ma'am," he begged hoarsely. "Don't believe me. Just put it off till t'morrow—ask an' see if I've told the truth——"

Suddenly she rose and fled up the companionway. The Spider followed instantly—to find the girl confronting Worth himself.

The man stood in the stern, alone, but for the presence of the sailor at the wheel. The Heloise was not yet under way, though it was now but a matter of moments, even of seconds. The Spider noted that the launch had not cast off.

At the rustle of her garment, Worth turned his head.

"Why, Helen!" He did not see the Spider at first; he could not understand the girl's changed demeanor. "What——"

"Tell me!" she commanded imperiously, flaming in her anger. "Is it true?"

"True? What?"

"What he—Spider—says about you. Is that true—half true, even?"

"The Spider!" Worth wheeled upon his former servant; for an instant he paled; but he kept the grip on himself. At once he mapped out his plan of action. "What does he say, Helen—that convict? What would you have me deny?" He pretended indignation. "Am I to stand trial upon a servant's word?"

It was a losing move; perhaps from it she gained the clue to the man, was enabled to read him more clearly. "I am answered," she said haltingly. "Put me ashore."

"Too late," said Worth coolly.

She echoed his words.

"Yes," he affirmed stolidly. "Too late; I'll not put you ashore. You will marry me in spite——"

"I will never——"

"Oh, yes, but you will—after you've

compromised yourself with this little trip!" He turned away, raising his voice to reach the ear of the man on the bridge: "Go——"

But the Spider, the despised, cut him short. His arm shot out, his foot crossed Worth's—and the man was rolling on the deck, half-a-dozen feet distant. The Spider caught the girl roughly by the arm; there was no time for formalities. He hurried her toward the gangway, at the foot of which lay the gasoline launch, with two white-clad figures still busy therein.

"Quick!" the Spider told her. "Tell 'em—they'll see you safe——"

She stepped out upon the grating.

"Oh, thank you—thank you," she faltered.

But he did not hear. Worth was upon him. He turned barely in time, closed with and whirled the man across the deck, and broke away, to fall naturally into the fighting pose. Forward, the men, suddenly aware that something was amiss, were shouting; from over the waters came an answering hail—which neither Worth nor the Spider heard.

Worth crouched, gathering himself together, sprang. The Spider met him half way, with a little yelp of joy, his blood afire with the old lust of battle. He side-stepped and caught Worth a stinging blow on the side of the head as he lunged past. But the man returned, undismayed. They fought the round of the deck savagely, snarling, bestially rabid.

The Spider's eyes left Worth's for not an instant; only when he heard the launch splutter away from the side—when he guessed that the girl had prevailed upon the men, that she was saved—he was caught off-guard. Worth bore him to the deck, and while they rolled in the scuppers the harbor patrol ranged alongside and police clambered aboard. When the Spider squirmed away and staggered to his feet, his arms were clipped behind him. Worth still raged; he was up with no loss of time. Blindly again he went for the Spider's throat.

The former champion wrenched his arms free just in time. He met Worth steadily as a rock, and let him have them—both fists full in the face. The man collapsed, senseless, upon the deck. Again the police seized the Spider.

He was the victor. He was resigned, nay, ineffably happy, for one final time.

"Put the nippers on me!" he gasped, vibrant with triumph. "I'm the duck youse is after—from the Island!"

So they clubbed him into insensibility.



STATION AND HOTEL BUILDINGS AT THE SCHEIDEGG, THE STARTING-POINT OF THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY—THE SNOWY PEAKS IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE EIGER (13,040 FEET) AND THE MÖNCH (13,465 FEET).

To the Top of the Jungfrau by Rail.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

THE HIGHEST OF THE SWISS MOUNTAIN RAILROADS, NOW NEARING COMPLETION, WHICH WILL CARRY TOURISTS TO THE SUMMIT OF ONE OF THE GREATEST AND MOST FAMOUS PEAKS IN THE ALPS.

THE late Charles A. Dana once said to me:

"The sight of the Jungfrau from Interlaken is one of the greatest visions of the world."

The famous New York editor had never stood on the Jungfrau's white crown, touching the clouds. Had he done so, he would have beheld the reverse of the picture seen from below, and would have found an equally expressive phrase to describe it.

But to have climbed to the summit of the Jungfrau at that time would have demanded an expenditure of concentrated effort, a strain upon the nerves and muscles, and upon all the powers of

bodily endurance, which comparatively few persons are willing to face. To-day any one may ride in a railway car the better part of the way to the top of the Jungfrau, and within a short time the road will be open to the very apex.

It is in many respects the most wonderful road in the world. For the greater part of its length of nearly eight miles it is a tunnel, winding like a gigantic wormhole behind the precipices and beneath the glaciers and eternal snow-beds of three adjacent mountains, the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau, climbing higher and higher in the dark heart of the rock, with occasionally a peep-hole opening out to the chill air amid the ice, until

at last it emerges in the form of a vertical shaft, from the head of the towering Virgin of the Alps.

Of course, it was the desire to make money that inspired this feat of Swiss engineering. But its appeal to the money-spending public has a certain note borrowed from the pure love of nature which tends to ennoble it. It is an expression of the wish of every healthy and cultivated mind to behold the "great visions of the world" in all their aspects.

Who knows but that the representatives of some future civilization, exploring the earth for relics of a great past, may rest their highest admiration for us upon this tunneled way to the desolate summit of a snowy mountain?

"See how hard these people were willing to work only to obtain a lofty outlook!" the archeologist of the thirtieth century may say of us.

AN ELEVATION OF TWO MILES AND A HALF.

The height of the Jungfrau above sea-level is thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy feet, so that the tourist who emerges from the top of the elevator shaft, two hundred and forty feet deep, in which the tunnel terminates, will find himself at an elevation of more than two and a half miles in the air. This is a point not to be attained with impunity by everybody. Persons whose hearts are weak cannot safely go so high. The danger and discomfort are greatly mitigated, however, by the fact that the passengers in the trains need make no exertion. It is fatigue, with shortness of breath, that is mainly responsible for the "mountain sickness" of Alpine climbers.

While the summit of the Jungfrau is the terminus, and the chief objective, of this most remarkable railway, the ride up and down affords a variety of views and experiences which cannot at present

be matched anywhere in the world. A simple statement of the route followed must be sufficient to call up an imposing picture before the mind of every traveler who has been in Switzerland. From Interlaken, on the northern side of the Bernese Oberland, a broad, deep valley opens southward toward the heart of the



THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY—THE POINT AT WHICH THE LINE PLUNGES INTO THE SIDE OF THE EIGER.

Alps. Near its upper, or southern, end, this valley becomes forked, being split by a projecting foothill of the Jungfrau range. One of the forks runs easterly to Grindelwald, at the foot of the precipitous Wetterhorn; the other southerly to Lauterbrunnen, and the foot of the Jungfrau. Down the eastern fork the Black Lütchine foams and dashes from the Grindelwald glaciers; the southern brings the white Lütchine to join its sister torrent and flow into the Lake of Brienz. Here, too, is a region of waterfalls, the most celebrated being the Staubbach ("Dust Stream") which plunges from the heights above Lauterbrunnen into a



THE EIGER GLACIER STATION, THE FIRST ABOVE THE LOWER TERMINUS AT THE SCHEIDEGG—HERE THE—

profound cleft where its waters are shivered into sparkling mist, or dust, by the resistance of the air during their fearful descent.

A FAMOUS ALPINE VIEW-POINT.

For many years a rack-and-pinion railway has carried tourists over the back of the Wengern Alp between Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen. The highest station

of this road, Scheidegg, six thousand seven hundred and seventy-two feet above the sea, has long been a famous view-point. From there one looks upon a marvelous spectacle, in which the elements of grandeur, beauty, and terror are almost equally blended. Three tremendous peaks tower over the spectator, shutting out the southern sky, their vast snowy shoulders being linked together by



—TRAVELER OVERLOOKS THE GREAT RIVER OF ICE DESCENDING BETWEEN THE EIGER AND THE MÖNCH.

“yokes,” hardly less lofty than the peaks themselves, and glittering with broken walls of ice.

These great peaks, beginning with the one on the left, are the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau. Together they cover almost one half of the horizon, and seem absolutely to forbid human access to the part of the world behind them. Climbers who would ascend them must approach

their goal by flank attacks. Up the precipices which confront the crowds of tourists at Scheidegg station, and about which the dust of a falling avalanche may occasionally be seen curling, no man can go.

The general contour of the northern face of the three conjoined mountains is concave, so that they partially enclose an immense, irregular amphitheatre. The



THE SUMMIT OF THE JUNGFRAU (13,670 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL), THE FAMOUS ALPINE PEAK TO WHICH PASSENGERS WILL BE CARRIED BY THE RAILWAY AND ITS TERMINAL ELEVATOR, WHEN COMPLETED.

Wengern Alp, on which lies Scheidegg, is a stage for this amphitheater, while the mountain flanks beyond it are the ascending galleries. Thus in this theater of nature the places of the spectators and the actors are interchanged. The former—admiring and awestruck little human creatures—occupy the stage, while the latter—avalanches, snow pinnacles that play with clouds as white as themselves, and great rock walls where every hour some change is wrought—hold possession of the galleries.

A RAILWAY TO THE CLOUDS.

Now, the course of the Jungfrau railway lies around the range of galleries constituting the amphitheater just described. Starting from Scheidegg station, it runs in the open air, with trolley-poles beside it, for it is an electric road, to the nearest shoulder of the Eiger, where it enters the mountain. Close by is the Eiger glacier, and here the first station is placed, to give passengers the benefit of the view. At this point, seventy-six hundred feet above sea-level, we are close beside the great river of ice

that crawls down from the everlasting snow-fields of the Eiger and the Mönch. If the traveler cares to tarry awhile amid the scene of Alpine magnificence that surrounds him, there is a little restaurant at which he may sit down to a modest table-d'hôte dinner. A footpath will lead him to the edge of the glacier, if he desires a closer view of the fantastic forms into which the ice is broken in its steep descent, and of the broken rocks that bestrew its surface.

Just above the station is the entrance of the six-mile tunnel, which is about twelve feet wide and fourteen feet high. Plunging into the mighty flank of the Eiger, it turns to the right, and, keeping just far enough from the surface to prevent any danger of encountering gaps and fissures, or running out into the coatings of ice and snow, it follows the bend of the great mountain wall round toward the Mönch. It passes deep within the body of the Mönch, aiming for the huge yoke connecting that mountain with the Jungfrau. Then it begins to ascend inside the Jungfrau, following, at a safe depth, the trend of a great upward climbing

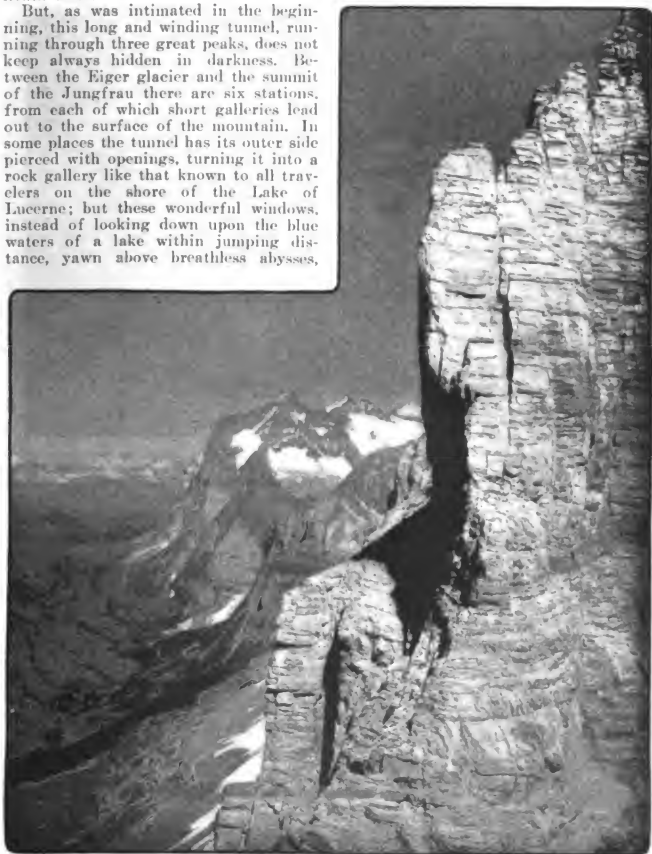
ridge, until, arrived directly under the summit, it expands into a station cut in the rock, from which a shaft, containing both an elevator and a winding stairway, will lead straight out at the top. Tourists will emerge from this shaft like Santa Claus from a chimney, and find all the surrounding world far beneath them.

But, as was intimated in the beginning, this long and winding tunnel, running through three great peaks, does not keep always hidden in darkness. Between the Eiger glacier and the summit of the Jungfrau there are six stations, from each of which short galleries lead out to the surface of the mountain. In some places the tunnel has its outer side pierced with openings, turning it into a rock gallery like that known to all travelers on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne; but these wonderful windows, instead of looking down upon the blue waters of a lake within jumping distance, yawn above breathless abysses,

out of the sides of savage cliffs whose perpendicular drop makes the heart quail.

THE FIVE UPPER STATIONS.

All of the stations are lined with wood—floor, walls, and ceiling. They are lighted and heated with electricity, and



THE GREAT PRECIPICES OF THE EIGER, WITH THE GRINDELWALD VALLEY BELOW AND THE GRAND PEAK OF THE WETTERHORN IN THE DISTANCE.

provided with restaurants, offices, and bedrooms for tourists, so that one may sleep in the heart of the Jungfrau, or that of the Mönch, or the Eiger, as comfortably as in an ordinary hotel. At the Rothstock station—which is the second

the deep recesses at the back of the great doubly curved concavity of the mountain amphitheater, and from it, more than ten thousand feet above the sea, the visitor looks down upon the stage at Scheidegg, almost a vertical mile below!



THE EIGERWAND STATION OF THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY, SHOWING THE PLATFORM COMMANDING A VIEW OF GRINDELWALD AND THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS.

in order, situated two miles from the starting-place at Scheidegg and three-quarters of a mile beyond the point where the line enters the Eiger—the gallery leading to the open air is twenty-five feet long, and terminates with a platform pendent from the vertical face of the mountain. It overlooks the Wergisthal, sloping down toward Grindelwald, and the wooded foothills beyond. The traveler ambitious for a wider prospect may find one from the neighboring summit of the Rothstock, one of the Eiger's vassal peaks, which is only five hundred feet above the station. It can be reached by an easy half hour's climb along a rocky path made safe, even for the Alpine tyro, with iron railings.

The third station, at the Eigerwand ("Eiger Cliff"), was completed in the summer of 1903; and the fourth, at the Eismeer ("Ice Sea"), has now been opened. This last is situated in one of

Nearly two miles of the tunnel remain to be completed, and two years may be required to finish it. The undertaking dates from 1896, although the project was originally broached a quarter of a century before. The average slope of the track is twenty per cent, or a rise of one foot in every five. Each train consists of two cars drawn by an electric locomotive, deriving its power from wires suspended from the roof of the tunnel. The whole power employed to drive the tunnel and to operate the trains comes from the falls of the Lütschine in one of the valleys below.

The construction of this wonderful mountain railway has of course been very expensive in proportion to its scanty mileage. Nor was its great cost the only obstacle that its originator, Herr Gayer-Zeller, a Swiss engineer, had to overcome. The project was opposed by the Swiss government on the ground that it was not

safe to carry tourists to the rarefied air of such great heights. There was much debate and thorough investigation before the necessary official sanction was given. It had to be proven that while only the picked athlete can endure the toil of

not live to see the realization of his bold undertaking. He died in 1899, not long after the initial difficulties were removed and the work of construction was actually begun.

When the enterprise is finished an



THE EIGERWAND STATION OF THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY, SHOWING THE TRAIN AND THE GALLERY LEADING OUT TO THE FACE OF THE CLIFF.

climbing a thirteen-thousand-foot peak, any ordinary person—unless, as has been said, he suffers from any weakness of the heart—may be carried to the summit by train without risk of collapse.

It is a pity that Herr Guyer-Zeller did

electric search-light will glow on the snowy head of the Jungfrau, and will be visible, it is said, from the cathedral of Strasburg on one side of the Alps, and from the cathedral of Milan on the other side.

TIME'S CONTRADICTIONS.

How time lags by ! How time lags by !
I watch dull morn drag up the sky,
And all because you are not nigh !

How time limps by ! How time limps by !
I see blank noon creep o'er the sky,
And all because you are not nigh !

How time snails by ! How time snails by !
I mark gray eve poise in the sky,
And all because you are not nigh !

But ah, how time runs racing by,
Morn, noon, and eve across the sky,
When you, my best beloved, are nigh !

Clinton Scollard.

STORIETTES

Gabe's Ruse.

"I'm glad I ain't livin' over on t'other side the mountain," remarked Gabe Carmel.

"'Count o' feudin'?" commented his friend.

"Yes, 'count o' feudin'. Over there a man can't kick a dog out the path without a right smart chance for trouble. They're blood-hunters over there, every dog-gone one of 'em. This side's plenty good enough for me."

"Skeered?"

Gabe colored, but laughed.

"You 'n' me's been in too many fights for that question, Tom Meeks," he said. "But I don't see no sense in buttin' my head into a grave—not jest now."

"Meanin' Sally, I s'pose?" said Tom. "Have ye done spoke?"

Gabe did not answer. His eyes roved down the mountainside to a small clearing, in the midst of which was a log cabin. Fresh chips scattered plentifully about bespoke its newness. During the last three months Gabe's axe had echoed bravely through the forest, and besides the clearing and the cabin there were potatoes and corn in the ground; and in convenient distance to the door was a great pile of wood, the forced evolution of the felled trees into fuel. Tom's gaze followed that of his friend.

"Meanin' Sally?" he repeated.

Gabe laughed.

"Yes, meanin' Sally," he acknowledged; "though I ain't spoke, not yet. But three months ago Sally told me that a man oughtn't to waste his life in idleness, an' that feuds an' drinkin' whisky was lackin' o' sense. It's 'peared to me that way ever since she set me to thinkin'. An'—an' she hinted 't was 'bout time I was makin' a start for myself—a house an' sich."

"That's consider'ble for Sally to say to a man," murmured Tom, with something like a sigh.

"So I 'lowed. But that ain't all. Yes'day, when the house was done, I ast her to come down an' see it, an' whilst we was lookin' 'round I ast her if she'd go with me to the doin's at the Corners next Tuesday, an' she said yes."

"No!" ejaculated Tom, a look of envy coming to his eyes, but almost instantly fading. "Sally never done that before. She never went anywhere with anybody but wimmen an' children. It—it's got meanin'!"

"That's what I told myself," said Gabe, with a hush of mingled awe and joy softening his voice. "It's Sally's fust goin' out with a man. I've never spoke, because she ain't like no other gal; but I'm goin' to say something comin' back from the Corners. Her consentin' to go with me ain't like no other gal's consentin'. That's what set me to thinkin' so pow'ful 'bout—'bout—"

"Blood-hunters an' feudin'," suggested Tom. "Meanin' Turkeyfoot Jake this time, I s'pose?"

"Yes, meanin' Turkeyfoot Jake—the low, rock-hidin' hound! I ain't no coward an' skeer-body, as you know, Tom; but life's a whole lot to me jest now. I can't shoot a man in the back, an' Turkeyfoot can't shoot one any other way, an' he's swore to kill anybody who marries Sally or tries to go with her, an' he's a plumb dead shot. If I could git him into a clearin', or to face me anywhere, 'twould be more like even chances. But I can't. Sally won't look at him, an' that makes him so mad he skulks mostly among his rocks, an' his eyes are everlastin'ly squintin' over that long gun o' his."

"Hide in the bushes an' pot him the fust time he goes by," suggested Tom.

"Can't. Wish I could; but 't ain't in me to pot a man who ain't lookin'."

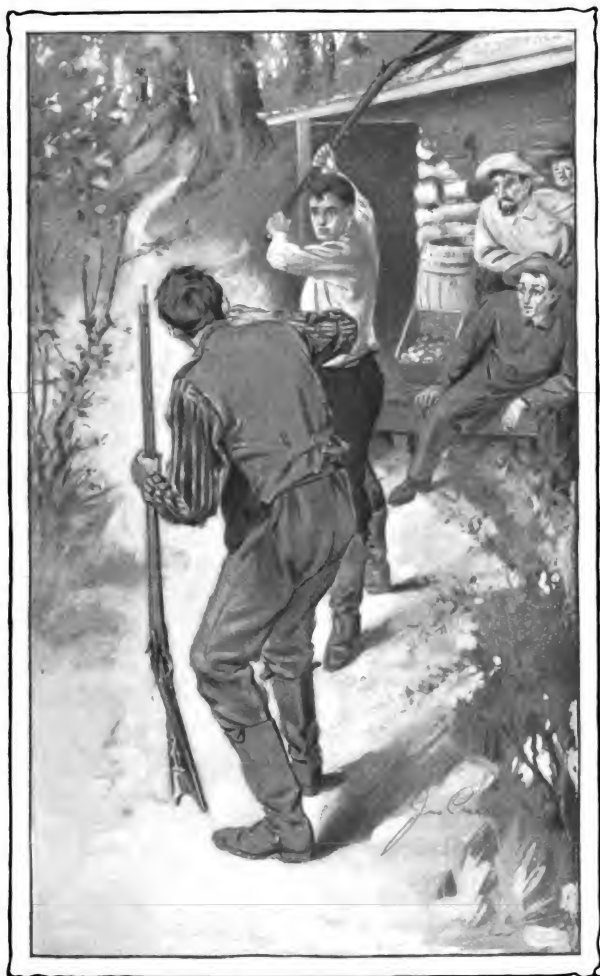
"Run off."

"Wuss yet. Sally'd ruther a man would do that than shoot behind; but she hates a coward."

"Dep'tize me to hide in the bushes an' do the job for ye."

"Oh, ye're jest a talkin' now, Tom," groaned Gabe. "Ye couldn't do a thing like that any more'n me. No, it's got to be my wits ag'in his pizen meanness. If I win, it's goin' to be for all a man's life could be in this world; an' if I don't—why, Sally needn't ever know but I built the house for my old pap an' man."

There was a cautious step coming down the mountain path, and a "Sh!"



"SWING UP YOUR GUN, TURKEYFOOT, QUICK! I'LL GIVE YE TWO SECONDS. WE'LL FIGHT
WITH GUNS, BUTT ENDS!"

from Tom; but Gabe did not turn. His quick ear had already recognized the habitually stealthy tread, but he knew that Turkeyfoot would not attempt assassination in the open path with Tom looking on, and with the settlement store not a dozen rods away. He did not even shift his straightforward gaze when the cautious step approached rapidly behind and a figure brushed his shoulder in passing.

"Huh! Gabe, so it's you?" a sneering voice asked. "I didn't know ye with them big shoulders humped over. Thinkin' 'bout Cavaan an' the shinin' shore?"

"No," answered Gabe slowly. "I was jest thinkin' how easy wild varmints git caught in traps."

"Traps is for them that can't shoot," taunted Turkeyfoot. "Sally don't—"

But Gabe whirled with a look in his eyes that stayed the sentence. Turkeyfoot went on, chuckling.

"Be careful," warned Tom in a low voice. "Don't ye see that's what Turkeyfoot's itchin' for? If he can hector ye to a fight it'll save him shootin' from behind a stone or through a winder, an' folk's 'll pat him on the back an' say he's a brave man. But ye know what Turkey's fightin' way is. His gun was all ready jest now, an' if your hand had moved toward yours ye'd been potted 'fore it got there."

"I know," said Gabe shortly. "But come on over to the store. I 'low there's a dozen loafin' 'round the steps right now, an' I want to hear the talk."

Tom sprang to his feet.

"Don't ye do it, Gabe," he cried earnestly. "It'll be playin' right into Turkeyfoot's hands. He——"

But Gabe was already striding down the path, and with grave foreboding Tom followed.

As Gabe had surmised, there were a dozen or more mountaineers lounging about the store steps. When the two drew near, a sudden hush fell upon the group. Evidently Turkeyfoot had been saying something that excited mirth, for several faces were still on a broad grin.

What it was soon appeared. The mountaineers were neither sensitive nor delicate.

"Gettin' sort o' skeered, Gabe, air ye?" one of them drawled. "Standin' with your shoulders all scrunched down so's to offer a small mark! I 'low I didn't think it of ye."

Gabe leaned his rifle against the steps and moved away several feet. Turkeyfoot was still grasping his weapon, with

his furtive eyes watching Gabe's every movement.

"Well, mebbe I am a bit skeered," Carmel acknowledged. "I was sayin' so to Tom up on the path jest now. I've heered as how Turkeyfoot has swore to kill me, an' everybody knows what Turkeyfoot is with a gun. However, I've killed my b'ar an' my catamount, an' have stood up before shootin' without showin' my back; so folks round here know I ain't no coward. But when a man's young an' strong like me, an' has things ahead, he's excused for bein' weak-kneed when he's goin' to be shot plumb through by a cheap, sneakin' coward like Turkey."

Turkeyfoot's rifle went to his shoulder with a quick, vindictive movement; but there were a dozen pair of condemning eyes watching him, and the weapon was reluctantly lowered.

"What d' ye mean?" he cried angrily. "Pears to me the shoe's on t'other foot."

"Oh, no, I reckon not," retorted Gabe with tantalizing coolness. "Everybody knows what ye 'mount to without that rifle, Turkey. You 're the cheapest, meanest coward in the whole mountain. Mebbe the gun's brave, but 't ain't you; an' mebbe ye can kill me, but ye're a coward jest the same!"

"I dar' ye to fight me!" screamed Turkeyfoot fiercely. "I dar' ye! An' here's all these folks for witness."

"Might 's well, Gabe," commented one of the men philosophically. "It's bound to come; an' if ye're feelin' dubious, ye're goin' to git more so, an' that'll mean less chance for ye. We'll make the fight fair's we can, seein' he can beat ye all to pieces shootin'."

Gabe considered a moment, as if hesitating.

"Well," he said at length, "I s'pose it may as well be now. But bein' the fight's forced on me, I have ch'ice o' weapons."

"It's got to be guns," interposed Turkeyfoot, in sudden alarm. "All mountain men fight with guns."

"Yes, we'll let it be guns," agreed Gabe. "But I have my say 'bout the way it's to be did. We'll stand six foot apart."

"Six foot! Why——"

"Yes, six foot," Gabe repeated placidly. "An' now 'bout the loadin'. What you got in your gun, Turkey?"

"Bullet," was the sullen reply. "For deer."

"An' I've got bird-shot. We must have things jest alike, to be fair. Hand your gun to somebody to draw the load, Turkey. Here, Tom, you draw mine."

Again Turkeyfoot hesitated; but they

were all looking at him, and he passed his rifle to the nearest man. In a moment the two charges were withdrawn.

"Now give 'em back," ordered Gabe. "We'll do the rest. Understand," he added, looking at the group about the store steps, "this is to be a fair fight, jest between Turkey an' me. If he does the killin', as seems to be likely, none o' my friends are to take it up an' pester him. It's to end right here. An' if I git the best o' Turkey it's to be the same. You all witness."

"Yes, yes, we'll look out for that. If either one or t'other tries to keep it goin' we'll pitch in an' make a feud of it an' run him into the ground or out of the country. It shall end right here. We witness!"

"All right." Gabe stepped to his place, and suddenly grasping his rifle by its barrel and swinging the stock high above his head, he cried: "Swing up your gun, Turkeyfoot, quick! I'll give ye two seconds. We'll fight with guns, butt cends!"

Turkeyfoot half raised his rifle, his eyes bulging. Then his real nature asserted itself, and he whirled and sped frantically up the mountain path, followed by the jeers of the loungers.

Frank H. Sweet.

The Bolt of Blue Lightning.

"CHUCK ready?"

The girl kneeling before the stove turned a flushed, unsmiling face over her shoulder, and regarded the speaker severely.

"There's some bread in that box on the table," she told him.

"Bread?" with a curious drop in his voice.

"I said bread," returned the girl tartly. "I speak English, and I think I speak loud enough for folks who are not deaf to hear me. Bread!"

"The last time, you gave us doughnuts. Your brother said you made 'em."

"Well, I didn't make any to-day." The girl rose to her feet with a single lithe movement, and turned toward him. Even in that critical moment, with her eyes blazing unjust and unreasoning anger upon him, the cow-puncher's heart throbbed acknowledgement of the tall, pliant, reed-like grace before him. "I'm not going to stand over a hot stove and cook horse-feed!"

"Bob's been telling you about my feeding that doughnut to Blue Lightning. I can't help it; Blue Lightning's the only

friend I've got—sometimes. And he never goes back on me like—like some other folks!"

"So you want me to fry doughnuts for him? Well, Mr. Jim Bradway, it's lucky I found out in time what you'd expect of a woman!"

Jim looked disconsolately from the window of the little ranch-house to where Blue Lightning—innocent cause of this particular storm in his tempestuous love affair with his partner's pretty sister—stood patiently waiting.

"I can't go back on Blue Lightning, for anybody—not even for you, Lodora. He's helped me through more tight places than a girl like you even dreams of. His eyes dwelt lovingly on the pony's sleepy little bulk. He lacked words to say what he felt.

"There's been a plenty o' times in these 'leven years I've had Little Blue, when—well, when I don't know *what* I'd 'a' done without him. He got me a job—an' kep' it—an' earned both our livin's. He's sure a good horse; nothing I've got is too good for Blue Lightning," the big, helpless fellow concluded.

Lodora, herself born and bred on a ranch, knew perfectly what Jim was trying to express. She knew that Blue Lightning, the most notable cutting pony in San Miguel County, had more than once been his owner's sole stock in trade, had more than once saved that owner's life; and she would have despised Jim if he had failed in gratitude and affection toward his equine partner. But the perversity of the spoiled coquette was strong within her.

"H'm!" she began. "I reckon if he's such a wonderful horse, he's too good for me. You share everything you have with Blue Lightning—but you wouldn't let me ride him, when I wanted to the other day!"

Jim looked at her dumbly; so sweet, with the little damp curls which her work over the stove had loosened around her forehead, her cheeks glowing pink, and the brightness of an unholy triumph in her already bright eyes.

"I don't know how it is, Lodora," he began dismally. "You treat me all right when I first come in, and just as I'm going away you pick a quarrel with me!"

Innocent Jim! He was not aware that the feminine mind understands perfectly that it is at these parting moments the greatest concessions are always made. And Lodora, deep in her heart, felt the final great concession approaching. She knew herself ready to capitulate, and instinctively laid about her for some ex-

treme cruelty wherewith to signalize her surrender, to make it both costly and memorable.

Jim halted a moment; then he countered with sudden astuteness.

"You don't belong to me," he said. "When you do—when you do—" The promise came hard; but the girl's laughing, challenging eyes were upon him.

"Will you give him to me for my saddle horse?" she broke in eagerly. Lodora saw the issue squarely ahead of her; and she told herself that she meant to make the conditions so difficult that the harmless, necessary quarrel might be maintained yet a little longer.

Jim set his gaze where Blue Lightning cropped the short, rich plains grass. Then he glanced irresolutely to where his wicked, adorable sweetheart laughed over his indecision.

"No," he said, doggedly, "I can't do it. Blue Lightning has his notions, just like a person. He'd be as apt as not to kill you, first time you tried to ride him!"

Wilful, spoiled coquette Lodora was, who had driven her four-in-hand of adorers since she had put on long skirts and looped up her curls; but she had found out her own heart at last, and it fluttered wildly at Jim's words. It warned her that she might lose this one lover for whom she really cared by pursuing the methods which had enslaved the others. But it was ever the last ditch with Lodora. The fear at her heart only lifted her proud little head.

"Well, Mr. Bradway, perhaps you'd like to make some doughnuts for Blue Lightning? I shall be pleased to give you the benefit of my advice, or my recipe—but cook for a horse I will not!"

This admirable arrangement would keep poor Jim in sight until she could eventually dictate her own terms of surrender. And he was nothing loath; he would have apologized, and with any degree of abjectness; but one cannot offer soft speeches over a sieve of Triple X flour, nor suggest sentimental arguments while spooning lard into a kettle. The cow-puncher was, like most men of his calling, a very fair cook, and the first doughnut which came out was crisp, brown, and toothsome.

"I'll take that to Blue Lightning," said Lodora wickedly; and she hung it upon a small, pink-tipped forefinger and sallied out.

Jim looked after her almost smiling. Why would she torment him, when she could make him so absolutely happy? He turned once more to the bubbling kettle

upon the stove, and the exacting business of dropping doughy rings into its molten contents, watching them sink, plump up, float, and turn brown, and fishing them out upon a long fork. Suddenly something like lightning whisked past the one window, and an agonized voice screamed:

"Jim! Oh, Jim!"

Lodora had mounted Blue Lightning, and the pony had bolted with her!

Bradway ran out with his doughnut fork in hand; but he was helpless and afoot! He cast the fork from him, and reached for a small pistol which luckily chanced to be carried in his hip pocket—an unusual thing with a cow-puncher.

He looked at the little weapon with a sort of sob. There was no other way!

Had he been mounted, there might have been a chance of heading the pony off, since it circled at no very frightful speed around toward the left. Jim ran in a straight line, to the left, also,—moving in a sort of chord to the bolting horse's wide circle, hoping to get near enough to Blue Lightning and his precious burden to dare a shot.

"Kick your foot loose from the stirrup—be ready to fall free—I'm going to shoot him!" he shouted, hoarsely.

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" came back the startled cry.

Jim's hand shook at it went slowly up with the weapon. It was like shooting at a dear friend—it *was* shooting at a dear friend! But a soul wrought up to the sacrifice made firm the trembling hand and unsteady arm.

"You'll have to just understand, old man," he whispered. "You've got to die for her, same as I would, if 'twas me!"

Then the report rang out. The pony suddenly whirled, and came toward his master at a gentle trot, while a long curl, from Lodora's flying tresses, floated away and settled gently upon the grass. Instead of turning the pony away from danger, as she intended, the girl had wheeled him directly into its path.

Yes, the girl had turned him; for in spite of her pretended helplessness and terror, it was with Blue Lightning well in hand that Lodora came up to her lover.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried, precipitating herself into the arms outstretched to receive her. "I wanted to scare you a little; but I didn't think you'd believe that anything on four legs, even Blue Lightning, could run away with me!"

Jim stood pale and gasping, staring across to where that tell-tale curl fluttered upon the grass. But he found presence of mind to take advantage of

the situation. Lodora with a hysterical tendency to put her arms around his neck and beg his forgiveness, was a delicious novelty.

"You ought not to run such awful risks—I might have shot you!" he remonstrated.

"Jim, honey," urged the tearful and penitent Lodora, "I had no more idea that you'd shoot at Blue Lightning than anything in the world!"

"You don't know a thing about how much I love you," said Jim simply.

"And you'd have shot Blue Lightning for my sake!" she went on, as they moved back to the ranch-house, hand in hand, the astute pony following. "Well"—she paused long, looking down; then continued, as they once more stepped forward: "I said I wouldn't accept a divided heart—and that's why I—why I—"

"Oh, is that why you've been tormenting me all this time?" exclaimed her lover. He turned suddenly, and the little derringer flashed in his hand. Jim had had a gleam of enlightenment. "Then I'll shoot him anyhow!" he said, affecting to aim at the pony.

"No you won't!" cried his sweetheart, and closed a resolute hand over the weapon. "I just love Blue Lightning. I'm going to have him for my saddle-horse when we—when—"

Some moments later she plucked herself, rosy and disheveled, from her lover's close-clasping arms, and with one look up into his glorified countenance, cried:

"My goodness, those doughnuts are burning to a cinder—just smell them!" And she fled like a deer toward the louse.

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

With a Price on His Head.

BIG, flaring posters, scattered far and wide, offered a reward of two thousand dollars. "Dead or alive," the posters read, but no one expected that the man would be anything but dead when the boys had finished with him. It had been a particularly atrocious murder, and the added charge of horse-stealing had not helped matters. Indeed, horses were more valuable than men in Beaver Creek.

Bill Haydon, the man whose name trailed across the posters in huge black letters, was comparatively a newcomer. He was not a favorite in the town. He drank little, talked less, and had an air of aloofness that the boys did not like. He neither told stories himself, nor laughed at those of others' telling. Most

of the miners had come to hate him with a hatred that was as intense as it was unreasoning.

The sheriff did not lack for helpers in his man-hunt. Half the town turned out and swarmed up and down the mountain-side. The lonely hut that some one had pointed out as Haydon's home was visited by scores. The miners did not expect to find Haydon himself there; they had long ago learned that the man had been warned by an unknown friend; but they gloated over the signs of a hasty flight. Then they eased their wrath and fed their revenge by a wholesale wrecking of the poor little hut and all that it contained.

One, two, three days passed, and Haydon had not been found. Most of the searchers went back to Beaver Creek and to work, but a few still kept up the hunt. Among these last was Jim Thatcher, at the head of a little company of men on the north side of the mountain. Jim was at the edge of a small opening in the forest when he found that he had out-distanced his companions, and was alone. He stopped for a moment and listened intently.

A leaf fluttered slowly down, and glinted like gold in the flickering sunlight. A bird chirped softly, and was answered from a neighboring tree. Then to the right sounded the rustling swish of dry leaves and the sharp snapping of a twig. There was some one else in the forest. Jim Thatcher slipped behind a convenient tree and waited breathlessly, his finger on the trigger of his revolver.

Nearer and nearer came the sound, and then—the weapon almost dropped from Jim's hand. A little girl, sunny-haired and bright-eyed, and with her arms full of broken twigs and branches, was threading her way among the trees. A moment more, and the small feet stumbled and the child lay prone almost at his side.

With a smothered exclamation Jim pocketed his revolver and sprang to her aid.

"Well, well, my little gal—up she comes!" he cried gaily, lifting the child to her feet.

She did not speak nor cry out; but her eyes were big and tear-dimmed as she held up to view a tiny wrist, down which ran a crimson line marking the path of a sharp-pointed twig.

"Well, now, that's too bad," murmured the man helplessly.

From a diminutive pocket the small

maid produced an equally diminutive handkerchief. With this she daintily peeked at the tiny red drops which were beginning to appear up and down the crimson line.

"Here, let me fix it," Jim suggested, taking the bit of cotton and winding it with his strong, clumsy fingers around the small wrist.

He fastened the bandage with a long fiber from a forest creeper. The child eyed his finished work with keen approval.

"Nice!" she vouchsafed; then a new interest flamed into her eyes. "Please, mister, be you a doctor?"

The woods rang with Jin's deep-throated laugh.

"A doctor!" he chuckled gleefully. "Well, now, little gal, the boys say I doctor folks sometimes—but I reckon 'tain't the way you mean!"

"But ye *do* doctor 'em?" she persisted eagerly. "Then, oh, please, won't yer help daddy?"

"Sho, I reckon my doctorin' wouldn't do him no good! What ails yer dad, eh? Whar is he?"

"He's right up there, in a great big hole in the rocks. He's sick, mister, awful sick. He don't come out, even fur sticks—I gets 'em."

She glanced down at the twigs and branches that she had dropped, and began to pick them up. With a sweep of his long arms Jim gathered the wood, and turned smiling eyes on his small companion.

"Thar, now, we're sure enough ready ter march. Come on, take me ter yer dad, an' we'll see what'll happen."

The child skipped joyously; then her face suddenly lengthened in grave doubt.

"Daddy's got a price; can yer cure that?" she asked.

"A price?"

She nodded.

"On his head, yer know. He told me so. I can't see it—it don't seem ter show; but it's there—he said 'twas."

The little bundle of wood dropped to the ground, and Jim leaned heavily against a tree. The child watched him with anxious eyes.

"Is it—very bad?" she faltered.

He did not answer.

"Please, mister, it ain't dangerous, is it?" she appealed again. She was almost crying now. "Mister, he—he ain't goin' ter die?"

Jim's lips grew white and stern. Instinctively his right hand went to his hip pocket.

"Little gal, what's yer name?" he asked thickly.

"Jennie—Jennie Haydon; but daddy calls me—"

"Good God!" groaned Jim aloud.

The child came close to his side.

"Won't ye try ter cure daddy, please?" she begged piteously. "He don't look so awful sick; mebber 'twouldn't be so hard as you think 'twould. He can walk 'round—why, he walked way up here. We've been walkin', oh, ever so long. Please, mister, daddy's all I got, since—since"—she stopped, her chin quivering—"since mammy died at Christmas," she went on with trembling voice, "Oh, ye don't think he's goin' ter die?"

Jim's knees bent under him, and he sank to the ground. He covered his face with his hands, and his broad shoulders heaved and shook.

"I can't—I can't!" he cried; "not by his own baby's hand!"

The little girl's eyes grew big with wonder. After a moment she timidly slipped one arm around Jim Thatcher's neck.

"Did you know him?" she asked. "Do you feel bad, too? Is a price such a awful bad thing ter have? Please, if you'd jist try ter cure him—"

The sound of a distant shout echoed through the forest. It brought Jim to his feet with a bound.

"I'll try, little gal, so help me God!" he muttered hoarsely. "Go, run quick ter yer dad—I'll do my best!"

Three minutes later he faced a band of weary, footsore men.

"'Tain't no use, boys, ter look 'round here; I've been all over the ground myself. Come on," he growled, turning sharply to the left and taking a zigzag course down the mountain; and because the men were fagged, or perhaps because Jim's leadership was never questioned, they followed without a word.

Three days later Jim wearily limped into Beaver Creek.

"Hey, Jim, ye missed all the fun!" crowed the first man he met. "We found the devil that killed Bill Smith, an' strung him up last night."

Jim's lips turned white.

"What, Haydon?" he gasped.

"Haydon? Not on yer life! 'Twarn't him that done it, after all. 'Twas that devil of a Chinaman at Baxter's. He did the whole job—owned up when we caught him t'other side o' the mountain with the mare!"

Eleanor H. Porter.

LITERARY CHAT

BALLADE OF THE NATURE WRITERS.

So these are turnips and that a beet—
Oh, the purple sphere and the sphere
of white!

Here's a squash made gold by the rain
and heat,

With its old, old call to our appetite;
And the parsnips pale and the carrot
bright,

And the cress grows green in the pur-
ling brooks.

Do you deem this trivial that we recite?
It means wealth to us who make nature
books!

Oh, the book of blossoms is obsolete,
For the floral passion attained its
height

With our "Milkwort Family" so com-
plete,

And our "Handy Guide to the Flowers
of Night."

Then of trees we wrote, and we scarce
need cite

Our monograph on their twists and
crooks

To establish claims to be erudite.

It meant wealth for us who make na-
ture books!

From the trees we passed, by transition
neat,

To the birds, their plumage, their song,
and flight,

To the fruit they peck and the bugs they
eat—

We studied birds for a six-month
quite!

Now, it's "How to Tell Garden Sass at
Sight,"

And "How to Know Buckwheat by its
Looks,"

And "Farming Taught You Over-
night"—

And it's wealth for us who make na-
ture books!

ENVOY.

Prince, it's "Home-Grown Lettuce With-
out the Blight,"

And "Parsley Patches for Busy
Cooks,"

And "Kitchen Gardens, the New De-
light."

Oh, it's nuts for us who make nature
books!

"A LATER PEPYS"—Another inter- esting book compiled from old letters.

Once more a "new Pepys" is an-
nounced. Stimulated, perhaps, by the
success of "The Creevey Papers," a Miss
Alice Gaussen has unearthed another
bundle of correspondence that throws
light on the political and social affairs
of a bygone English generation. Cur-
iously enough, the original author and
collector of these interesting letters was
a namesake and kinsman of Charles II's
famous secretary of the navy—Sir Wil-
liam Weller Pepys, a leading London
lawyer of a century ago, father of the
first Lord Cottenham, and ancestor of
the present holder of the title. He
seems to have known most of the great
men and women of the time, and he and
his correspondents discuss them with
amusing frankness.

As a fair sample of the contents of "A
Later Pepys," as Miss Gaussen calls her
book, here is a story of Sir Joseph Yorke,
a man "who knew no fear of princes":

One day the Duc de Chartres, finding that Sir
Joseph did not laugh at any of his buffooneries, said:

"What, sir, do you never laugh?"

"Seldom," coldly replied Sir Joseph.

Soon after, with his usual ill-breeding, the duke
alluded to the combined French and Spanish fleets
being in the Channel, and said:

"What if our fleet should attack England?"

"Then, sire, I should laugh," was the ready reply.

How many more of these epistolary
collections are laid away in old English
houses waiting for a chance to see the
light of print and publicity?

"THE CROSSING"—Winston Church- hill's new book is a history rather than a novel.

American history has long been a fer-
tile field for the novelist. The incidents
of colonial life, of the Revolution, and
of the Civil War, have often been en-
dellished in fiction. Winston Churchill's
new book, "The Crossing," deals with a

hitherto unexploited portion of the nation's annals. He tells the dramatic story of the winning and settling of Kentucky by the followers of Daniel Boone.

To many readers it is a revelation that the early Kentuckians fought the Indians and suffered hunger and privation as did the Puritan colonists in New England. "The Crossing" gives an accurate conception of the faint-heartedness, the dissatisfaction, and the dissensions which nearly defeated their cause, and vividly portrays the staunch men whose brain and muscle overcame all obstacles and wrested the rich valley of the Ohio from the savage and the wilderness.

The occasional glimpses of Daniel Boone are delightful. The career of George Rogers Clark, the brilliant soldier who captured Vincennes and conquered Illinois for the young republic, only to be treated to its ingratitude in his old age, is pathetically drawn. *David Ritchie*, the philosophical drummer-boy, and his devil-may-care cousin, *Nick Temple*, make real the rough life of the time. The book closes with the signing of the Louisiana Purchase, which gives it a timely interest.

Mr. Churchill has given us a valuable document, and a readable one at that. At the same time, "The Crossing" can scarcely be called a romance. It has neither plot nor hero, and practically no love-interest. It is simply a record of historical events with the actors made alive and real.

THE FUTURE OF HUMANITY.—Mr.

Wells has some theories that would not be easy to put into practise.

H. G. Wells has set himself a stupendous task in his latest book, "Mankind in the Making"—a task no less than a criticism and revision of the social and ethical condition of our modern civilization, together with the promulgation of a theory of education and social polity for the betterment of the coming race.

This would seem a pretty big contract for one man, yet it must be admitted that Mr. Wells has performed it fairly well. His imagination revels in excursions into the realm of the unknown; but unlike most of those who indulge in prophecies, he has an eye to the necessity for workable details. The book is hardly likely to furnish a panacea for the ills of the present day, but at least it will set people thinking on certain existing evils which only a blind man can blink.

Mr. Wells' subject is the improvement of the race morally and physically, rather than sociologically, and he handles the question without gloves. Naturally he sees that the hope of the future lies in the child, and that only as conditions for healthy birth and development are realized can we look for a sounder and more vigorous generation. From this point of view it is inevitable that he should find much to censure in the home and school training of children, and in the conditions which bring it about that those least fitted to rear children are as a rule the parents of the largest families. In all of this there is nothing startlingly new, but the thesis is well put, and is worked out with a wealth of illustration and detail that makes the conclusion forcible.

Mr. Wells does not suggest a practicable method of putting his theories into execution, further than that of general education. An attempt to suggest such a method could hardly escape failure, and yet its absence weakens the force of the thesis. This, however, is a dilemma before which all reformers find themselves.

LITERARY DANDIES—Those of an earlier day make our modern product seem pale and tame.

Those who have found material for scornful mirth in Mr. Richard Harding Davis' war-correspondent trunks, who have jeered the long, drooping locks and the wide, melancholy ties of Messrs. Carman, Yeats, and others, and who have insisted that either a conspicuous care or a conspicuous carelessness in attire was incompatible with genius, were perhaps mistaken, after all. Hear what John Coleman remembers of Dickens as told in "Fifty Years of an Actor's Life":

Charles Dickens, then in the zenith of his fame, lived exactly opposite to me. He used to turn out pretty punctually between one and two, either with a pony and trap or on horse back; and as I generally timed my so-called lunch for the occasion, I was always in evidence when he turned out. At that time he was a young, handsome fellow, and seemed to know it. There was an abounding vitality about him. His eyes were bright, his hair long and wavy, his whiskers luxuriant. His costume was peculiar and pronounced. I used to stand open-mouthed, gazing with wonder and delight at this glorious and exuberant creature.

Young Coleman saw Disraeli "resplendent in all the colors of the rainbow, his crimson vest festooned with a huge gold chain, his flaming eyes flashing fire from

out the heart of a black pansy, and his hyacinthine locks clustered in great flakes of glossy curls." But Bulwer Lytton was "the greatest dandy of them all"—which must have been painting the lily and adding perfume to the violet.

TALES AND TRADITIONS—The interesting controversy on their relation.

The often belligerent Gertrude Atherton and the almost invariably peaceful William Dean Howells have crossed swords. In her unregenerate literary past, Mrs. Atherton used to demand an alarming amount of moral leeway in her tales; in her later work she arrogates to herself a good deal of liberty as to fact and judgment, and she now declares against the hampering influences of the publishers' "traditions." Mr. Howells, who has never claimed any more freedom of topic or of treatment than might accord with the view of the "best people" of Akron, Ohio, or Bangor, Maine, retorts that complaints of this sort are "not made by writers who are doing great work in contemporary literature, but by those who, unsatisfied with the ample liberty of the realm of letters, desire an unusual license which, in the degree that it approaches insolence, is surely alien to genius."

Letters of rejection, of which most authors have valuable collections, bear out Mrs. Atherton's contention rather than Mr. Howells'. Writers who have never thought of questioning the immutable rightness of the Decalogue and the statute books, as well as those more daring ones who have propounded social and ethical problems, all tell the same tale. When they have passed the rejection-blank novitiate, and published their first novel, declinations come as follows:

Our readers will not endure anything melodramatic, so that we are returning your impressive and interesting tale.

We have a prejudice, perhaps an absurd one, against stories of the stage.

We never publish newspaper stories.

Stories of low life, however well done, are not at all in our line.

Your story has tempted us greatly, but our better judgment counsels against its acceptance; our readers might object to the heroine's peculiar domestic situation. The truth is, we want stories about "nice" people.

Along such lines the letters of rejection run. Certainly they seem to set bounds on every side to a young writer's ambition and possibilities.

As for works which treat of really

"dangerous" topics, here is an illuminating story:

A few years ago a publishing house accepted, with every sign of enthusiasm, a novel from a new writer; it was declared to be one of the most powerful studies of a certain common, though painful, phase of American life ever written. While it was in press, so the story runs, the wife of one of the members of the firm came home from abroad, was moved by the praise she heard to read the story, and promptly took to hysterics or some other potent family persuasive force to induce her husband's firm to break its contract with the young author; she did not approve of the heroine, who was not at all a "nice" person. The result was that the book, though it could not be withdrawn, was never pushed in any way, never advertised, never distributed.

An English firm, stumbling upon it in some mysterious fashion, bought the English rights and brought it out. It created something of a critical furor in England, but it is still unknown in this country.

On the whole, it seems that Mrs. Atherton speaks with moderation when she declares that the prevailing standard in America is too snug to make for the production of an original and vigorous school of novel-writing.

"PAULINE" THEN AND NOW—Some interesting statistics of poetry and finance.

Here is an item to rejoice the hearts of the Browning clubs—if Maeterlinck and Ibsen coteries and Celtic Renaissance circles have not driven them entirely from the land. An uncut copy of "Pauline" was bought at a library sale in London, the other day, for three hundred and twenty-five pounds—about sixteen hundred dollars.

When Browning wrote "Pauline," he was twenty-one years old, and strongly under the influence of Shelley. His father—worthy British wine merchant!—severely disapproved of portions of the work, but the family thought it promising enough to be printed, and they paid for its publication. It was, in the vast intention of the young poet, only the introduction to a great world-drama. It made almost no stir at all on its appearance, and Browning himself would have excluded it from the late collections of his works but for his knowledge of the design of some publisher to print it in spite of

his suppression. And now an autographed volume of it brings sixteen hundred dollars at a sale!

That, of course, is the bibliophile's valuation, not the reader's; yet the latter would probably not cavil at it as arbitrary or inflated, remembering the glorious invocation to Shelley, beginning:

Sun-treader, I believe in God and truth

And love,

and ending:

But live thou forever,

And be to all what thou hast been to me!

LONDON SOCIETY—And the American and Jewish influences that are now such potent elements of it.

A thoroughly up-to-date volume is "London Society in the New Reign," by an author who veils his identity under the pseudonym "A Foreign Resident," and who published a book on the British capital under Queen Victoria some twenty years ago. It contains nearly three hundred pages of brief personalities similar to those that make up the myriads of personal paragraphs printed annually in the English weeklies. The very qualities that make it interesting at the moment will no doubt render it entirely obsolete in a very few years.

The author speaks with much frankness of the American and Jewish influences now prominent in the social life of the British capital. Regarding the rumor that the latter element was not to enjoy such favor with the sovereign as it found with the prince, he says:

As for dropping the Semites, one might as well talk of his majesty's giving the cut direct to his ministers in Downing Street.

He describes the Israelitish line of march into society as "marked by bounties distributed at every point. The nobility could to-day as ill dispense with the Jews as could the monarch himself.

He congratulates Mr. Andrew Carnegie "on having at last venerated the multimillionaire with a manner successfully reproducing that of a dissenting minister in his meditative moments, or of a bank cashier asking a customer whether he will take it 'long or short.'" Further on he speaks of "the bluff, burly, red-faced giant, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the expression of whose face as he carries the collecting plate around the church has been compared with that of Jupiter Pluvius looking down from on high on the puny efforts of a water-cart to lay the dust."

Despite his show of intimate knowledge of the subject, the Foreign Resident sometimes gives evidence of having gleaned his information from the press rather than from personal knowledge. He gives undue prominence to certain persons who are known to receive but scant consideration in private life, no matter what their newspaper fame may be. He grossly exaggerates the fortune brought to a certain English duke by his American wife.

But despite a suspicious suggestion of the methods employed by the late Mr. Vandam in the construction of "An Englishman in Paris," no book of recent years has given a more convincing picture of the changes that London Society has undergone in recent years. If for nothing else, the volume is really worth reading.

HELP FOR MUSICIANS—A new field for the protective union suggested.

Are music and madness akin? Is it impossible for a man to play upon any instrument, or to set down upon any page the marks of melody, and yet to be a self-respecting citizen, paying his taxes, his tailor, and his barber, mindful of his marriage vows, worried about the baby's teeth, and no more exclamatory or obscure in speech than the rest of the world? Apparently not—at any rate if the novelists who write about musicians are to be believed. They—the writers—make us as glad that musical genius is rare as the average boarder is glad that most of his fellows are not striving for perfection on the flute or trombone.

The latest of the musical novels, "The Diary of a Musician," edited—which presumably means written—by Dolores Marlbourg Bacon, is one with which the Musical Protective Union should take issue as a libel on the whole profession. Most musical novels portray heroes of ill-regulated emotions, but in such books as Mr. Huneker's "Melomaniaes," or Baroness von Hutton's "Violet," the result is something more than drivel. Mrs. Bacon's diarist, however, mistakes raving for rapture and sheer inanity for ecstasy, as this excerpt will show:

When she came I went blind and deaf. She spoke, she smiled—and my soul perceived it, but not my ears, not my eyes. She did not touch my hand, though both were stretched toward her. I know this to be so—we withdrew to a higher heaven. Her presence was a benediction, and she seemed to float before me.

ETCHINGS

THE WARRING SECTS.

THE reapers stood where the harvest lay
Ripe for their reaping, day after day,
And they bickered and bickered the time
away—

While God sent sunny weather.
Now this man struck at his brother's
scythe,
And laughed in his folly to see him
writhe,

When he nicked the weaker blade a tithe;
And each debated whether,
If he broke his brother's blade off short,
God would be pleased at the neat retort;
And with noisy girding of such-like sort
They ran the length of their tether.

Oh, grand the harvest some day shall be
In this field that stretches from sea to sea,
When the workers stand in it knee by
knee,

And swing their scythes—together!
Grace MacGowan Cooke.

THE MASQUERADE.

THE night was the stave of a careless air—
Was ever a night so rare?

How we flung our hearts to its measures
fleet!

Was ever a violin so sweet,
Or ever such maze for foolish feet?

Houp la! For joy went far
When I was a dashing red hussar,
And you were a vivandière!

Ah, didn't the fiddlers all despair,
And didn't we make folks stare!
Teh! Little they knew the madness pent
In you, "the girl of the regiment,"
And the trooper who followed your reck-
less bent.

Houp la! For youth went far
When I was a dashing red hussar,
And you were a vivandière!

We danced till the swaying room grew
bare

The chill in the white lights' glare;
Then out to the gray and haggard dawn,
Still hand in hand we wandered on,
Forgetting the careless night was gone.

Houp la! For hope went far
When I was a dashing red hussar,
And you were a vivandière!

What matters the unmasked face of care
The weary old years must wear!—

Since close to my heart lies a rose of red,
Pledged of a wondrous word you said,
Before the last wild waltz was fled,

And the last pale star of dreams was dead.
Houp la! For love went far
When I was a dashing red hussar,
And you were a vivandière!

Emery Pottle.

FROM ABROAD.

WE relish cheap wine from the hills of
Bordeaux,

Because it has come from abroad.
We buy English Cheddar—a cheese, as
you know—

Because it has come from abroad.
But tannin and sugar and water, one
finds,

Of American make, constitute these
French wines;

And New York makes "Cheddars" of
numerous kinds;

So they don't always come from
abroad!

We buy Lyons silks, for they're awfully
swell,

Because they have come from abroad.
We wear French high heels, but you
never can tell

Just why they have come from abroad.
We seem to forget that the mulberry
grows

From Texas to Kansas; but every one
knows

Where the leather from Newark and
Omaha goes—

To the makers who use it abroad!

We buy olive oil from Italia fair,
Because it has come from abroad.

For only the genuine can come from
there,

Because that, you know, is abroad.
But we seem to forget, when we savor
this oil,

That the peanut and cottonseed grow on
our soil;

So smug foreign tags their identity
spoil.

Just because they don't come from
abroad!

Let us come to our senses, get over this dream.

Of things that *may* come from abroad;
Imported goods may be not just what they seem,

Although they have come from abroad.
We can make better oil, we can make better shoes,

And half as much more than we ever can use.

Let us come to our senses; we only amuse
The eyes that look on from abroad!

Edwin W. James.

LOVE AND THE WOLF—A FAIRY TALE.

POVERTY, an old, grim werwolf,

Crouched outside a cottage door;

While within a cheerful love-god

Helped his hostess sweep the floor.

He was fair and very tender,

Yet his courage did not wane,

And it seemed the wolf's long waiting

Just perchance might be in vain.

But the wolf with quickening hunger

Craved Sir Cupid for a feast;

Sad it were if Love should perish

As a tidbit for the beast.

"Never fear!" cried Love; "I'll tarry,

Though the wolf howls loud and long;

I will tell him he may enter,

And will sooth him with a song."

Then he lifted up the latch-string

And the door swung open wide;

Bade the wolf: "Come in, be welcome,

Sit you down at our fireside.

I have lived through all the ages,

And we've met before to-day;

Sometimes you have conquered fairly,

But this time I'll have my way!"

So the strange but happy family

Lived together, I've been told—

Love and wolf and gentle hostess

And a host with heart of gold.

Long they lived, by love united,

And thrived well on crusts of bread,

'Till the wolf, unused to feasting,

Curled his toes and dropped down dead!

Beatrice E. Rice.

JOHNNY AND HIS FATHER.

Pa's kinder funny! When old Flanders
starts

A-fishing down to Bartlett's brook,
an' gets

A string of trout, all speckled gold
and red.

In 'bout an hour, pa only shakes his
head

Without one word of praise, or says he bets

Some folks are born to have no luck at
all!

But when *he* goes, an' stays the live-
long day,

An' only gets muskeeter bites, or
snags

A perch or two, he brags, an' brags, an'
brags

About the whoppin' fish that got away!

Pa's kinder funny! When I told him
straight

About a joke we fellows thought was
tough—

Jim Kelsey played it on his pa—
why, he

Most split his sides, as tickled as
could be;

Said: "Kelsey owns a genius, sure
enough!"

But when I thought that he'd forget, an'
worked

The trick on him—that was last week,
an', say,

I'm settin' sideways still! I guess
I ain't

No genius, an' pa says t'would take
a saint

To live with such a terror, any way!

Pa's kinder funny! Thinks I oughter do
A heap of stunts in grammar, 'rith-

metic,

And jography. He was a bird at
school,

An' learned his sums, an' never skipped
a rule;

My ignorance just makes him fairly sick;
But when I ask about Japan, an' where

Is Panama, an' what's "to arbitrate,"

He wiggles round an' drawls: "D'y'e
take me fer

An almanac or cyclopedier?"

An' 'lows I'll drive him crazy at that
rate!

Pa's kinder funny! When I had the fight
With Billy, an' got licked, an' went

home mad,

He told me only girls an' cowards
cried.

You ought to seen my eye! An' then he
sighed

A lot about "discredit to my dad";

But when Rex died—our dog—an' I
crept off

Into the shed alone, to think—pa came
An' sat an' skrunched me up against

his arm.

An' sobbed, his cheek to mine, all
wet and warm.

Pa's funny—but I love him, just the
same!

Merivale Philbrick Abbott.

The Training of Jenks.

THE STORY OF THE AMBITIOUS FRESHMAN AND THE INTERCOLLEGIATE RACES.

BY ALLAN P. AMES.

I.

FULLY two-thirds of the sophomore class, including Stuffy Myers, Hefty Stevens, Bones Palmer, Red Kimball, and myself, were out on the athletic field watching Jenks run the hundred in nine seconds and three-fifths. When his ungainly form stumbled over the finish, a wild cheer went up, and a crowd surrounded the runner to congratulate him upon his performance.

Wrapped in a bathrobe whose colors rivaled the rainbow, the astonished freshman leaned upon the shoulders of two admirers and accepted our praise with smiling modesty. But nine and three-fifths for the hundred-yard dash, you say, beats the college record. Certainly; we understood that, so did Jenks; but something else that we knew and he didn't was that none of the timers started their stop-watches until a couple of seconds after he had left the mark!

Marcus Aurelius Jenks was the latest star in our athletic firmament, a luminary whose magnitude was limited only by his own unbounded credulity. In college, as elsewhere, we are prone to despise what we have and seek what we have not. Behind Jenks' high, white forehead Greek and Latin roots were piled like cordwood. He had led his classes so long that he sighed for glory of a new kind, on which account it was not strange that his changed ambitions led him to try athletics.

At the time of which I speak our track athletics were on the top wave of prosperity. Half the freshman class talked of going into training, and the coaches were actually embarrassed by the wealth of material. Owing to our comparatively small numbers, our football and baseball teams and crews were seldom a match for the large universities, but that did not prevent us from developing track men whose victories carried our name across the continent and over the water.

This year Springler, the best sprinter we ever had, was at the height of his form, and nothing in college was too

good for him. For him underclassmen fetched and carried, swollen with pride if he permitted them to help him dress or assist the rubbers in massaging his wonderful muscles. With Springler's example before them, it is not surprising that the majority of aspirants went in for the dashes, regardless of physical fitness. But Jenks was the last man of whom one would have suspected such a leaning. Over six feet tall, and angular as a hay rick, he had the stoop and face of a typical student. There was absolutely nothing about him to suggest the crack sprinter.

If Jenks had confided his ambitions to any one besides Stuffy Myers there is little doubt that they would have been promptly but mercifully smothered, and this story would never have been told. But practical jokes, particularly on freshmen, were Stuffy's daily food, and Jenks' request tempted him beyond endurance. Had he realized the lanky youth's earnestness, he might have hesitated; but regarding him only as any other freshman, and therefore fair game, when Jenks came to him for advice he went to work without foreboding and with the skill of long experience.

The first intimation the class had of anything doing was the following notice posted next morning in all the sophomore recitation rooms:

Marcus Aurelius Jenks will begin training for the hundred yard dash on the athletic field at half-past three this afternoon. A large attendance is requested. Suggestions thankfully received.

WILSON MYERS, Trainer.

Myers' signature was a guarantee of superior entertainment, and at the appointed time only those members of the class who had recitations they could not cut were absent. Jenks and his trainer arrived promptly. The former's appearance, as he marched proudly onto the track, was enough to make a hen laugh; but, so universal is the instinct that nurses a practical joke, not a man among us betrayed the slightest amusement.

Marcus Aurelius was a sight for the gods. Stuffy had rigged him out in a

scarlet jersey, so small that it was stretched to the bursting point, missing connections with the top of his running drawers by a good two inches. At first sight the upper garment seemed sprinkled with white polka dots; but this proved to be an illusion, caused by holes cut at regular intervals to show his tender skin. Jenks explained that they were for ventilation, but it was not hard to trace the origin of the idea to his ingenious trainer.

Thus attired, Jenks skipped out on the cinders and began to "train." Here Stuff's monopoly ended, for the mob of volunteer coaches that lined the path showered him with suggestions:

"Kick your feet up more behind!"

"Throw your knees out sideways!"

"Swing your arms more; your hands ought to go above your head!"

"Let your tongue hang out; it makes you cooler!"

And so it went, each piece of advice more absurd than its forerunner, until Myers was obliged to stop them for fear that, guileless as he was, the victim's suspicions might be roused.

"That'll do, fellows," called Stuff, raising his hand. "Mr. Jenks and I are extremely grateful for your good-will, but we are working on a system that must not be disturbed. We have concluded that the Hlowitz method is best suited to Mr. Jenks' style, and you will oblige by not interfering."

Knowing Stuff, we obeyed, and the "Hlowitz method" proved satisfactory beyond our rosiest dreams. When Stuff's originality exhausted itself he had the fertile brains of the "gang" to draw upon, and what Hefty Stevens and Red Kimball and Bones Palmer could not hatch up in the way of freshman baiting wasn't worth considering. The only systematic feature of that boy's "training" was its unvarying absurdity.

II.

THE fun did not end when Jenks left the track. Stuff's word to stop work was the signal for a small riot, the object being to decide which of Jenks' ardent admirers should bear him back to the dressing-room. This point being settled, Jenks was lifted in the arms of those who gained the privilege and carried triumphantly indoors. Here another squad of volunteers snaked off his running togs, and turned him over to a third group in appropriate attire, who put him under the shower, rubbed him

down with strange and fearful mixtures, lugged him back to the shower again, and soused him in the plunge. Finally they passed him along to the fourth bunch of Sophomores, who dressed him in his street clothes, each individual garment being presided over by a separate admirer. During the whole process the smiling and delighted athlete was not permitted to help himself by so much as lifting a finger.

Those who didn't know Jenks must wonder how any man with sufficient intelligence to get into college would submit to such a mauling and consider it honor; but Marcus was unique in more ways than one.

Of course the awakening of his suspicions was only a question of time; but thanks to his singular guilelessness, his persecutors actually tired of the sport before that time arrived. Indeed, I am not so sure that we deserved the name "persecutors;" for while the game was on its victim basked in what he took to be genuine hero-worship, and was the happiest fellow in college.

The really serious side of the affair occurred to nobody until a couple of weeks after different interests had almost blotted out the remembrance of Jenks and his ridiculous performances. For although the hair-brained Stuff turned his attention to other sources of amusement, and the mob of volunteer coaches, dressers, and rubbers dwindled and disappeared, that amazing freshman continued training as faithfully as ever, and soon began to talk of his chances in the approaching intercollegiate meet. Believing that he had done the sprints in less than record time, he saw no cause to doubt that he would be the star performer in the team that would represent the college.

The originators and abettors of the great hoax found themselves confronted with the problem of making Jenks understand that he had about as much chance of winning one of the intercollegiate races as a man with a wheelbarrow. The boy was in such deadly earnest that we feared lest a brutal statement of facts might break his heart. To hints and suggestions he was impervious; nothing but the plain truth from some one like Springler or the trainer, whose authority he could not doubt, would disillusionize him; and these two, not being responsible for his condition, refused to assume the unpleasant task.

In short, it began to look as if, rather than tell the freshman how things stood,

they were going to let him enter the meet and become the laughing stock of several thousand spectators. This, of course, would be the most undesirable result possible. The realization that he had made a fool of himself before a lot of "rooters" from rival colleges, not to speak of several hundred girls, would be enough to humiliate any man for life.

Finally, having discussed and rejected a dozen schemes, Stuffy and Hefty and Bones and Red and I concluded to appeal to Pop O'Brien. Pop was the professional trainer—not one of those modern physical directors with "M. D." and "Ph. D." after their names, but an old professional runner who had learned what makes and unmakes an athlete by personal experience. A better-natured, more tender-hearted Irishman never lived, and if he had caught the gang at work on Jenks the great joke would have seen an untimely finish. But, as it happened, during the week that Marcus was treating us to those amusing stunts, Pop was away. He had learned of the affair after his return, of course, and the indignation we had heard him express made us both eager and reluctant to seek his assistance; eager, because we knew he would be anxious to save our victim further suffering, and reluctant because we knew he would embrace the opportunity to tell what he thought of us.

In the end an honest liking and solicitude for Jenks won the day. We found Pop at the end of the straightaway, putting half a dozen dash men through a course of starts.

"Faith, an' I'm pleased to learn that ye sophomores have a little ordinary human kindness in yez," he replied, after Stuffy had explained the object of our visit. "There's the poor lad out there now, chasin' round and round the track as if he was wound up. He'd never run the hundred under eleven if he trained all his life. But if a bye ever had grit, it's him. I've had me eye on the poor, innocent freshie ever since I heard of the mane thrick ye played him. It's a cryin' shame, that's what! I'll do what I can for yez; not because ye deserve help, but on his account."

"Pop, you're a brick," cried Stuffy. "You see, I'm the most worried over this because I'm principally to blame. But when I started the joke I never dreamed it would go so far. He *was* such a soft mark. Why, a fellow doesn't run across material like him once in a century!"

"Thru'e enough," assented O'Brien heartily, with a strange twinkle in his

eye. "Well, I'll see what can be done. Fact is, I've had that freshie on me mind for a long while. I guess it'll come out all right."

Having unbounded faith in the resources of Pop's Irish wit, we left the field with clear consciences, feeling that the matter was as good as settled. But three days later we saw Jenks jogging around the track as doggedly as ever. Somewhat disturbed, we asked O'Brien what the matter was. He told us that the affair was all settled.

"But I'm goin' to let ye puzzle over it a little," the trainer added, with a mysterious grin. "A bit more worriment won't hurrt ye. Maybe ye'll be surprised at the way I've managed it; but never ye mind, the lad's safe in my keepin'. He'll come out of this all right, or me name ain't O'Brien!"

That was all the satisfaction he would give us. Notwithstanding persistent efforts to worm his secret from him, the day of the meet arrived with Pop wearing the same baffling smile, and Jenks saying nothing, only working harder than any other man on the team.

III.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of that meet to the college. In the first place, it was our turn to hold it on our own grounds, consequently half the spectators were our old grads, our fathers and mothers and sisters and sub-freshman brothers, and other fellows' sisters, all wearing our colors and cocksure of our success. Then, it was a year of unusually bitter rivalry between us and the State University. The preceding fall the university had licked us at football, and all this spring they had been bragging how they would do the same to our baseball and track teams.

For various reasons, but principally for its blustering bigness, we hated that institution. While we dated back nearly a century, to the time when our founder cleared the virgin forest, they could boast of barely a dozen years' mushroom growth. The Legislature voted them a generous annual appropriation, but Legislatures can't give history, nor traditions, nor moss-grown, time-mellowed buildings, nor old grads. In place of these the university had barrels of money, enormous classes, and still more enormous cheek.

Four other colleges sent teams to represent them, but the real contest was admittedly between us and our overgrown

rival. Experts predicted the closest fight since the founding of the league. Upon Springler we depended for fifteen points, five for first place in each of the three dashes; but the university had a man who was equally sure to win the two long runs. In the half-mile, the hurdles, the jumps, and the weights we felt secure of as many points as they. Figuring out the prospects, we had concluded that we should win the meet by about five points. The outlook was cheerful, but not rosy enough to banish anxiety altogether, especially since the university rooters, as soon as they marched upon the field, began to behave as if they had not the slightest doubt about winning.

Each college had a certain section of the grand stand assigned to it, and even from a distance you could tell where each crowd sat from the predominating color. Stuffy and Hefty and Red and I, with a few others of our particular coterie, had the good luck to be unencumbered with relatives, so we went out to the field together, and all got seats in a bunch.

As we looked over the programs distributed through the rows by a couple of freshmen, Jenks and Pop O'Brien's promised surprise being far from our thoughts, suddenly there came a howl from Hefty:

"Oh, wow! Bully for Pop! See here, fellows, what he's gone and done!"

Eagerly crowding around Hefty, we let our eyes rest on the spot his finger indicated. There, among the entries for the two-mile run appeared the name of M. A. Jenks!

With a common impulse, we glanced up at the list of men who were to take part in the dashes. Jenks was not there.

"Well, I don't see as he's helped things any," growled Kimball.

"You don't, hey, you pudd'n'-head?" retorted Hefty. "Haven't you brains enough to understand that since Jenks isn't officially entered for the sprints he can't start? That's Pop's foxy scheme. If the boy had been left out altogether, he might have suspected a conspiracy; but now O'Brien can explain that his name got in the wrong place through some regrettable error, which was discovered too late to remedy. Since Jenks considers himself only a sprinter, he'd never dream of starting in the two-mile run, and so he'll be left out altogether."

"You're right!" shouted Stuffy, with a vigor that proved his delight. "That ought to let the freshman down without wounding his tenderest feelings."

More than satisfied with the manner in which Pop had kept his word, the gang dismissed the subject and prepared to give the coming events its undivided attention.

As usual, the meet began with the hundred-yard dash. Springler, just as everybody expected, won, with two yards of clear daylight between him and the nearest opponent. That started the cheering, and from then on there were few intervals when one college or another was not stretching its lungs. The State University men had every kind of new-fangled device for making a disturbance, and whenever one of their team won the racket was hideous.

An athlete of theirs took the low hurdles, with Johnson of our team second, while in the high hurdles the same two men came in ahead, only in positions just reversed. And this was an illustration of the way things went most of the afternoon. Practically, it was a dual meet, for the other colleges got firsts in only three events. Springler took the two-twenty in hollow style, and Felton, the university's crack distance man, had just as easy a time in the mile run. The field events distributed points about as we had anticipated, and when the result of the broad jump was announced we held the victory as good as won.

With the quarter and the two-mile events yet to come, the score stood thirty-eight to thirty-one in our favor. Springler was regarded as a certainty in the quarter, while the long run was conceded to Felton, so it looked as if nothing could prevent our coming out six or seven points ahead. The university men realized this as well as ourselves, for their cheering died away, and the section where their supporters sat suddenly became quiet as the grave, with hardly a flag in sight.

Although our rivals had not a man who could finish the quarter within yards of Springler, the two they had entered were considered good enough to beat any of the other contestants. Altogether, eight starters faced the mark.

The pistol cracked, and it was glorious to see the way our star man lit out from the bunch. Half way round the track he led by ten yards, running so easily that he scarcely seemed to exert himself at all. It looked like a walk-over; then all at once our cheering ended abruptly in a wail of dismay, for, entering the home-stretch, Springler, without warning, suddenly lost his magnificent stride, staggered a few steps, and pitched over

on his face. The two university runners darted past, and the next minute they had crossed the line and won the race.

It all occurred so unexpectedly that for several seconds the whole grand stand sat in silent amazement. Then from the university section burst a roar that shook the distant dormitories.

How had it happened? There sat Springler on the edge of the track, with his face buried in his hands, overwhelmed by the calamity. O'Brien and a couple of his men rushed up to him, and we saw them help him slowly to his feet and half carry him to the dressing-room. Pretty soon Pop came running back and whispered something to the manager of the team, and before long the explanation was going the rounds of the stand. Springler had stepped into a hole in the cinder path and wrenched a tendon so badly that he was not likely to run again that season.

The question remained, however, how came the hole there? O'Brien declared that before the race began he had inspected the track and found it in perfect condition. This fact, together with the careful manner in which the two university sprinters had avoided the dangerous spot, gave the thing an ugly look; but there was small chance of proving anything. Somebody had scooped out that hole for the purpose of throwing Springler. Who it was we never discovered.

This accident gave the university first and second places in the quarter, which meant eight points, enough to put them one ahead. Third place had gone to a runner from one of the other colleges. The two-mile was the only event left, and, as I have said, Felton was as certain to win it as he had been with the mile.

Meanwhile, our rivals had been carrying on like all-possessed, jumping up and down in their seats, tooting their silly horns, waving their sickly yellow flags, yelling, and making such a fearful din that you couldn't hear yourself think. And the worst of it was we had to sit and hear them without a ray of hope for the future.

IV.

THE uproar was still at its height when the clerk of the course called the men out for the last event. They came from their dressing-rooms, looking, in their gaudy bath-robes and blankets, like a lot of frozen Indians. Grief had so dulled my interest that I scarcely gave them a

second glance, but Red Kimball, who sat just behind, bent over and landed a terrific punch between my shoulders.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed, "look there! If that clothes-pin in the red and brown blanket isn't Mark Jenks I'll eat my *chapeau*!"

Several others who had heard him looked at the same time, and, sure enough, it was that freshman!

"Oh, heavens!" moaned Stuffey; "the fool's really going to run! Where's Pop? I don't believe he knows it."

We watched the preparations for the start, expecting every moment to see some one run out and drag Jenks off the track; but no such thing occurred. Presently O'Brien came over from the gymnasium, and walked along the line, whispering final instructions to our three men, but when he reached Jenks he showed neither surprise nor anger. He only talked to him a little longer than he did to the rest, and then stepped back out of the way.

Marcus Aurelius had the extreme outside of the track, which brought him into full view of the stand, and more than one laugh was heard as he threw off his blanket and revealed his ungainly form. Even in regulation running costume Jenks was a sight for the merry. His face, leaner than it had been when we first knew him, and burnt by his outdoor life to a healthier hue, expressed the most heartrending anxiety, while his deep, near-sighted eyes were fixed upon the starter as if he feared he would never be able to pick the man out again if he once removed them.

Now a two-mile run is a long, trying race. The eager novice generally makes the mistake of racing his heart out in the first mile; the veteran, unless he is after a record, generally takes things easy at the start, and lets some one else cut out the pace until he can size up his opponents.

Jenks did just as might have been expected. At the sound of the pistol he set out at a pace that soon left the others behind. Running diagonally across the track, he almost immediately took a lead close to the pole. Once there, he let nobody pass him, and before the first quarter was covered he led by a good twenty-five yards.

Felton at first kept well back with the crowd. His strongest point was his ability to sprint at the close, when other men had not an ounce of energy left. There were times when his fondness for a spectacular finish tempted him to post-

pone his sprint until the last possible moment.

Our track is three laps to the mile. As the runners came around the first time, Jenks, at the head of the string, was greeted by a chorus of derisive hoots, the university rooters vying with one another to see who could shriek the most exasperating things. But action seemed to have restored the freshman's nerve, for he loped steadily along without heeding their attempts to rattle him. When he had passed, Bones Palmer, who was the only fellow in our particular crowd who pretended to be an authority on form, turned and remarked:

"Say, that giraffe may look funny, but let me tell you he's running in first-rate style. Not an ounce of effort wasted in that long swing of his! You can't expect a bean-nole to look as pretty as those knotty little chunks behind him. Bunchy muscles make a fine show, but they're more use in a gymnasium than on a running-track."

"You don't mean to say that gawk can run?" demanded Stuffy.

"Yes, I do," declared Bones; "but of course there's no telling how he will hold out. I'm afraid he's setting too stiff a pace."

"I'll give him one more lap at that gait before he's lugged off to the infirmary," growled Stuffy, relapsing into the gloomy silence that had followed Springler's failure.

Notwithstanding his prophecy, when the runners went by the second time the only noticeable change was a slight increase in Jenks' lead.

"Stay where you are, Felton!" yelled a volunteer coach in the stand. "That fellow's only a stalking-horse. Don't let him pull you out!"

Before the end of the fourth lap the rattling pace had used up three of the contestants so badly that they quit, sitting down beside the track to recover their wind. Only two-thirds of a mile remained, and Jenks had widened the space between him and the nearest opponent to pretty nearly a hundred yards. It was incomprehensible! In breathless silence we followed him with our eyes, expecting each stride to be his last, but he kept on at the same mechanical lope without the least sign of weakening.

Jenks a two-miler! Jenks beat Felton! It was preposterous! Yet Felton's anxiety was manifested by more acts than one. Until nearly the end of the fifth lap he waited for his unknown rival to drop back; then, finding him running as

strong as ever, he threw back his head and started to close the gap. Felton was a wonderful finisher, and now, exerting himself to the utmost, he gradually began to overhaul the leader.

Until this spurt came our fellows had watched the race with scarcely a sound, into such a trance had amazement thrown them. But now there was a swift awakening. The college leaped to its feet and found its voice in one prolonged, inarticulate yell, for even the most inexperienced could see that our blessed freshman was running within his strength and without a hint of distress.

Now, perhaps for the first time, some of us recalled a picture of early spring afternoons with Jenks patiently jogging round and round this same track in the same mechanical, ground-devouring stride. We had grown so accustomed to regard the chap as a hopelessly awkward duffer with a pathetic ambition to sprint that we failed to observe the gradual transformation from an ungainly novice to a seasoned long-distance runner. Now we began to understand the meaning of those long afternoons of dogged hard work, and of Pop O'Brien's mysterious remarks.

But most of these thoughts occurred to us afterward. It was no time for memories of the past just then. Around the bend raced Jenks, with Felton straining behind. It is a terrible thing to run a mile and two-thirds as fast as you think you possibly can, and then find that you must finish just a little faster. This was the task cut out for the university champion. Contempt for his unknown opponent had tempted him to delay that famous spurt too long.

At first he closed on our man rapidly, but when the gap had narrowed to about twenty-five yards, in spite of the fact that Jenks ran as mechanically as ever and not a bit faster, there it remained. As the two runners flew down the stretch every person in the stand was up shouting incoherent words of encouragement. Then the State University people dropped dumbly back into their seats, leaving us to cheer alone, for Jenks, with a smile on his lean face as he glanced behind at Felton staggering twenty-five yards in his wake, had crossed the line.

If our opponents had gone crazy when their man won the four-forty, our fellows behaved now as if they had never known a sane hour in their lives. Barely waiting for the third runner—an outsider whose one point had no effect upon the result—they poured over the grand



THE ASTONISHED FRESHMAN LEANED UPON THE SHOULDERS OF TWO ADMIRERS AND ACCEPTED OUR PRAISE WITH SMILING MODESTY.

stand railing like water over a spillway, and flowed out along the field, throwing up their hats and coats, thumping one another on the back, dancing and yelling like a horde of drunken Indians.

By winning the race Jenks had given us five points, which, balanced against Felton's three for second, won us the meet by a score of forty-three to forty-two. Not a large margin, but enough! The very closeness of the result made the triumph all the sweeter. And how we did celebrate!

And Jenks! Before he could escape to his dressing-room he was seized and lifted upon the shoulders of as many adoring classmates as could find room beneath him. With a scarlet blanket draped about his lanky form to guard against a chill, he was carried along the front of the stand and then across the field and into the gymnasium, much as the sophomores of Stuffy Myers' gang had borne him a few weeks earlier in the year. Only this time the demonstration was as much in earnest as that other had been in mockery. At that moment I am

sure there was not an undergraduate nor a subfreshman on the campus who would not have given all he possessed to be in the shoes of that once despised and pitied freshman.

During the three remaining years of his course Jenks won us many a race, and developed into nearly as good a miler as he was a two-mile man; but his inability to sprint was something that no amount of training could remedy. We left him a junior, one of the most popular fellows in college, and captain-elect of the following year's track team. His popularity dated from the afternoon when he saved the intercollegiate meet by beating Felton, but its rapid growth was due in no small measure to the cheerful manner in which he forgave the treatment he had received from Stuffy Myers' gang.

We all appreciated this, except Stuffy himself, who to the end of his days will insist that the college owes him an everlasting debt of gratitude for being the first to discover in Jenks the makings of a star athlete.

Our Fleet Of Floating Fortunes



BY FRANK S. ARNETT.

THE ACME OF MODERN LUXURY IS THE STEAM-YACHT OF THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE—A COSTLY FLOATING PALACE THAT COMBINES THE COMFORTS OF A FIRST-RATE HOTEL, THE RICH DECORATIONS OF A FIFTH AVENUE MANSION, AND THE POWER TO CRUISE AT WILL IN TROPIC SEAS OR IN THE COOL WATERS OF THE NORTH.

THE most costly luxury possible to an American millionaire is the ownership of a sea-going steam-yacht. Even the splendid cangia in which concealed oarsmen bore along the waters of the Nile the swarthy Cleopatra, ruler over a despotism of two thousand years ago—even that poetic vessel, compared with the great floating palaces of a twentieth-century democracy, would seem little more pretentious than the canoe of the American aborigine. Nor need we go back so far to find a comparison. Queen Elizabeth, to whom is credited the ownership of the first fairly modern pleasure-ship, to-day would rank in the New York Yacht Club only as the possessor of something akin to a tramp trading lugger.

The Egyptian queen carried on her state barge fourscore oarsmen, a pilot, and two personal attendants. The largest modern steam-yachts require the services of almost as many officers, sailors, and servants as do the Atlantic liners, to which, indeed, outwardly they bear no small resemblance.

The average American, or at least the average New Yorker, knows something of the stupendous luxury with which, in the last few years, some of our very rich men have surrounded themselves. The view of splendid equipages on the avenue or in the park is free to all. So, too, are glimpses through elaborate gateways of wrought-iron and brass. Stately offices, fitted up at the cost of an emperor's cabinet of state, are not entirely in-

accessible either to the anarchist or the merely curious. Gorgeous gowns and dazzling diamonds are on view three nights in the week, during the season, in the parterre of the Metropolitan Opera House. But very few outsiders have any definite idea of the combination of comfort and splendor to be found on board the ocean-going yachts of American multi-millionaires.

THE COST OF MODERN LUXURY.

There are other costly luxuries, of course. Not long ago one of our rich men paid a hundred thousand dollars for the Dido tapestries, taken from the Barberini Palace. Another, a famous captain of industry, gave half a million for a single Flemish tapestry once the property of Cardinal Mazarin. Several gentlemen with more money than is actually required to keep the wolf from the door have subscribed to an edition of Dickens that is to cost each of them considerably more than a hundred thousand dollars. But the difference between such luxuries as these and the ownership of a steam-yacht is that once the former are paid for, the expense ceases, whereas in the case of a yacht it has only commenced.

Such vessels as W. K. Vanderbilt's Valiant, J. Pierpont Morgan's Corsair, John Jacob Astor's Nourmahal, Mrs. Robert Goelet's Nahma, and Anthony J. Drexel's Margarita, cost, to build, all the way from half a million to a full million of dollars. Figures, it has been remarked, were invented only that we

might find out how much we owe, or how much some one owes us. In either case they are fatiguing, and most people, if they could afford it, would rather pay their own yachting bills than learn the amount of other people's. Nevertheless, it may be of interest to state, briefly, that while one of the larger steam-yachts is in commission—say from four to seven months in the year—the cost of maintenance will run from ten thousand dollars a month to thrice as much. This, of course, includes entertaining, which, in fact, is the main purpose of a yacht. It is, in reality, merely a floating house-party, with many advantages over the ordinary one ashore, but with the disadvantage that, if you're bored, it is not so easy to arrange for a convenient telegram calling you back to town on pressing business.

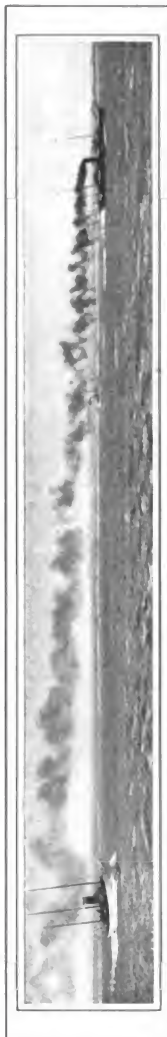
HOUSEKEEPING ON A STEAM-YACHT.

Closely following this item of expense is the more prosaic one of coal. The householder who groans when he has to pay for a dozen tons in the course of a winter may find it difficult to grasp the fact that during a deep sea voyage the larger yachts consume eighty tons a day, and half that amount even on an ordinary cruise. For the season, twenty-five thousand dollars is not an impossible coal bill. Wages, including a five-thousand-dollar skipper, fifty sailors, an engineering force of ten or twelve, electricians, a chef, waiters, and cabin and other servants, will run up to something like fifteen thousand dollars. For a six months' cruise, providing you do not entertain too many crowned heads, you may escape with a total expenditure of two hundred thousand dollars, or perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand.

Not, however, if the yacht is not your own. In that case the expense will be materially increased—as may be gathered from the single fact that when C. B. Alexander chartered Mr. Drexel's *Margarita* he paid for its use something like fifteen thousand dollars a month. This chartering of yachts is quite customary. The practise is due to two causes—the monotony of an entire year on board ship, and, even when the yacht is fitted with a wireless telegraphic appliance, the desire of the average American millionaire to spend much of his time in close personal touch with his business or financial affairs. Thus one summer Charles M. Schwab chartered Francis L. Leland's *Safa-el-Bahr* ("Joy of the Sea"), originally owned by the Khedive of Egypt; and the same season George J. Gould used the British steam yacht *Tauros*, which under the name of the *Eros* was once the property of one of the Rothschilds.

ON BOARD OF A FLOATING PALACE.

So much for mere cost. But in this world one may spend a great deal of money and fail to secure its equivalent in comfort or in luxury. Let us satisfy ourselves, therefore, as to what the interior of a million-dollar steam-yacht is like. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Drexel, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Astor, Mr. Gould, and others—or, more truthfully, since



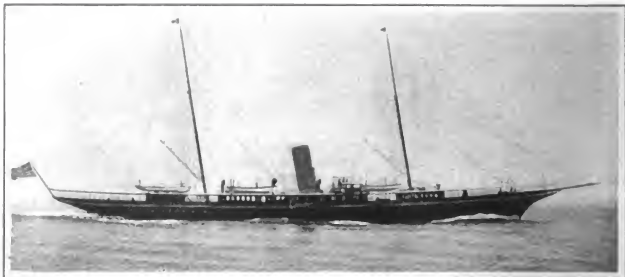
THE START OF LAST YEAR'S RACE FOR THE LYSTRATA CUP, OFFERED BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT AS A CHALLENGE TROPHY FOR STEAM YACHTS—THE PRIZE HAS TWICE BEEN WON BY THE KANAWHA, OWNED BY H. H. ROGERS, OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Burton, New York.

they know nothing of our visit—may I show you over the *Margarita*, the *Dreamer*, and their other vessels?

In the *Margarita* we have a vessel rated among the five or six largest pleasure ships in the world, exceeded only by W. K. Vanderbilt's *Valiant*, the German Emperor's *Hohenzollern*, the British royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, and possibly one or two others. Descending the Drexel boat's wide main stairway of Spanish mahogany, and passing at its

Lewis Cass Ledyard, a recent commodore of the New York Yacht Club—an odd change of ownership, when one recalls Mr. Lawson's bitter disagreement with New York yachtsmen over an international race of not so long ago. The vessel is notable, among other points, for its inviting sun-deck, its mahogany dining-room with an elaborately carved buffet, and the golden oak library, over whose fireplace Mr. Lawson was wont to keep some huge tankards made from



THE CORSAIR, OWNED BY J. PIERPONT MORGAN, WHICH COST HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, AND IS FAMOUS AS ONE OF THE FINEST STEAM-YACHTS AFLOAT—IN 1899 THE CORSAIR WAS FLAGSHIP OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S FLEET.

From a photograph by Burton, New York.

foot a formidable stand of rifles, we enter upon the chief beauties of the yacht. Here we find the drawing-room, extending the full width of the ship, ceiling and walls in white-enamelled hardwood, the furniture in Louis XV style, a white marble fire-place at one end, at the other an *eseritoire* decorated by world-famed artists. From here we pass to the library, notable for splendid rugs and ivory carvings in addition to generous bookcases. This leads us to the dining-hall, in the Chippendale style, flooded with softened light from a dome of leaded glass. We may lounge for a moment in the Turkish smoking-room, with tiger-skins on its polished floor, its walls and ceiling studded with electric lights; pass through a dainty parlor in white and gold, with hangings and rugs of red; peep into the bedroom of the mistress of the yacht, which is finished in Louis XV style, and into her *boudoir*, in that of Louis XVI; and so on through the rest of this floating bit of fairyland.

So, too, we may view and marvel at the luxury visible on what was once Thomas W. Lawson's *Dreamer*, now owned by

elephants' tusks and valued at eight thousand dollars.

AN INVENTORY OF LUXURY.

Do you care to go farther and visit other palatial yachts? Even luxury may pall. Let it suffice, therefore, to say that several of these American steam-yachts are furnished throughout with the magnificence and almost the roominess of a Fifth Avenue mansion. Everywhere are fine pieces of woodwork, costly *bric-à-brac*, rare rugs, ivory, and statuary, everywhere a lavish yet tasteful showing of riches and richness. Many have a second dining-room for children, with all the furniture especially designed for the little fellows, and, as well, a nursery and a children's gymnasium.

On board these craft we find, moreover, numerous bath rooms, many rooms for guests, rooms for maids, valets, and stewards, rooms for petty officers, and firemen, and quarters for a crew sometimes numbering nearly a hundred men. Also we may visit perfectly appointed kitchens; look over the electric and ice plants, and the appa-



THE PROMENADE DECK OF THE NOURMAHAL, OWNED BY COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR, OF NEW YORK
—THE PROPORTIONS OF THIS FINE YACHT ARE ALMOST THOSE OF AN OCEAN LINER.

ratus by which the yachts are heated by steam, in addition to the cozy grate fires used during winter cruises; and examine the rapid-fire guns, the rifles, and army revolvers—for these ships of pleasure are fully prepared for emergencies that may arise even in this prosaic century when one steers into out-of-the-way waters.

THE GROWTH OF THE STEAM FLEET.

All this splendor and completeness is

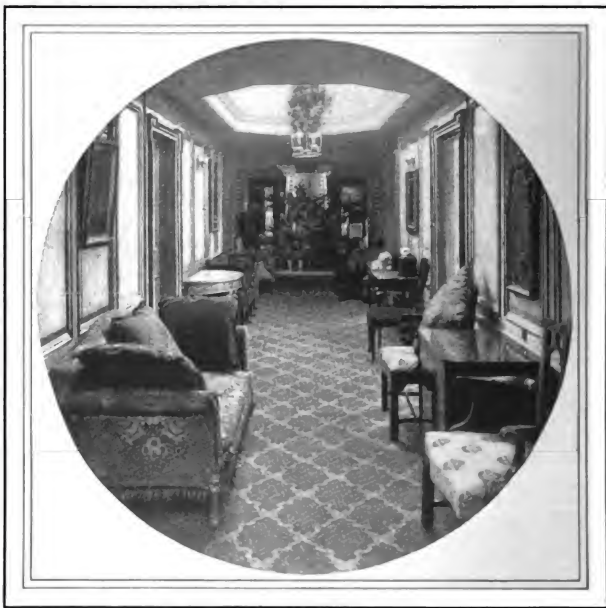
a strictly modern development, the product of a surprisingly brief period. The steam-yacht in America has a history extending back a bare quarter of a century. Twenty-five years ago the New York Yacht Club boasted but two boats propelled by steam; to-day it has something like two hundred. In the list are several superb twin-screw steamers that can cross the Atlantic in about eight days. Perhaps two hundred steam-yachts of va-



THE DINING-HALL OF THE NOURMAHAL, A ROOM WHOSE AIRY AND COMFORTABLE LOOK SUGGESTS A COUNTRY MANSION RATHER THAN AN OCEAN-GOING VESSEL.

rious sizes and types are constructed each year in the United States. Many are used by their owners chiefly in making the run between New York and their summer homes on the Hudson or the Sound—a princely way of going to the day's toil that may well dazzle the imagination of

In this rapid development of the most costly form of luxury, woman has had an active and an intelligent part. Three women are graduates of the New York Nautical College: Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. Howard Gould, and Mrs. Charles T. Parker, the last-named being the pos-



ON BOARD OF KING EDWARD'S ROYAL YACHT, THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT—A CORRIDOR ON THE MAIN DECK.

From a photograph by Russell, Southsea.

the commuter or the patron of the elevated railroad.

These are chiefly the comparatively small vessels, of a hundred feet or less in length. Nevertheless, each year sees a lessening of the once universal rule of purchasing abroad the large sea-going vessels like the one that I have described. True, the *Margarita*, one of the most palatial of all, came from Scotland; but the *Corsair*, the *Dreamer*, the *Nourmahal*, and the yachts of Frank Jay Gould and others are the work of American ship-builders.

essor also of a master's license—the first woman, or at any rate the first American woman, to receive such a document. As a bachelor girl Mrs. Parker, then Susan de Forest Day, was widely famed as the commander of her steam-yacht *Seythian*. Mrs. James W. Martinez Cardeza, of Philadelphia, is the owner of the large and luxurious *Eleanor*, a steam-yacht costing a quarter of a million dollars, and with furnishings and equipment worth twice as much more. She never discharges her crew or puts the vessel out of commission. From one end of the year to



ON BOARD OF KING EDWARD'S ROYAL YACHT, THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT—THE KING'S DINING SALOON.

From a photograph by Russell, Southsea.

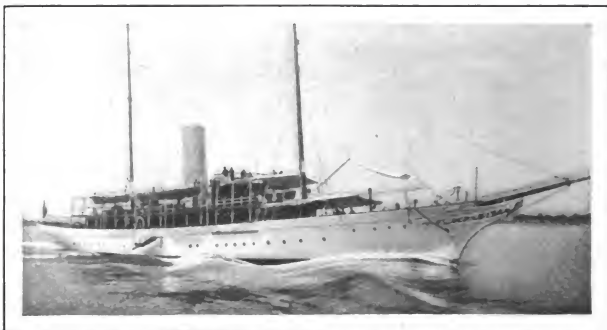
the other the yacht is ready to sail at a moment's notice, and the engagement of every one on board is permanent.

THE STEAM-YACHT NOT A RACING MACHINE.

In view of the increasing number of these vessels, and of the fact that they are owned by the richest sportsmen of half a dozen countries, it may be surprising to some that steam-yacht racing has found so little favor in America. The late Jay Gould earnestly desired to bring such contests about, and in 1887 he presented to the American Yacht Club a magnificent cup for competition. The prize has never been sailed for, nor has a twelve-thousand-dollar international challenge cup that remains in possession of the club. It was only last summer that anything was done in this field of sport, a cup offered by James Gordon Bennett being won off Newport by H. H. Rogers' fine twin-screw boat, the *Kanawha*, which defeated the *Noma*, owned by W. B. Leeds. The race, which formed a prominent feature of the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise, was an interesting one despite the small number of entries, the *Kanawha*'s time over the sixty-mile course being three hours and three minutes, and the *Noma*'s four minutes more.

A second contest for the trophy, which is called the *Lysistrata* Cup, was held off Sandy Hook on the 18th of last June. There were only two competitors, the *Kanawha* and F. M. Smith's *Hanoli*, and the former reasserted her supremacy, winning a sixty-mile race—thirty miles to seaward and return—by the margin of three minutes and a half. Both boats made excellent speed, the victor logging just twenty knots an hour, the loser only a fraction less.

As a matter of fact, the steam-yacht is not, and never will be, primarily a racing machine. The owner of one of these costly craft seldom cares to risk straining its machinery in a speed contest; and moreover, the spirit of such a boat is something entirely different. It is the apotheosis of hospitality. An American never becomes so near a monarch as when he stands on the deck of his own ocean-going vessel. It is only on board these vessels that Americans have been the hosts and, for the time, the acknowledged equals of European sovereigns. Off Syracuse, in Sicily, Mrs. Robert Goellet on the *Nahma* recently entertained the German emperor. That monarch also was Howard Gould's guest on board the *Niagara* while in Norwegian



THE EMERALD, A HANDSOME AND SPEEDY STEAM-YACHT CHARTERED BY GEORGE J. GOULD, OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Burton, New York.

waters, and last spring he was received for the second time by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt on board the North Star.

THE TOY OF THE FORTUNATE FEW.

In a greater or less degree, almost any other form of luxury is within the hopes or possibilities of the average citizen. But the great ocean-going steam-yacht, with its enormous initial cost and its formidable expense for maintenance, must ever remain for the fortunate few. The day will never come when it can be

bought on the instalment plan or found on the Monday morning bargain-counter.

But to him that can afford it, it is worth every penny of the cost. To steam from out the icy Hudson and cruise with a congenial party into the tropic harbors of the West Indies; in summer to steal up through the cool, dark waters of the land of the midnight sun; or again in winter to rest off Monte Carlo or Algiers, playing the host or the recluse as you will—in such an existence wealthy idleness finds its nearest approach to an earthly paradise.

THE SILVER SHIP.

A SILVER ship on a silver sea
 Waits in the offing for you and me,
 To bear us away to Lotus Land,
 Beyond the golden circle's strand,
 Where wooing waves and yielding shore
 Twine lovers' arms forevermore.

Oh, haste and away, for the rainbow spars
 Flash in the light of the peeping stars,
 And the swelling sails of silken pearl
 Filled by the fair south wind unfurl.
 Oh, haste, and bear us far away
 Ere the gold of the circle pales to gray!

Toss and break, thou foaming crest!
 We ride on thy swell to the Islands Blest,
 Where all our vanished dreams return,
 And love its altared fire shall burn.
 Who would not leave a world like this
 In a silver ship for the isles of bliss?

Alma A. Rogers.

THE STAGE

THE RISE, FALL, AND RECOVERY OF WILLIE COLLIER.

That was indeed a narrow escape for Willie Collier—an escape that Charles Hawtrey, Jessie Millward, and Blanche Ring did not make—from a plunge into vaudeville. Four years ago Collier was

at the top of the heap, with the triumph he scored in "On the Quiet."

"What a clever fellow!" said New York playgoers. "How easy in his comedy work! Who is he? Why haven't we seen him before?"

They had, at the tail end of the hot



MARIE DORO, WHO LAST SEASON WAS SEEN IN THREE PLAYS: "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S," "LITTLE MARY," AND "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

From a copyrighted photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



NANETTE COMSTOCK, WHO IS TO STAR NEXT SEASON UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
JAMES K. HACKETT.

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

weather, when he played a short engagement at the Manhattan in a comedy of his own making called "Mr. Smooth." But the workmanship of this was not finished, and it remained for Augustus Thomas' skilful pen to give him the

Collier tinkered away at the thing, to the intense disgust of his fellow-players, who had to learn new lines and business every day. By this means he managed to make it go for a while, but the strain on the star was a tremendous one, and



ELIZABETH LEA, NEW LEADING WOMAN WITH ROBERT EDSON.

From a copyrighted photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

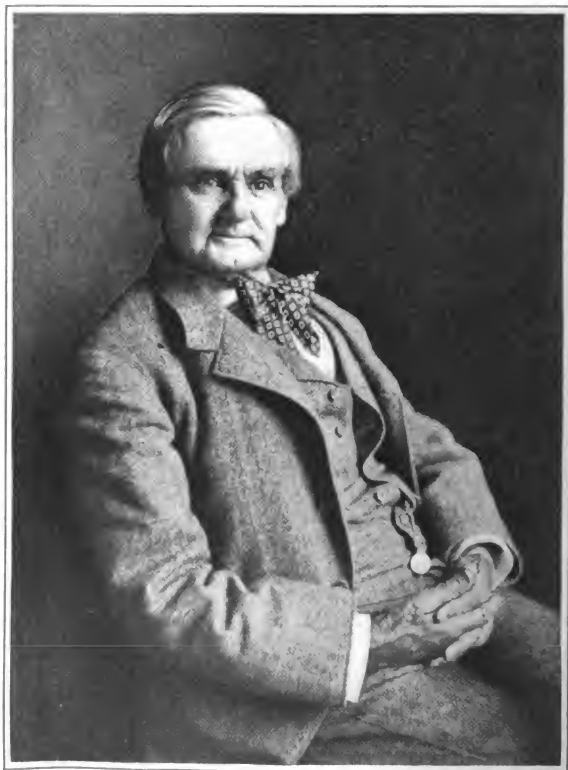
chance that brought him to the front with a bound. "On the Quiet" lasted two seasons, and then Collier wanted to come back to New York with a new piece. He had Martha Morton write him one, on as nearly identical lines as possible. It was brought out at the same theater—the Madison Square—in March, 1902, and made what is called a "success of esteem"—a phrase that sounds the death-knell of the actors' hopes.

after a time he had recourse to a revival of "On the Quiet." When Weber & Fields came to him with the offer of a handsome salary and a place for his wife, Louise Allen, in their all-star stock troupe, he could not resist the temptation. There was an agreement in the contract that the music-hall managers were to star him at the end of a year, and meantime Collier was on the lookout for plays.

He turned down "Checkers" because the man cast for *Push Miller* would take away a lot of laughs from the star; he also failed to see anything for him in "A Fool and His Money," and then—oh, sorry day!—decided that he liked a comedy called "Personal" with a newspaper reporter for its principal figure. He opened in this at the Bijou in September, just a year ago, but the public didn't care for it at all. Next he tried another choice of his own, a complete absurdity, based on an old-fashioned novel and called "Are You My Father?"

This brought a howl of protest from the critics, and the public stayed away just as persistently as they did from "Personal," caring not one whit that here was the man over whom they had raved in "On the Quiet."

Then it was that Collier ate humble pie, and meekly took up with a piece which he had already scorned, and which meantime had been done with more or less success by another actor—Jameson Lee Finney. But by this time people seemed to be weary of Collier and his succession of fiascos at the Bijou. Al-



JOSEPH JEFFERSON, THE DEAN OF AMERICAN PLAYERS.

From his latest photograph—Copyright by B. Frank Puffer, Palm Beach.



ROSE BOTTI, WHO IS PAPINTA IN "THE YANKEE CONSUL."

From a photograph by the Otto Sirony Company, New York.

though business with "A Fool and His Money" improved, it was not of the sort to carry him to the end of January, the period for which the theater had been engaged. And without a New York triumph it was futile to undertake a road tour, so by mutual consent the agreement between Collier and his managers was canceled, and the comedian proceeded to "rest"—the polite term for what in commercial circles is termed "being out of a job."

At this point he had his narrow escape from vaudeville, for no doubt Proctor or Keith would have been glad to do for him what they have since done for the three others mentioned at the beginning of this article, who from evil days in the so-called legitimate have passed into high-salaried weeks as top-liners in the continuous. But just about holiday time Charles Frohman made a proposition that Collier accepted, and Richard Harding Davis at once set to



SALLY MCNEEL, WHO IS BLANCA IN "THE YANKEE CONSUL."

From a photograph by Marceau, New York.

work to make a play to order. The piece was not first put between book covers, either—which may account for the fact that it is the best the author has ever turned out, and the finest vehicle that the comedian has ever had. And here again Collier had his second escape from the variety stage, for had "The Dictator" not scored the triumph it did at the Criterion on that Easter Monday night, he sure he would not have been able to resist a second time the lures of vaudeville.

Not that these are toils of wholly unattractive texture. Certainly Mr. Hawtrey, Miss Millward, and Miss Ring have found them threaded with gold. They necessitated quick movements, indeed, for Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Millward appeared twice a day at two of Proctor's New York theaters, while Miss Ring had three houses on her daily list, one of them as far away from Broadway as Newark. But the stipend for work of this sort is much higher than even stars can earn in other ways; and it seems to be profitable both to managers and to performers, as re-engagements are the rule. Among Mr. Keith's most recent acquisitions are Sadie Martinot and Robert Lorraine.

Mr. Proctor made a new departure this year in his Fifty-Eighth Street theater with a summer season of the light opera successes at fifty cents for evenings and twenty-five cents for matinees. He started with "The Fortune Teller," in which Alice Nielsen made her first hit. New York, by the way, has lost sight of Miss Nielsen for some years. She is ambitious for loftier triumphs than are to be won in comic opera, and has been devoting her time to study. Just what measure of success she is likely to attain it would be premature to say, but she made a successful appearance in grand opera at Covent Garden in May, singing *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni."

THE PARTING OF FIELDS AND WEBER.

The rise and fall of the firm of Weber & Fields is one of the strangest chapters of stage history. No more telling example of the mutability of things theatrical can be found than the collapse of this partnership, which for more than a decade did the steadiest business on Broadway. That Weber & Fields' should go under seemed like the withering away of government bonds. But the fact remains that it was not alone incompatibility of temper that brought about the split. For more than two seasons there had been a perceptible falling off in the audiences at the famous music-hall. There is no public so fickle as that which clamors to be amused. It must have novelty, and all the high-priced stars in

the dramatic firmament could not attract without a goodly dash of this spice in the dish they served up.

The two comedians began their career together twenty-seven years ago as a song and dance team at a dime museum

in Chatham Square, New York, of which city both men are natives. They were boys of eleven then, and Weber worked during the day in a cigarette factory. Their act at the museum was so satisfactory that at the end of a year they were



CLARA BLOODGOOD, TO STAR IN A NEW PLAY BY CLYDE FITCH.

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

getting a joint salary of twenty-five dollars a week, having been started on six. In 1895 they received seven hundred and fifty dollars a week at Hammerstein's Olympia, and the next season they opened their music-hall, which soon be-

exact, but they are at least in some approximation to the truth.

An odd fact in connection with the Weber & Fields' players is that in all but two instances, when any of them have attempted to break away and be-



WILLIAM COLLIER, WHO HAS MADE A HIT WITH THE NEW RICHARD HARDING DAVIS COMEDY, "THE DICTATOR."

From his latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

came a feature of metropolitan life. They did not stint money in procuring the best people in their support. It is stated that Lillian Russell always received twelve hundred dollars a week, and that De Wolf Hopper drew forty thousand dollars for a season of forty weeks. These figures may or may not be

come stars on their own account, they have met failure. Sam Bernard found his Waterloo in "The Marquis of Michigan." Pete Dailey, although he went swimmingly through one season in "Hodge, Podge, & Co.," was caught by disaster in "Champagne Charley." Willie Collier's experience with three

frosts last autumn is still fresh in the memory of New York playgoers. Only last May Charles Bigelow ran into snags with "The Man from China"; while Fay Templeton, billed extensively for "The Infant Prodigy," never got so far as the first performance. Only De Wolf Hopper and Dave Warfield seem to have escaped the hoodoo that appears to hover over the path leading away from Weber & Fields'.

Whether the malign influence will extend to the two principals themselves, now that they are about to go separate ways, remains to be seen. There are plenty to aver that the split is only an advertising device, calculated to whet the appetite of the public when the two men come together again at the end of a year or so. But if Joe Weber makes a hit as sole proprietor of the old place, and Lew Fields does equally well in his new house on Forty-Second Street, be sure there will be no patching up of a quarrel which perhaps after all, never existed.

A BRED-IN-THE-BONE ACTOR.

Joseph Jefferson, the dean of American actors, was seventy-five years old last February. For seventy-one out of the seventy-five he has been on the stage almost constantly, having been dropped out of a carpet-bag, at four years old, upon the boards of a theater in Washington, by Thomas D. Rice, the negro minstrel. Little Joe was dressed in exact imitation of the six-footer who presented him in this unique fashion, and proceeded at once to duplicate the antics of his sponsor, there being at that time no Gerry Society to hold infant prodigies in check.

At seventeen he was in the support of actors like Junius Brutus Booth, Macready, and the Wallacks. During the Mexican War, he followed the American army across the Rio Grande, and acted in a theater in Matamoras, where he met with such ill-success that he opened a coffee-stand. In the sixties, Laura Keane had him at the theater bearing her name in New York. It was here that he first played *Dr. Pangloss* in "The Heir-at-Law," a piece which he still retains in his very limited repertoire. From Laura Keane's he went with Dion Boucicault to the Winter Garden Theater.

Jefferson first acted in "Rip Van Winkle" in Philadelphia in 1850, but at that time he did the part of *Seth*, the inn-

keeper, while his half-brother, Charles Burke, who adapted the piece from Washington Irving's story, played *Rip*. Nine years later, while lying on the hay in a barn at Paradise Valley, Pennsylvania, reading Washington Irving's "Life and Letters," the idea occurred to Jefferson to make a play that should accentuate the poetical side of the tale. And this is how he came to make the dramatization whose success was such that Mr. Jefferson has found it unnecessary to play anything else, except now and then "The Rivals" and "The Heir-at-Law." He has done his famous part three different times in London, having a run of one hundred and fifty performances on his first visit.

Mr. Jefferson is a player by right of inheritance in every sense of the term, his ancestors for three generations having been actors of worth; and his sons bid fair to continue the family reputation. The father plays only a limited season each winter now, but declares that he has no wish to retire. In an interview last spring, explaining his opposition to a national or endowed theater he averred that "an actor finds satisfaction and pleasure in going from place to place, meeting many people, and hearing the applause of audiences in different parts of the country."

A PROMISING YOUNG SINGER.

The portrait of Rose Botti shows a clever member of the "Yankee Consul" company, whose play, one of the few big hits of last season, has now entered on a fresh lease of prosperity in Chicago. Miss Botti, who is very young, is a native of Brooklyn. She has been on the stage only a year and half, and to have attained in that time a principal rôle in a work like the "Consul" shows her to be possessed of unusual ability. Her father is French, and her mother Irish, a combination well calculated to result in the artistic temperament.

She was always musical, and began to study singing at an early age. By chance, too, she fell in with some one who persuaded her to learn to dance—an accomplishment that figures advantageously in her work as *Papinta*. Through Dan Frohman she was brought to the notice of Henry W. Savage, who, in March, 1903, gave her a position in the chorus of "The Prince of Pilsen." She remained as one of the "sea-shell girls" for three months, and on four occasions sang the rôle of *Nellie Wagner*,

which she had not even understudied. In this she acquitted herself with such credit that Mr. Savage assigned her to create the important character of *Papinta*, the niece in "The Yankee Consul," when that work was produced on September 21 of last year.

Her rapid rise has encouraged Miss Botti to dream of future triumphs in grand opera. In that difficult field many are called and few are chosen, but she thinks that where Bessie Abbott—who has been singing *Juliette* at the Opéra Comique in Paris—and Alice Nielsen have led the way, another American girl may follow.

THE HEROINE OF "THE DICTATOR."

"Nanette Comstock—ingénue. Nanette Comstock—ingénue. I should like the chance to play something else," Miss Comstock began rather wistfully. "And not counting the bit of ambition which won't down, I can't make myself believe honestly that there ever existed any such ingénue as I am called upon to play. Not that I'm complaining or finding fault with my part, mind you, but I sometimes wonder if the indulgent public isn't getting just a bit tired of them. Personally, I think that before long the sweet little person will go out of fashion, and in her place we shall have a character reflecting more accurately the young American girl of real life; more honest than demure, more wholesome and outspoken than drooping and sentimental. I can't but believe that then she will be a closer study of the original than the present-day stage damsel.

"As for my start on the stage, I was one of the first 'Charley's Aunt' company playing at the old Standard Theater in '93. After a very successful year in that enjoyable performance I went to England for a vacation, and was there engaged during the summer season with the late William Terriss. I played *Wilber's Ann* in his production of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' which was the part Edna Wallace Hopper had in the original in this country, and that led to my engagement with John Hare. I played six months with him as *Sylvia* in 'A Bachelor's Romance,' returning to New York to replace Annie Russell in the same part in the late Sol Smith Russell's production of it.

"The part I have liked best in the many I have played was *Lady Jessica* in 'The Liars' when Otis Skinner took it out on the road. I have had a number

of very good leading parts with Mr. Skinner, I created the *Princess* in "Otto," and *Annabelle* in his splendid production of "Lazarre," although I never had the chance to play the latter in the capital of Stageland.

"I have been leading woman with Joseph Jefferson—I played *Bertha*, the blind girl, in his 'Cricket on the Hearth'—and with John Mason in 'The Altar of Friendship,' also with Wilton Lackaye in 'Charles O'Malley,' and with Henry Miller.

"My husband and I bought the entire production of Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale" from Nat Goodwin, and planned for a long season in it, but seven weeks taught us a number of things, the most important being the right time to 'cease firing.' I then created the leading part in 'Lover's Lane,' and went from that to 'The Diplomat' and 'Personal' with Willie Collier.

"I don't believe that many people know that I created *Molly Wood* in one version of 'The Virginian'; or I might say in half a dozen versions, for we tried a new one nearly every night while the play was on the road. As I wasn't very well, and the one-night stands were pretty irksome, I resigned and came home to rest. Very few of us believed that the play was going to succeed, which only goes to prove that the expected thing in the profession is always the unexpected. It sounds paradoxical, but it is true, I assure you. When I had rested up and felt more like work, I had the offer of my present part in Richard Harding Davis' very amusing 'Dictator,' and returned, after seven years' absence, to the Charles Frohman forces."

In private life Miss Comstock is Mrs. Frank Burbeck; her husband has been playing for months the Philadelphia parent in "The Other Girl."

Mr. and Mrs. Burbeck have for years been members of the summer settlement of player folk at Siasconset, a colony which includes such well-known people as Henrietta Crosman and her husband Maurice Campbell, Harry Woodruff, Katherine Grey, and others. This autumn, after a vacation abroad, Miss Comstock returns to scintillate in the Hackett sky, having signed to play under Mr. Hackett's management for the next three years. She will open in "The Crisis," playing through those parts of the country not visited by the young actor-manager himself, and left untouched by Isabel Irving, who returns to New York about the first of the year to

open in a new play. Rumor says that this is to be another dramatization, but it cannot be the Churchill "Crossing," as Mr. Hackett has earmarked that for his own use.

CLARA BLOODGOOD ON HER CAREER.

"MUNSEY'S rejected a story of mine once," was Clara Bloodgood's rather unexpected greeting when being interviewed for the Stage Department of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE; "but some kind, blue-pencil critic softened the blow by suggesting another place to send it, and so I sold the story."

Mrs. Bloodgood may have inherited her fondness for writing from her grandmother, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, whose novels were famous a generation or so ago. But the actress never signs her own name to any of her literary work.

"A Actor Lady?" she went on, quoting a line from the song she has used during her season with "The Girl With the Green Eyes. "No, I never dreamed of wanting to be one, and to 'star in a play upon Broadway,' until I found it necessary to do something for myself. Then, because I thought I could get along, I turned to the stage. You know, I really believe that five-sixths of the girls who choose the stage as a profession are drawn to it more by the tales of sudden success, by the newspaper stories of stars made in a night, and that sort of thing, than by any other reason. But it was just plain, prosaic necessity sent me off looking for an engagement after I'd taken two private lessons from a dramatic instructor. The long time I had to wait for even a ghost of a show would certainly be no encouragement to any stage-struck girl, if indeed stage-struck damsels are ever really daunted by the experiences of those who blaze the trail.

"Yes, I went to see Daniel Frohman, but the interview was much shorter and sadder for me than any of the airy accounts of it have made it out. The only feature of it which has entertained me since is my remembrance of how miserably unimpressive I was, and of finally quavering out: 'I can look nice sometimes,' whereupon Mr. Frohman looked me over sternly and replied:

"One must look nice all the time on the stage."

"It was more than a year before I got a chance to go on, and that was the small part of a dancing girl in 'The Conquerors.' I played that diligently for a season, then I was a sort of general under-

study until I got a chance to do Ethel Barrymore's part in "Catherine" with Annie Russell. I played it in New York for two weeks, but nobody paid much attention to me. My first real part was with Miss Russell in 'Miss Hobbs,' and I began to feel as if I might be getting on. I played *Beatrice* for a whole week in 'Phroso' up in Boston, but I was only holding the fort for Miss Millward.

"As *Julia Godesby* in 'The Climbers,' I never had a better time; I just loved that part, and it's a queer thing, but everybody seemed to like me in it. Never before or since have I been so popular with my friends. Any one could have played it, I think," went on Mrs. Bloodgood modestly, "for it's what I call an 'actor-proof' part. I liked it better than my part in 'The Way of the World.' In the latter I had a bad entrance, though the audience never knew it. In order to come on at the designated place, I had to crawl on my hands and knees over the big automobile standing in the wings, and as a consequence I was black and blue the whole season.

"The title part of 'The Girl with the Green Eyes' I call a heavy emotional one. It is something of a strain to play it night after night, but I love it better than any rôle I've ever had.

"My new play? I don't know anything about it, except that I am to open in it about the 1st of October. Just at present I am thinking more of a long vacation than of anything else. You can't expect me in April, at the fag end of the season, to be thinking of much else, even if you aren't going to publish this until September, now can you?"

THE SUMMER IN NEW YORK.

The New York summer shows have not been remarkable for their striking novelty; in fact, this season has been nothing more than an echo of the past. The one new thing was the Aerial Gardens, not a bamboo chair and imitation palm affair, but a real theater eight stories above another, with gardens outside under the sky for clear evenings.

"A Little of Everything," as the performance given there was called, was a more ambitious offering than the straightaway vaudeville on the other roof-gardens. Fay Templeton and Peter F. Dailey worked like Trojans to make it a success, but their labors were not well rewarded, although they managed to bring a good deal of life and sparkle to their shares of the performance.

DOUBLE HARNESS.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," and "The King's Mirror."

XXVIII (Continued).

CAYLESHAM did not think it very probable that Courtland would "get a berth," but he dissembled, and told Tom that his old political friends ought certainly to do something for him.

"Because it never came to an absolute public row, did it?" he concluded.

"Everybody knew," sighed Tom, with a relapse into despondency.

"Anyhow, you won't starve," Caylesham said with a laugh. "I reckon you must have about a thousand a year."

"It's not much, but—well, I tell you what, Frank, Suzette Bligh's pretty nearly as good as another five hundred, and I only pay her seventy pounds a year. You wouldn't believe what a manager that little woman is! She makes everything go twice as far as it did, and has the house so neat, too. Upon my soul, I don't notice any difference, except that I've dropped my champagne."

"Well, with champagne what it mostly is nowadays, that's no great loss, my boy, and I'm glad you've struck it rich with Miss Bligh."

"We should be lost without her. I don't know what the children would do, or what I should do with them, but for her. One good thing poor Harriet did, anyhow, was to bring her here."

Yes, but if Harriet had known how it was to fall out, had foreseen how Suzette was to reign in her stead, and with what joy the change of government would be greeted! Caylesham imagined, with a conscious faintness of fancy, the tempest that would have arisen, and how short a shrift would have been meted out to Suzette and all her adherents. He really hoped that poor Harriet, who had suffered enough for her faults, was not in any position in which she could be aware of what had happened; it would be to her—unless some great transformation had been wrought—too hard and unendurable a punishment.

"The children are changed creatures,

* Copyright, 1903, by Anthony Hope Hawkins.—This story began in the December issue of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

Frank," Tom went on. "We don't try to repress them, you know. That would be hypocrisy, wouldn't it, under the circumstances? The best thing is for them to forget. Suzette says so, and I quite agree."

Suzette, it seemed, could achieve an epitaph of stinging quality—quite without meaning it, of course. Caylesham agreed that the best thing the girls could do was to forget their mother.

"So we let them make a row, and they're to go out of mourning very soon. That's what Suzette advises."

A merciful Providence must surely spare even poor Harriet this! She was to be forgotten—almost by a violent process of obliteration—and this by Suzette's decree, an all-powerful decree of gentle, inconspicuous Suzette's!

The man of experience foresaw. Weak, kindly Tom Courtland must always have a woman to fend for him. Because Harriet had not filled that part, ruin had come. The children must have a guardian and a guide in feminine affairs. The bonds were becoming too strong to be broken—so strong that the very idea of their ever being broken could cause terror, and impel steps to make them formally permanent.

Here was another sample from a bulk of goodly dimensions, one of those by no means rare cases where a woman who would not otherwise have got a husband—or, perhaps, have taken one—passes through the stage of the indispensable spinster to the position of the inevitable wife. Caylesham saw the process begun, and he was glad to see it. It was the best thing that could happen to Tom, and for the girls the best way of piecing together the fragments of that home life which Harriet's cruel rage had shattered.

Only they were all still so delightfully unconscious of what seemed obvious to an outsider with his eyes about him! Caylesham smiled at their blindness, and took care not to disturb Tom's mind, or to rally him about his harping on Su-

zette's name and Suzette's advice. He was quite content to leave the matter to its natural course.

But coming, as it did, on the top of his visit to the Selfords', and of his impressions of what he had seen there, it raised another reflection in his mind. How many roads there were to Rome! And most of them well-trodden. Primitive instinct, or romantic passion, was only one of many. It was not the prevailing factor with Anna Selford; it would hardly count at all with Tom and Suzette. Since, then, the origin was so various, what wonder that the result was various, too! Various results were even expected, aimed at, desired. Add to that cause of variation human error and the resources of the unexpected, and the field of chance spread infinitely wide.

Save for the purpose of being amusing—an end to which all is justifiable that is not actually unseemly—only a fool or a boy would generalize about the legal state which was the outcome of such heterogeneous persons, aims, and tempers. But then at the end old Nature—persistent old Nature—would come back and give the thing a twist in her direction with her babies and her nursery. She made confusion worse confounded, and piled incongruity on incongruity. But she would do it—and a pretty mixture was the general result. To make the old metaphor of double harness at all adequate to the subject which it sought to express, you must suppose many breeds of horses, and a great deal of very uneven and very unsuitable pairing of them by the grooms. It was probably all necessary, but the outcome was peculiar.

"It's all been pretty bad. I can't bear to think of poor Harriet, and I'm not fond of thinking about myself," said Tom Courtland, rubbing his bristly hair. "But the worst of it's over now. There's peace anyhow, Frank, and at least the children were always fond of me."

"You're going to get along first-rate," Caylesham assured him. "And mind you make Miss Suzette stick to you. She's a rare woman; I can see that."

"You're a good chap, Frank. You stick to your friends. You stuck to me all through."

"Much less trouble than dropping you, old fellow."

"That's rot!"

"Well, perhaps it is. After all, if I hadn't some of the minor virtues, I should be hardly human, should I? They're just as essential as the minor vices."

"If you ever see Flora, tell her—well, you'll know what to tell her."

"I'll say something kind. Good-by, Tom. I'm glad to find you so cheerful."

The girls came round him to say good-by. He kissed them and gave each of them half-a-crown. He used to explain that he always tipped children because in after years he was thus made sure of finding somebody to defend his character in pretty nearly any company. Since, however, this was absolutely the only step he ever took with any such end in view, the explanation was often received with skepticism. His action was more probably the outcome of one of his minor virtues.

"How kind you are to children! What a pity you're a bachelor!" smiled Suzette.

"Thanks. I don't often get such a testimonial," he said, risking a whimsical lift of his brows for Tom Courtland's eye.

He had been seeking impressions of marriage. Chance gave him one more than he had looked for or desired. Just outside Tom Courtland's, as he was going away, he ran plump into John Fanshaw, who was making for the house. There was no avoiding him this time.

The men had not met since Caylesham lent John money and John learned from Harriet Courtland the truth of what the man from whom he took the money had done. But there had been no rupture between them. Civil notes had been written—on John's side even grateful notes—as the business transaction between them necessitated. And both had a part to play—the same part, the part of ignorance. Caylesham must play it for Christine. John had to assume it on his own account, for his own self-respect. The last shred of his pride hung on the assumption that, though he knew, and though Christine was aware of his knowledge, Caylesham at least believed him ignorant.

But heavy John Fanshaw was a clumsy hand at make-believe. His cordiality was hesitating, fumbling, obviously insincere, his unhappiness in his part very apparent. Caylesham cut short his effort to express gratitude, saying:

"You shall do anything in the world except thank me;" and he went on to ask after Christine in the most natural manner in the world.

"She's been a little—a little seedy, and has gone down to stay with the Imasons for a bit," John explained, taking care not to look at Caylesham.

"Oh, I hope she'll be all right soon. Give her my remembrances when you write—or perhaps you'll be running down soon?"

"I don't know. It depends on business."

"Come, you'll take Christmas off, anyhow?"

Then John took refuge in talking about Tom Courtland. But his mind was far from Tom. He managed at last to look Caylesham in the face, and grew more amazed at his perfect ease and composure. He was acutely conscious of giving exactly the opposite impression himself, acutely fearful that he was betraying that hidden knowledge of his. Actuated by this fear, he tried to increase his cordiality, hitting wildly at the mark, and indulging in forced friendliness and even forced jocosity.

Caylesham met every effort with just the right tone, precisely the right amount of effusiveness. He had taken a very hard view of what John had done—harder than he could contrive to take of what he himself had—and had expressed it vigorously to Christine; but now he found himself full of pity for poor John. The sight of the man fighting for the remnant of his pride and self-respect was pathetic. And John did it so lamentably ill!

"You're a paragon of a debtor," Caylesham told him when he harked back to the money again. "My money's a deal safer in your hands than in my own. I'm more in your debt than you are in mine."

"You shall have every farthing the first day I can manage it."

His eagerness told Caylesham what a burden on his soul the indebtedness was. It was impossible to ignore altogether what was so plainly shown, but he turned the point of it, saying:

"I know how punctilious you men of business are. I wish fellows were always the same in racing. I'm ready to take it as soon as you're ready to pay—and to wait till you're ready."

"I shan't ask you to wait a day," John assured him.

Enough had passed for civility, and Caylesham was eager to get away—not for his own sake so much as for John's.

"By Jove, I've got an appointment!" he exclaimed suddenly, diving for his watch. "Half-past six! Oh, I must jump into a cab." He held the watch in one hand, and hailed a cab with his stick. "Good-by, old fellow," he said, turning away.

He had seen John begin to put out his

hand in a hesitating, reluctant way. He would have liked to shake hands himself, but he knew Fanshaw hated to do it. John made a last demonstration of ignorance.

"Come and see us some day!" he called, almost jovially.

"Yes, I will some day before long," Caylesham shouted back from the step of his hansom.

As he drove off, John was still standing on the pavement, waving a hand to him. Caylesham drove round the corner; then got down again, and pursued his way on foot.

He was quite clear in his own mind that John took the thing unnecessarily hard, but he was genuinely sorry that John should so take it. Indeed, John's distress raised an unusually acute sense of discomfort in him. Nor could he take any pride in the tact with which he himself had steered the course of the interview. He could not avoid the conclusion that to John he must have seemed a hypocrite more accomplished than one would wish to be considered in the arts of hypocrisy. He had hitherto managed so well that he had not been forced into such situations; he had been obliged to lie only in his actions, and had not come so near having to lie in explicit words. He did not like the experience, and shook his head impatiently as he walked along. It occurred to him that since marriage was in its own nature so difficult and risky a thing as he had already decided, it was hardly fair for third persons to step in and complicate it more.

Having got so far, he might not unnaturally have considered whether he should remodel his way of life. But he was not the man to suffer a sudden conversion under the stress of emotion or of a particular impression. His unsparing clearness of vision and honesty of intellect forbade that.

"I shall get better when I'm too old for anything else," he told himself with a rather bitter smile. "I suppose I ought to thank God that the time's not far off now!"

It was not much of an effort in the way of that unprofitable emotion against which he had warned Christine Fanshaw and Janet Selford, but it was enough to make him take a rather different view, if not of himself, at least of old John Fanshaw. He decided that he had been too hard on John; and at the back of his mind was a notion that he had been rather hard on Christine, too. In this case it seemed to him that he was get-

ting off too cheaply. John and Christine were paying all the bill, at least a disproportionate amount.

The upshot of it all was expressed in his exclamation:

"I don't want the money. I wish to heaven old John wouldn't pay me back!"

He would have felt easier for a little more demerit in John. It is probable, though his philosophizing did not lead him so far as this conclusion, that he, too, was a sample, and from a bulk not inconsiderable in quantity. Where it is possible, we prefer that the people we have injured should turn out to have deserved injury from somebody anyhow.

XXIX.

It was the eve of Dora Hutting's wedding—a thing in itself quite enough to put Mildean into an unwanted stir. Everybody was very much excited about the event, and very sympathetic. Kate Raymore had come to the front; not even preoccupation with Charley could prevent a marriage from interesting her. She had given much counsel, and had exerted herself to effect a reconciliation between the bride and Jeremy Chiddingfold. Into this diplomatic effort Sibylla also had been drawn, and peace had been signed at a tea-party. With the help of Christine's accomplished manner and Grantley's tactful composure it had been found possible to treat the whole episode as a boy and girl affair which could be laughed at and thus dismissed into oblivion.

The two principals could not take quite this view, but they consented to be friends, to wish each other well, and to say nothing about the underlying contempt which each could not but entertain for the other's fickleness. For Jeremy would have been faithful if Dora had been, and Dora could not perceive how the fact of her having made a mistake as to her own feelings explained the extraordinary rapidity with which Jeremy had been able to transfer an affection professedly so lasting and so deep. Christine warned her that all men were like that—except Mr. Mallam; and Grantley told Jeremy that Dora was flighty, as all girls were—except Eva Raymore. So peace, though not very cordial peace, was obtained; the satirical remarks, which the parties felt entitled to make privately, not appearing on the face of the formal proceedings.

Important though these matters might be, they were not in Sibylla's mind as she

stood at the end of the garden and looked down on Old Mill House. Twenty-four hours before, Mrs. Mumble had started on her journey. Sibylla, Eva, and Jeremy had escorted her to Fairhaven. The fat old woman was very apprehensive and tremulous, anxious about her looks and the fit of her new silk gown, full of questionings about the meeting to which she went. It was impossible not to smile covertly at some of these manifestations, but over them all shone the beauty of the love which had sustained her through the years.

Sibylla prayed that now her love might have its reward, half wondering that it had lived to claim it, had lived so long in solitude and uncomfited. It had never despaired, however long the waiting, however much it was starved of all satisfaction, bereft of all pleasure, condemned to seeming uselessness, even unwelcomed, as one well might fear. These things had brought pain and fear, but not despair nor death. Yet Mrs. Mumble was not by nature a patient woman; naturally she craved a full return for what she gave, and an ardent answer to the warmth of her affection. None the less she had not despaired; and as Sibylla thought of this, she accused herself because, unlike the old woman, she had allowed herself to despair—nay, had been ready, almost eager, to do it; she had twisted everything into a justification for it, had made no protest against it, and no effort to avoid it.

That mood had led to ruin; at last she saw that it would have been ruin. Was there now hope? It was difficult to go back, to retrace the steps so confidently taken, to realize that she, too, had been wrong. Yet what else was the lesson? It came to her in one form or another from every side—from the Courtlands, where death alone had been strong enough to thwart the evil fate; from the Raymores, where trust, bruised but not broken, had redeemed a boy's life from evil to good; even from Christine, who waited in secret hope.

Above all, the lesson came from the quarter whence she had least looked for it—from Grantley himself, for whom no effort was too great, who never lost confidence, who had indeed lacked understanding but had never lacked courage, who now, with eyes opened and at her bidding, was endeavoring the hardest thing a man can do. For he was trying to change himself, to look at himself with another's eyes, to remodel himself by a new standard, to count as faults what he

had cherished as virtues, to put in the foremost place not the qualities which had been his pets, his favorites, his ideals, but those which another asked from him and which he must do himself a violence to display.

Had she no corresponding effort to make? She could not deny the accusation. It lay with her, too, to try. But it was hard. John Fanshaw found it sorely difficult, grossly against his prejudices, and even in conflict with principles which he held sacred, to belittle his grievance or to let it go. Sibylla was very fond of her grievances, too. She was asked to look at them with new eyes, to think of them no more as outrages, as stones of stumbling and rocks of offense. She was asked to consider her grievances as opportunities.

That was the plain truth about it, and it involved so much recantation, such a turning upside down of old notions, such a fall for pride, that it was very hard to swallow. Yet unless it were swallowed, where was hope. And if it were swallowed, what did it mean? An experiment—only another difficult experiment. For people are not changed readily, and cannot be changed altogether. Difficulties would remain, would remain always; the vain ideal which had once governed all her acts and thoughts would never be realized. She must not be under any delusion as to that. And now, in her heart, she was afraid of delusion coming again. And again disillusion must follow.

She turned to find Grantley beside her, and he gave her a telegram addressed to her. She opened it with a word of thanks.

"From John Fanshaw!" she exclaimed eagerly. "He's coming down here to-night!"

"Well, you told him to wire whenever he found he could get down, didn't you?"

"Yes. But—but what does it mean?"

Grantley smiled at her.

"I'm not surprised," he said. Christine had a letter from him this morning. I saw the handwriting. I'm taking a very sympathetic interest in Christine, so I look at the handwriting on her letters. And she's been in a state of suppressed excitement all the morning. I've noticed that—with a sympathetic interest, Sibylla."

"I think I ought to go and see her."

"Not just yet, please. Oh, yes, I hope it'll be a good day for her. And it'll be a great day for your poor old Mumples, won't it? I hope Mr. Mumble will behave nicely!"

"Oh, so do I with my whole heart!" cried Sibylla.

"I'm taking a very sympathetic interest in the Mumples also, Sibylla. Likewise in Dora and her young man, and Jeremy and his young woman. Oh, and in the Raymores and Charley! Anybody else?"

Sibylla looked at him reprovingly, but a smile would tremble about the corners of her mouth.

"You see, I've been thinking over what you said the other day," Grantley went on with placid gravity, "and I've made up my mind to come and tell you whenever I do a decent thing or have an honest emotion. I shan't like saying it at all, but you'll like hearing it."

"Some people would be serious about it, considering—well, considering everything," Sibylla remarked, turning her face away.

"Yes, but then they wouldn't see you smile—and you're an adorable smile. And they wouldn't see the flash in your eyes—you've such wonderful eyes, Sibylla!"

Grantley delivered these statements with a happy simplicity.

"You're not imposing on me," she said. "I know you mean it." Her voice trembled just a little. "And perhaps that's the best way to tell me."

"On the other hand, I shall become a persistent and accomplished hypocrite. You'll never know how I grind the faces of the poor at the bank, nor my inmost thoughts when Frank drops half his food on my best waistcoat."

"You're outrageous. Please stop, Grantley!"

"All right. I'll talk about something else."

"I think I'd better find Christine. No, wait a minute. If you're going to do all these fine things, what have you planned for me?"

"Nothing. You've just to go on being what you can't help being—the most adorable woman in England."

"I don't know what you mean to do, but what you are doing is—"

"Making love to you," interposed Grantley.

"Yes, and in the most unblushing way."

"I'm doing the love-making, and you're doing the—"

"Stop!" she commanded, with a hasty, merry glance of protest.

"You ought to be used to it. I've been doing it for a month now," he complained.

Sibylla made no answer, and Grantley lit a cigarette. When she spoke again she was grave and her voice was low.

"Don't make love to me. I'm afraid to love you. You know what I did before because I loved you. I should do it again, I'm afraid. I haven't learned the lesson."

"Are you refusing the only way there is of learning it? How have I learned all the fine lessons that I've been telling you?"

"I've not learned the lesson. I still ask too much."

"If I give all I have, it'll seem enough to you. You'll know it's all now, and it'll seem enough. All there is is enough—even for you, isn't it?"

"You didn't give me all there was before?"

"I had a theory," said Grantley. "I'm not going to have any more theories."

She turned to him suddenly.

"Oh, you mustn't ask, you mustn't stand there asking! That's wrong, that's unworthy of you. I mustn't let you do that."

"That was the theory," Grantley said with a smile. "That was just my theory. I'm always going to ask for what I want now. It's really the best way."

"We're friends, Grantley?" she said imploringly.

"Is that all there is? Would it seem to you enough?"

"And we've Frank. You do love him now, you know!"

"In and through you."

She made no answer again. He stood with his eyes fixed on her for some moments. Then he took the telegram gently from her hand and went into the house with it, to seek Christine Fanshaw.

He left Sibylla in a turmoil of feeling. That she loved him was nothing new. She had always loved him, and she had never loved any other man in that fashion. The fairy ride had never been rivaled or repeated. And she had never lost her love for him, even when she hated him as her great enemy. It had always been there, whether its presence had been prized or loathed, welcomed or feared, whether it had seemed the one thing life held, or the one thing to escape from if life were to be worthy. Blake had not displaced it; he had been a refuge from it. Grantley's offense had never been that he did not love her, nor that he could not hold her love; it was that he loved her unworthily and claimed to hold her as a slave.

And now he came wooing again, and she was sore beset. Memory helped him,

the unforgettable communion of bygone love enforced his suit. Her heart was all for yielding—how should it not be to the one man whose sway it had ever owned? He was to her mind an incomparable wooer—incomparable in his buoyant courage, in the humor that masked his passion, in the passion which used humor with such a conscious art, feigning to conceal without concealing, pretending to reveal without impairing the secrecy of those impenetrable recesses of the heart, concerning which conjecture beats knowledge and the imagination would not be trammelled by a disclosure too unreserved.

But she feared and, fearing, struggled. They were friends. Friends could make terms, bargains, treaties, arrangements. Friendship did not bar independence, absolute and unfringed. Was that the way with love—with the love of woman for man, of wife for husband?

No, old Nature came in there with her unchanging decisive word, against which no bargain and no terms, no theory and no views, no claims or pretensions, no folly and no wisdom either, could prevail. All said and done, all concessions made, all promises pledged, all demands guaranteed—they all went for little. The woman was left to depend on the trust she had, helpless if the trust failed her and the confidence were misplaced. If she were wrong about herself or about the man, there was no help for it. The love of the woman was, after all and in spite of all, surrender.

Times might change, and thoughts and theories; this might be accounted right which had been wrong, and that held wrong which had been accounted right. The accidents varied, the essence remained. The love of the woman was surrender, because old Nature would have it so. If she gave such love or acknowledged it, for in truth it was given, she abandoned all the claims, the grievances, the wrongs, all that had been the basis of what she had done. She took Grantley on faith again, she put herself into his hands, again she made the great venture with all its possibilities. She had seemed wrong once. Would she seem wrong again?

There was a change in him. That she believed. Was there a change in her too? Unless there were, she did not dare to venture. Had all that she had suffered, all that she had seen others suffer, brought nothing to her? Yes, there was something. When you loved you must understand, and, knowing the truth, love that or leave it. You must not make an

image and love that, then make another image and hate that. You must love or leave the true thing. And to do that there is needed another surrender—of your point of view, your own ideas of what you are and of how you ought to be treated.

To get great things you must barter great things in return. There are seldom cheap bargains to be had in costly goods. Had not Grantley learned that? Could not she? It took generosity to learn it. Was she less generous than Grantley? The question hit her like a blow. If Grantley had done as she had, would she still have loved, would she have come again to seek and to woo?

Ah, but the case was not truly parallel. Grantley sought leave to reign again, to reign by her will, but still to reign. That was not what was asked of her.

Was it not? Eagerly stretching out after truth, seeking the bed-rock of deep truth, her mind, spurred by its need, soared above these distinctions and saw, as in a vision, the union of these transient opposites. Was not to reign well to serve well? was not faithfully to obey the order of the universe to be a king of life?

If that vision would abide with her, if that harmony could be sustained, then all would be well. The doubts and fears would die, and the surrender be a great conquest. When she had tried before, she had no such idea as this. Much had been spent, much given, in attaining to the distant sight of it. But if it were true? If Grantley, ever courageous, ever undaunted, had won his way to it and now came, in a suppliant's guise, to show her and to give her the treasures of a queen?

While she still mused, the little boy came toddling over the lawn to her side, holding up a toy for her interest and admiration. She caught him up and held him in her arms. Had he nothing to say to it all? Had he nothing to say? Why, his eyes were like the eyes of Grantley?

The clock of the old church struck five, and on the sound a cab appeared over the crest of the opposite hill. Sibylla, with Frank in her arms, watched its descent to Milldean, and then went into the house to put on her hat. In view of the ancient love between her and Mumples, it was her privilege to be the first to greet the returned wanderer; she alone would properly understand and share Mumples' feeling. For all her sympathy, Kate Raymore was a friend of too

recent standing—she had not witnessed the years of waiting. Jeremy's affection was true enough, but Mumples feared the directness of his tongue and the exuberance of his spirits. Highly conscious of the honor done her, somewhat alarmed at the threatened appeal to her ever too ready emotion, Sibylla went down the hill.

A pale, frail old student with the hands of a laboring man—that was her first impression of Mumples' husband. He had the air of remoteness from the world and of having done with the storms of life which comes to men who have lived many years in a library; his face was lined, but his eyes calm and placid. Only those incongruous hands, with their marks of toil, hinted at the true story.

He spoke in a low voice, as if it might be an offense to speak loud; his tones were refined, his manner respectful and rather formal. It was evidently unsafe to make any parade of sympathy with Mumples—she was near the breaking-point—but the exchange of a glance, on which Sibylla ventured, showed that her agitation was of joy and satisfaction. Evidently the meeting had disappointed the worst of her fears, and confirmed the dearest of her hopes.

"I have to thank you, madam," the old man said, "for the great kindness you and your family have shown to my wife during my absence."

"We owe her far more than she owes us. I don't know what we should have done without her."

"The knowledge that she had good friends did much to enable me to endure my absence," he went on. "She's looking well, is she not, madam? She appears to me less changed than I had thought possible." Sibylla could not resist another quick glance at Mumples. "And I haven't seen her for ten years." He paused and looked at Sibylla in a questioning way.

"Don't worry any more about that, Luke," said Mrs. Mumble, with her hand on his shoulder. "You knew what suited you best. What was the good of my coming, if it wasn't to be a comfort to you?"

"It was selfish of me, madam, but you've no idea what it is to be in—in such circumstances as I was. I've been unfortunately a man of quick temper, and I couldn't trust myself in all cases. I got beside myself if I was reminded of the outside world, of all I was losing, how the years went by, of my wife, and the home and the life I might have had. It was be-

cause I loved her that I wouldn't see her—"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure of that," said Sibylla hastily.

"But it was selfish, as love sometimes is, madam. I ought to have put her first. And I never thought what it would mean to her when I did what brought me to that place. Well, I've paid for it with my life. They've taken my life from me."

"You've many years before you, dear," whispered Mrs. Mumble.

"I have so few behind me," he said. "They've blotted out two-thirds of my life. Looking back on it now, I can't see it as it was. It seems long, but very empty—a great vacant space in my life, madam."

"Ah, but you've your home and your dear wife now—and we shall all be your friends."

How dull and cold her words seemed! Yet what else was there to say in face of the tragedy?

"I'm deeply grateful to her and to Heaven; but I—I have nothing left. It seems to me that the years have taken everything."

Mrs. Mumble put her hand down to his worn hand and caressed it.

"You'll be better by and by," she said.

"I'm deadened," he persisted sadly.

"Don't feel like that," Sibylla implored. "Your life will come back to you in the sunshine and the country air. We shan't let you feel like that. Why, it's full of life here. There's a wedding to-morrow, Mr. Mumble! And another engaged couple—my brother and Miss Raymore! And you'll like my husband, and I'll bring my baby boy to see you."

"Such a pretty little dear!" exclaimed Mumples.

"You must take an interest in us," smiled Sibylla. "And then you'll be pleased when we are. Won't he, Mumples? Because you're to be one of us, just as your wife is."

Mrs. Mumble suddenly turned away, and, murmuring something about getting tea, escaped from the room. The old man fixed his eyes on Sibylla's face in a long, inquiring gaze.

"You say that to me, madam? I don't deserve to have that said to me. You're a beautiful young lady, and very kind, I know, and good, I'm sure. Your husband is lucky, and so is your son. But I've been a convict for seventeen years, and it's only by a chance that I'm not a murderer. I'm not fit to come near you, nor yours—no, not near your little boy."

Sibylla came to him and took his work-worn hand. He saw that she meant to kiss it, and held it back.

"A convict, and in heart a murderer, madam," he said, his lips trembling a little, and his calm eyes very sad. "I'm not fit for you to touch."

"I'll tell you something," said Sibylla. "You call me kind and good, you say my husband and my boy are lucky. And you tell me you're not fit for me to touch. For me to touch! I tried to run away from my husband, and I was ready to leave my little boy to his death!" A great wonder came into the old man's eyes; he asked no questions, but he ceased to resist her persuading grasp; she raised his hand to her lips and kissed it. "I thought my heart was dead, as you think yours is. But light and life have come back into mine, and you mustn't shut yours against them. You must try to be happy, if it's only for poor dear Mumples' sake. She's thought of nothing but making you happy all these years." She laid her hand on his shoulder. "And love us too. For my husband's and my boy's sake keep the secret I've told you, but remember it when you feel despairing. It wasn't easy for me to speak of it, but I thought it would give you hope; and it will prevent your feeling the sort of thing you felt about me—and I hope about any of us."

He turned his eyes to hers.

"You're telling me the truth, I know, madam," he said slowly. "It's a very strange world. I'll try not to despair."

"No, no, don't despair—above all, don't despair!" whispered Sibylla.

"I have a remnant of my days, and I have the love of my wife. God has left me something out of the wreck that I've made."

Sibylla stooped and kissed him on the brow. He caught her hands and looked again into her eyes for quite a long time.

"It is true? And your eyes are like the eyes of an angel?"

He relaxed his hold on her, and sank back in his chair with a sigh.

"I'm tiring you," said Sibylla. "I'll go now, and leave you alone with Mumples. I'll call her back here. No, I can't stay to tea—you've made me think of too much; but I'll come to-morrow and bring my little boy."

"If what you say is true, you must pray for yourself sometimes? Pray for me, too, madam!"

"Yes, I'll pray for you the prayer I

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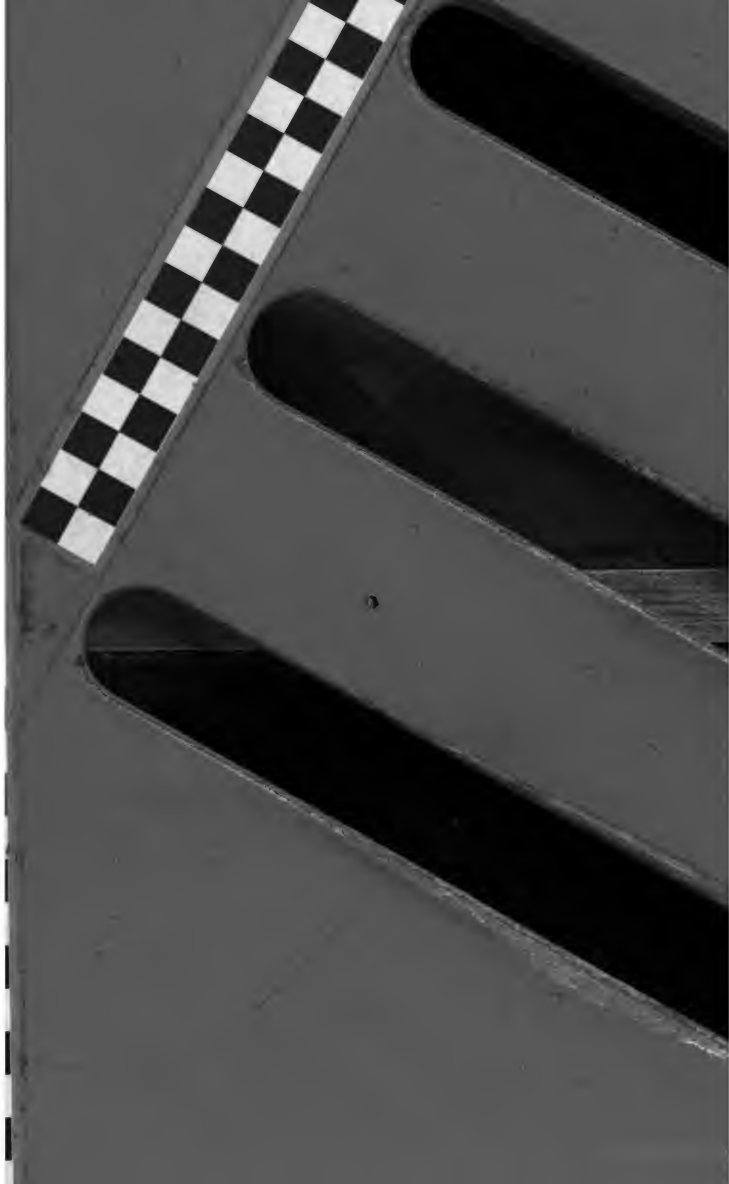
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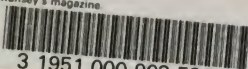


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